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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, MAY 31, 1884.

No. 11.



DR. THOMAS CORE, FATHER OF METHODIST MISSIONS.

## THE BEGINNINGS OF METHODISM IN THE NEW WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is a remarkable fact that by the hand of a woman the germ of Methodism was first planted, both in the United States of America, and in what is now the Dominion of Canada. "On a spring morning of 1760," writes one who was familiar with the story, "a group of emigrants might have been seen at the Custom House Quay, Limerick, preparing to embark for America. At that time emigration was not so common an occurrence as it is now, and the excitement connected with their departure was intense. They were accompanied to the vessel's side by crowds of their companions and friends, some of whom had come sixteen miles to say 'farewell' for the last time. One of these about to leave—a young man with a thoughtful look and a resolute bearing—is evidently leader of the party, and more than an ordinary pang is felt by many as they bid him farewell. His party con-



GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

HOME AND SCHOOL for June 7 will contain interesting and instructive articles on the Centenary of Methodism; and the number for June 21 will contain a view of Toronto from the Bay, of old Adelaide Street Church, the Metropolitan Church, and other interesting features in connection with the Semi-Centennial of Toronto. Only \$1 per 100.

sisted of his wife, Mary Sweitzer, his two brothers and their families, Paul Heck, and Barbara his wife, and others. Who among the crowd that saw them leave could have thought that two of the little band were destined to influence for good countless myriads, and that their names should live as long as the sun and moon endure? Yet so it was. The vessel contained Philip Embury, the first class-leader and local preacher of Methodism on the American continent, and Barbara Heck, 'a mother in Israel,' one of its first members, the germ from which, in the good providence of God, has sprung the Methodist Church of the United States and Canada; a Church which has now under its influence about ten millions of souls."

cards was introduced. There is no evidence that any of the Wesleyans took part in this amusement. But Barbara Heck felt that the time had come to speak out in remonstrance against the spiritual declension of which she regards card-playing as the evidence. In the spirit of an ancient prophetess she seized the cards and threw them into the fire, and solemnly

After a voyage of many weeks the "destined vessel, richly freighted," safely reached New York on the 10th of August, 1760. Amid the disappointments of hope deferred, and the temptations by which they were surrounded, these humble Irish emigrants seem to have sunk into apathy and despondency, and, like the exiles of Babylon, to have said, "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Embury seems to have shrunk from the responsibility of religious leadership. While he justly ranks as the founder of American Methodism, Barbara Heck, as Dr. Stevens well remarks, may even take precedence of him as its foundress. She nourished, during all this time, her religious life by communion with God and with her old German Bible.

Five years later other Palatines, some of them relatives or old friends of the Emburys and Hecks, arrived at New York. Few of these were Wesleyans, and some made no profession of religion whatever. In the renewal of social intercourse between the old and new arrivals a game of



BISHOP ASBURY.



BARBARA HECK.

warned the players of their danger and duty. Under a divine influence she went straightway to the house of their cousin, Philip Embury, and "falling prostrate" before him, she appealed to him to be no longer silent, "entreatings him with tears." With a keen sense of the spiritual danger of the little flock, she exclaimed, "You must preach to us or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hand."

"I cannot preach, for I have neither house nor congregation," he replied.

Nevertheless, at her earnest appeal, he consented to preach in "his own hired house," and this mother in Israel sallied forth and collected four persons, who constituted his first audience.

"Small as it was," says Dr. Stevens, "it included white and black, bond and free." The name of Barbara Heck is first on the list, with her was her husband, Paul Heck; beside him sat John Lawrence, his "hired man;" and by her side an African servant called "Betty." Thus Methodism in America began its ministration among the poor and lowly, destined within a century to cover with its agencies a vast continent, and to establish its missions in every quarter of the globe.

At the close of this first Methodist sermon ever preached on this continent, Philip Embury organized his congregation into a class, which he continued to meet from week to week. This little company continued to increase, and soon grew too large for Philip Embury's house. They hired a more commodious room which was immediately crowded. "No small excitement," says Dr. Stevens, "began quickly to prevail in the city on account of the meetings." One day the humble assembly was a good deal startled by the appearance among them of a military officer with scarlet coat, epaulettes, and sword. The first impression was that he had come in the King's name to prohibit their meetings. They were soon agreeably undeceived. In the good and brave Captain Webb, they found a fast friend and a fellow-labourer in the Lord. He was one of Wesley's local preachers, who, sent with his regiment to America, lost his right eye at the siege of Louisburg, under Wolfe. At New York he found out the Methodists and gladly cast in his lot with them. He soon took his stand at Embury's preaching desk, "with his sword on it by the side of the open Bible," and declared to the people the word of life. The preaching of the soldier-saint roused the whole city. For the ten years that he continued in America he was the chief founder of Methodism on the continent, preaching everywhere among the seaboard towns and villages.

In 1767 the famous "Rigging Loft," in William Street, was hired for the growing New York congregation; but "it could not," says a contemporary writer, "contain half the people who desired to hear the word of the Lord." The necessity for a larger place of worship became imperative, but where could this humble congregation obtain the means for its erection? Barbara Heck, full of faith, made it a subject of prayer, and received in her soul, with inexpressible assurance, the answer, "I, the Lord, will do it." She proposed a plan for the erection of the church, and the first structure of Methodism in the western hemisphere

was a monument of this devoted woman.

A site on John Street, now in the very heart of the city, was procured, and a chapel of stone, faced with blue plaster, was in course of time erected. As Dissenters were not allowed to erect "regular churches" in the city, in order to avoid the penalties of the law, it was provided with a fireplace and chimney. Its interior, though long unfinished, was described as "very neat and clean, and the floor sprinkled over with sand as white as snow." "Embury being a skilful carpenter, wrought diligently upon its structure; and Barbara Heck, rejoicing in the work of her hands, helped to whitewash its walls." There were at first no stairs or breastwork to the gallery; it was reached by a rude ladder. The seats on the ground floor were plain benches without backs. Embury constructed with his own hands its pulpit; and on the memorable 30th of October, 1768, mounted the desk he had made and dedicated the humble temple to the worship of God. It received the name of 'Wesley Chapel,' and was the first in the world to receive that honoured name.

Within two years we hear of at least a thousand hearers crowding the chapel and the space in front. It has been more than once reconstructed since then, but a portion of the first building is still visible. A wooden clock, brought from Ireland by Philip Embury, still marks the hours of worship.

Methodism having now been established by lay agency in the largest city in the New World, it was soon destined to be planted, by the same means, in other parts of the country. John Wesley, at the request of Captain Webb and other Methodists in America, had sent from England as missionaries, to carry on the good work begun in New York, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmor, the pioneers of an army of twenty thousand Methodist preachers on this continent. To those Philip Embury readily gave up his pulpit, and shortly after, in 1770, removed with his family, together with Paul and Barbara Heck, and other Irish Methodists, to Salem, N. Y., near Lake Champlain.

Captain Webb had the honour of being the founder of Methodism in Philadelphia, and in many other places on the Atlantic seaboard. The honour of preaching the first Methodist sermon in Baltimore, belongs to John King, an English local preacher, who landed at Philadelphia in 1769. His pulpit on the occasion of his advent at Baltimore was a blacksmith's block, as represented in the picture on page

The grounds in the distance now comprise one of the finest portions of Baltimore, containing, among other notable structures, the famous Washington Monument, and the elegant Mount Vernon Place M. E. Church. Here in 1784 was organized the first Methodist Conference in America, an event which is now being celebrated by over 10,000,000 of Methodists.

Meanwhile the Hecks and Emburies in their new home sought to scatter the good seed of the kingdom in the hearts of their neighbours. Embury continued his labours as a faithful local preacher, and soon among the scattered settlers was formed a "class." Embury seems to have won the confidence and esteem of his rural neighbours no less for his business efficiency

and judgment than for his piety, as we find him officiating as magistrate as well as preacher. He received, while mowing in his field, in the summer of 1775—the year of the outbreak of the Revolutionary War—so severe an injury that he died suddenly, at the early age of forty-five. He was buried, after the manner of the primitive settlers, on the farm on which he had lived and laboured. After reposing fifty-seven years in his solitary grave without a memorial, his remains were disinterred with solemn ceremonies, and borne by a large procession to the Ashgrove burial-ground, shown in our engraving.

The loyal Irish Methodists would not share the revolt against the Mother Country. On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, therefore, they removed to Lower Canada, in 1775. Here they remained for ten years, chiefly in Montreal. Although we have scanty record of that period we cannot doubt that the religious fervour of Barbara Heck did not slumber during that long period.

In 1785 a number of the exiles removed to Upper Canada, then newly organized as a colony, and settled in the township of Augusta, on the River St. Lawrence. Among these were John Lawrence and Catharine his wife, who was the widow of Philip Embury; Paul and Barbara Heck, and other Irish Methodists. True to their providential mission, they became the founders and pioneers of Methodism in Upper Canada, as they had been in the United States. A "class" was organized, of which Samuel Embury, walking in the footsteps of his sainted father, was the first leader.

The first Methodist meeting-house in Canada was built at Hay Bay, Adolphustown, on the beautiful Bay of Quinte. It was a barn-like, wooden structure, thirty-six feet by thirty, two stories high, with galleries. On the subscription list appear the names of Embury, Buckle, and others whose memory is associated forever with the introduction of Methodism to this continent and to this Dominion. The same year also died, at his home at Augusta, in the faith of the Gospel, Paul Heck, aged sixty-two years.

Barbara Heck survived him about twelve years, and died at the residence of her son, Samuel Heck, in 1804, aged seventy years. "Her death," writes Dr. Stevens, "was besetting her life; her old German Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wilderness of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure.

Many of the descendants of the Embury and Heck families occupy prominent positions in our Church in Canada, and many more have died happy in the Lord. Philip Embury's great-great-grandson, John Torrance, jun., Esq., long filled the honourable and responsible position of treasurer and trustee steward of three of the

largest Methodist churches in Montreal.

On the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Maitland, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of the most hallowed spots in the broad area of our country. Here, on a gentle rising ground overlooking the rushing river, is the quiet "God's acre" in which slumbers the dust of that saintly woman who is honoured in two hemispheres as the mother of Methodism on this continent in both the United States and Canada. This spot known as the "Old Blue Church Yard," takes its name from an ancient church, now demolished, which once wore a coat of blue paint. The forest trees which cover this now sacred scene were cleared away by hands which have long since ceased from their labour and been laid in the quiet of those peaceful graves. Thither devout men, amid the tears of weeping neighbours and friends, bore the remains of Paul Heck and of Barbara his wife. Here, too, slumbers the dust of the once beautiful Catharine Sweitzer, who, in her early youth, gave her heart and hand to Philip Embury, and for love's sweet sake braved the perils of the stormy deep and the privations of pioneer life in the New World. Here sleep also, till the resurrection trump awake them, the bodies of several of the early Methodists and of many of their descendants, who, by their patient toil, their earnest faith, their fervent zeal, have helped to make our country what it is to-day.

The Methodists of the United States worthily honour the memory of Barbara Heck on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the organizing of Methodism in that land.

"Barbara Heck" writes, Dr. C. H. Fowler, "put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbled into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened a continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruits drop into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother, and the pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice, and to have secured its completion, is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and, in the order of Providence, it has received a monument which the years cannot crumble; as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

As we contemplate the lowly life of this true mother in Israel, and the marvellous results of which she was providentially the initiating cause, we cannot help exclaiming in devout wonder and thanksgiving, "What hath God wrought!" In the United States and Canada there are at this moment, as the outgrowth of seed sown in weakness over a century ago, a great Church organization, like a vast banyan tree, overspreading the continent, beneath whose broad canopy ten millions of souls, as members or

adherents, or one-fourth the entire population, enroll themselves by the name of Methodist. The solitary testimony of Philip Embury has been succeeded by that of a great army of twenty thousand local preachers, and nearly as many ordained ministers. Over two hundred Methodist colleges and academies unite in hallowed wedlock the principles of sound learning and vital godliness. Nearly half a hundred newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals, together with a whole library of books of Methodist authorship, scatter broadcast throughout the land the religious teachings of which those lowly Palatines were the first representatives in the New World.

On our first page, in addition to the sweet-faced portrait of good Barbara in her old-fashioned Methodist bonnet, we give portraits of three other heroes of early Methodism who were intimately connected with its planting on this continent. First comes Dr. Thomas Coke, the father of Methodist missions. Fourteen times he crossed the Atlantic endeavouring to plant and extend Christian missions. He was appointed by John Wesley, not only the first Methodist bishop, but the first Protestant bishop in America; and at last, on his way to plant missionaries to India, he died like Judson at sea and was buried in its depths.

Whitefield, the zealous evangelist, eleven times crossed the Atlantic, flaming like a seraph through two hemispheres, and preaching 30,000 sermons. He ranged over America from Maine to Georgia, and at last died in Newburyport, Mass., where his tomb, his coffin, even his skeleton may be seen and handled by the thousands of devout visitors to his last resting-place.

Francis Asbury was the first bishop of the Methodist church who was ordained in America (Dr. Coke was ordained in England). For forty-five years he traversed the United States and Canada through roadless forests, over bridgeless rivers, and over rugged mountains sowing the seed from which has sprung the marvellous Methodist Church of to-day. He travelled 270,000 miles on horseback and on foot, and ordained more than 4,000 ministers. Of his heroic life we shall shortly give a full account, for which there is not here space, in the Centennial number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*.

CENTENARY ADDRESS.

**W**HE innumerable multitude that Methodism has sent during these hundred years from triumphant death-beds to "the general assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in heaven!" And while we are celebrating this glad year on earth, I wonder if that vast centenary host of ours that has crossed the flood will not also celebrate it in the glory land; and then gather unseen about us like a cloud of witnesses, giving us their benedictions from the spirit-world and bidding us quit ourselves like men of God? O ye spirits of our sainted dead, let fall on us a double portion of your spirit on this Centennial year that we may catch the inspiration of your saintly lives! May God baptize us with the spirit of pure religion, and of earnest labour, and of deepest gratitude, and of a royal liberality, that our contributions to the Church this year may be the full measure of our gratitude

to him for what Methodism has done for us and for the world. And then the achievements of this century shall be only a prelude to what we shall do in that which is to come. What shall the record of Methodism be in 1984? Largely what we this year decide that with God's blessing it shall be. Then let our songs of gratitude for the past, ere they have died away, be caught up by a new song of faith and hope for the future; and let our Methodism, armed with these, her simple instruments of salvation, put on her beautiful garments, and, joining hands as she ever does with all the good and true, go forth afresh to work for God and make another and a grander chapter in our history. O for the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon our Church and ministry on this our Centenary year! —*Southern Christian Advocate*.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

"Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God." —Psalms.

**S**ING the years—the hundred years, Now gone from earthly hopes and fears, And yet gone not beyond our love; Gone, as dear friends that live above, Who, though in Christ are glorified, Still nearer to our hearts abide; The starry wreaths their brows entwine, With circling rays around us shine.

Sing the old years, how unlike ours! Often those days had tragic hours, Heroes alone can heroes sing; Your voice lift high until it ring As thunder rolls from height to height, When Alpine storms arouse their might, Will may we sing, those heroes rare, Was aught too brave for them to dare!

Sing ye again! I strike key-note Of times no one can deem remote, Those times of hard, exhausting toil, From whose great tasks none would recoil; Not soldiers now on battlefield, Not husbandmen to make earth yield Vast harvests fertilized by tears— Heart tears—through long, laborious years.

The hundred years—the hundred-fold— Thus may the parable be told; So write I here on this fair page, With thoughts of home and parentage; The hymns we sung from Wesley's muse, Forgive me, Lord, if I refuse To count this fact a special grace, That I belong to such a race.

Thanks for the hymns, thanks for the prayer, Which, morn and eve, rose heavenward there, I bless Thee, Lord, my lot was cast Where mauna fell each day's repast; The taste, the strength are with me now, Though threescore years have marked my brow—

Marked it with many a pain and care, While still my childhood's faith I share.

I joy to think these later days Are worthy, too, of noble praise; As rivers widen to the sea, And smile to hear the minstrelsy, When winds and waves most gently chime With voices of an inland clime, So now this old-time heart is glad That Zion stands in beauty clad.

Sing of the past—the present sing; And with the song your tributes bring; By treasures laid at Jesus' feet, Youth breath of praise is made more sweet. Remember ye, the angels' song Came not alone—but that ere long The Magi's gifts, 'neath guiding star, Were brought from Eastern lands afar.

AN Irishman who had a pig in his possession was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to repletion one day and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied, "Och, sure, and isn't it that I like to have bacon with a strake o' fat and a strake o' lane aqually, one after t'other!"

HOW THE LITTLES GROW.

**H**IS wife of a Presbyterian minister canvassed a part of the parish to obtain pledges from the people to give a specified amount for the conversion of the world. Among other places she entered a shoemaker's shop and inquired of the old man on the bench if he would be willing to pledge \$18.25 a year in weekly instalments for the salvation of the world. He replied:

"Eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents! No, indeed, I seldom have such an amount of money. I would not promise one-half so much."

"Would you be willing to give five cents a day, or thirty-five cents each Sabbath for the cause of Christ?"

"Yes, and my wife will give as much more."

"I do not wish to play any tricks nor spring any trap on you. If you will multiply five cents by 365 days it will make just \$18.25."

"Don't say anything more to me about the \$18.25. I am good for five a day. Let me take your memorandum."

He pledged himself for thirty-five cents a Sabbath. He took the book to his wife, for she took in washing and ironing and so had an income. She cheerfully gave her name for five cents a day. Their daughter was a seamstress and she wrote her name for four cents a day. Weeks came and months passed and the shoemaker said:

"I enjoy this, for I can give thirty-five cents a week and not feel it. It goes like current expenses; and then it amounts to so much more than I ever gave before; it gives me a manly feeling. I feel that I am doing my duty."

USEFUL ELEPHANTS.

**I**N the town of Maulmain, in Burmah, the whole business of moving timber is done by elephants. There are many large timber yards at Maulmain; indeed it has always been famed for its exports of teak logs, which are cut in the forests upon the banks of the Salween, and then floated sometimes hundreds of miles down to the capital. In these timber yards elephants are employed in drawing, stacking, and shifting the immense teak logs, some of them weighing as much as two tons.

A log that forty men could scarcely move, the elephant will quietly lift upon his tusks, and holding it there with his trunk, will carry it to whatever part of the yard his driver directs. They will also, using trunk, feet and tusks, pile the huge timbers as evenly and correctly as one could wish. They will select and pick out particular timbers from the centre of a stack or heap of more than a hundred simply at the command of the driver. The huge beasts are directed by the mahouts, or drivers, by spoken orders, pressure of the feet on their necks, and by the use of the aubus, or elephant goad.

It usually requires a year or a year and a half to teach them the "lumber business," and when thoroughly taught they are worth from 500 rupees (\$250) upward, according to their abilities. Sometimes an animal breaks his tusks through being forced to carry an excessive weight by a stupid or brutal driver, though the elephant knows his own power, and generally refuses to lift more than his tusks can safely

bear. If these should be broken off close to the head death would ensue; if only cracked, they are hooped about with iron bands, and are thus serviceable for many years.—*Harper's Young People*.

SEEING THE GOSPEL.

**H**AVE you ever heard the Gospel?" asked a missionary at Ningpo of a respectable Chinaman, whom he had not seen in the mission-room before.

"No," he replied, "but I have seen it. I know a man who was the terror of his neighbourhood. If you gave him a hard word, he would shout at you, and curse you for two days and two nights without ceasing. He was as dangerous as a wild beast, and a bad opium smoker; but when the religion of Jesus took hold of him, he became wholly changed. He is gentle, moral, not soon angry, and has left off opium. Truly, the teaching is good."

A CENTENNIAL ODE.

**H**E truth that came from Oxford's towers Hallowed by learning's sacred flame, Hath shone its holy, saving powers, And girdled earth with Wesley's name. In every clime, in every land, On mountain, isle, and ocean shore, Our temples of religion stand, The gospel spreads her ample store, "What hath God wrought!" with joy we sing. He is "our Father," heaven's great King.

A hundred years their records keep Since Coke and Asbury laid the stone Of temple with foundations deep, On which truth graved "by faith alone." Christmas alike did gladly bring To peaceful, waiting, sleeping earth The advent of her Saviour King, Our honoured Church its day of birth, "What hath God wrought!" etc.

Though Coke and Asbury sleep in peace In ocean deep and grace-crowned grave, Servants of Christ shall never cease, "The risen Lord has power to save," The stars look down from lofty sky On nations' graves and empires past, The Church of God shall never die, Outlives the archangel's trumpet blast, "What hath God wrought!" etc.

In old Westminster's pile so grand A tablet bears the Wesleys' name, 'Tis written over sea and land, God truly gives immortal fame. May we our jewels rightly prize, By holy aid our watch maintain, Till we with victory glad shall rise And "saved by grace" our Canaan gain, "What hath God wrought!" etc.

A hundred years, how rich the gleam Of knowledge of the fading past, Man and his deeds die like a dream, God's truth and Church alone shall last. Fields have been wet with brother's blood, And many sleep in nameless grave, God rules o'er land and swelling flood, Jesus the Lord His flock will save, "What hath God wrought!" etc.

On this Centennial, crowned with joy, Offerings and praise for mercies past, Let earth her loftiest hymns employ, While crowns at Jesus' feet are cast. Let centuries wheel their rapid flight On boldest, broadest, mightiest wing, They hasten to the golden light, When Christ shall reign the world-wide King. "What hath God wrought!" with joy we sing, He is "our Father," heaven's great King.

"Mrs SMITH," said a simple youth, "how could you think that I had ever said in company that you were stupid! Quite the contrary; whenever your name was mentioned, I was always the only one who didn't say so."

CENTENARY OF METHODISM—  
ACROSTIC.

CHRIST, our Redeemer, Priest, and King,  
Earth and heaven Thy praises sing.  
Nations, own your sovereign Lord,  
Tell of the wonders of His word,  
Eternal glory to His name,  
Now, and for evermore the same.  
Angels, raise your glorious song!  
Redeemed of earth the strain prolong!  
Yea, praise Him all ye happy throng.

O Christ, of all Thy Church the head,  
Far and wide Thy kingdom spread.

May peace, proclaimed at Shiloh's birth,  
Ere long prevail o'er all the earth.  
Through Him, let all the fallen race  
Hear the glad tidings of His grace.  
Onward, let Zion's watchword be;  
Day and night on the land and sea.  
In the power of Jesus go;  
Salvation preach to all below.  
May all the world our Saviour know.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

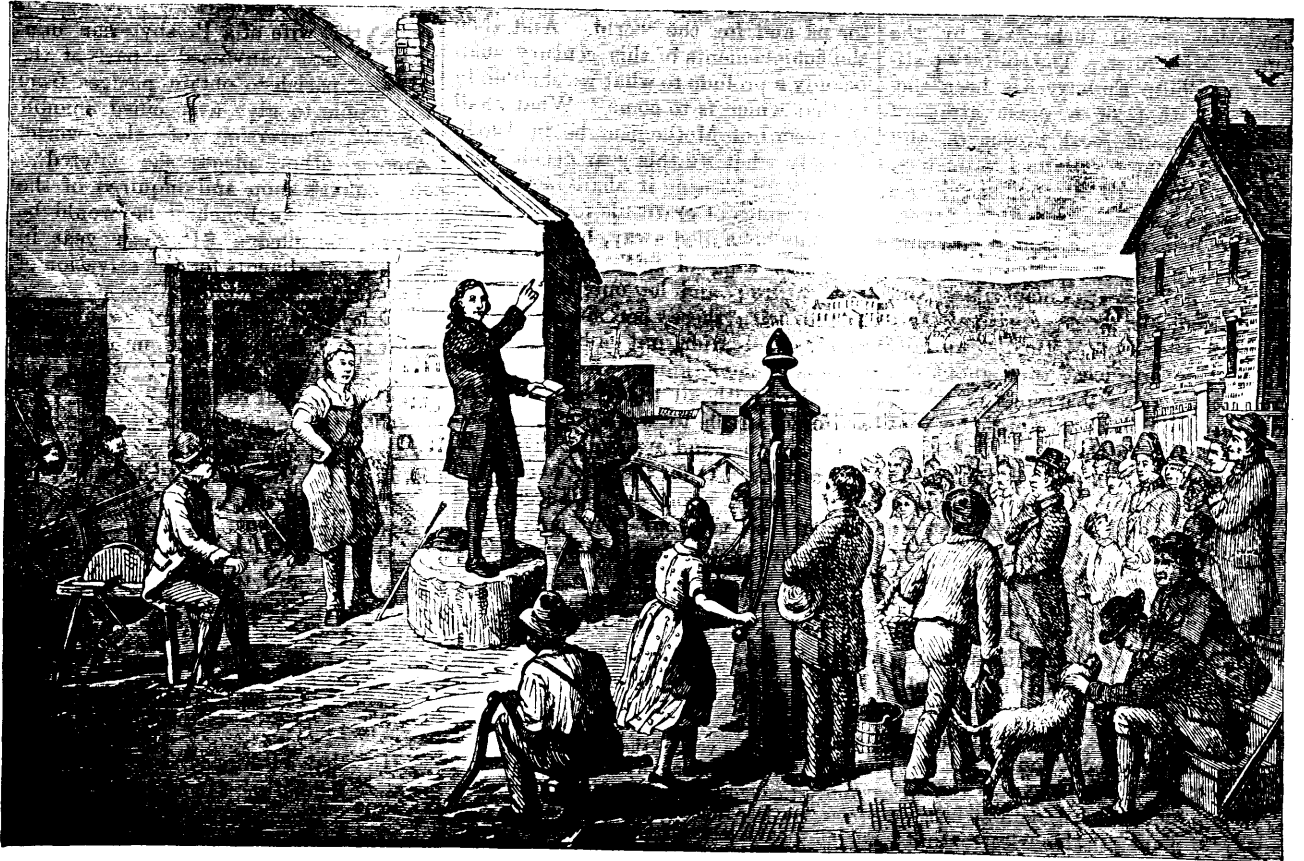
Rev. W. H. WITTHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 31, 1884.

METHODIST UNION AND  
METHODIST CENTENNIAL.

JUNE first is the day on which the long-desired consummation, the union of the Methodist Churches of Canada takes place. The highest officers of these several Churches have asked that that day be emphasized by some special religious service. PLEASANT HOURS takes part in that service by this special number, commemorating at once the close of a century of organized Methodism in America, and the beginning of a new century by the union of Methodism throughout this wide Dominion. We have asked the chief officers of our church to give the Sunday-school workers and scholars a word of greeting on this important occasion. From his sick bed comes the warm and the wise greeting of the revered and honoured Senior Superintendent, the Rev. Dr. Rice. From Dr. Carman and Dr. Sutherland come wise words of counsel which we hope will lead us each one, as we stand on the threshold of a new century, to give ourselves afresh to God and His work.

THE next number of PLEASANT HOURS will commemorate the founding of Upper Canada. Will have a large picture of Windsor Castle, with four pictures of Canada's national game Lacrosse. Only \$1 per 100.



First Methodist Sermon in Baltimore.

CENTENNIAL GREETINGS.

FROM THE REV. DR. RICE,

Senior Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

TO the Sunday-school teachers and scholars of the Methodist Church:—I gladly comply with the invitation to give you a word of greeting at the close of the first century of Methodism as a separate organization on this continent, and at the beginning of another century of blessed privilege and opportunity. You will have much to do with moulding that future, and with influencing the destiny of this land. You, teachers, will need much grace, much godly wisdom, and much faithful toil; but great shall be your reward. Grow not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not. You, scholars, are the hope of the Church, and of your country. Give your young hearts to Christ. Grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Thus shall you attain the best and noblest development of your natures—the truest Christian manhood and womanhood. May God's abiding blessing be upon you, "that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

FROM THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

This year of the Union of Methodism in Canada is the hundredth year of the organization of Methodism in America. So if important years and events are to be commemorated and celebrated, this year may well be celebrated in all our churches and Sabbath-schools. And what do we mean by celebrating the year? God required the Jews by an annual feast to keep in mind their deliverance from Egypt, and appointed especially a year of jubilee, that every fiftieth year they might rejoice in their deliverance from bondage, and fill the land with pious and grateful songs of rejoicing. Thus

the commemorations of important events became occasions of religious education, inspiration and improvement; gratitude and devotion to God, recognition of His hand and reliance upon His goodness, wisdom and power, earnestness in His service, and courage and devotion in His work were kept alive by monumental days and years. This is what we mean by celebrating the Centenary of American Methodism and the Union of Canadian Methodism. We mean to make them occasions of better knowledge of God and His providential dealings with His children, of more love to Him and faithful dependence upon him, and more liberality and zeal in His service. This is the reason, and ought to be the result of a religious celebration—more religion in ourselves and more zealously urged upon others.

Monuments of noble men, anniversaries of great deeds, centennials of heroic exploits and sublime martyrdoms lead us to think more of our country, our empire, and the human race. This year Canadian patriotism brings to remembrance the loyalty, courage and endurance of the United Empire Loyalists, the founders of our national fabric and builders of our national character; and we thereby the more revere our British institutions and love our cherished Canada. Patriotic and loyal sentiment may so unite with spiritual and religious fervor to make this year memorable in our history.

Shall we honour the Empire Loyalists, and forget or neglect the founders and builders of our Methodism? Shall we honour the Queen, and forget or forsake our God? Shall we praise Him for temporal, social, and national blessings, and forget the riches of His grace and the joys of His salvation? Shall we triumph as citizens and decay as Christians? The spirit and achievements of the pioneers of our Methodism, their faith and courage at the beginning, their endurance in every good work, and the wonderful results God hath brought out of their sacrifice and toil must stir our hearts within us, show

us our own weakness and His Almighty power; and move us to a mightier faith in God and a more willing and abounding sacrifice and toil for the establishment of His kingdom, and the spread of His glory to the ends of the earth. To such an end may He endue us with His Spirit.

FROM THE REV. DR. SUTHERLAND,

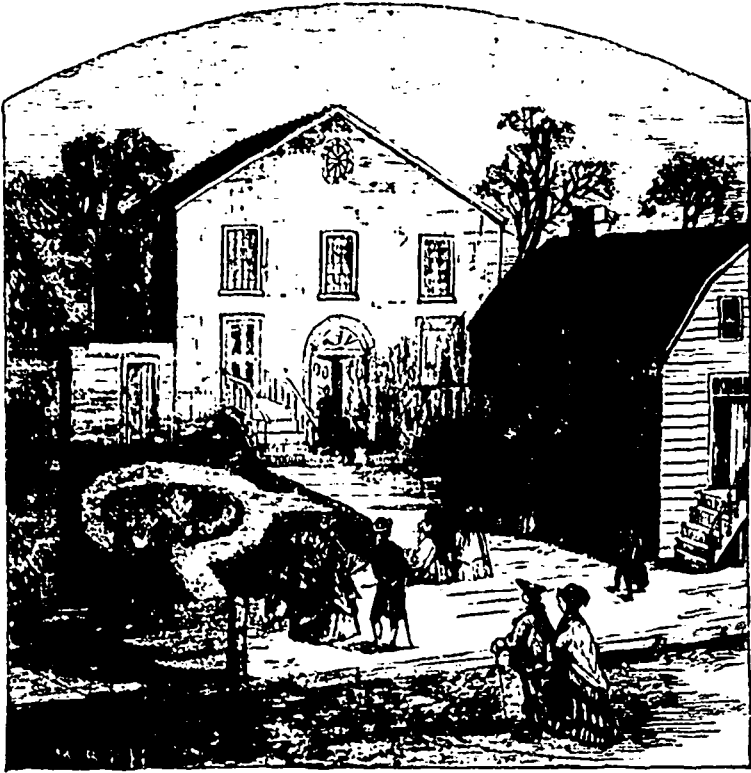
Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church.

The special Centennial number of PLEASANT HOURS must not be allowed to pass without a word of greeting to the noble army of missionary workers in our Sunday-schools. Last year the juveniles contributed over \$23,000, or rather more than one-seventh of the entire income of the society. All honour to the "Busy Bees," whose diligent efforts accomplished so much!

At the same time, there are a great many schools that do nothing at all. I am sure this is not the fault of the children. Only let the matter be brought before them by minister or superintendent, and they will take it up cheerfully. Just think how much



CAPTAIN WEBB.



OLD JOHN STREET METHODIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.  
First Methodist Church in America.

could be done if all did a little. In our united Church there are not less than 160,000 scholars. Now, if each of those should give, this year, one cent a week for missions, how much would it come to? To over \$83,000, or more than half the present income of the society. Would not that be a grand offering for the children? And it can be done. What I propose is that every Sunday-school scholar give one cent a week for missions, and that in every case, if at all possible, they earn what they give.

Then, in addition to what the children give, there is the large amount they may collect. We wish every school would organize on the "Blake System." What is that? Why, a collection is taken up in every class on Sunday, and a small book is furnished in which to keep a record of the amounts. Then, any one who is willing to collect outside is supplied with a small book with room for ten names. The collector must find among his or her friends ten persons who will agree to give two cents or upwards a week, when called upon, and the collector must call regularly and get the amount. Where this has been tried, the results have been wonderful.

If any little friend cannot collect in

this way, there's another plan: Send to me at the Mission Rooms, or get your minister to send for a Missionary Box, and see what you can do in that way. I would like to say more, but the editor will scold me for taking so much room. God bless the boys and girls who work for the Missionary Society

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

THE editor of PLEASANT HOURS deems it right to say that he has not, and has never had, any personal interest whatever in the sale of his stories or books enumerated as follows: "Barbara Heck," "Valeria," "Neville Trueman," "The King's Messenger," "The Romance of Missions," "Worthies of Early Methodism," or any of his Temperance Tracts. He does not derive, and never has derived, any pecuniary advantage from their sale. All the profits thereof are freely given and accrue solely to our Connexional Publishing House, and ultimately to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund. This personal explanation is made only because it was found that, in the minds of some persons, a contrary apprehension was entertained.

FROM a school which has received help from the S. S. Aid Fund we receive the following report: "Please accept the very warm thanks of our school here in this place for your kindness in helping us with the papers. They are highly appreciated by persons of all denominations, whose children attend our school, and they have materially augmented the interest in the school."

COMPLAINT is the largest tribute heaven receives and the sincerest part of our devotion.

THE CRADLE OF METHODISM IN THE NEW WORLD.\*

METHODISM IN NEW YORK.

CAPTAIN WEBB, in his scarlet coat and sash and gold epaulettes, often preached to the little company of Methodists at New York with an energy and an eloquence that soon crowded the house. It shortly became necessary to seek a larger room. An old rigging loft in William Street was therefore engaged and roughly fitted up for worship. The naked rafters of the roof still remained uncovered. A somewhat tarry smell clung to the walls. An old ship's figurehead—a "gypsy king" with gilded crown—supported the pulpit and formed an excellent reading desk. When Captain Webb stood behind it in full regimentals, he looked not unlike an admiral standing in the bow of his ship, or a warrior riding in a triumphal car. This unwonted state of affairs was the occasion of no small comment in the gossiping old town.

"They do say," said Squire Blake, the rather pompous Custom House officer of the port of New York, to Captain Ireton, a Boston skipper, for whom he was writing out the clearance papers of the good ship "Betsy Jane," bound for Barbadoes—"They do say that an officer of the King's army preaches for those Methody people up there at the Rigging Loft. Well! well! Wonders will never cease. I must go and hear for myself; though I would hardly like to be seen encouraging such schism if it were not that the presence of an officer of Captain Webb's well-known loyalty really makes it quite respectable."

"Well, neighbor," replied the gallant skipper, who had imbibed the democratic notions which were even then floating in the atmosphere of Bunker Hill, "if the thing is not respectable in itself, all the King's horses and all the King's men won't make it so."

"Perhaps not, in the abstract; but for all that it makes a good deal of difference to loyal subjects whether newfangled religion is prosecuted by the bailiffs or patronized by gentlemen in the King's livery;" and here the worthy Custom House officer smiled somewhat grimly, as if the skipper's speech were half treason.

"The King may want some more active service than that from his officers before long, if all I hear in the port of Boston is true," replied the skipper, picking up his papers.

"They always were a stiff-necked set of rebels in Massachusetts colony. I will say to your face, even if you do hail from there. I hope this is no new treason they are hatching."

"Oh, I'm not in any of their secrets," said the honest captain; "but you know that these absurd Navigation Laws hamper trade sadly, and there are loud murmurs at all the sea ports about them. I'll

\* From Withrow's "Barbara Heck: a story of the founding of Upper Canada." Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75 cts.



OLD RIGGING LOFT, NEW YORK.

venture to say that unless our ships get a better chance to compete for the West Injy trade, there'll be a flat rebellion on wholesale smuggling before long."

"Have a care, Skipper Ireton," answered the Tory officer, shaking his head with an air of menace. "The King's troops well know how to deal with the first, and his customs officers will do their best to prevent the second."

The old rigging loft soon became too small to hold the congregation which thronged its meagre space. Many, doubtless, were attracted, like Squire Blake, at first by curiosity to hear an officer in scarlet coat, with sword and epaulettes, preach from his place behind the carved figurehead. Sometimes, however, they were disappointed by the appearance in the pulpit of the plain and simple Philip Embury, whom any day in the week they might see plying his avocation of carpenter.

"It is bad enough," complained Squire Blake, after one of these occasions, "to see an officer, who is both a scholar and a gentleman, usurping the place of an ordained clergyman in this manner; but to see a mere mechanic stand up to preach to his betters, it is intolerable. It is subversive of all social order. It confuses all distinction of rank. What's the world coming to, I wonder? It will end in flat rebellion, I see plain enough."

"Well, your worship," remarked



EMBURY HOUSE, NEW YORK.



EMBURY'S GRAVE.

John Stubbins, a rather grimy-looking cordwainer, who was one of the group to whom these remarks were made; "it suits simple folks like us better than the learned talk of Dr. Whiteband down at Old Trinity. I went there t'other Sunday, and it was all about the Manichees and the Apollinarian heresy, that happened a thousand years ago; and a lot of things I never heard of before, an' didn't know anything about after I heard 'em. Now, Master Embury tells us about our plain everyday duties—that men in my trade musn't scamp their work nor put in bad leather; and the grocer must give good weight and measure, and not sand his sugar, nor mix peas with his coffee. And we know that he does honest work for fair wages hisself. When he makes a table or a chest of drawers, it's sure to be seasoned stuff and well put together. His preachin' and practice agree, you see, and one helps to clinch the other."

"That sort of talk may do for the lower classes, I suppose," said the squire, taking snuff pompously. "It doesn't need a Doctor of Divinity to preach like that. I could do it myself if I had a mind to."

"Oh I dare say," replied the honest cobbler, with a twinkle in his eye and a wink to his neighbours who were standing around—he was of rather a democratic turn of mind and a despiser of dignities, like many of his craft—"I suppose you could if only you had the mind to; that's all that's wanting."

The rather thick-witted squire didn't see the point of the somewhat derisive laugh that ran around the circle, as he strutted away, swaggering his gold-headed cane and dusting the snuff off the frills and ruffles of his shirt front. He knew that he was not popular, but he didn't see that he had done or said anything to be laughed at.

The great majority of the worshippers at the humble rigging loft, however, were drawn there by sincere religious feeling. There was an honest heartiness about the simple services that came home to their every-day needs—to every man's business and bosom. The warm-hearted love-feasts and class-meetings, and the hearty singing, were greatly prized by the toil-worn men from workshop or anvil, from dock or loom; and by housewives and mothers, weary with their household cares.

"Ah! but it do seem just like the Methody preachin' and singin' I heard at dear old Gwenap and Penzance, years ago," said Mrs. Penwinen, an honest Cornish woman, to her next-door neighbour. "Many's the time I've heard Mr. Wesley preachin' of an early mornin' at the mine's mouth, afore the men went down, or at even-tide, when they came up to grass again."

"Eh, did ye now?" replied good Dame Durbin, as she stood with her door-key in her hand. "I never heard un; but I've often heard honest John Nelson on the Barnsley Woald, in old Yorkshire. Ay, an' I've seen un pelted through the town wi' rotten eggs, an' help'd to do it mysen, God forgive me, afore I know'd what a mon o' God he wor. He wor just a common sojer, ye wot, and the parson hissen headed the mob agen him."

Here came up stout Frau Stuyvesant, still wearing the quaint gold headband of her native Holland, who had also been attracted by the hearty Methodist singing of the service.

"Mynheer ist goot prediger," she

said in her broken English. "Men say his preachment ist same as myn countreman, Arminius of Oudewater, in Utrecht. He speak goot worta."

Like sotsam and jetsam of the sea, these three creatures of diverse nationalities had been blown across the broad Atlantic, and drifted like sea-weed into the quiet eddy of the old rigging loft of William Street, and there had found that rest and food for their souls for which their whole moral nature yearned. And this was but a type of the mission of Methodism in America and throughout the world—to supply the deep soul-needs of humanity, of many tribes and in many climes. The miracle of Pentecost was repeated, and by her missionary agencies these strangers and foreigners—Swedes, Germans, Norwegians, Slav and Turk, Hindu and Chinese—each has heard in his own mother-tongue the wonderful works of God.

The old rigging loft which held the germ of this mighty growth, like a flower-pot in which an oak was planted, became, we have said, too small for such rapid expansion. "It could not," says a contemporary writer, "contain half the people who desired to hear the word of the Lord," and so the old John Street Church was built, as we have elsewhere shown.

#### METHODISM COMES TO CANADA.

For some time before the death of Embury, the war-clouds had been gathering which were to wrap the continent in a blaze. At length, at Concord and Lexington (April 19, 1775), while Embury lay upon his deathbed, occurred the collision between the armed colonists and the soldiers of the King, which precipitated the War of Independence, and the loss to Great Britain of her American colonies. The bruits of war became louder and louder, and filled the whole land.

"Nay, dear heart," Embury had said to his faithful and loving wife, as she repeated the rumours of the outbreak which had reached the quiet valley in which they dwelt; "nay, dear heart! this is only some temporary tumult. The colonists will not wickedly rebel against his Majesty, God bless him, when every Sunday in all the churches they pray, 'From all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion, good Lord deliver us!'"

But the loyal heart did not rightly interpret the signs of the times. The country was ripe for revolt. From the mountains of Vermont to the everglades of Georgia, a patriotic enthusiasm burst forth.

By this time, however, Philip Embury had passed away from the strifes and tumults of earth to the everlasting peace and beatitude of heaven. The loyal Palatines maintained their allegiance to the old flag by removing to Lower Canada. It was not without a wrench of their heart-strings that they left the pleasant homes they had made, and the grave of their departed religious teacher and guide, and set their faces once more resolutely toward the wilderness.

"Why not cast in your lot with us and fight for your rights and liberty?" asked one of their neighbours who had caught the fever of revolt.

"The service that we love is no bondage," spoke up brave-hearted Barbara Heck, "but truest liberty; and we have under the dear old flag beneath which we were born, all the rights that we want—the right to worship God

according to the dictates of our conscience, none daring to molest us or make us afraid."

"If fight we must," chimed in Paul Heck, although he was a man of unwarlike disposition, "we will fight for the old flag under which we have enjoyed peace and prosperity—the flag that may have known disaster, but never know disgrace. Our fathers sought refuge beneath its folds, and we will not desert it now. My religion teaches me, as well as to fear God, to honour the King—to be a true and faithful subject of my earthly as well as my heavenly sovereign."

For conscience' sake, therefore, this little band of loyal subjects left their fertile farms, their pleasant homes, their flocks and herds. They sold what they could, at great sacrifice, to their revolutionary neighbours, who, while they respected their character, were not averse to make gain out of what they regarded as their fanatical loyalty.

Two rude-looking and unwieldy batteaux had been provided for the long journey over unknown waters to the King's loyal province of Canada. In it were placed some simple household gear—bedding and other necessities. Among the most precious articles of freight were Philip Embury's much-prized Concordance and Barbara Heck's old German Bible. A nest was made in the bedding for the five children of Paul and Barbara Heck—the oldest and youngest, bright-eyed girls, aged ten and two respectively, the others three sturdy boys—and for the young children of Mary Embury. The fair young widow sat in the stern to steer the little bark which bore the germs of Canadian Methodism, while the matronly Barbara cared for the children. Paul Heck took his place at the oar—aided by his friend, John Lawrence, a grave, God-fearing Methodist, who had been his companion in travel from their dear old island home. In another boat were their fellow-voyagers, Peter Switzer and Joel Dulmage, with their wives and little ones. Several of their neighbours, who intended soon after to follow them, came down to the river side to see them off and wish them "God-speed."

"God will be our guide as He was the Guide of our fathers," said Paul Heck, reverently, as he knelt upon the thwarts and commended to His care both those who journeyed and those who, for the present, should remain.

"My heart feels strangely glad," said Barbara Heck, the light of faith burning in her eyes; "we are in the hollow of God's hand, and shall be kept as the apple of His eye. Naught can harm us while He is on our side."

The last farewells were spoken, the oars struck the water, the batteaux glided down the stream, the voices of the voyagers and of those upon the shore blending sweetly in the hymn:

"Our souls are in His mighty hand,  
And He shall keep them still,  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With Him on Zion's hill.

"Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through;  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view."

All day they glided down the winding stream, through scones of sylvan loveliness. They landed for the night on the site of the pleasant town of Whitesfield, then a dense forest. A rude tent was erected among the trees for the women and children, and a

simple booth of branches for the men. The camp-fire was built. The bacon frying in the pan soon sent forth its savoury odour, and the wheaten cakes were baked on the hot griddle. The children, with shouts of merry glee, gathered wild raspberries in the woods. A little carefully-boarded tea—a great luxury at the time—was steeped, and, that nothing might be lost, the leaves were afterwards eaten with bread. A hearty, happy meal was made; a hymn and prayer concluded the evening; and the same simple service began the morning, after a night of refreshing sleep.

Day after day the rude batteaux, impelled by oar and sail, glided up the broad and beautiful Lake Champlain. Its gently sloping shores were then almost a wilderness—with only here and there the solitary clearing of an adventurous pioneer. All went well with the exiles till the afternoon of the fifth day. While in the widest part of the lake, wearily rowing in a dead calm, a sudden thunderstorm arose that for a time threatened them with no small peril. The day had been very sultry, with not a breath of air stirring. The burning sunlight was reflected from the steel-like surface of the water. The children were fretful with the heat and the oarsmen weary with their toil. Presently a grateful coolness stole through the air, and a gentle breeze refreshed their frames and filled the swelling sails, and at the same time a cloud veiled the fervid beams of the sun.

"Thank God," said Barbara Heck, "for this change," and the children laughed with glee.

Presently, Paul Heck, who had been leisurely scanning the horizon, sprang up with a start.

"Down with your sail!" he shouted to his fellow-voyagers, Switzer and Dulmage, whose boat was not far off, pointing at the same time toward the western horizon, and then eagerly taking in and close-reefing his own sail. To a careless eye there was no sign of danger, but a closer observation revealed a white line of foam, advancing like a race-horse over the waves.

"Lawrence, take the helm! get her before the squall," he continued; and scarcely had the movement been accomplished when what seemed a hurricane smote their frail bark. The waters were lashed to foam. The rising waves raced alongside as if eager to overwhelm them. The air grew suddenly dark, the lurid lightning flashed, followed instantly by the loud roll of thunder and by a drenching torrent of rain.

"The Lord preserve us," exclaimed Lawrence, "I can scarcely keep her head before the wind; and if one of these waves strike us abeam it will shatter or overturn the batteau."

But Barbara Heck, unmoved by the rush of the storm, sat serene and calm, holding the youngest child in her arms, while the others nestled in terror at her feet. In the words of another storm-tossed voyager upon another boisterous sea seventeen hundred years before, she said quietly—

"Fear not: be of good cheer; there shall not a hair fall from the head of one of us."

Enhearted by her faith and courage, her husband toiled manfully to keep the frail batteau from falling into the trough of the sea. Lightly it rode the crested waves, and at last, after a

strenuous struggle, both boats got under the lee of Isle-aux-Noix, and the voyagers gladly disembarked in a sheltered cove, their limbs cramped and stiffened by long crouching, in their water-soaked clothing, in the bottom of the boats. A bright fire was soon blazing, the wet clothes dried as fast as possible, and over a hearty meal of bacon, bread and coffee, they gave thanks with glad hearts for their providential deliverance. Embarking once more, they urged their batteaux down the Richelieu and up the stream of the majestic St. Lawrence, hugging the shore in order to avoid the strength of the current.

"I never thought there was so large a river in the world," said Mary Embury, as she scanned its broad expanse. "I believe it is twice as wide as the Hudson at New York."

"More like four times as wide," replied Paul Heck. "If it were not for its rapid current, one would hardly think it was a river at all."

It was with glad hearts that the weary voyagers beheld the forest-crowned height, the grassy ramparts, and the long stone wall along the river front of the mediæval-looking town. A red-coated sentry paced up and down the rude landing-stage; and another mounted guard at the ponderous iron-studded wooden gate. Paul Heck and his wife and John Lawrence set out to find temporary lodgings, leaving the others to "keep the gear," or, as Barbara Heck phrased it, "to bide by the stuff."

The pioneer explorers entering the "water gate," first turned towards the long low line of barracks, for their hearts warmed toward the red coats, the visible sign of that power for which they had sacrificed so much. Their first reception, however, was rather disheartening to their loyal enthusiasm. In reply to Paul Heck's civil enquiry of an idle soldier who was lounging at the gate, if there were any Methodists in the town, the low-bred fellow replied—

"Methodies? wot's that, I'd like to know?"

The explanation that they were the followers of John Wesley did not throw any light on the subject.

"John Wesley? who was he? Oi never heard of un. Zay, Ned, do 'ee know any Methodies hereabouts?"

"Methodies," replied the man addressed, pausing in his operation of pipe-claying his belt and bayonet-pouch. "Oh, ay! 'e means them rantin' Swaddlers, wot was in the King's Own in Flanders, d'ye mind? The strait-laced hypocrites! an honest soldier couldn't drain a jack, or win a main at cards, or kiss a lass, or curse a Johnny Orapaud, but they'd drop down on 'im. Noa, their beant noan on 'em 'ere, and wots more, us doant want noan on 'em nayther."

"Well, we're Methodists," spoke up Barbara Heck, never ashamed of her colours. "So take us to your Captain, please."

"What d'ye say? You are!" exclaimed the fellow, dropping both pipe-clay and belt. "Well, your a plucky un, I must say. But you're just like all the rest on 'em. Here, Geoffrey," he went on, calling to an orderly, who was grooming an officer's horse, "take the parson and 'is wife to the Captain."

"Taake 'em yoursen. Oi beant noan o' your servant," replied that irate individual.

The altercation was speedily interrupted by the presence of the officer himself, clattering down the stone steps, with his jangling spurs and clanging sword.

"Hello! what's the row with you fellows now? Beg pardon, madame," he continued, taking off his gold-laced cocked hat, with the characteristic politeness of a British officer, to Barbara Heck. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"We have just arrived from the province of New York," replied Barbara, making an old-fashioned courtesy, "and we'er seeking temporary lodgings in the town."

"From New York, eh! Come to the Council-room, please, and see the Governor;" and he led the way along the narrow *Rue Notre Dame* to a long low building with quaint dormer windows, in front of which the red-cross flag of St. George floated from a lofty flagstaff, and a couple of sentries paced to and fro in heavy marching order. This venerable building, almost unchanged in aspect, is now occupied as the Jacques Cartier Normal School. It had been erected as the residence of the French Governor, but at the time of our story it was the quarters of Colonel Burton, the Military Governor of the District of Montreal and Commandant of his Majesty's forces therein. It was subsequently occupied during the American invasion by Brigadier-General Wooster and by his successor, the traitor Benedict Arnold. It was here also that the first printing press ever used in Montreal was erected by Benjamin Franklin, in order to print the proclamation and address by which it was hoped to seduce Canada from its lawful allegiance, to join the revolt of the insurgent provinces.

After a moment's delay in a small ante-room, the officer conducted our travellers, somewhat bewildered by the contrast between his respectful treatment and that of his rude underlings, into a long low apartment with flat timbered ceiling. In this room, the present writer, on a recent visit, found a number of old historic portraits, probably of the period to which we now refer.

Seated at a large, green covered table, on which lay his sword and a number of charts and papers, pay-rolls and the like, was an alert, grizzled-looking officer of high rank. Near him sat his secretary, busily writing.

"Ah! be seated, pray. Pierre, chairs for the lady and gentlemen," said the Governor, nodding to a French valet, and adding, "You may wait in the ante-room. I hear," he went on, turning to Paul Heck, "that you have come from the disloyal province of New York."

"Yes, your worship," said Paul Heck, rather nervously fumbling his hat.

"Say 'his Excellency,'" put in the secretary, to the further discomfiture of poor Paul, who had never before been in the presence of such an exalted personage.

"Never mind, Saunders," said the Governor good-naturedly, and then, to his rustic audience, "Feel quite at home, good people. I wish to learn the state of feeling in New York, and whether there is any loyalty to the old flag left."

"O yes, your worship—your Excellence, I mean," said Paul, "there are yet seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal."

"Seven thousand—Baal—what does the man mean, Featherstone?"

"Blest if I know, your Excellency," said Colonel Featherstone, who, like the Governor, was more familiar with the letters of Lord Chesterfield than with the Hebrew Scriptures.

"He means," said Barbara Heck, "that there is yet a remnant who are faithful to their King, and pray daily for the success of the old flag."

"Ah, that's more to the purpose. But how many did you say my good man? and how do you know the number? Have they any organization or enrollment?"

"I said seven thousand, sir—your Excellence, I mean—because that's the number Elijah said were faithful to the God of Israel. But just how many there are I cannot say. The Lord knoweth them that are His."

"A pragmatial fellow, this," said the Governor to Colonel Featherstone; and again addressing Heck, he asked, "Well, what are they going to do about it? Will they fight?"

"Many of them eschew carnal weapons, your Excellence. I'm not a man of war myself. I have come here with my wife and little ones, to try to serve God and to honour the King in peace and quietness; and there's a-many more, your Excellence, who will follow as soon as they can get away."

"Some of us have not the same scruples as Paul Heck, your Excellency," here interposed John Lawrence, who himself bore arms for his King in later days; and if his Majesty wants soldiers, he could easily raise a regiment of loyal Americans, who would rally to the defence of the old flag."

"Good! that has the right ring. We want a lot of true-hearted, loyal subjects to colonize the new province of Upper Canada and you are welcome, and as many more like you as may come," said the Governor, rubbing his hands and taking a snuff with Colonel Featherstone. He then conversed kindly and at some length about their plans and prospects. "I doubt if you can find lodging with any English family," he said; "there are not many English here yet, you see; but I will give you a note to a respectable Canadian who keeps a quiet inn," and he rang his table bell and wrote a hasty note. "Here, Pierre, take these good people to the *Blanche Croix*, and give this note to Jean Baptiste La Farge. I will send for you again," he added, as he bowed his guests politely out of the room, kindly repressing their exclamations:

"A thousand thanks, your worship—your Excellence, I mean," said Paul Heck; and added Barbara, "The Lord reward you for your kindness to strangers in a strange land."

SCHOOLMASTER: "Alexander Morrison, twice three!" A. Morrison: "Four, sir." Schoolmaster: "You'll never get through the world, boy." A. Morrison: "I dinna want; I'll gang roon' about."

THE latest anecdote about the old lady who thinks that she "knows everything" is about how she went to a church sooiable, and as she entered the room the young ladies said: "Good evening, auntie, we are glad you came; we are going to have tableaux this evening." "Yes, I know, I know," was the reply; "I smelt 'em when I first came in."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 58.] LESSON X. [June 8.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

Rom. 3. 19-31. Commit to memory vs. 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. 5. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Guilty Before God, v. 19-23.
2. Justified Freely, v. 24.
3. Justified by Faith, v. 25-31.

TIME.—A. D. 58, probably in the spring.

PLACE.—This epistle was written from Corinth, soon after the epistle to Galatians.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The law*—God's law in the Old Testament. *Under the law*—The Jews, to whom the law was given. *Every mouth may be stopped*—The law shows that no person can boast of his goodness, because none have fully kept it. *No flesh be justified*—No person can be shown to be just or upright. *Knowledge of sin*—The law shows us that we are sinners. *Righteousness of God*—God's justice in dealing with men. *Without the law*—Since man could not be saved by the law, God saves them apart from the law by his mercy. *By faith of Jesus Christ*—On condition of faith in Jesus as Christ. *No difference*—Jews and Gentiles are saved in the same way and on the same terms. *Come short*—Having failed to attain unto the standard God has given in the law. *Redemption*—The death of Christ has purchased us and set us free from the law. *Propitiation*—The death of Christ, the one great sacrifice for sin. *His righteousness*—The death of Christ is here said to be the ground whereby God forgives sins before, as well as after Christ's coming. *Justifier*—The one who forgives and saves sinners who believe. *Boasting, excluded*—No one can boast, because all are saved by God's mercy; none have earned salvation. *Justify the circumcision*—God saves the Jews on the same terms as the Gentiles.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That service alone does not secure salvation?
2. That Jesus is the only Saviour of men?
3. That faith in Jesus is essential to salvation?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom does the law apply? To those under the law. 2. Unto whom is the righteousness of God? "Unto all...them that believe." 3. By what have we come short of the glory of God? By sinning. 4. By what are we justified? By faith. 5. "Do we then make void the law through faith?" "God forbid: yea, we establish the law."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The remission of sins.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

56. How was man the chief creature on earth? Because the Creator made man in his own image. Genesis i. 27.
57. In what part of man is the image of God? In his spirit or soul, which was breathed into him by the Creator. Genesis ii. 7.
58. Is then the soul of man created to live for ever? It is immortal, and will not die as the body dies. Ecclesiastus xii. 7.

A. D. 58.] LESSON XI. [June 15.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF BELIEVERS.

Rom. 8. 28-39. Commit to memory vs. 37-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God. Rom. 8. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. The Called, v. 28-34.
2. The Conquerors, v. 35-39.

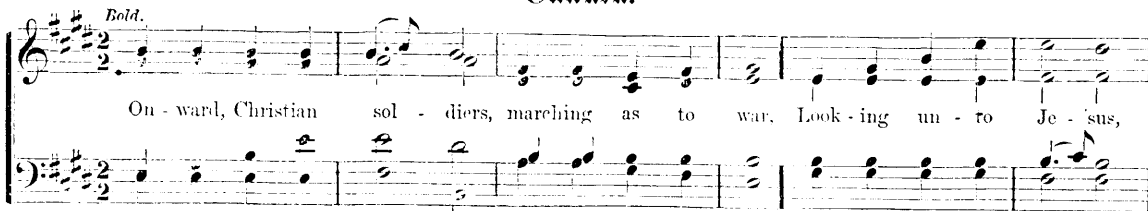
TIME.—A. D. 58.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The called*—God calls all men, but only those who listen and believe are "the called." *Foreknow*—God knew beforehand who would hear and believe on Christ. *Predestinate*—God determined that those whom he knew would believe should receive the blessing of the Gospel. *Called*—He calls all, but not all hear and heed. *Justified*—When men accept Christ, God forgives their sins, and makes them "his

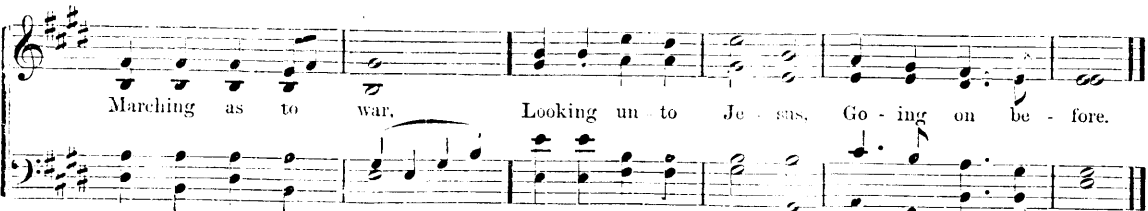
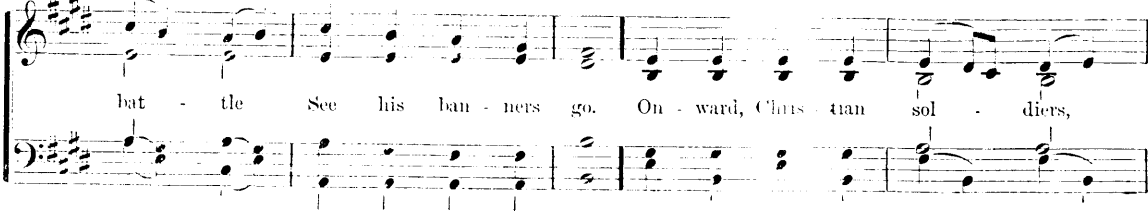


## CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Onward.



CHORUS.



2 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song,  
Glory, praise, and honour,  
Men and angels sing,  
Through the countless ages,  
Unto Christ the King.

From the "Dominion S. S. Hymnal." Toronto: William Briggs. Price 60 cts.

children. *Glorified*—Gave to enjoy the blessing of heaven. *Delivered him up*—God gave his Son to die for men. *God's elect*—"The chosen ones," who have chosen Christ as their Saviour. *Maketh intercession*—Christ before the throne pleads for us on the earth. *The love of Christ*—The love which Christ has to us, from which nothing can part us. *Tribulation*—No trouble can part from us the love of Christ. *More than conquerors*—We overcome all these enemies through Christ who loves us. *Death* cannot keep us from the blessedness of Jesus' love, but only brings us to enjoy it. *Angels*—Not all the evil angels can keep a soul from Christ. *Any other creature*—Any created thing or anything in creation. *Love of God*—The love which God bears to us shown by his giving Christ to die for us.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we shown in this lesson—

1. The safety of the believer?
2. The strength of the believer?
3. The victory of the believer?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is the general tendency of events as regards those who love God? "All things work together for good." 2. If God be on our side what is the effect? He outweighs all opposition. 3. Who justifieth? "It is God that justifieth." 4. Where is Christ? "At the right hand of God." 5. What does Christ do? Make intercession for us.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The love of God.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

59. What is the other part of man?  
His body, which is flesh and blood, and will die. Matthew x. 28.
60. In what else is your soul different from your body?  
My soul is that within me which thinks and knows, desires and wills, rejoices and is sorry, which my body cannot do.
61. Is not your soul then of great value?  
Yes; because it is myself. Luke ix. 25.

## SMILES.

ALWAYS awake—the track made by an ocean steamer.

WHY is it impossible for a Turkish judge to be infirm or decrepit? Because, being a Cadi, he is the very reverse of decay. (K. D.—D. K.)

"AIN'T that a lovely critter, John?" said Jerusha, as they stopped opposite the leopard's cage. "Wall, yes," said John, "but he's dreffully freckled, ain't he?"

A MEMBER of a fashionable congregation called at a music store and inquired: "Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon?'" adding, "Our pastor referred to it yesterday as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

"Won't you cut a penny open for me, father?" said a little girl when she came home from school one day. "Cut open a penny! What do you want me to do that for?" asked her father. "Cause," said the little girl, "our teacher says that in every penny there are four farthings, and I want to see 'em."

"I AM shocked," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, stepping into the pantry just in time to catch Johnny in the act of hiding a jar of preserves beneath his jacket—"yes Johnny, I am shocked!" "Yes, ma," responded the young rogue, who had lately attended a lecture on chemistry, with experiments, "a laden (Leyden) jar is enough to give any body a shock."

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