



in Eastern Ontario

Methodist Church

Early Formation

Reminiscences

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REMINISCENCES

OF THE

Canada

PAST AND PRESENT

OF THE

Early Formation of the Methodist Church

IN EASTERN ONTARIO.

By ALEX. E. FORSYTH,

MILLE ROCHES, ONT.



CORNWALL,

The Standard Printing House,

1907.

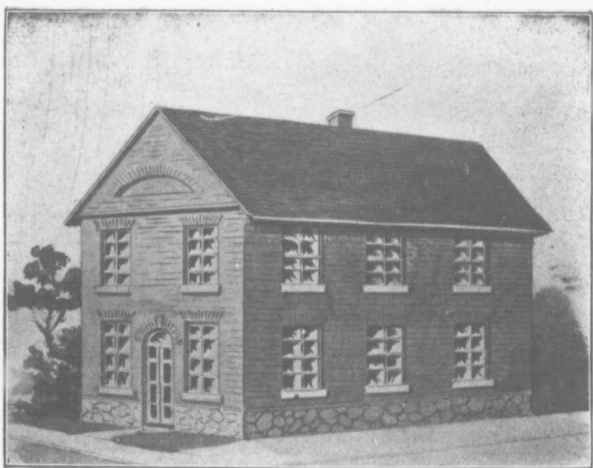


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MOULINETTE METHODIST CHURCH, BUILT IN 1834.

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The Rev. Arthur E. Hagar, B. A., B. D.,

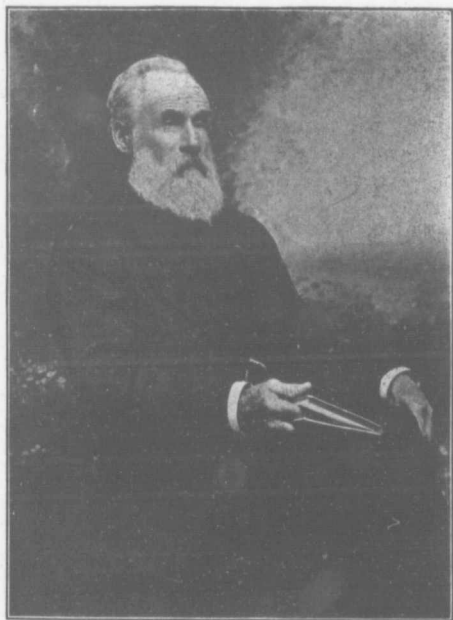
Methodist Minister on the Moulinette Circuit
for the past two years,

Whose brotherly and influential patronage has encouraged
me in a bold and untried undertaking, and whose
care and oversight have diminished its
defects and blemishes,

This little volume is respectfully inscribed by the
appreciative though humble author.

Mille Roches, June 17, 1907.

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ALEX. E. FORSYTH

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PREFACE.

I have read with interest the little book herewith offered to the public by my esteemed and venerable parishioner, Bro. Alex. E. Forsyth, and take a great deal of pleasure in introducing the reader, at the author's request, to the narrative of early Methodism, its growth and development in the Eastern part of Ontario, which he has given us in the following pages. Nor would it be proper for me to occupy the reader's time with more than the mere formalities of such an introduction, as the reader will be better able to read and judge the little book for himself. My good friend has shewn a great deal of care in his researches and has most loyally adhered to the most reliable authorities for his information, while at the same time giving us a great deal of folk-lore and tradition concerning some of those old-time Methodist preachers, which, it is safe to say, can be found nowhere else in print, and which it were a pity to suffer to be lost. The book will be of especial interest to all who are connected in any way, or who ever have been, with the old Methodist Circuit, one of the very oldest appointments of the Methodist Church in Canada, and to friends of the circuit, as well as to those acquainted in any way with the fine old types of Methodist preachers herein portrayed, the book will especially appeal. I have suffered my worthy friend to tell his own story in his own quaint way, and without the modern embellishments of completed sentences and chosen diction. In our day of almost perfect phraseology, it is refreshing to turn to the clear, cool waters

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that flow out of a perfectly ingenuous heart, and to read in the calm, almost patriarchal, dignity, the deep secrets of the writer's hidden soul. Many are the ministers and friends of my worthy brother who will welcome this little account of early pioneer life, and treasure anew the memories of the old days, now almost forgotten. As he to whom the honor has fallen of treading in the footsteps of most worthy and sainted Ministers of the Cross, and by Conference appointment of holding the fort on this old and historic battlefield of Methodism, the holy grounds of a departed itinerancy, I most heartily commend the little volume to the reader's kindly perusal, and wish it God-speed.

ARTHUR E. HAGAR.

The Parsonage, Moulinette,

June 17th, 1907.

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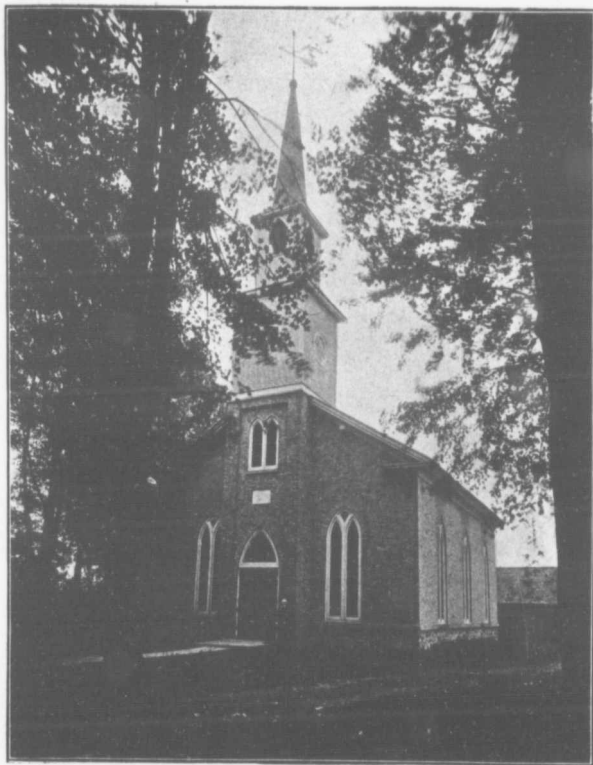
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REMINISCENCES

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Past and Present of the Early Formation of the Methodist Church in Eastern Ontario.

CHAPTER I.

HOW gloriously and wondrously grand was the way and manner that Methodism was planted in this beloved Canada of ours, "by the hand of God," in the person of that God-fearing and God-loving woman, called Barbara Heck, who by His guiding hand and protecting care, with her dear husband, whom God had so graciously baptised with His regenerating power to prepare the place, like "John the Baptist," for one that was mightier than he, in the person of the Rev. William Losee, the first Methodist Minister that first proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ and His power to save unto the uttermost, unfurling the blood-stained banner of the Cross of a once crucified, but now risen and triumphant Christ.

This Mother in Israel and pioneer of early Methodism, Barbara Heck, (her maiden name was Barbara Ruckle), was born in the year 1734. In the eighteenth year of her age she gave her heart to God, and her influence, power and life to His cause. Her German Bible was her guide-book. On a lovely spring morning in 1760 this honored instrument of God, with her beloved husband, Paul Heck, the Emburys, Lawrences, Ruckles, and some other Irish palatines, left the beautiful

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green shores of old Ireland on the ship "Mayflower," and after twelve weeks of a stormy, rough passage, landed in New York on the 10th day of August, 1760. Some time after the arrival of those Irish palatines in New York, we are informed on reliable authority that some of them, becoming lukewarm and not enjoying communion with their God, as in the days of the past, surrounded with the hilarious and not always innocent amusements, one of those things the invention of the devil to draw the followers of God away from the path that leads to where there is fullness of joy and pleasures forever more—card playing. This woman of God, calling at one of the houses of her friends, found them engaged in a game of cards. She, with holy boldness, snatched them from the table and threw them into the fireplace, exclaiming: "Will ye tamper with Satan's tools? Touch them no more, I beseech you; pray God to forgive you your sin and folly." Amen! cried out one of the number, and another said he asked God to forgive the sin they committed. That day there was kindled a fire by the hand of God through this godly and holy woman that swept down throughout the American continent like the mighty waves of the sea, and will continue to roll on and on until this entire globe has heard and felt the power of His dear name. What a mighty work even only one holy and godly person can accomplish that is true and loyal to their vows.

On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War those loyal palatines, maintaining their love and allegiance to the "Grand Old British Flag," leaving New York as true U. E. Loyalists, refusing to fight against the British flag, they started and fled to the Southern shore of the then wilds of Lower Canada, leaving nearly all their effects and goods behind them in the United States. They landed in the little town of Montreal, remaining there until the Dove of Peace waved its olive branch over the continent on October 19th, 1781, and war with its bloodshed and turmoil came to an end. The following spring those godly palatines—the Hecks, Emburys, Lawrences,

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flower," and Ruckles, and others—set their faces towards the wilds of the then wilderness of Upper Canada, where their Government grants directed them to their future home. At Lachine, above the rapids, they embarked their household effects into a number of strong bateaux. In leaving, Barbara Heck said: "We go forth like unto Abraham, not knowing where we go." The boys drove the cattle and stock along the river's banks that were to stock the farms, the oxen drawing the bateaux up the Cedars and Galops rapids. After a week's hard toil and unrest, with the privations and obstructions in their way, those devoted and loyal pioneers reached Augusta, the newly surveyed township, where lay the farms that their Crown deeds covered, and which lay along the banks of the grand old Saint Lawrence, the most majestic and beautiful river on this continent, near midway between the Town of Prescott and the beautiful Village of Maitland.

The first Class Meeting ever held in this part of Canada was held in the house of John and Mary Lawrence. (Mrs. Lawrence was the young widow of Philip Embury.) It was conducted by Samuel Embury, a young man, the son of the sainted Philip Embury, who continued to walk in the footprints of his father.

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CHAPTER II.

One sultry Saturday afternoon in the midsummer of 1790 the Rev. William Losee came riding in on horseback into the Heck Settlement. (He had ridden forty miles that day.) A young man, twenty-eight years of age, a tall and well-built figure, he wore a coarse felt hat, homespun snuff-colored coat, with leather leggings; behind him were the saddle bags containing his books and coarse frieze coat. Such was the way those early pioneers, champions of Christ and early Methodism, planted the Cross of Jesus Christ and His power to save unto the uttermost; going by blazed trees through the dense forests of Canada, and in birch canoes over lakes and rivers. What does Methodism not owe to those Nehemiahs of the Cross! On the next day, it being the Sabbath, he preached in the house of Paul and Barbara Heck, from the words: "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." He had ridden forty miles the day before on horseback, the circuit, mission or wilderness at this time being from the boundary between Lower and Upper Canada on the East, the Saint Lawrence on the South, as far West as where the City of Kingston now stands, and North as far as he could go. In the years 1792 and 1793, this honored person of God, the Rev. William Losee, was the "Apostle" in the formation of the first Methodist Churches in this Eastern part of this vast mission field of labor. On the Sabbath he first preached in Canada, in the Heck house, in the morning the house being filled to overflowing, the evening service, on account of the great gathering, had to be held in the barn. The fame of the preacher had spread far and wide, and, moved by devotion, by curiosity, or by a desire to scoff and scorn, the whole neighborhood was present. One of the latter class was a reckless and wild young man, named Joe

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Brouse, who, standing near the door, was attempting to turn into mockery and derision the sacredness of Divine worship. This sacrilege so aroused the holy indignation of Mr. Losee, that, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, he cried out, like one of God's prophets: "Smite him, my God! My God, smite him!" "He fell like an ox under the stroke of the butcher's axe," writes the historian of the scene—Dr. Carroll's "Case and His Contemporaries," Vol. I., p. 8—"and writhed on the floor in agony until the Lord in mercy set his soul at liberty."

The emotion of this rustic congregation became uncontrollable. Sighs, and groans, and tears, were heard on every side. Preaching was impossible, and Mr. Losee and the members of the little Methodist class gave themselves to prayer, to counselling the seekers after salvation, and to the singing of hymns, which had a strangely tranquilizing effect upon the congregation. Such was the aggressive mode of gospel warfare of the pioneer itinerant. There was much difference of sentiment in the little community as to the services of the day. The Methodists were greatly refreshed in spirit, and Barbara Heck declared that it was "a day of the Son of Man and of power." Jonas Whiteside refrained from criticism, further than to say that "God was not in the earthquake, nor in the thunder, but in the still small voice." Soft-voiced Hannah Whiteside shrank within herself as from something which jarred painfully upon her sensitive spirit. Colonel Pemberton quite lost his politeness in his anger that his son Reginald, his hope and pride, through the ranting of a Methodist fanatic, should degrade by weeping for his sins and crying for pardon alongside of that reprobate, Joe Brouse. Mrs. Pemberton, a sincere and pious soul, trembled with joy at her son's conversion and fear at her husband's wrath. Mammy Dinah was in ecstasies of joy. Her "Hallelujahs" and "Bless de Lo'ds" were frequent and loud. "Dis is de olè kind o' 'ligion," she said to Aunt Chloe, "like we had in Ole Virginy." But Uncle Pompey shook his head

doubtfully, because it was a Methodist and not a Baptist preacher through whose ministrations the awakening took place. But Joe Brouse, out of the depths of his conscious experience, exclaimed: "Whether he be a ranting fanatic, I know not; but one thing I know—whereas I was blind, now I see." And his strangely altered life and Godly conversation were a demonstration of the new light that had fallen on his soul. For drunkenness and cursing, he put on the garments of sobriety and praise, and none were more diligent in attending the Methodist class and prayer meetings, or more zealous in good work.

Mr. Losee labored, enduring the hardships and privations of those early zealous pioneers for a number of years, until unable to hold out any longer he retired from the itinerant life of the ministry and returned to the United States, settling down in a small trade business in New York for some years, then passed away to that land where there is no night, to be forever with his Lord and Master, and receive the reward—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

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CHAPTER III.

In the years 1794 and 1795, Rev. James Coleman; in 1796 and 1797, Rev. Hezekiah C. Wooster; in 1798, Rev. Samuel Coate; in 1799, Rev. Darius Dunham, were stationed on this field of extensive labor and travel. The author of these pages has secured from an authoritative source that Elder Dunham was a tall, dark-complexioned man, with long, black hair, that hung down in curls upon his shoulders, sweet musical voice, an eye of wonderful magnetic power. Obeying the command of God, that it was not good for man to be alone, his eye became fascinated and his heart burned within him towards the beautiful and lovely Blanche, a handsome young lady, the only daughter of Colonel Pemberton, who came to Canada after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He with others were exchanged as prisoners of war for some leading insurgents who were confined in the prison at Halifax. Visiting the Heck Settlement in Augusta Township, it was here in his travels the above gentleman became acquainted with the loveliness of character and person of this fair young lady. Her mother consented to their union, but her father gave a positive refusal to the heart or hand of his daughter. But love laughs at locks and threats. He wrote a letter to her, asking if her love to him was greater towards him than towards her father's command. In answer to this letter, written to her after the wrathful and insulting interview with her father, the letter he received was a small package, brought to his boarding-house by a carrier. On opening it, to his surprise was a beautifully bound Bible in purple, with gold clasps. His heart bounded with devout gratitude to God when he opened those hallowed pages of eternal life, and leafing them over, his eye caught sight of a pencil mark in the Book of Ruth, with the initials B. P. opposite where you can read, (Ruth, chap. 1, verse 16), as he did, those sublime



and touching words of holy writ : " Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and their God my God ; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried ; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Raising the hallowed Word of Life to his heart, he uttered with the solemnity of an oath : " The Lord do so to me, and more also, if I am not worthy of such love." They were married on the following Christmas by the Rev. Dr. Stuart, of the Village of Frontenac, where the City of Kingston now stands. The groom's gift to the bride was his sainted mother's dying gift, a plain gold ring, to her dear boy. Marriages under such benign and heavenly influences bring forth lives of joyful bliss and happiness.

In 1800, Joseph Jewel and James Hermon. In 1801, William Anson and James Hermon. In 1802, for this circuit and the Ottawa, Rev. Sylvanus Keeler, Seth Cromell and Nehemiah U. Tomkins. In 1803, Peter VanEst and Luther Bishop. The Methodists of those days were characteristic in their piety and zeal by plainness of dress, which Peter VanEst carried to the extreme. John Bailey, a devout and Godly class leader, residing on his farm a little way West of Moulinette, got a fine cloth coat in the then peculiar style of what then was called the pigeon-tailed coat, with bright brass buttons both behind and before. Going to a quarterly meeting a distance away, he wore what Mr. VanEst called " the spruce new coat with superfluous buttons." He condemned and denounced the fashion or style with a vengeance, saying that it led to pride and vanity ; whereupon Mr. Bailey took his knife and cut the buttons off and wore the coat without them. Mr. VanEst wore hooks and eyes on his coat. How the god of fashion rules the world to-day!

In 1804, Thomas Madden. In 1805, Sylvanus Keeler and Nathan Bangs. In 1806, Gersham Pearce and William Case. In 1807, Daniel Pickett, I. B. Smith and C. Hulburt. In 1808, William Snow. This year the circuit was abridged

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and called Cornwall. In 1809, Elias Pattie. In 1810, Bella Smith. In 1811, it was included in the Augusta Circuit, with the Rev. John Rhodes in charge. John Reynolds was afterwards sent as junior preacher. In 1812, John Rhodes, C. Cooper and S. Hopkins. In 1813, Joseph Sawyer, who was located on the Matilda Circuit, and supplied this part of the work. In 1814, the same man.

The war had thrown the country into a very disorganized condition for some years, from the year 1812 to the year 1824. The author of this little work found considerable difficulty in collecting authoritative material. I am very much indebted to the Rev. Dr. E. B. Ryckman, of Kingston, who so generously supplied me with the necessary material for those years, from 1812 to 1824.

In 1815, Thomas Madden and Andrew Prindle. In 1816, Andrew Prindle and Peter Jones. In 1817, called Cornwall again; this year the Rev. William Brown and Henry Pope. In 1818, Nathaniel Reader. In 1819, Rev. James Peale. In 1820, Elijah Boardman and John Botfield. In 1821, Philander Smith. In 1822, to be supplied; no name can be found. In 1823, Rev. William H. Williams.

My dear mother told me the following: One lovely Sunday evening, the first time Mr. Williams preached to them in the old Bailey school-house, a little way West of where the Village of Moulinette now stands, he then a boy of eighteen years of age, with curly black hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, sweet mellow voice. While he was proclaiming and unfolding the unsearchable riches of a once crucified but now risen and triumphant Christ, some annoyance occurred on the street from the carts and oxen of old Mr. Nathaniel Tait, of Mille Roches, father of John and David Tait, who were drawing goods from Cornwall to Dickinson's Landing. (No canals in those days.) Mr. John Bailey, an official member, rose up from his seat and looked out of the window, when Mr. Williams shouted out: "If the preacher were on the stage you would all hear him!" When the service closed

Mr. Bailey went over, reached out his hand and said: "Well, my young brother, I thank you for correcting me the first time we meet. I never thought of the example I was setting."

He was three times on this circuit—the first time in 1823, the second time in 1828, and the third and last time in 1848. He was the father of the venerable T. G. Williams, of Montreal. He never did anything by halves, as when he castigated it was with a vengeance, so also when he would commend he eulogized. No person could pay a compliment more neatly and flatteringly than he. But no person must suppose, from the extremes into which he was sometimes hurried in the heat of debate or of public speaking, that he was deficient in judgment. Few men had more solidity of judgment than he. As a preacher he was evangelical, earnest, powerful. He showered down on his hearers a torrent of exposition, argumentation and exhortation. He was far beyond commonplace, but greatly endowed and beyond the reach of ordinary minds.

In 1824, Solomon Woldron. This year the circuit was added to the Bay of Quinte District, and called Cornwall again. Members on circuit, 400. In 1825, Rev. Ezra Healy; members, 425. In 1826, Wyatt Chamberlain; members, 470.

The opposition which the first Methodist preachers had to contend with in the faithful discharge of their holy and benevolent work, was similar to that of all ages, arising from the natural hardness, enmity and unbelief of the carnal mind. This was manifested by pointing the finger of scorn, calling opprobrious names, and it is said in some instances by throwing stones at the preacher and setting the dogs on his horse, and hurraing for the Methodist.

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CHAPTER IV.

As the author of these pages has been a life-long believer that conversion through the atonement of Jesus Christ and His Divine power to save even unto the uttermost all that will come unto Him, is the only way through sincere and devout prayer to God, that we can obtain the forgiveness of our sins, I take the liberty of borrowing from the Rev. John Carroll's "Past and Present" an instance of a remarkable conversion to God, in the house that was first opened to the weary, way-worn servants of God, in the Eastern part of Matilda.

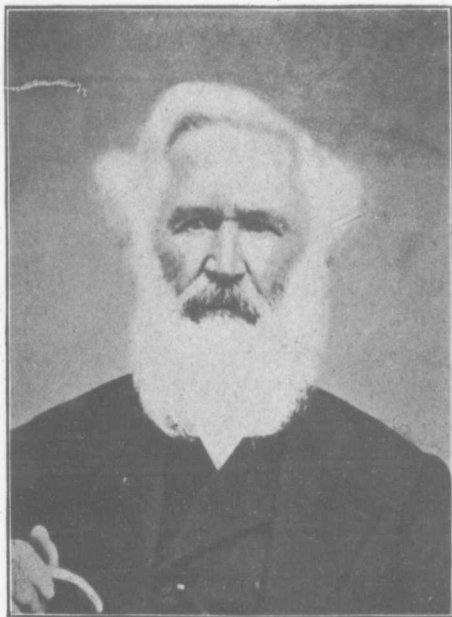
The Rev. William Losee, calling at the house, asked the woman if she would like to have the word of God preached in her house, to which she replied that she would, not being able to understand the Germans. She then asked him what he was called, and having ascertained that he was a Methodist preacher, she ran to the barn to call her husband. Having told him that a Methodist preacher was in the house he expressed his surprise and wished to know how he looked, to which she replied that he looked like any other man, but wanted an arm—(one of his arms was withered up). The preacher stopped to dinner, got acquainted, and left an appointment to preach on his return from the lower part of his circuit, as far East as Cornwall Township. What a boundless circuit to travel! On his return West again he preached, as he had announced, at the house of Mr. Wright, who had been a professor among the Baptists before the Revolution, but had back-slidden, and his wife got awakened and greatly concerned about the salvation of their souls. One Sabbath evening, having returned from a little quarterly meeting, he summoned up courage to take up the cross of family prayer. The exercise of both their minds was great. She formed the resolution of "spending the live-long night in prayer and watching," for, as she expressed it, "she was afraid of being



in hell before morning." She strenuously adhered to her purpose, but spent the night in the most indescribable agony; she truly "drank the wormwood and the gall." Her husband rose early from a restless bed, and asked her if she had found any relief, to which she replied "No," but expressed a determination that if she went to hell she would perish "crying out for God." He went to the barn, not, as she supposed, to fodder the cattle, but to pour out his soul to God in prayer, and she repaired to the bedroom and literally fell upon her face on the floor and poured out strong cries and tears to Him that was able to save her. Nor did she cry in vain. Suddenly a flood of light and joy broke in upon her soul; she sprang to her feet, leaping to the bedroom door, crying out to her eldest daughter to run to the barn immediately for her father. The child instantly obeyed the command, and going to the stable found him just getting out of the manger, where he had been at prayer, and coming to tell his wife the joyful news of the liberation of his own soul. His daughter meeting him exclaimed: "Oh, papa, come quick; I never saw mamma look so before in my life!" The husband and wife met at the door, and each glorified God with a loud voice for what He had done for them. After walking across the floor several times, hand in hand, in inexpressible rapture, said Mr. Wright to his wife: "We do wrong to eat our morsel alone; let us go up and inform Mr. and Mrs. Doran" (a neighboring man and his wife, both of whom were under conviction), "of what the Lord has done for us." Away they flew like lightning, and got there just as the woman was preparing for breakfast; but no sooner had she seen them, and before they had spoken a word, discovering their unusual and heavenly appearance, then she threw herself into a chair and began to weep bitterly on account of her sinful state. The husband, who was smoking in the chimney corner, threw down his pipe and began to cry to God. They bound themselves under a promise which was often made in those days, which was not to eat, drink or sleep till God should liberate their souls. The man obtained

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liberty that night, and his wife soon after. There being "four believers," a class was shortly organized and Mr. Wright was appointed leader, and the work of the Lord began to revive in a powerful manner; "for," said the old lady, "there was not a prayer meeting at which there were not one or more conversions. And I used to count the days," continued she, "till the return of the prayer meeting night, with the expectation of seeing souls brought to God," and, pointing to the roof of the house, "say, brother, there have been many and many souls converted to God under this same poor old shell!" She then mentioned the names of some of the old influential members on the circuit who obtained religion in her house.

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CHAPTER V.

In 1827, Rev. David Wright, Cornwall Circuit ; 442 members. In 1828, William H. Williams and Jacob Poole ; 489 members.

One morning the now sainted William Raymond, of Sheik's Island, whose memory is endeared to the hearts and homes of many of the old Methodists on this circuit, went over to the village post office, and on his return called at the old parsonage, the first Methodist parsonage built in these three United Counties. It drawing towards noon, Mr. Raymond made a move to go home. Mr. Williams said to Mr. Raymond : " If we had anything to eat, we would urge you to stop for dinner." Mr. Raymond asked : " Have you nothing to eat ?" Mr. Williams replied : " We ate the last this morning, all but about a pail of potatoes in the cellar ; and Elijah's God hath not yet sent His ravens." Mr. Raymond hurried home, and seeing his hired man at the barn, called to him to hitch the team to the big sleigh. He went into the house and said to Mrs. Raymond (a godly mother in Israel) : " I went into the parsonage this morning and Mr. Williams said to me they had nothing to eat." They got a quarter of beef, a ham, butter, bread, cake, pie, preserves, honey, flour, and drove over to the parsonage. When they came in with the things Mr. Williams said to his wife : " Mamma, God hath sent the ravens." Mr. Raymond said to Mr. Williams : " Remember that you never allow yourself to get into such a condition again." Mr. Williams smilingly replied : " They that trust in the Lord shall not be moved, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint, mounting up as on wings of eagles." Mr. Raymond and his hired man, Mr. William Hail, in the afternoon collected a big sleigh load of provisions from the members of the church. This was the

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way those early pioneer veterans of the Cross of Christ and primitive Methodists were supported.

What does Methodism not owe to-day to such men as our dear and venerable father, William H. Williams! The author of these pages, then a young boy, remembers with pleasure the frequent and ever-welcome visits of Mr. and Mrs. Williams to my father's home on the Post Road. The home seemed after each visit as if a holy benediction rested upon it. Happy moments and hours are remembered of boyhood's pleasant time with "Tommy," as we used to call him, the now venerable T. G. Williams, of Montreal. The happy greeting with each other at the Union Conference in the City of Belleville in 1883, will be remembered to the end of life's journey. I was very much pleased to be present at that conference, when all the different bodies of the then divided Methodist Church brought all their implements of war and division, and by and through the anointing grace of God laid them down at Jesus' feet. Amen and amen!

"Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell."

1828. At the conference of this year the societies in this province were organized by and with the consent of the General Conference of the United States into a separate and independent church in Canada. The Rev. William Case was appointed General Superintendent pro tem. until the ensuing annual conference.

In 1829, Rev. John Black. In 1830, Rev. Charles Wood; members, 289. In the years 1831 and 1832, Rev. Solomon Waldron; members, 360. In 1833, Rev. Ezra Healy; members, 400. In 1834, Rev. John Carroll and George F. Playter; members, 469.

The author of these pages was baptised by the Rev. John Carroll. He was a most earnest, devoted expounder of the

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word of eternal life, an author and writer of considerable worth. His "Past and Present of Canadian Methodism" and "The Stripling Preacher," are works of love and cheer to many of the past, like unto himself that have scaled the mount of God and entered into where there is fullness of joy and pleasures forever more.

This year the circuit was bounded on the North by the Townships of South Gower, Mountain, Winchester, and other back settlements; on the East by the Eastern part of the Township of Cornwall; South by the River St. Lawrence, and West by the Western part of the Township of Edwardsburg, including within it part of the last mentioned townships, Matilda, Williamsburg, Osnabruck, and part of Cornwall.

At this time the Episcopal Methodist Conference in the United States stationed the two regular Methodist ministers on this circuit—Rev. Wm. Losee and Darius Dunham. The first was sent from what was then called the Cataraqui Circuit; the other was sent to this from what then was called the Oswegatchie Circuit. This name is derived from an old Indian village which formerly stood a little way East of where the Town of Ogdensburg now is on the American side. What the extent of the circuit then was, I shall not attempt to decide, but it is probable that it included all the settlements in Upper Canada, East of Kingston, excepting those on the Ottawa, if indeed they were then in existence. It appears, however, that notwithstanding the circuit was denominated from a place on the other side of the St. Lawrence, that there were no appointments on that side, for in fact it appears there were no settlements of white people on the South side of the St. Lawrence at that period. The circuit bore the above mentioned name with the exception of one year, when I find it called the Upper Canada Circuit, till the year 1808, when it was called "Cornwall," from the town or township of that name within its borders. The propriety of the change in the name was suggested by the Rev. Joseph Sawyer, presiding elder in Canada for that year.

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The first ministers of the gospel in those days were of the Lutheran order; they came in shortly after the first settlement of the country. It is said of Mr. Swartsfager, who was then settled in Matilda, that he was a person of exemplary morals, and that he used to defend the Methodists after their coming into the country, when he heard them unjustly asperged, and also that he was wont to say of their doctrine that it was the doctrine of the Bible and of the Reformation which had been too much lost sight of, but which had been revived by Rev. John Wesley. It is said of this old gentleman that an amusing anecdote occurred with respect to one of his parishioners. The person in question was an old German lady, whose children had been converted and joined the Methodists. She thought because she had been baptized and had partaken of the sacrament, therefore she was a Christian; but her children told her that unless she was born again and knew her sins forgiven, she would be lost. At this she took great offence, and so excessive was her grief that she undertook one day to make her complaint known to her beloved pastor. She said: "Mr. Swartsfager, my children say that I must be born again and know my sins forgiven." To which the good man replied: "What now, mother! Have I been preaching to you so long and have you not found that out yet?" He went to his rest, like a shock of corn fully ripe, a short time after the arrival of the Methodists into this part of the province.

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CHAPTER VI.

In 1835; Henry Shaler and Solomon Snider ; members, 515. In 1836, Henry Shaler and George Goodson ; members, 668. In 1837, Rev. Asahel Hulbert and George Ferguson ; members, 595. In 1838, Asahel Hulbert and George Ferguson ; members, 519. In 1839, Rev. George Ferguson and Benjamin Nankevell ; members, 477. In 1840, Benjamin Nankevell, one to be sent ; members, 465.

The Rev. Mr. Nankevell, when on this circuit, was one of the most devoted, diligent and painstaking ministers of the gospel that then ever came to this part of the province. One stormy evening, on going to one of his appointments, there was no one present and no light. He entered into the school-house, sung one of his favorite hymns, "Jesus, the very thought of Thee," (found in Methodist Hymn Book, Hymn 110.) He read his lesson, John 14th ; his text, Matthew 18th chap., 3rd verse, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," preaching one of his Christ anointing sermons in a dark school-house on a stormy night, the vivid lightning flashing up the darkened heavens, the terrific thunders of God's sovereign majesty rocking and reeling the earth from its centre to its circumference. He got carried away into the third heaven, in the Spirit's power, like showers of blessings from clouds of mercies. A young man, staggering home under the influence of that soul-destroying demon, intemperance, attracted by such an unusual occurrence, wandered into the school-house, became convicted, converted and saved, by and through the power of the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ with demonstration and power by one of those pioneer servants of the living God. This young man entered the itinerant work of the Methodist Church in Canada, the means of thousands of souls being brought to Christ through his ministry. Oh,

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that God might baptize and pour out His Holy Spirit in these modern days upon his ministers, church and people, as in the days of the past!

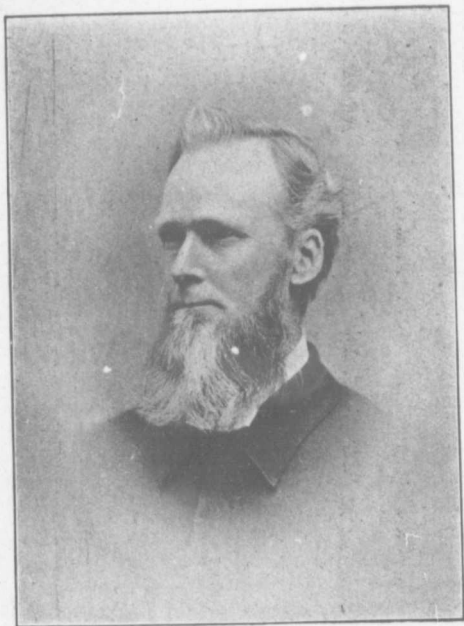
In 1841, it is called Cornwall again; the Rev. John Tuke; members, 555. In the change made this year in boundary as well as in the name, it makes a great change in the membership—from 555 to 150. In this year Mr. Tuke held what they then called a "Protracted Meeting" in the old unfinished Methodist Church in Moulinette, the first Methodist Church built in this part of Eastern Ontario; built with foundation of stone, two and a half feet high, with cut stone cap, to receive the brickwork of twenty-three feet in height; two rows of windows, six on each side; four windows and the door in the North end towards the road, with gallery on each side and across the end. A flight of nine steps led up into the pulpit; the floor of this large pulpit was five feet above the floor of the altar. The walls were unplastered and long tamarac poles, with legs in them, held up the planks laid on them for seats. The church remained in this condition for years. A big stove stood in the centre of the church, tallow candles for light. One very cold night of the above protracted meeting, old Mr. Peter Eamer (an official member) of Shiek's Island, in making a fire in the stove, shoved in a big piece of wood that raised the top of the stove, when it fell down, with the fire, ashes and smoke all over the church. Oh, what a mess! Mr. Tuke, walking back and forth on the altar with arms folded over his breast, singing "Let cares like a wild deluge come," they carried out the fire, put up the stove, and had a gracious waiting before God. Some few members of the church that were there, the author's father stated, were Mr. William Raymond and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McNairn, Mr. and Mrs. John Royce, Mr. and Mrs. George Mattice, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Ault, Mr. and Mrs. George Annable, Mr. and Mrs. William Forsyth, Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Forrester, and many others whose names we cannot remember. Whatever impressions the reader of these

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pages may form in regard to those meetings, one thing was manifest—that the conversion of those professing a change of heart, regenerated or being born again, were genuine, from the devoted and godly life the most of them thereafter led. Some became weary in well-doing and became conformed again to the god of this world. Many of them remained faithful and true to their vows, lived godly lives and died triumphant deaths, falling asleep in the everlasting arms that had led and protected them through a world of toil and care.



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CHAPTER VII.

In 1842, William Pollard ; members, 150. In 1843, Rev. Joseph W. McCallum and Michael Baxter; members, 168. In 1844, George Butcher and Joseph W. McCallum ; members, 325. In this year, about 75 or 80 feet from the East corner of the now Methodist Church in Moulinette, stood the old Methodist parsonage, where Rev. Mr. Butcher lived. Mrs. Butcher, a very estimable lady, when she came on the circuit one could notice that the dread hand of that fell monster, consumption, was laid upon her. She gradually sank down under its power ; all that a fond and loving husband, medical aid and affectionate friends could do were of no avail. One lovely evening in autumn, just as the sun was going down in all her western glory and grandeur, her dear and loving husband, with their friends and members of the church, were praying, watching, and singing "Rock of Ages," just as her redeemed and ransomed spirit was about to take its everlasting flight from time to the eternal shores of that land where there is fullness of joy and pleasures forever more. The now sainted Hannah Bailey, one of the then mothers in Israel, leaning tenderly over the bed, said to her : "Sister Butcher, how is it with you now?" She audibly and distinctly replied, with a heavenly smile on her countenance : "Nearly over, and there is nothing fearful in it." She was gone ; earth held the dust, heaven received the released, untrammelled spirit into that glorious land where there is no night. Such is the death of the righteous.

In 1845, Rev. Joseph W. McCallum and Joseph Hill ; members, 313. Part of last year and this year Mr. McCallum commenced to build the first Methodist Church ever built in the Town of Cornwall. Had he been returned another year it would have then been completed. Built of brick walls with roof and cornice, no windows or floor, it stood there in that condition until the year 1861, when the conference sent the

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Rev. Hugh McLean, who remained three years and completed what then was called the old Methodist Church. The Rev. Mr. McLean told me that when he came to Cornwall he got dinner at a hotel called the Ottawa, kept by Mrs. Dunkin and son. He asked the landlady if she knew of any Methodist people in the town. She looked quite surprised at him and replied: "No, I don't know of any; I think there are some such people up in a little village seven miles West of here, called Moulinette." He drove up in the afternoon to the parsonage at Moulinette. He said to Pastor Rev. W. M. Patterson and myself, that he thought the conference had made a mistake in sending him to Cornwall, or he had got off the boat at the wrong place. He remained at the parsonage over night, and the next day being the Sabbath, he preached in the Methodist Church in Moulinette for Rev. Mr. Patterson. Being a man of small stature, the Rev. W. M. Patterson and Josiah Green (the junior minister) were both in the pulpit, so they placed the big pulpit Bible, with their handkerchiefs wrapped around it; yet as this did not raise Mr. McLean high enough, they took the prayer stool (ministers used to kneel in prayer in those days) and placing it upon the Bible, made things all right. Mr. McLean's text was Isaiah 28th chap., 16th verse, "Therefore thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste." He truthfully exemplified Christ and beautifully unfolded His power to save, even unto the uttermost. Mr. Green told me that while Mr. McLean was describing this great foundation, he received a punch from Mr. Patterson's elbow, he pointing with his finger to the prayer stool, which was slipping away from under Mr. McLean's feet. The two ministers putting their feet to the stool, kept Mr. McLean's foundation in place until the end of his sermon.

He came a single man to the circuit. His name is remembered, not only in Cornwall, but in the hearts and

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homes of many in this part of the country. Remembering the words of our Lord to Adam, that it was not good for man to live alone, he therefore took unto himself a wife in the person of an estimable young woman, a daughter of one of our most venerable old Methodist fathers, Mr. Alexander McNairn, of Maple Grove. He was for many years, with his beloved companion in life, one of those that are as ornaments in and to the house of God, of a meek and unassuming nature, loved and respected in life and fondly remembered in death.

In the evening of the above Sabbath, Mr. Patterson went with Mr. McLean to Cornwall Town. He preached in the Court-room his first sermon, and with the help of Mr. Patterson at once commenced to secure means to complete and finish off the old church, which was used for quite a number of years. There were quite a number at this time of Methodist people in the locality of the centre of Cornwall Township that used to worship at Moulinette Church; they were connected with the now Cornwall Methodist congregation—the Eastmans, Johnstons, Barlows, Tiltens, Drewerys, and some others the author cannot remember. When they built the new brick church they now have on First Street, the old church was sold to Mr. John Barlow and constructed into a double tenement house, just West on the South side of the street where St Columban's Roman Catholic Church now stands.

In 1846, it is called Cornwall Circuit; members, 275; Rev. Simon Huntington and George Case. In 1847, Rev. Simon Huntington and Jonathan Loverin. In 1848, William H. Williams and William M. Patterson; members, 246. In 1849, William H. Williams and Lewis Morton; members, 272. In 1850, Edward Sallows and John Armstrong; members, 283. When Rev. Mr. Sallows came to this circuit it was the custom of the circuit to furnish the minister with a cow. Mrs. Sallows, being brought up without work or any knowledge of the management of household duties, someone told her if she were to save the cream she could make a nice little

roll of butter. She did so. Churning day came. Mr. Sallows had bought from Mr. William Cline, merchant in the Town of Cornwall, a pretty little dash churn. He could not tell her how to use the churn any better than she could. She thought it would be the better of a scalding out; she did so; put the cream into the churn, laid the cover of the churn on the table and commenced to churn. But my, my, what a mess it was! the cream all over her and the floor, more on the outside of the churn than in it. Brushing and fixing herself up some, she went over to her nearest neighbor, old Mrs. John Irwin, a fine old Scotchman's wife. "I tried," said she to Mrs. Irwin, "to churn this morning, but the cream won't stay in the churn." Mrs. Irwin went over to the parsonage with her. What a sight met her eyes—the cream all over the churn and floor; the poor old parsonage never got such a greasing before or since. Mrs. Sallows went and got the dress she had taken off when trying to churn. "It looks as if it's ruined; I can never wear it again." Mrs. Irwin asked: "Where is the cover of the churn?" Mrs. Sallows said: "Here is some little thing that came with the churn, that I took off the handle." Mrs. Irwin put it on the churn and finished churning. They had not much butter; but Mrs. Sallows said she was surprised to see how it could be done when one knew how to do it. Moral: Teach your daughters how to work; if they don't have to work, they do not need to do so; if they have, they know when its done right or wrong.

In 1851 and 1852, Rev. Vincent B Howard and William Burns; members, 222 and 226. In 1853, Vincent B. Howard; one to be supplied; members, 300. In 1854, John Howes and Robt. Hobbs; members, 259. In 1855 and 1856, John Howes; one to be supplied; members, 261. In 1857, Rev. Peter German, and in 1858 the same man; one to be supplied; members, 400. In 1859, Rev. Peter German and Richard Pretty; members, 360. This year the circuit was changed again and called Moulinette for the first time; members, 360. The Rev. Peter German came from Brantford with his wife, a very estim-

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able woman; with their daughter Eliza, a fine young woman, loved and admired by all whom she met; and their son, John Ferguson, a model young man, who is now occupying the highest gift the conference can bestow on him—president. Mr. German was endowed with that virtue of attracting, winning and drawing all with whom he came in contact. He was a popular, pathetic, soul anointing preacher of his day. Under his preaching the entire circuit was deluged with the spirit of the power, the word of life proclaimed so faithfully by him on this then large circuit, embracing what now is called Aultsville, Newington, part of Avonmore and Moulinette Circuits. Pronounced eloquent by the many and sought after by the more aspiring, the secret of his attractiveness was not his pleasant voice or his ready utterance, but the devout and humble manner in the way he pointed sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of everyone that cometh unto Him.



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CHAPTER VIII.

In 1860 and 1861, Rev. William M. Patterson and Josiah Green. In connection with the circuit at this time, the author's mind is carried away amongst the official members of the circuit. There were from what is now called Aultsville Circuit: Joseph Bockus, John Hickey, Nelson Morgan, Ebenezer Barnhart, Nelson Hutchins, Edwin Miller, George Ferries and our venerable and esteemed father, Henry Bredin, who did good work for God for a number of years in the capacity of local preacher. From what now is called Newington Circuit: George Wereley, Jonah Coulthart, John Gillespie, Joseph McEwen, Pader Ruport, James Bradshaw, sr., Jesse Prosser, Calvin Prosser, William Cairns. From what is now called Avonmore Circuit: Adam Runions, James Runions. Some others from the above named circuits I cannot remember.

The author's mind lingers with hallowed recollection around a memorable Quarterly Meeting held in the old Lunenburg Brick Church in 1861. The grand old church, where in answer to earnest prayer God so graciously and gloriously converted, baptised, endowed and prepared them for the life that now is and for the triumphant deaths of most of the old fathers and mothers that, with all the toil and privations they then had to endure, lived holy, consecrated lives, until the time when God touched them, and they were not, for God took them. Rev. W. M. Patterson preached one of those Christ anointing sermons, the power and grace of God coming down like showers of blessings from clouds of mercies. Our dear old father in Christ, Jesse Prosser, one of those champions of early Methodism, rose up in the Love Feast to speak. He said: "The other day I was thinking of the great work of God in this heart of mine. I thought God was like unto the hub of a great big wheel, we His children the spokes in the wheel, and Jesus Christ, our Saviour and

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Redeemer, as the tire of the wheel, binding the members of His church all together in love to Him. I tell you this morning, this big wheel is going to roll on, and on, in my heart and the hearts of His people, until it crushes out the last remains of sin." The ministers, Rev. W. M. Patterson and Josiah Green, shouted out: "Amen, amen!" "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord, Father Prosser; God is working on the hearts of the people. Praise the name of the Lord forever and ever!"

All present in the Love Feast felt what the poet meant when he wrote:

" My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

One of the most gracious revivals swept up and down those concessions on the circuit that ever visited this part of the country. Even other denominations felt its power and influence.

One of great worth and help on this circuit, and one who always had a very warm place in my heart, Mr. James Cairns, told me a rather amusing thing that happened to him when a young man engaged in the shanties making timber, as was the custom in those days. Coming home in the spring, a long distance, with a slow and worked out team of horses, requiring several days and nights of broken rest before reaching home; and, like all other young men, the first thing was to go and visit his best girl, a very beautiful and charming young daughter of the esteemed and venerable James Bradshaw, sr. After some time was spent in the company of one that he (like you, dear reader) then thought there was not another one in the wide world so beautiful, lovely and charming, human nature, being overtaxed with toil and exposure to winds, cold and broken rest for several days and nights, as they sat there together talking of their hopes and joys of the life that was awaiting them in their sweet bye and bye,

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accidentally, as accidents will sometimes come, he fell asleep in his chair. She in all the romantic love and joy that encircled her youthful heart, went and got her father's big dash churn and sat it up beside him, then went upstairs and went to sleep. Say, reader, did you ever get left? He was a local preacher of great ability and power. Lunenburg and the church felt the loss when he removed to Prescott Town. He was a preacher of the old school—serious, reflective, earnest, full of pathos, occasionally eloquent. He married a daughter of one of the fathers of Methodism in Osnabruck, Mr. James Bradshaw, sr., whose memory is held dear in many of the old Methodist households. In reviewing the scenes of the past, to the author's eye of memory the sainted form looms up as he used to sit in his seat in the old brick church, drinking in the water of life from the eternal word. Mr. Cairns with his wife removed from Prescott to their daughter's (Mrs. Scott) in Montreal, until the hour of their promotion came to them to be caught up to a holier, happier clime, to be forever with the Lord. Their remains lie reposing in the South Lunenburg cemetery.

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REV. RICHARD CLARK

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CHAPTER IX.

In 1860 and 1861, Rev. W. M. Patterson and Josiah Green. Rev. Mr. Patterson was a great lover of fast horses. He said he could ride as fast as a horse could go. Coming up one day from Cornwall in his sulky, a short distance West of the town he overtook the Roman Catholic priest in a carriage like unto his own. He shot past the priest, and the moment he did so the priest let his horse out, and the two clergymen were going at a lively rate. They trotted and ran up to Carl Robertson's bridge at Maple Grove. The priest gave up the chase. Mr. Patterson said he would have run him to Rome before he would have been beaten.

He was a good preacher, a great lover of Methodism, a man that if compelled to use his fists in the cause of his Master's work could do so in a scientific manner. One night returning home from a missionary deputation on a former circuit, a man by the roadside caught the horse by the head, yelling out to Mr. Patterson if he was the Methodist preacher? "Yes, I am, and you had better let go my horse." "Not until I give you the best licking a man ever got," said the ruffian. Mr. Patterson, jumping out of the cutter, said: "That is only one man's opinion. You get down upon your knees with me and say the Lord's Prayer after me, and promise me you will never hereafter molest anyone on the road or elsewhere, or I will give you the most genuine flogging any man ever got." The ruffian swore he never would do any such thing. Mr. Patterson asked if he was ready; the ruffian replied "Yes." Then Mr. Patterson gave him one of those old primitive gospel blows that sent him sprawling into the snow, then mounting him said: "Now for the Lord's Prayer." The ruffian said: "I will never say it, if I have to die." "Well, then, you will die," and the old sledge-hammer blows came

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in right and left, like unto electrical shocks. He soon cried out he would. "Well, then, begin after me: 'Our Father, who art in Heaven.'" But no, he would not begin, and in came those rib-looseners again, when he said the Lord's Prayer after Mr. Patterson four times and promised to behave himself afterwards and leave people alone. He got converted afterwards to God, and often related the strange manner of his conversion.

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CHAPTER X.

In 1862 and 1863, Rev. Richard Clark and S. B. Phillips; members, 350. Mr. Clark was a gentleman of a large, robust frame, a broad and full Irish face, the very picture of perfect health. From the cast of his cranium a stranger would accord to him a high degree of intellectual power. There was in his carriage an air of hautiness, but this was only in appearance. As a preacher he was popular. His sermons were excellent—full, clear scriptural portrayals of gospel truth, practically applied to his hearers and endowed with the power of the Holy Ghost. He was blest with uncommon strength of lungs; he made his discourses and sermons resound with his thundering appeals to the hearts of sinners. He was also most rigidly opposed to the use of tobacco in any form. In one of his tobacco addresses the author remembers part of his figure to illustrate. "Don't suppose for one moment that if the Allwise Creator of all things designed or intended that man should smoke, he would have left man in such a dilapidated condition. No, not a bit of it. He would have built a sort of chimney up in front of his face and man would move up and down in the world with dignity and grace, like unto a portable engine. I see some of the women smile. Dear knows, you need not smile; you are as guilty of as base and dirty a habit as the men. Do you think for one moment that the good Lord would have left woman in the condition she is in? No, no! not for one hour. He would have reversed the nose, turned it upside down and made a hopper of it. Then woman could have taken in sufficient snuff for the day—no necessity for a pinch every now and again."

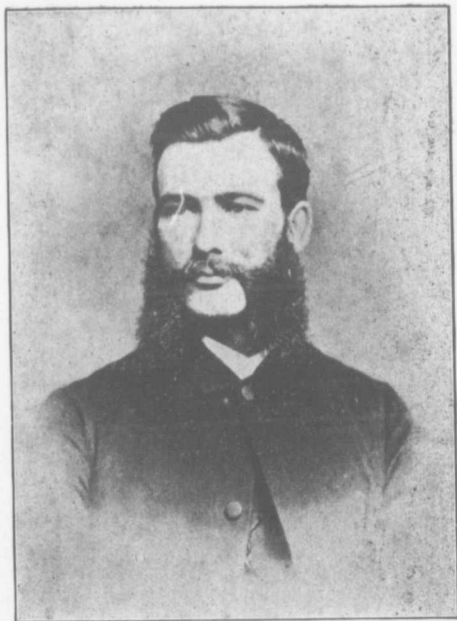
One beautiful day in June, 1863, there was a temperance picnic in Mr. Dixon's grove, just West of Moulinette. Mr. S. D. Bagg, having just lit his pipe, was walking westward

over the ground with a friend. The West breeze blew the smoke all over them. Old Mr. George Sheets, putting his hand on Mr. Clark's shoulder, said: "Look at our friend Bagg—all on fire." After dinner Mr. Bagg was elected to be chairman. When Mr. Clark addressed the audience, he said he was very much pleased to see Mr. Bagg in the chair. "You, sir, Mr. Chairman, are the right man in the right place, for many reasons. First of all, sir, because you are a good looking man, and that you are endowed so becomingly as to have the repute of being a lady's man. And, sir, this is not all. A short time ago my esteemed friend, Mr. Geo. Sheets, pointed you out to me. He said by the smoke around you that you must be all on fire. Now, sir, let me congratulate you on your escape. What a mercy, sir, you were not burned up." Mr. Bagg was so displeased that he went right down to the store of Mr. J. G. Snetsinger, ex-M.P., and bought a pound of tobacco and half a dozen clay smoking pipes. Coming up home by the house where Mr. Clark was living, seeing Mr. Bagg passing by the open window and holding them up in his hands, Mr. Clark exclaimed: "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone."

Those were the days when many of the churches were lighted with tallow candles. The Methodist Church in Moulinette used this kind of light. A little tin holder in the shape of the letter L held the candle; they would not stand up alone. One prayer meeting night, our then worthy and venerable Recording Steward and Class Leader, old Mr. George Mattice, whose memory is fondly loved and cherished by many as a dear old soul, a father of Methodism in Moulinette, was in the church with Rev. Mr. Clark. He unfortunately had but one match. After lighting the first candle, he forgot to hang it up; it fell over on its back and went out. The two then groped their way to the door. The author was just about to enter when he met Mr. Clark coming out. He said: "You people of Moulinette love darkness better than light." The remark sank deep into the author's heart. In talking to

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the officials of the church, they thought it best to place coal oil lamps in the church, and delegated the author to collect sufficient funds to procure them. Mr. Evan Roys was then dealing in them. Calling upon our esteemed old friend, Mr. John Roys, he gave me three bags of buckwheat, amounting to \$2.40. The members and friends contributed liberally, and the lamps were got. What a change they made in the church! The missionary meeting coming on, one of the deputation said to the chairman that he expected the best contribution that night to the missionary cause that Moulinette ever gave, because they had more light on the subject; and they got it.

In the old Village of Mille Roches there lived an American named Hawley, engaged in the wool-carding and cloth-dressing business, strongly endowed in the delusive doctrine of Universalism. A fine young man named Simon W. Ault engaged with Mr. Hawley to learn the trade, remaining with him after learning his trade. He became almost as great an admirer of the soul-destroying doctrine as the one with whom he worked and associated. Mr. Ault married an estimable young woman named Caroline Brownell, who with her holy and godly devoted life was a great help in keeping her dear husband from sinking down into one of the most deplorable estrangements from God that man can naturally fall into. Until one Sunday morning in the Moulinette Methodist Church, when Rev. Mr. Clark was preaching from the text, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, serve him, and if Baal, then serve him." The eternal spirit of God, accompanying the word with wonderful power, the Holy Spirit touched his heart; his Universalism took wings and flew away; a holy joy, peace and praise filled his heart to overflowing; old things passed away and all things became new in Christ Jesus. He often told me he could withstand everything until that sermon. It was the power of God to the salvation of his soul.

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CHAPTER XI.

In 1864, the Rev. George Case and Robert L. Gabie; Stephen Brownell, superannuated; members, 484. In 1865, Rev. George Case and John Russell; Stephen Brownell, superannuated. The Rev. Geo. Case resided at Dickinson's Landing. The old parsonage was occupied by the Rev. Wm. M. Patterson, the last Methodist minister that ever lived in it, in the year 1863. It was rented a few years, then sold and moved away. Many hallowed and blessed associations linger about its memories. In 1866, Rev. George Case; one wanted; Stephen Brownell, superannuated; members, 250. In 1867 and 1868, Rev. William Andrews; Stephen Brownell, superannuated. The Rev. Mr. Andrews resided at Aultsville the above two years; members, 258. In 1869 the circuit was changed again in boundary as well as in name. It was called Avonmore, and the minister, the Rev. Andrew L. Peterson, lived out there. Stephen Brownell, superannuated, resided in the Village of Moulinette. In 1870, Rev. Andrew L. Peterson; Stephen Brownell, superannuated.

I have often thought that the poor old circuit, with its parsonage, the first ever built in this Eastern part of Upper Canada, cast about by the Conferences from here to there, as if fit for nowhere, might take up the following lines:

" I have served them till I was truly old,
And now they have left me bare and cold,
And almost broken-hearted;
I wish them well where'er they go,
May no ill luck befall them,
And when they droop with age like me,
May they from guilt be found as free,
Wherever death may overtake them."

1871. This year the circuit resolved to become a self-supporting circuit, called the Moulinette Circuit in name and

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boundary. A young man named Rev. James Simpson was sent; Stephen Brownell, superannuated; members, 140. Mr. Simpson was not ordained when on this circuit; he was under the directions of the pastor of Cornwall Mission.

One morning when the church was being remodelled, the author remembers going into the church, where the contractors (Snider Brothers), with Mr. Cook, the mason, were at work. Mr. Simpson said to me, on hearing of someone that had very suddenly died that morning: "If I could have my choice, do you know how I would like to die?" I asked him: "How would you wish to die?" He smilingly replied: "Just telling sinners and the unconverted of the love of Jesus Christ and His Almighty power to save, even to the uttermost, all that come unto Him." God heard what he that morning said in the church; and after thirty-one years of faithful, devoted toil in the vineyard of his Lord and Master, on the 11th day of November, 1900, his wish was realized. It was Quarterly Meeting Sunday at Lansdowne. He had been preaching about ten minutes from his text, Gen. 1st chap., 14th verse, and John 8th chap., 12th verse, when God touched him and said "It is enough!" and translated his redeemed spirit up from the church in Lansdowne, while the choir were singing as he requested them when he sat down. The chorus chosen nervously and at random was: "Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee up into mountains of His Holiness, where there is fullness of joy and pleasures forever more." He fell like a true and faithful soldier. He died at his post.

This was an eventful year on the Moulinette Circuit. Rev. Stephen Brownell, one of the old pioneer champions of the Cross of Jesus Christ, died on the 22nd day of March, 1871, in his beautiful brick cottage in Moulinette. On Saturday, 4th March, he missed the train in going to Cornwall to preach in place of the Rev. Mr. Henderson. He walked down the Grand Trunk track and preached morning and evening on Sunday. Monday, the 6th, he took the train to Mille

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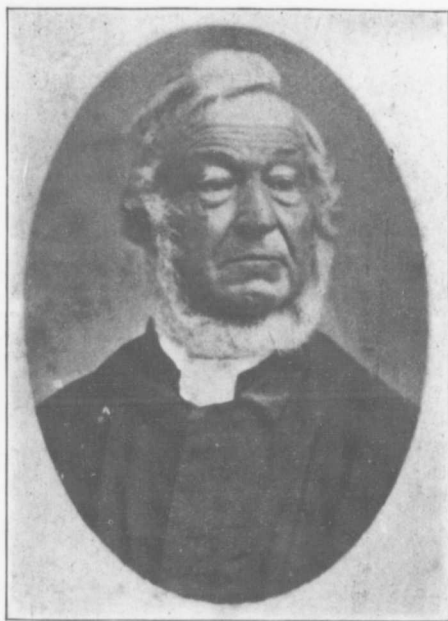
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Roches and walked from there to Moulinette. His dear wife, looking for him, noticed there was something the matter, and met him at the gate, asking if he was sick. He replied: "My dear, my work for the Master is done—I have preached my last sermon." He gradually sank away until the morning of the 22nd of March, 1871. My brother, Mr. Stephen Forsyth, and myself were sitting by his bedside at twenty minutes past one o'clock a.m. He, rousing up out of a comfortable sleep, swung himself around on the side of the bed and sat up. He asked what time in the night it was; we told him. We asked him if there was anything he would have; he replied "No." Lying down again, he turned over towards the wall, folding his arms across his breast, we both heard him say, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" Earth held the body; Heaven received another redeemed and ransomed soul into the family of God, to join in the everlasting song, while casting their crowns at His adorable feet, amidst the rapturously grand music of the skies. The Rev. John A. Williams preached his funeral sermon from the text, 2nd Timothy, 4th chap, 7th and 8th verses—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." The most of his itinerant life was on missions, and amongst the Indian mission fields of Canada. One Conference year, when every minister objected to go to a certain station, he rose up and said, "Send me!" The Conference granted his request; he went. A most gracious revival soon followed the preached word with the Christ anointing power, like the showers of blessings from clouds of mercy, and to-day it is a flourishing circuit.

He married in middle life a Miss Ann Cook, in Cainsville, County of Brant, Ontario. They had two children, a boy and girl. The children are buried at Floss, Ontario; Mrs. Brownell is buried at Cainsville, and the Rev. Mr. Brownell

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REV. STEPHEN BROWNELL



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is buried at Moulinette cemetery. He was my mother's only brother. He gave the land for the church and cemetery of the Moulinette Methodist Church, and one hundred dollars in cash when they commenced to build the church in 1834. He entered the ministry in 1834 and was ordained in 1838. He superannuated in 1864, having travelled thirty-one years in the itinerant work of the church. His remains lie sleeping in the old historic Methodist cemetery that he gave on the North bank of that picturesque body of water called "Bergin Lake," until that great Easter morning, when like unto his beloved Master he shall arise with all the redeemed to be forever with the Lord.

CHAPTER XII.

In 1872, the Rev. John C. Garrett. Remembering the admonition that the Lord gave unto Adam, that it was not good for man to be alone, he took unto himself a wife in the person of a beautiful and lovely young woman, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon W. Ault, (called Anna) She only lived a short time. After they removed to another circuit, a dear, loving and affectionate mother went and brought the loved one, with her little babe, to the loving parental home. With all the care of a fond mother, affectionate father and attentive sisters, fond brothers clustered near, all that medical aid, care and love could do, she gradually sank amidst it all. They lie reposing in the family plot in the Methodist cemetery. He went, the last we heard of him, over to the Anglican Church.

In 1873 and 1874, the Rev. William W. Millar; members, 73. It always remained a problem unsolved how he got into the Methodist ministry.

In the years 1875, 1876 and 1877, the Rev. William Austin, a middle-aged widower, good, sound gospel preacher. Mr. Austin being a good carpenter, he framed and helped to build the horse-sheds at the Moulinette Church, put a new beautiful altar rail in the church, helped build the fence in front of the church, fixing up things in a mechanical manner inside as well as outside. As a pastor, he had a warm place in the hearts of the people. He possessed great strength of character; he held to his opinions with great tenacity, and always had the courage of his convictions. As a preacher, he was evangelical, earnest and spiritual. He married the second time a Miss Addie Eamon, of Dickinson's Landing, who became the faithful sharer and efficient partner of his triumphs and trials.

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Going with Mr. Austin to the District Meeting in the Town of Prescott, he put up his horse at the hotel stable and told the man to give his horse hay and oats until his return. When we came back and prepared to go, Mr. Austin, going to the stable, his horse told him that he had not had any oats. Mr. Austin asked the man, "Why did you not give my horse his oats?" "I did, sir," replied the man. "You did not," said Mr. Austin, "if you say you did, you tell a lie; I would believe my horse before I would believe you." The landlord came out, asked the man if he gave oats to the horse; he replied "Yes." Mr. Austin said: "You not only lie to me, but you lie to your master as well as to me." We came away. Some time afterwards, when Mr. Austin came to our place, I put his horse to the same test. He soon told Mr. Austin what I had done to him.

The year 1878, members 87. The year 1879, members 90. The year 1880, members 103.

CHAPTER XIII.

In 1881, the Rev. Samuel Might. He resided at Dickinson's Landing. Because of a slight impediment in his speech, and quiet, unassuming manner, he was not always appreciated at his full worth ; but when the day shall declare every man's work of what sort it is, our minister will stand among those who need not be ashamed. His heart went out in affectionate sympathy to the sick and bereaved, and to those in sorrow. While on this circuit the angel of death visited the home of our esteemed father and brother in Christ, Mr. Geo. Annable, of the Post Road, in a very remarkable manner. His daughter, Margaret, a young woman, and his son, Ira, a young man, both died of typhoid fever within a week. Mr. Might was with them almost every day, encouraging and exhorting them to look to Christ, the only way and means of their salvation. The night previous to his death, Ira at midnight suddenly commenced to sing out :

“ Rock of Ages, cleit for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed;
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.”

His aged father, nearly ninety years of age, who was resting on the lounge in the room, sprang up, exclaiming, “Oh, praise the name of the Lord! Ira has found the Saviour, of whom Moses and the prophets did write—Jesus of Nazareth, the Lamb of God.” He caught Ira by the hand and kissing him, said : “Yes, Ira, praise His name! My prayer is at last answered. Praise, praise His name!” Ira asked his father to pray. He prayed. I always loved to hear him pray, but that prayer I will never forget. On my leaving in the morning and bidding Ira good-bye, he said to me: “If



REV. WILLIAM AUSTIN

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I am gone before you come back, tell Mr. Might I am saved, I have found the Saviour." A few hours later he breathed his last. His end was peace.

I might say in regard to this venerable old soldier of Christ, that he was born in Cornwall Township on September 7th, 1791, just a few months after the death of the venerable founder of Methodism, the Rev. John Wesley, and in the same year that witnessed the stationing of the first Methodist minister, the Rev. William Losee, in what is now known as the Province of Ontario. Until the last few years, Brother Annable lived on the Post Road, and worshiped in the Moulinette Methodist Church, but lately he lived with Mrs. Ira Campbell, North of the Village of Aultsville, his only living daughter. Notwithstanding his great age, Father Annable retained his physical and mental vigor well, until gangrene came to cut the silken cord. I have listened with delight as he related to me how his beloved mother led him, when a lad of seven years, two miles through the bush to hear the Rev. William Losee preach, and how bitterly he deplored the loss of that loving Christian mother, of whom he was so sorely bereft in his ninth year. He wandered away into sin as he grew up, and he was not converted until a man of about fifty years. He frequently said to me: "I believe I would have been converted when young, if my mother had lived." But though somewhat late, he and his wife were both brought to Christ, she a few months before him. For nearly half a century he was spared to enjoy the Saviour whom he so dearly loved. His wife and children, with the exception of a son and daughter, had crossed the river before the aged pilgrim. He delighted to read good books and to live the past over again. During his sickness, which lasted for months, he was very patient, notwithstanding the extreme suffering caused by gangrene. His mind was clear to the last and his trust strong in God. He had no fears, for he had grown ripe for the garner in the skies. He passed away to be with Jesus on October 16th, 1890, an old man and full

of years, being in the hundreth year of his age. The author remembers (though then a little lad) seeing him when he came to church at Moulinette, with his devoted and esteemed wife and small children, in the old-fashioned ox cart, he walking by the side of the oxen like a sentinel into the church yard, with their dresses of homespun, with devout and thankful hearts. What glorious days, when the god of pride and fashion was unknown!

In 1881, Rev. William Pearson; members, 210. This year another change is made in the circuit, being added to Aultsville. In 1882 and 1883, Rev. William Raney; members, 186. Mr. Raney resided at Aultsville. He was laborious and painstaking, becoming well acquainted with his people. In the pulpit he was earnest, practical and scriptural; his teaching was always in close touch with the words and deeds of the Master. His sermons showed great care in their preparation and a spirit of earnestness characterized his delivery. He never entered a home but that home was the better for his visit or call.

In 1884, Rev. I. Stewart; members, 81. In 1885, Rev. D. W. Brown, superannuated, under the superintendency of the Aultsville Circuit; members, 293. In the years 1886, 1887 and 1888, the Rev. D. W. Brown, who resided in the Village of Moulinette.

Some time in the month of February, 1877, the Montreal Snowshoe Club, in their trip over the mountain adjoining the city, met with the generous hospitality of Mr. Alexander McGibbon, the champion, who so bountifully treated them with champagne that some of them were under the necessity of being carried home. The Montreal Witness came out with a most scathing article, entitled, "Mistaken Generosity." At the District Meeting held in the Town of Prescott in this year, there was an ear-drum (or horn) laying on one of the seats. The Rev. T. W. Constable was dull of hearing, and the chairman of the district, Rev. John A. Williams, was

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about to speak on something of great importance. Rev. Mr. Brown, wishing Mr. Constable to distinctly hear what the chairman said, got up on tip-toe, went over to where the eardrum was, picked it up, came over to where Mr. Constable was sitting and gave it to him. Mr. Constable took the drum, looked it all over, then laid it away on the seat. Mr. Brown, noticing this, got up quickly, went over and taking it up, said to Mr. Constable: "If you won't use it, you shan't have it." The Rev. D. V. Lucas shouted out: "Mistaken Generosity!" There was a titter of laughter through the church. The chairman stopped speaking and said: "Brethren, I am not aware of anything that I have said that should cause so much merriment." Mr. Lucas explained what was the cause. The chairman, replying, said: "Brethren, we are journeying to that land where we can hear the faintest of Christ's voice."

Rev. Mr. Brown possessed a remarkable memory. He quite often read his hymns and scripture lessons and took his texts without opening the Bible. His pulpit and executive ability was much above the average. He possessed great strength of character. He was instrumental in guiding many souls into the Kingdom of Heaven and in feeding the Church of God. This year, 1888, he died in the Village of Moulinette on the 26th day of December, in the 80th year of his age and the 32nd year of his ministry, like a shock of corn fully ripe to receive the heavenly salutation of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord." He fell asleep into the everlasting arms of Him he so faithfully trusted in. He lies reposing in the old Methodist cemetery in Moulinette, until his beloved shall appear in the clouds of heaven with all the angelic hosts of God, to be caught up into the air to be forever with the Lord.

The balance of this year and 1889, there was a young man sent on trial by the name of William J. Cross.

CHAPTER XIV.

In 1890 and 1891, Rev. John Holmes. Members, first year, 56; second year, 56. The great difference in the membership is on account of the change of the boundary of the circuit. In 1892, the Rev. H. W. Burnett; members, 72.

In 1893, Rev. Samuel Quinn—a tall, fine-looking bachelor of middle life, one who is no other man's imitator, but one with a decided will power of his own. He was greatly beloved by all the people on the circuit, was faithful to every interest, and availed himself of every opportunity of doing all the good he could to as many as he could by preaching, visiting, personal conversation, lending of books, and all other means a Holy Spirit baptized minister could devise. He was withal a manly man, and possessed the courage of his convictions. His visits to the homes of those he "entered" were as when a heavenly benediction rested upon them, the aim of every sermon being the salvation of sinners and the edification of the body of Christ. His heart sympathized to and with the bereaved and afflicted ones. His funeral sermons were like ointment poured forth, and they will long be remembered by many.

At the first quarterly official meeting of this year, Mr. John Raymond, of Shiek's Island, (class leader), said to Mr. Quinn: "I am almost sorry you came to this circuit." Mr. Quinn, looking at him, asked "Why?" Mr. Raymond replied: "I am afraid you won't get your full salary." Mr. Quinn smilingly replied: "Well, Mr. Raymond, I am old and big enough to board myself for one year in my Master's work; let it come as it may." He got his salary in full, beloved by all, regretted by many, when the Conference sent him to another field of labor.

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When Horner was having his trial by the Montreal Conference in the Town of Cornwall, Horner, in his defense of the actions and doings of his ungovernable conduct, shouted out that he "loved the Methodist Church so much he *could not* leave it," and after some more of his nonsense he thundered out that he "loved the Methodist Church so that he *would not* leave it." A voice in the Conference called out: "If you love it so much, why don't you obey it?" The reporter of the Conference told me it was the Rev. Samuel Quinn that asked the question.

Mr. Horner is a great, great grandson of the old stock of followers of one Joseph Gatchell, who with some others were the founders of what once was called the Canada Episcopal Methodist Church. Their right name was Gatchellinites. I have often thought that the Methodist Church was far too lenient with him at the start. Many is the refractory child that has been ruined for the want of correction in the commencement of its mischief.

CHAPTER XV.

The author looks back with delight and pleasure long to be remembered, when with my beloved wife we visited, in the year 1883, the great and grand Union Conference in the City of Belleville, Ontario, in Bridge Street Church. Glorious day, when the different sects of Methodism laid aside their strife and narrowness of heart and mind, and as the heart of one man determined by the anointing power of the Holy Spirit to work and live like unto brethren together in Christ Jesus, that the church and work of God might spread and prosper in the world.

Rev. Mr. Quinn wrote a good and grand book against the belief and doctrine of the Advents. These Advents were baptizing some of their converts one Sunday morning, near the Village of Mille Roches. The man officiating in some way did not get both hands of the convert under the water. Someone asked "how it was that both hands were not put under the water?" His wife, who was standing by on the bank, replied: "He had that ready to grab the next religion that comes along." Moral: Consistency thou art a jewel.

In 1894, the Rev. W. T. Keough. He came to the circuit a young single man, but as this circuit has long been noted as the honored one for ministers to select their wives from, he found a true helpmate in Miss Edyth Earle, of Moulinette.

In 1895, J. H. Williamson; members, 74. In 1896, the Rev. W. T. G. Brown; members, 69. In 1897, Rev. W. T. Brown; members, 76. In 1898, W. J. Beamish; members, 85.



REV. ARTHUR E. RUNNELLS, S.T.L.

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CHAPTER XVI.

In the years 1899, 1900 and 1901, the Rev. Arthur E. Runnells, S.T.L. Members, first year, 100; second year, 120; third year, 120.

Mr. Runnells came to this circuit a single young man. He found the circuit in a disorganized and run-down condition. There was no parsonage on the circuit for either married or single man to live in. The dear old church, through age, wear and time, did just look as if it badly needed a new dress. Some thought it was good enough, but if you were to go to their houses you would be astonished to behold the beauty and grandeur of their homes; but let us beautify and adorn first of all the House of our God, and then He will provide the means to enable those that do so to adorn and beautify their homes. Mr. Runnells, the second year, commenced to talk parsonage to the people. I say "people," because almost everybody did something towards helping to get one of the most pleasant and lovely little minister's homes along our great and grand old St. Lawrence River. It came into possession of the Methodist Moulinette Circuit almost like Jonah's gourd, in a very short time. Then Mr. Runnells' eye and heart were most powerfully and wonderfully moved upon from the fascinating charms and loveliness of a young woman, the daughter of the Rev. John E. Mavety, chairman of the Brockville District, in the person of whom he, with the Divine command, took unto himself a wife, which was the crowning point of the beautiful little parsonage.

Just about the time that Mr. Runnells got comfortably settled in the parsonage, he commenced, in his convincing and persuasive manner, to talk and show to the members of the church and the very many friends (for they are many) of the necessity of remodelling and beautifying the old historic

Methodist Church, which for nearly a century had been the place where our grandfathers and grandmothers, with our fathers and mothers, had said: "We were glad when they said unto us, let us go up to the House of our God." In his canvass amongst the people he secured nine hundred dollars. The building committee met and called for tenders. The tender of Mr. Robert Tinkess, contractor, of Lunenburg, was accepted, and he in his skillful and painstaking manner completed it in an able workmanship style, quite up to the most sanguine expectations of all concerned.

On Sunday, the 22nd of December, 1901, the church was re-opened and dedicated to Almighty God. The venerable chairman of the district, Rev. Hugh Cairns, preached the dedicatory sermon, in his usual Christ-like manner, at 10.30 a.m. At 2.30 p.m., Rev. Dr. Ryckman, of Cornwall, delivered an eloquent and soul-stirring discourse. In the evening, at 7.30, the church was crowded to overflowing, many being unable to get in. The Rev. Melvin Taylor, of Montreal, held the audience spellbound while he in his pleasing and pathetic manner so beautifully pictured out the triumphs of God's redeemed host.

At the morning service our beloved pastor, Mr. Runnells, announced that there still remained a debt of sixteen hundred dollars on the church, and he believed it would be raised this day. They did the best they thought they could during the day and at the evening service—they had raised six hundred dollars. Then Mr. Runnells gave them a grand surprise, in taking out of his pocket a letter from the firm of Ault & Brothers, of Cincinnati, Ohio, sons of the late Mr. and Mrs. Simon W. Ault, whose names still live in sweet remembrance, stating that after the congregation had done the best they could towards clearing off the debt, if the balance did not exceed one thousand dollars, they would send a cheque for that amount. Great joy and enthusiasm prevailed. The pastor gave out that soul-inspiring hymn, "Praise God from



REV. ARTHUR E. HAGAR, B.A., B.D.

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whom all blessings flow." What can be done by those modern Nehemiahs, when under the influence of a godly training from a mother's heart, overflowing with obedience and faith in God and love for and to her children. What an example is set to the young men of to-day by the magnificent gift those young men have offered and paid to the Almighty by remembering the House of God, in which in early boyhood they worshiped. There were a number of other gifts that should be mentioned: Mr. J. G. Snetsinger, ex-M.P., gave a very beautiful pulpit; Mr. Solomon Raymond, after subscribing nobly, placed a handsome memorial window in the chancel, in memory of his deceased daughter; Mrs. Solomon Raymond gave a lovely pulpit chair; Mrs. Hugh Thompson and her sister, Miss Catherine Van Camp, a very handsome pulpit Bible; and our beloved pastor and his estimable wife, a richly-bound hymn book.

The Methodists of the Moulinette Circuit will hold the name of Rev. Mr. Runnells in fond remembrance for many years to come, for the way and manner he managed the affairs of the circuit. He leaves behind him footprints that others would do well to copy. May he be as successful upon his next field of labor as on this.

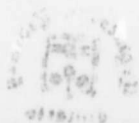
In 1902 and 1903, our old and esteemed friend, the Rev. William Raney. Twenty years ago he was stationed at Aultsville and preached at Moulinette. Few men were his equal in the pulpit; he was an able expounder of the Word of Life, and greatly attached to the doctrines and institutions of Methodism. He was strong and earnest in practice. He superannuated in 1903. He has done good service for his Lord and Master in the past forty years of his itinerant life, faithfully, willingly and meekly performing the work with power given by God to him to do. How our hearts go out to and for those old pioneer champions of early Methodism, who endured the privations and hardships of forty and sixty years ago, which the young ministers of to-day know nothing about. He removed to and settled down on his

pleasant little farm near the beautiful Town of Brampton, twenty-one miles West of the City of Toronto. Our prayer is that the evening shades of his life, and his beloved companion, Mrs. Raney, may be the brightest and best, after so many years of trial and toil in their Master's work.

In the summer of 1907, while the author was penning this little volume, the news came of the very sudden death of one more of the old champions of Methodism in the Township of Osnabrock, near North Lunenburg, in the person of old Mr. Henry Calvin Prosser, one of the oldest members of the now Newington Circuit, in his eighty-seventh year. For a number of years he was a true and worthy member of the Quarterly Official Board. Mr. Prosser was born on February 14th, 1820. He served his country at the Battle of the Windmill — 1837-38. In conversation with the author a short time before his death, he said he had not served God for naught these many years. There is an inheritance that is incorruptible and fadeth not away. Such is the death of the righteous.

In 1905 and 1906, Rev. Arthur E. Hagar, B.A., B.D.,— a young married man, who, with his beloved and beautiful companion, bids fair for many years to come of great promise in the work of his Lord and Master that is committed into his charge. As a preacher, he preaches good, thorough, practical, appropriate sermons, but none for show or effect; cheerful without levity, and earnest without rant. He can differ with a man without quarreling with him. He is mild, but unflinching; genteel, but plain. The Conference in 1907 removed him from this circuit to Morewood Circuit. May their lives be spared in the good work in which they have entered for the Master.

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CHAPTER XVII.

The author of this little narrative would feel condemned if he were to close without referring to the grand and noble act of our late and dearly beloved brother, Simon W. Ault,—(would to God there were more of them in the Church of Christ to-day!)—in leaving a legacy of one thousand dollars, the interest therefrom to be applied yearly on the salary of the minister. Some years in the past, the author of this little volume, in company with Bro. Ault, collected from the members and friends of the church the sum of one hundred and five dollars (Bro. Ault's donation being the largest, ten dollars) for the purpose of buying an amalgam bell. We bought one from a Canadian firm in Ontario. It was an inferior article and we returned it; got another, which was not any better. In the meantime the company became insolvent and we were compelled to keep it. We both, after doing the best we could in the matter, felt very sore over the affair. One day, in conversation about it, Bro. Ault, jumping up from where he was sitting, said to me: "Let it go, Bro. Forsyth; never mind it; some day I will put a bell in that tower that no one will whine about." He did so, without anybody's help, from an American firm. But this is not all. Almost everyone is most wonderfully pleased that the mantles of such worthy and honored parents have fallen on the shoulders of those noble and worthy sons, filling them with the spirit of philanthropy and generosity, in caring for and beautifying the resting place of our dear loved ones, who engaged Mr. E. O. Winters to superintend and look after the cleaning and beautifying of the Moulinette Methodist cemetery. No better man could be got for the work. He can point to almost every grave you would want to find, plant and sow flowers, beautify and adorn the place of those we once so much loved and are now showing they are not forgotten. May the spirit of those sons rest upon all those that have loved ones sleeping there, that they are yet remembered.



CHAPTER XVIII.

The author's mind loves to linger over and around those hallowed recollections of the past ; it seems like living life over again. In the autumn of 1872 there were special services held in the Moulinette Methodist Church by the Rev. John C. Garrett. There seemed to be no move amongst the congregation until one evening of the third week, when under the singing of the hymn—

“ When grace has well refined my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Chorus—We are passing away,
We are passing away,
Like unto a long summer's day.”

During the singing of the hymn an invitation was again given to come forward and acknowledge Christ as their Saviour. Seventeen rose up and came forward. Amongst them were two sisters—fine young women, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Dixon, of Moulinette, and grand-daughters of the now sainted Alexander McNairn, of Maple Grove, whose memory is held dear in many Methodist households—the Misses Agnes and Libby Dixon. The youngest of them, Libby, a beautiful and lovely girl, in the following year, in getting a tooth extracted, the nerve of the face became injured in some way, causing a fever to set in. All that loving and fond sisters, with the most skillful medical aid, could do was done ; but no, the sands of life were rapidly going through the hour glass of time. God touched her and she was not, for God took her to her home in the city of the skies. Her remains lie reposing in the Anglican cemetery in Moulinette until the great Easter morning, when she shall arise to meet





OLD BLUE CHURCH, NEAR PRESCOTT, ONT.
Burial Place of Paul and Barbara Heck.