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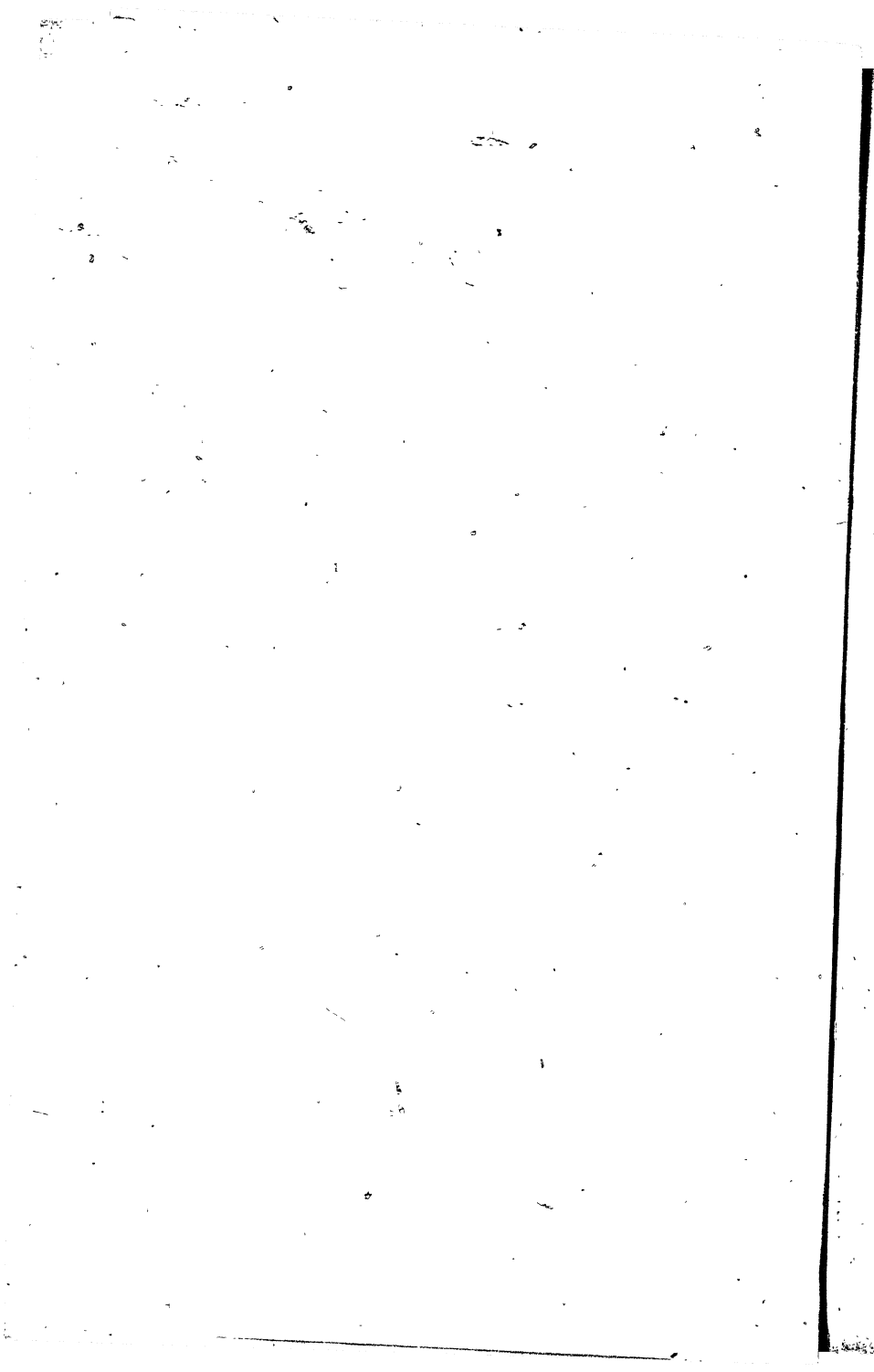
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# SKETCHES OF CANADIAN LIFE,

Lay and Ecclesiastical.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

CANADA AND THE CANADIAN CHURCH.

BY

A PRESBYTER OF THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

W. S. DARLING

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## PREFACE.

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As the motives which have led to the publication of the following pages can possess no possible interest to the public, to parade them needlessly before its gaze would be little short of impertinence.

The portraiture of Canadian life which is here humbly attempted, has been thrown into the form of a narrative, because a book written in that style appeared to the author not only less irksome to write, and more easy to-read, but also because he thought, that to trace the fortunes of an imaginary individual would afford an opportunity of describing more correctly the numerous minute details of a settler's experience than a work of higher pretensions and more important character.

With reference to the fidelity of the picture which is here presented, the author can truly affirm, that there is scarcely an incident or conversation occurring in the volume but had its counterpart in reality. Those incidents, however, have been so altered, as regards

persons, places, and periods, that their truthfulness and reality, he trusts, can give no offence, even could they be recognised, which, however, he thinks would be very difficult.

As far as the author's observation has extended, it appears to him, that information suited to families of the higher grades of intending settlers, is more required than any other. While, therefore, he trusts that the following little work may be of some service to the class alluded to, in leading them to correct views of the actual state of the colony, he would only claim for the views stated in the various conversations, such a measure of consideration as may be due to the opinions of a very humble individual, who has, however, been for many years conversant with Canadian life.

In the much more extended interest in ecclesiastical affairs which happily characterises the present day, it was hoped that the sketches of the Canadian Church which are incorporated in the succeeding pages, will not prove uninteresting to many in England, whose bounty does so much towards sustaining it in its present efficiency.

DIocese of TORONTO,

10th April, 1849.

## SKETCHES OF CANADIAN LIFE.

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### CHAPTER I.

MR. VERNON was an English gentleman of good connections and comfortable means : he had, however, a large family dependent on him ; and the difficulty of establishing his sons in life respectably, arising from the over-crowded state of almost every profession, often caused him a good deal of anxiety. His eldest son had taken holy orders, a second had determined to study for the bar, while a third was preparing to enrol himself among the disciples of Esculapius. Thus, as Mr. Vernon used to observe, the honourable professions of law, physic, and divinity, were about to find representatives, and he hoped worthy ones, among the members of his own family. Harry, his fourth son, was a fine lad, who had just finished his education at a large and well-known public school. He had now returned to his father's house ; and the great problem to be solved was, how he should be employed, and to what object his energies should be directed. Somehow or other, this point was a long time in being settled. To business Harry had a decided distaste, and for none of the

learned professions had he anything like a strong predilection. If the truth must be told, there oftentimes floated before his imagination sundry visions of a red coat and military glory, but these thoughts he confined entirely to his own breast, as he was well aware that his parents had a most decided objection to the profession of arms; not because they considered it in any degree unlawful, or because they feared the danger and sufferings to which it might expose their child, but because they regarded it as peculiarly unfavourable to the development of the Christian character, and fraught with strong temptations to one who, remembering that he bore upon his forehead the holy sign of Him who was crucified, desired, with a true heart, to fight manfully under His banner. Besides all this, Harry was a lively, good-tempered, gentlemanly lad, and stalwart withal. He made up an eleven at cricket, drove out his mother and sisters, walked home with lady visitors at night, and above all, proved a zealous assistant to his father in the operations of the garden, of which Mr. Vernon was enthusiastically fond. This was a very pleasant sort of life; and had it not been for the conviction that things could not long go on in this way, it would have been, on the whole, agreeable enough to all parties. As weeks and months flew on, however, and Harry found himself verging upon positive manhood, he began to feel that he was, in reality, a mere idler, living almost in vain, and, as far as the future was concerned, doing good neither for himself nor others. While in this state of mind, he met with some books which set forth, in lively colours, the advantages of emigrating to the colonies, and the



splendid opportunities they presented to the determined and energetic. One work in particular, in which, it is to be feared, that the author must have given way to the impulses of a rather vivid imagination, gave such a glowing account of the Canadian field-sports, and of the wild romance and adventures of the Backwoodsman's life, that Harry was fairly captivated. The subject of his emigration was broached, and at first received with a smile of incredulity. But when Mr. Vernon began to consider the advantages which were held out to the young and enterprising by the resistless progress of a country possessed of a fertile soil, an agreeable climate, boundless resources, and whose onward march of improvement was but beginning, and when he compared them with the state of things around him, where every avenue which led to wealth or distinction was choked to excess, and when the applicants for situations, even of the most moderate emolument, were counted by hundreds, he doubted whether the feeling of affection which would have induced him to oppose his son's project of seeking his fortune in the colonies, ought not to be sacrificed. As for Harry himself, though at times his warm heart sank within him at the idea of being separated by three or four thousand miles from all he loved, yet the bright and bounding hopes of youth were ever ready to shed their light over the darker shadows of the prospect, and dispel all his fears. He was sure that success must attend his efforts, and then perhaps his two younger brothers could join him as they grew up, and bring with them, even to the far distant woods, all the blessed feelings and fellowships of home. Already in imagination he saw the forest

sinking beneath his vigorous efforts ; and with a heart exulting like that of a conqueror on some well-fought field, he stood, by anticipation, on the broad acres which his good axe had won. Or sometimes, when the vision changed he would luxuriate in the feeling of mild and unfettered freedom, which he was sure must be the result of plunging into the pathless woods "where mortal foot had ne'er or rarely been." Now, he was causing the sharp report of his rifle to ring among the primeval monarchs of the ancient woods. Or again, he was pushing his light canoe over the quiet waters of some woodland lake, whose surface was undefiled by such an unpoetic convenience as a steam-boat. As a huntsman Harry dreamt too of great distinction, *bears, deer, wolves, turkeys*, every thing in short that came in the way, all were to fall victims to his deadly aim. His rifle and fishing-tackle were to supply the larder, while the plough and sickle were to replenish the purse.

What a pity it is that imagination and reality are so exceedingly different. It would be as tedious as it is unnecessary to bring forward all the arguments, pro and con, which were adduced with reference to the proposed step of Harry's emigration. It was, however, resolved that the project should be tried ; and when things began thus to assume an air of reality, poor Mrs. Vernon and her daughters began to be in despair. It is a question that admits of some doubt, whether or not some small portion even of Harry's valour did not begin to ooze away until it was stopped by the bustle and excitement of preparation. A new double-barrel had a great effect in raising his spirits, and a capital rifle quite hardened

his heart. As for ammunition, it is doubtful whether if Harry had had his own way, the powder-mills at Dartford, or Walker and Company's shot manufactory at Chester, could have supplied his demand. Lead, in all its destructive forms, was in great request with him, and figured in all its varieties, from buck-shot down to sparrow-hail, amongst his very extensive preparations for dealing death and destruction among the aboriginal birds and beasts of the North American forests. We will not dwell upon the parting scenes, though they would afford us a good opportunity for indulging in the pathetic. It was, indeed, a very bitter parting, for Harry was tenderly loved by all his family, and he returned their affection with the utmost warmth and fervency of feeling. His passage out was very much like what passages used to be in a good vessel in those days, when steam navigation across the Atlantic was regarded as a chimera. His fellow-passengers were, on the whole, pleasant and agreeable people, particularly a Mr. Lawrence, a medical man, who with his wife, and, considering his age, a most patriarchal number of little boys and girls, had resolved to seek for them in Canada that provision which he knew by experience was so difficult to procure in England. He was a quiet, pleasing, gentlemanly man, who had seen a good deal of the world, and whose mind, in addition to very considerable native powers, was highly cultivated. He was moreover unostentatiously, though decidedly, a religious man, and all his views were (what was by no means so common in those days among religious persons as it has now happily become) in strict accordance with the teachings of the Church, of which he was an humble-

minded and consistent member. Many a pleasant hour during the voyage did Harry spend in the society of this gentleman and his very agreeable family; nor was it pleasure only but profit also that he derived from this intercourse. *The varied stores* of information which Mr. Lawrence possessed always rendered his conversation interesting; and the tone of deep and reverent piety which marked his character, and the earnestness with which he spoke of the necessity of conducting ourselves in a manner worthy of our high vocation and rich privileges as Christian men, made a deeper impression on Harry's mind than he was himself aware of.

At length, after what was on the whole a favourable passage, the vessel arrived in port, and after a friendly good bye and mutual good wishes, most of the passengers separated, to pursue the course which they had marked out for themselves. Harry, at their warm solicitation, joined the Lawrences as a travelling companion,—an arrangement exceedingly agreeable to himself; and after spending a few days in making the necessary preparations and seeing what was to be seen, they bent their steps towards what was then Upper Canada. On arriving at the capital of that Province which was then called York, but which now rejoices in the more euphonious title of Toronto, the first step which was taken was to procure comfortable quarters for Mrs. Lawrence and her children; after which Mr. Lawrence, accompanied by Harry, set out upon an exploring expedition. The former had very wisely made up his mind to continue in the old settlements, and not to venture into the Backwoods. His intention was to purchase some landed property in a well-settled part

of the country, where as his sons grew up they might have an opportunity of employing themselves profitably in agriculture, if so disposed, and where he could find an opening for the services of his professional skill. Openings of this description were by no means rare in those days, and ere long, Mr. Lawrence was settled perfectly to his satisfaction in the immediate neighbourhood of the thriving village of Wilton, whose situation upon one of the great lakes, and whose unlimited water-power, arising from a strong and rapid stream which flowed past it, gave no uncertain promise of its future importance. As land, even in the neighbourhoods such as this, was, in those days, to be purchased at a moderate price, Mr. Lawrence strongly advised Harry to purchase a partially cleared farm in his vicinity, but such a step was not at all in accordance with Harry's ideas. He had not travelled nearly 4000 miles by sea and land to be guilty of such a prosaic proceeding as to settle on a cleared farm, and take to ploughing and sowing, as if he had been in the oldest country in Europe. Were all his day dreams of the ancient woods to end in a "sugar bush," and a clump of firewood? Were all his views of a picturesque hut, formed of "logs and piled-up wood," (as that authentic Canadian authority L. E. L. has it,) to find their realisations in a large red frame house filled with nothing but windows, and a still larger and, if possible, still redder frame barn? If such were to be the case, he might adopt the mode of the country, and "trade" his powder for Polish wheat, and barter his buck-shot for barley. Then, indeed, the most profitable way in which he could use his double-barrel would be in purchasing barrels in which to pickle pork; and, as

for his rifle, he thought he would keep it as an heir-loom, as it was likely to be quite as useless as heir-loods are in general. Besides all this, Harry agreed that the advice of Mr. Lawrence was quite as contrary to reason as it was to romance; he discoursed eloquently and learnedly upon the atrocious system of farming generally pursued by the older settlers,—that they took twenty crops of wheat off the same in twenty successive years,—that rather than be at the trouble of carrying the manure to their fields, they allowed it to accumulate round their barns until they were forced to erect new ones, in order to avoid it;—in short, that the cleared farms were impoverished and worn out beyond recovery, and that the wisest plan was to go back to the new country, and, waging war against the primeval forest, gain from its dominion the new and virgin soil on which it grew.

One day, when Harry was engaged in one of the public offices, in looking over some maps of those new townships towards which the authorities were directing the tide of emigration, he observed an elderly man of gentlemanly bearing similarly employed. Harry asked one of the clerks for the diagram of the township of Ilchester.

“Will you allow me to offer it to you,” said the gentleman just mentioned; “I have been looking over it for a few moments, but it is now quite at your service.”

This was said in a frank and very pleasing manner; and on Harry’s declining to deprive him of the map until he was quite done with it, he said:—

“Well, if you have no objection, we can look over it together; and as within the last month or two I have

become a resident there, I can perhaps afford you some information connected with the township which you might not easily obtain from any but an inhabitant."

This offer was of course accepted, and a long conversation ensued, in which all Harry's favourite views were abundantly confirmed. Captain Stanhope (for as such he introduced himself) spoke in raptures of the Backwoods—of the folly of remaining in the older settlements—of the surpassing beauty of the smaller lakes in the interior—of the fishing and shooting that was to be met with there—of the certainty of the resources of the country lying to the rear being ultimately developed, and that at no distant day by means of canals connecting those lakes to which he alluded, and which were so bountifully scattered through the district where he had pitched his tent—he spoke of "the language of the woods," the voice of nature heard among their solitudes, and syllabled by the falling of a leaf, or the flutter of a startled bird, or the stroke of the many-coloured woodpecker:—"I am quite unable adequately to describe it to you," he concluded; "the best way is to come and judge for yourself; but before we part I must mention one distinction, of which we are rather proud, and which none of the older settlements can boast, and that is, that Ilchester is equally innocent of bull frogs and Yankees."

## CHAPTER II.

HARRY returned to Wilton with his mind quite made up that there could be no place in which to settle so suitable for him as Ilchester. He added Captain Stanhope's arguments to his own, and fairly "flooded" Mr. Lawrence, who himself, to tell the truth, had some slight hankering after the Backwoods, a feeling at that time very general. He was forced to admit the truth of some of Harry's arguments. He could not deny that, even to the uninitiated, the system of agriculture pursued by the old settlers was vicious in the extreme.

It was quite true that they did take twenty consecutive crops of wheat off the same ground, while they allowed the manure to accumulate round their barns so as almost to render them useless. It was quite true that by these, and kindred measures, they did so impoverish their farms that their crops became seriously deteriorated, and supposing the land to be worn out, the proprietors were willing to sell them at a low rate, and betake themselves once more to "the Bush." These were positive and palpable evils, though they were really much exaggerated; but at that time they had not been shown to be so, by what is now so frequently to be met with, we mean instances of old country farmers taking these very farms which were said to be utterly impoverished from injudicious and incessant cropping,



and so restoring them in a few years as not only to be able to pay their rent, but perhaps before the expiration of their short lease, to have accumulated a sufficient amount of money to purchase the farm entirely. Examples of this kind however were seldom or ever met with in those days; and the idea of exhaustion was so inseparably connected with a cleared farm, that Mr. Lawrence was almost a convert to the opinion that, in Harry's circumstances, young, ardent, full of health and hope as he was, the best plan he could adopt was to become a Backwoodsman, a plan on which it was evident he had himself most fully set his heart.

"Ah! well, Harry," said Mr. Lawrence, with a smile, "I should be half inclined to admit that you seem to have the best of the argument, were it not that in owning you to be in the right I must necessarily acknowledge myself to be wrong in purchasing property here."

"If you were not going to follow out your profession, but meant to devote your attention solely to farming, I should certainly consider you in error," said Harry. "But in the Backwoods people can have no time to be ill; and if they have, the population, I suppose, will not be dense enough for some years to render it a very desirable field for a medical man?"

"There is an objection which weighs with me even more than that," replied Mr. Lawrence; "and that is, the education of my children. The elder ones are at a most important age; and to plunge into the woods at present would be in a certain degree to separate them from the advantages of education and society when they most require them; but if I were situated

as you are, Harry, I most candidly acknowledge that I should be thoroughly tempted to take the step which you advocate."

"To be sure," said Harry, warmly. "Why, if I go and buy a worn-out farm from some of these old half-yankee quakers, the fellow would pocket my money, and, betaking himself to 'the Bush,' as he calls it, would purchase three times the quantity of land, and in a few years would have a farm equal in extent to the one he sold, besides 'locations' for all the boys. Then, to think of the difference of soil—he would be cultivating land which has been increasing in richness since the flood; while I should be toiling and ploughing and fallowing and manuring and cracking my brains over 'Loudon's Agriculture,' in order to find out some other mode of making the exhausted fields yield half the crop which he could get for merely scratching the ground over with a wooden harrow. No, no! the thing is absurd," continued Harry, who began to get more and more energetic upon the subject. "No! I'll allow him to keep his worn-out acres, and I'll become lord of the virgin soil."

"Why, Harry, you are getting somewhat magnificent; there appears to me, however, to be much truth in what you say; and much as we should like you to be near us, I should be truly sorry to persuade you to do anything that would be for your disadvantage. As a settler in the Backwoods, you will no doubt at first have some hardship to encounter, but I have little doubt that it is a step which must ultimately prove profitable, and its difficulties will be lightened by many pleasures peculiar to itself."

“Unquestionably,” replied Harry. “Think of the charm which novelty possesses, and the delight of seeing a place grow up under your own hand, and under the influence of your own taste,—nature does so much that one might often make a paradise with little trouble out of what is a wilderness, if they can only get there before those Goths, who seem to have a natural antipathy to a tree, and whose *summum bonum* seems to be to have a *clear* farm, and to live in the kitchen of an immense red, yellow, or white frame house, sufficiently ugly to throw a man of ordinary taste into fits.”

Mr. Lawrence smiled at the vivacity of his young friend, but his quiet smile was replaced by a grave and serious expression, as he replied—

“With reference to yourself, Harry, my dear boy, there is but one objection to the plan which comes with any force to my mind, and it is one which has done more to decide me against attempting to settle in the woods, perhaps, than either of those which have been alluded to. It applies of course to me, as the head of a family, much more strongly than it can to you; but still, as Christian men, we must remember that we have souls as well as bodies, and in our anxiety to provide for the prosperity of the latter, we must not forget the interests of the former, which are so inestimably more important. Now, it appears to me, that whatever may be our situation in life, we ought to consider well what influence such a step as this is likely to have upon our spiritual well-being.”

“Certainly that is a subject which I have never thought of considering,” replied Harry. “And really I do not see how it can be very intimately involved in

it. The glorious temple which God's own hand has raised in those hitherto almost undisturbed solitudes must almost dispose the mind to solemn reflection. The devotions we offer up among the Gothic arches and the dim and verdant tracery of that cathedral which the forest forms, cannot be unacceptable to God."

"That may be very fine, Harry, and it may in certain circumstances be true, but we must remember that God has appointed certain means in his Church through which He has promised to convey His grace to our souls, if we see them aright. Now, to cut ourselves off, as those must almost inevitably do who go to "the Bush," from the public ministration of God's sacraments, the reading of His holy word, and the teachings of His duly authorized ministers, is a step which no rightly thinking Christian would take without the strongest reasons. If, without those potent reasons, he *voluntarily* separates himself from these means of grace, which have been appointed by God himself, he runs (as it seems to me) a very great danger of dwarfing, if not destroying, his soul."

"I am certainly no theologian," said Harry; "but that appears a startling opinion, and if generally adopted would militate sadly against emigration to the Backwoods. It has always seemed to me that religion is purely a spiritual concern between God and our own soul; and though it is highly proper and desirable to have the outward observances of the Church, yet I should hardly have been inclined to have looked upon them as so vitally important. Do you really think, sir," he added, seriously, "that a man could not love and

serve God and lead a Christian life apart from the outward ordinances of religion?"

"I am far from asserting anything of the kind," Mr. Lawrence replied. "Where a man has strong and weighty reasons for taking such a step as that of which we are now talking, he may well hope that if he seeks it God will give him grace according to his need, without the intervention of those outward means which perhaps his peculiar circumstances justified him in forsaking; and that there are a multitude of circumstances that will justify in so doing is undeniable, for as population must precede Christianity, (at least it almost always *does* so now-a-days,) it is evident that the pioneers in the first settlement of a country will almost always be destitute of the ministrations of the Church."

"And you think that men in such a situation can hardly hope to serve God aright in consequence of this destitution?"

"I have just said that I hold no such opinion. I am far from supposing that they CANNOT serve God under such circumstances; but I think there is the most imminent danger that they WILL NOT do so. He who knew what is in man, and what was needful for his benefit, instituted these outward means for conveying His spiritual blessings to our souls, and by appointing them, and commanding us to use them, and by providing for their continuance to the end of time, He has afforded us the most conclusive of all arguments to prove that they are necessary to our souls' well-being, while the spiritual condition of those very persons of whom we have just been speaking,—the pioneers of a new country who are cut off from the

ordinances of God's Church, presents the most striking evidence of the same truth. They are, generally speaking, proverbial for their lawlessness and recklessness, fearing neither God, nor man, and often despising all law, both human and divine. What I say is, that a Christian man, and more especially a Christian parent, ought to hesitate, nay, he ought to make great sacrifices, if necessary, rather than expose himself or his family to danger such as this."

"Why," said Harry, looking rather blank, "do you mean to say that all the people who are now going to Ilchester and the neighbouring townships, are going to turn out such a set of heathens as this?"

"By no means," replied Mr. Lawrence. "I only affirm that ALL separation from the outward ordinances of religion is fraught with DANGER to our spiritual interests, and when that separation is voluntary, I think the danger becomes imminent. We ought, therefore, most seriously to consider whether in running into this danger the reasons which induce us to do so are such as will justify us in the sight of God, and warrant us in the hope that He will preserve us from it. As regards the people who are now going into back townships, the circumstances in which most of them are placed do justify them in encountering this danger, for they cannot, with the means at their disposal, hope to obtain adequate provision for themselves and their families, unless they betake themselves to 'the Bush.' The danger also is further lessened by their having just come from a country where they enjoyed the teachings of God's ministers and the sacraments of His holy Church. They cannot but feel the want of

these privileges an unspeakable loss, and under the influence of this feeling they will doubtless make a general effort to secure for themselves and their families those outward ordinances of the faith which are generally necessary to our growth in grace, and thus will their temporary deprivation ultimately prove a blessing, inasmuch as it will be the means of enlarging and extending the borders of the Church of God."

"According to your own view," replied Harry, "it can hardly be said that the temporary deprivation is the means of conferring this benefit, it arises from the very fact of this temporary deprivation being removed."

"Why, Harry, you are getting critical and correct. However, I freely admit the incorrectness of my expression. The extension of the Church of God would be much better accomplished, as far as we can see, by never allowing the members thereof to suffer any deprivation of Her holy rites and blessed sacraments, however temporary. If the government, when it opens for settlement a new tract of country, would do as a Christian government should do, and, despite the ravings of Dissent,—which in these days\* almost threaten to overwhelm (if man could do so), that branch of the Church catholic which is established amongst us; if, I say, casting away this fear of man and acting in the fear of God, they would send into every new settlement at its first formation a duly commissioned minister of Christ, how happy would be the results which would flow from an act so worthy of a Christian government. What a bond of union would it be to the wide-spread settlers of the Backwoods,

\* Not A.D. 1849.

And after a week of toil and hardship and difficulty in this far-distant land, how would it cheer their wearied spirits with happy thoughts of the home they had left; and perhaps of that home to which they were journeying—‘a home eternal in the heavens,’ to assemble (it might be) in that temple of which you spoke—that cathedral which God himself had reared in the solitudes of those yet unconquered woods, its aisles pillowed on the oaks of a thousand years—its roof vaulted and groined and filled with the rich tracery of their interlaced and spreading branches. Its organ swell the sounds of the summer wind that sang amongst them reverently—its covering the thick foliage with which, as with a garment, they had clothed themselves, while through it, as through the ‘storied window of some holy fane’ in their fatherland, ‘a dim religious light stole down upon the worshippers.’ In such a scene, to join in that blessed form of words which age after age has borne up to the throne of God the lowly confession, the earnest prayer, the holy thanksgiving of saints and martyrs of the olden time—that liturgy which their fathers and forefathers loved and suffered for, and in which many, whose image were stamped upon their hearts, were on that day joining in the far-off land of their birth. Could such things be, and yet a holy sanctifying influence fail to result from it? Must it not make a rich return even in an earthly, a political point of view? Must it not be a bond, which, while it linked them to their home above, and kept them nigh unto God, bound them in godly loyalty to their earthly sovereign, and in proud and graceful love to their home across the sea, with all its time-hallowed



and glorious institutions. Oh, Harry," continued Mr. Lawrence, rising suddenly from his seat and pacing rapidly to and fro, "it makes my heart burn within me to think of what this country—yea, this Continent might have been, if England had but done her duty to it. And it makes me almost equally desponding when I have read accounts of the melancholy results which have flowed from her neglect of that duty, in withholding from the souls of her children in these regions those ordinances of God's Church which are so necessary to their welfare both in this world and the next. This duty, which the state has omitted to perform, must now be taken up, however inadequately, by individuals; and a strong inducement to a man of education and influence to settle in the woods, would be the hope that by his example and energy he might keep those around him from utter forgetfulness of the things of God, and that by his encouragement and assistance he might induce them to make a vigorous effort to secure for themselves the ministrations of the Church."

"I believe there is something of the kind in contemplation at Ilchester," replied Harry, who had listened in fixed and almost wondering attention to Mr. Lawrence, who spoke with deep earnestness. "Captain Stanhope told me that a beautiful site had been set apart for a church; and some respectable settlers had already written to their friends in England for assistance to build one, and were not without hope of securing something as an endowment."

"That," said Mr. Lawrence, "is a work in which

I should think, from what you have said of your connections, you might render some valuable assistance; and that is a consideration which, were I in your place, would strongly weigh with me in deciding in favour of Ilchester."

After some further conversation in a similar strain, it was finally determined that Harry should visit Ilchester and its neighbourhood without delay, and ascertain, from personal observation, its fitness as a place of permanent settlement.

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### CHAPTER III.

NOT many days after the conversation detailed in the last chapter Harry packed up a few necessary articles in a small valise, and, taking with him his fowling-piece, started, in light marching order, for "the Bush." Putting himself into one of those strange-looking vehicles—a Canadian stage, it was not long before he became more intimately conversant with the pleasures of travelling in Canada than he had previously been. Proceeding to the north, they soon left the light sandy road that marked the neighbourhood of the lake, and found themselves in the deep and heavy clay soil that lies to the rear; and now began such pitching, and plunging, and rolling as Harry in his innocence had

hitherto deemed to be the peculiar characteristic of the dominions of Neptune. The space between the zig-zag rail fences that bounded the road on either side was abundantly wide and roomy, along which a well-worn waggon-track, hard and *comparatively* smooth, wound its devious way,—now on this side to avoid a perilous mud-hole, and now on the other to escape a broken corduroy bridge. The appearance of the remainder of the road on either side of the single travelled track showed that during the spring rains it had been cut up to a most fearful extent; for as all the passing conveyances seemed to adhere most carefully to the "follow-my-leader" principle, it had been left unmolested, and had been permanently baked by the hot summer sun in the exact state in which the spring had left it. And a pretty state it was; ruts of the most alarming depth were everywhere visible; mud-holes which, though now dry, were of such dimensions as must, when full, have required no small amount of nerve to have crossed; while the innumerable irregularities produced by the poaching of the horses' feet in the deep mud, which had now been hardened by the heat, produced a state of roughness to which a ploughed field converted into cast-iron would have been a bowling-green. We have said that the travelled track was smooth, but we spoke of it in comparison with the road at the side. It certainly was smooth with reference to the smaller inequalities; but it was, at the same time, fearfully uneven as regarded the larger ups and downs. On the country roads in Canada they have a method of making a cross drain, or culvert, by laying down

two logs parallel with, and at about a foot or eighteen inches from, each other, while a third large round log is laid upon them, to form a covering for the drain. This latter log usually rises considerably above the level of the road; and though, when first made, the earth is sloped up to it on either side, so as to make a somewhat gradual rise, yet the earth soon sinks or is worn away, and leaves the aforesaid log, among other excellent uses, to prove, to the satisfaction of all who may feel interested, the strength of the coach's springs and the passengers' spines. These—varied by frequent corduroy bridges (which might be almost defined as a continued series of such culverts), and enlivened by dried-up mud-holes, the descent into which almost caused your breath to go from you as when a vessel plunges into the trough of the sea—were by no means unfrequent characteristics, *at that time*, of the road which Harry and his fellow-passengers were travelling. It was, indeed, fine exercise, for few were the muscles of man's mortal frame which were not called into action. If, however, the traveller was determined to look upon the bright side of things, he would not, even in such circumstances, find himself altogether destitute of amusement, and he would find it not more difficult to keep his seat than his countenance when watching the despairing looks and convulsive clutchings of some of his more nervous companions. Several of the passengers in the stage were evidently new comers, to whom, equally with Harry, this mode of travelling presented the attraction of novelty; an attraction, however, which they did not seem to appreciate very highly.

"Very pleasant—very pleasant indeed," said a rather diminutive gentleman who sat in one corner of the coach, and whose countenance showed that he spake in very bitterness of spirit.—"Exceeding pleasant to have to pay exorbitantly in order to have the honour and pleasure of having one's bones broken over the infamous roads of a detestable country like this."

"A horrid country," chimed in a lady who sat opposite the first speaker, and who appeared to be his wife; "a vile country except for low people. Why don't they have the roads Macadamised, I should like to know?"

Another of the passengers was a great good-humoured looking man, clad in garments of butternut brown, and who appeared to be a farmer of the country. His dialect and voice were strongly American, and his eye had a merry twinkle in it, as he listened to the complaints which have been mentioned. "Well, now," said he, "I ain't no great scholar, that's a fact, for I could a'most always do more with a span of horses than with a book, but I guess you could tell me when the clearin's, to hum, in the old country, warn't no bigger than they be here, whether they had 'Cadamised roads in them days?"

"Clearings in the old country!" said the lady, contemptuously, "that shows how much you know of what England is; but of course it can't be expected that people can know much in a miserable country like this."

"Well, I s'pose we must be a pa'cel of poor benighted critters," said the man, with a good-natured laugh, "tho' 'mong ourselves we *do* fancy that we know a

thing or two. One thing, tho' I never could make out no way to fix it, and that is, why if this ar' country be so shockin' bad, so many of you old country folks keep comin' out to it."

"Do you imagine," replied the gentleman who had spoken of the exceeding pleasantness of Canadian stage-coach travelling, "do you imagine, then, any one who could stay in England with comfort would be such an egregiously fool as to come here?"

"May be not, may be not," said the farmer in butternut brown; "but if folks can't live to hum comfortable, I should think (but, then, I don't know nothin', I s'pose) that 'stead of puttin' on all steam and a' runnin' down of this country all the time, the best way would be, to be thankful for havin' a country to come whar' you can live comfortable. And I guess you *can* do that ar' here if you try to. But I reckon some, from the way your bows is pintin', that you 're for the back lakes. I seen a sight o' folks a goin' there this summer or two, who don't know what they're a doin', more than nothin'; but they'll find out, afore long, I guess, that other folks beside themselves know somethin',—*that's a fact.*"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the other party, "I can scarcely understand you."

"Well," replied the farmer, beginning his sentence, as usual, with th t almost invariable monosyllable, "I mean, that if old country folks, instead of 'temptin' to do what they don't know nothin' about, would spend their dollars in the front settlements, they could get as good land as ever was ploughed, and as good crops as ever was raised, and as good horses as ever

was foaled, and as good meat as ever was eaten, and no hardship nor nothin' o' that sort. But if sich folks as the like o' you go into the bush, a pretty fix you make on 't. You've got to live in a shanty, or a brush wigwam, like enough; and you don't know enough to split a bit of wood, and put a chink in if it's out, and then you catch cold, (for it don't take a very smart chap to catch a cold in sich places, I tell you,) and you get sick with the agy, and lose your health and money with hard times and hard work (if you ain't too lazy for that), and then you've nothing to live on but salt pork, not as much as molasses with it,—no chicken points,—no sass, (sauce,) nothin'; then up goes the steam agin, an' you go to work on the old hook—a runnin' down the country. Now, according to the way I make that ar' out, it's not the country's fault, its yourn."

"I suppose you have an old worn-out farm to dispose of," said the gentleman, to whom these observations had been addressed, with a sneer, the meaning of which was too apparent to be mistaken. This was rather too much, even for the evident good-nature of the worthy farmer, who replied somewhat warmly—

"Well, now mister, you're out there, for once, I reckon—not all the dollars you ever owned would buy my farm, that's a fact, but 'taint no use . . ." But what it was that was of no use we must leave to our reader's imagination, for at that moment such a tremendous jolt occurred that every one had the greatest difficulty in confining himself to anything like the neighbourhood of his proper seat. The gentleman, who had previously been so fluent as to the delights of the roads and the vehicle, had evidently experienced no

great increase of amiability by being crushed almost flat between his portly neighbour and the side of the stage, while his wife's invectives against the country in general, and the roads in particular, were rendered much more animated by the discovery of a dent in her bonnet—a circumstance at all times of the most agitating nature to the sex generally, for in all disasters of a similar kind you may almost invariably observe, that as the bonnet holds the highest place on the female person, so does it occupy the uppermost place in the female mind, the bonnet being the idea that first presents itself, whether the danger arises from being crushed in a carriage or wet by the rain, or soiled by the dust. These, however, were not the only sufferers by the severity of the jolt.

"My goodness," said another man, who had hitherto said nothing, but who now was making most convulsive efforts to free his nose from the profundities of his hat, whose circumference had been suddenly enlarged from being forced over that somewhat prominent feature by a blow against the roof of the coach, and which now showed some disinclination to return: "My goodness," he gasped, as he succeeded with a violent effort in restoring his eyes to the light of the day, "that jolt has destroyed my hat and almost ruined my nose;" and he rubbed the aggrieved organ tenderly, and with such a comic expression, that it fairly succeeded in restoring good humour to the whole party. Not long after this the coach stopped to change horses, and to afford the passengers an opportunity to take some refreshment, and here the diminutive gentleman above-mentioned, as well as his better-half, found a



glorious opportunity of indulging their eloquence at the expense of the country. The food was not eatable, the cookery poisonous, the attendance vile, and their indignation and disgust reached its climax, when the stage-driver walked in and sat down, apparently, as a matter of course, at the same table with the passengers. The gentleman started up in an agony of rage at such insufferable insolence, threatened the innkeeper with all the direful consequences of his displeasure, and seemed at a loss for language sufficiently vituperative to characterise the country where such things could be permitted. All his anger and eloquence were in vain, however. Some who were present seemed utterly thunderstruck and astonished at any one being offended for such a reason—others, amongst whom was our friend in butternut-brown, seemed to enjoy the scene with a most provoking mirth; and though some of the new-comers, who had also been rather scandalised by the proceeding of the knight of the whip, seemed, in some measure, inclined to second his proposition to have him ejected, yet it was a step which few seemed willing to undertake. Jarvey retained his place, and continued his vigorous attacks upon a plate laden with meat-pie, vegetables, "sass," pickles and cakes, with the coolest indifference possible. He guessed he wanted his dinner, and meant to have it. He warn't noways partiklur himself about his company, but reckoned if the gentlemen did not like to take dinner with him they had better go somewhar' else, only he guessed they'd have to be a leetle the quickest about it, as the way he meant to start wouldn't be slow. The result was, that the driver gained the day, and the

protesting party only made themselves ridiculous, and impressed the people of the country, who were present, with an unpleasant sense of what seemed to them their arrogance and pretension. The truth was, that the individual, whose tenacity had given rise to the scene just described, belonged to a class which is not unfrequently to be met with in the colony, and whose number is surpassed, on some of these points, by their silliness. They seem to imagine that their continued depreciation of the country, and the manifest contempt with which they treat everything that is peculiar to it, must tend to impress those around them, either with a magnificent idea of what they had been accustomed to at home, or with an overwhelming sense of their intense nationality. Their sneering and invidious comparisons between persons and things English and Canadian, tends to alienate from them the native inhabitants of the colony; and it can hardly be doubted that the feeling produced by this state of things was not without its influence in producing the troubles of '37. They seem determined not to adapt themselves to the habits which the state of the country renders almost unavoidable, and are continually complaining because a colony, scarce half a century old, does not, even in its newer regions, possess the comfort, refinement, and civilisation of the ancient and glorious land of their birth and their affections.

How different from that of the class just alluded to, has been the conduct, character, and influence of many frank and true-hearted men who, for the last ten or fifteen years, have made Canada their home. British in their feelings to the very core, and accustomed in

many cases to all the comforts and refinements of home, they have nevertheless cheerfully conformed themselves to the circumstances of the country, with the hope of eventually moulding them to their wishes, and of substituting for the rude independence and "Yankified" bearing of many of the people, a tone of British feelings and British manners. And most perceptibly has their influence been felt. The traveller along most of the leading thoroughfares of the country now meets with much fewer of those disagreeable Americanisms which were so frequently encountered when the circumstances above narrated took place, and which so identified the colonists with their neighbours "across the lines." The general tone of feeling too, at all events until lately, had much less in common with that of the free and enlightened citizens of "the Model Republic" than was then the case; while English opinions, manners and customs, prevail in some parts of the country to an extent which often excites the surprise of the new-comer.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

DINNER having been concluded, notwithstanding the storm by which it had been interrupted, Harry proceeded, in common with the rest of his fellow-travellers, to the bar-room, to pay his reckoning; and having done so, he was standing at the door, admiring the excellent

horses which were being harnessed to the stage, as it is here invariably called. While thus engaged he felt himself touched on the arm, and on looking round saw our friend in butternut-brown.

"I say, mister," quoth this worthy, in his own peculiarly free and easy manner, the offensiveness of which was, however, almost entirely neutralised by an expression of extreme good-nature; "I say, mister, will you liquor?"

"Lick her!" exclaimed Harry, in unfeigned surprise; "lick her! Lick who?"

"Well now," said his fellow-traveller, laughing heartily at Harry's mistake, "if here ain't a caution, it's a pity: here's an Englishman that don't know his own language. Why, man, I only meant to ask if you'd have a horn."

This would have been almost as unintelligible to Harry as the other form of expression, had it not been for the significant glance which the farmer directed to the bar, where several of the party were, as he said, washing the dust out of their throats.

Harry could not repress a feeling of annoyance at this invitation; but feeling that the man, instead of meaning to offend, intended only to be attentive, he civilly declined. After a little further delay, the whole party once more ensconced themselves in their places in the coach, and proceeded towards their destination. Where the road was sufficiently smooth to permit them to think of anything beyond the danger of dislocation to which their joints were exposed, the conversation became general and interesting. Harry found some of his fellow-passengers exceedingly pleasant people, who

had just come from England, and whose object in travelling to the North was identical with his own. The *man* in butternut-brown also, notwithstanding all his Americanisms of speech and manner, he found to be exceedingly intelligent, and possessed, as might naturally be expected, of a vast fund of information on all subjects connected with the country. A great part of the evening, after their arrival at the little village where they were to remain for the night, was spent in conversation with him; and though much that he said was disregarded by Harry at the time, yet after-years proved to him, abundantly, the correctness of his views and the judiciousness of his advice. He dwelt with great energy on the folly and absurdity of that mania for settling in the back-woods which seemed to have taken possession of the better class of emigrants; and exposed in a quaint, though forcible manner, their total unfitness to cope with the unavoidable hardships which must inevitably be their lot. He foretold (and time proved the truth of his prophecy) that in the majority of cases loss and disappointment, and in many misery and ruin, would be the result of the experiment. Such statements were so violently contradictory to all Harry had read and pictured to himself as the result of settling in "the Bush," that he was totally incredulous, and attributed to some extraordinary prejudice the opposition which his new acquaintance offered to his favourite project. On other points, on which Harry was more willing to be taught, he derived much valuable information from his friend in butternut-brown. He was a good specimen of a class who are still to be met with occasionally in Canada, though they are becoming,

comparatively speaking, few and far between. He was a son of a United English Loyalist, who, in the days of the rebellion, had sacrificed everything rather than prove false to that church and state to which he owed allegiance. By God's blessing upon his honest industry he afterwards acquired a competence in one of the lower provinces, where the United English Loyalists mostly resorted. His sons, of whom he had a goodly number, inherited his principles, together with his enterprise and energy of character; but as this was the only inheritance to which most of them could look forward, they gradually left their father's home as they came to man's estate, to follow their fortune whithersoever it might lead them. Several had come to the upper province, our friend among the rest, and while there they proved that their father's principles were indeed their own by turning out, heart and hand, during the "Short War," or "Madison's War," as it is often termed by them, in order to repel the American forces from the soil they attempted in vain to conquer. The class of which they were representatives are strongly American in the enterprise and self-reliance of their character, as well as in their dialect and manners, while they are at the same time intensely British in their feelings of attachment to the throne. Their loyalty is different in its character from that of the native-born inhabitants of the British Isles. It is something for which they have suffered,—something which, rather than relinquish, they and their fathers have forfeited their fortunes and jeopardised their lives. They prize it, therefore, as a man prizes some precious thing, which, though it cost him much, is endeared to him in

a tenfold degree by the very sacrifices he has made on its behalf. It is not, of course, asserted that such is the invariable character of the descendants of the United English Loyalists; too many, alas! have fallen from the high and generous principles of their fathers, and have even ranged themselves under the banner of the republican demagogue; but such is the character of many, especially the more elderly, among them, and such was the character of Nathan Wynet, with whom the reader has now in some degree been made acquainted. The enthusiastic loyalty of these men, their ardent attachment to monarchical principles, and their intense dislike to republicanism, is in many respects very remarkable, and view it in what light we may, it appears impossible to deny that it is mainly to be attributed to the influence of the Church. The United English Loyalists were almost to a man members of her communion; and it was when attending upon her sacred rites, and listening to her holy teaching, that the Scriptural lesson was written on their hearts which taught them, "while they feared God," at the same time to "honour the king." Had their loyalty been based on a foundation less stable than this, it never could have withstood the shocks of that withering tempest by which it was assailed; for nothing but a deep conviction that fidelity to their lawful sovereign was a duty, binding upon them by the laws of God no less than by the authority of man, could have prompted them to that noble self-sacrifice for which they were conspicuous. The majority of them were men who had been born in the colonies, and whose attachment to the British government was not strengthened

by any fond recollections of the distant land of their birth, or by the powerful and enduring associations of their earlier days. *They* could recall no pleasant memories of fields which their fathers or forefathers for many generations had called their own. They knew nothing of that hereditary attachment to some noble race whose banner their ancestors had, perhaps, followed to the field. Old England's shady lanes, and quiet homesteads, and ancient halls, and glorious sanctuaries, were unto them but as some vague tradition which, perhaps, rose before the imagination in some quiet day-dream, but which exerted but a trifling influence upon their views and conduct. The land in which their lot was cast was emphatically *new*, and it was producing in them a new modification of character, yet there was still at least one strong point of identity between them and those from whom they sprung. They worshipped at the same altar, and felt that the God of their fathers was still their God. And when kneeling at the footstool of the King of Kings, they prayed for their earthly sovereign, that every blessing, temporal and eternal, might descend upon his head; and for themselves, "that they (considering whose authority he had) might faithfully serve, honour, and humbly obey him:" they learnt, even though insensibly, how grievous would be the sin of lifting up their hand against the Lord's anointed, and how base the hypocrisy of endeavouring to injure him for whose prosperity they prayed. When the hour of trial came, how noble were the fruits produced by these Scriptural teachings of God's holy Church. While many who had the praises of God in their mouth, had also a two-edged sword in their hand,



which they brandished fiercely against the monarch to whom they owed allegiance, it might almost be said, without exaggeration, that

“ Among the faithless, faithful only they; ”

for rather than prove rebels to their king, rather than turn their arms against him, for the preservation of whose authority they had so often prayed within the sacred walls of God's own sanctuary, they were content to forego every worldly advantage—to forsake the place of their birth, and to sever the closest bonds of brotherhood and the dearest ties of affection.

Doubtless there were many members of the Church who were induced to range themselves on the side of the insurgents by the blinding influence of political passion, or by the fear of that temporal loss which must inevitably have followed from adherence to their principles; and in addition to these there was a yet larger number of “ waiters upon Providence,” who, while they wished well to the royal cause, could not make up their minds to run the risk that must necessarily have been incurred in actively sustaining it. They would gladly have continued good and faithful subjects of the king, but if that could not be without risk of bloodshed and ruin, they were ready to become dutiful citizens of the republic. This is of course admitted: but the peculiarity of the circumstance that those individuals who, under every trial and discouragement, continued loyal to their sovereign, were almost exclusively members of the Church, can only be accounted for by the fact, that in all her services she gives to the Scriptural doctrine of obedience and submission to our rulers a prominence

and importance very different from that which it holds amongst the dogmas of sectarian Christianity.

If the descendants of these faithful men are falling from the noble and Christian principles of their fathers; if they are sometimes to be discovered among the followers of the designing agitator or the political grievance-monger; if we find them ranged in the ranks of dissent and, perhaps, of fanaticism; or, if still faithful to their principles of loyalty, we see them living in neglect of all the duties which they owe to God, and which tend to fit them for his kingdom in heaven,—to what is it to be attributed, but to the fatal policy of our rulers in neglecting or refusing to provide for them those religious ordinances which exercised such a beneficial influence upon the character of their fathers? Untaught by the experience of the past, the government, instead of acting on those immutable principles of right and wrong by which Christian men, whether in their individual or collective capacity, ought ever to be guided, has adopted that miserable system of expediency which has long been in vogue, until it has involved itself in consequences which no right-minded subject of the British crown can contemplate without the most painful reflections. Our rulers have listened to the howling of a few busy and discontented men who, as a general rule, have been as much opposed to monarchical principles as to episcopal government, and have fallen into the unhappy mistake of supposing it to be the voice of a whole people. They have therefore continued to legislate as if for those who were ready to cast their allegiance to the winds, if their every political whim was not immediately gratified. And this they have continued

to do, although men high in station, talent, and character—men whose information was as minute as their motives were unquestioned—have again and again assured them that, as a mass, the American provinces are British to the core. In consequence of this policy, discontent, agitation, and sedition, have become the ready road to distinction, and often to honour and emolument: a premium has been placed upon rebellion itself, and that which in days past was but an empty phantom, haunting the over-morbid imaginations of the authorities in the Colonial Office, has now, through their unwise and often anti-British measures, become so far a reality, that opinions and practices which in other days (with the exception, perhaps, of an insignificant number of sour faced Americanised Republicans, whose attachment nothing could win, and whose opposition none should have feared) would have been scouted by the whole community as subversive of British connexion, receive now the energetic and unanimous support of a numerous and influential party. May God give unto our rulers the spirit of wisdom and discretion; may He fill them with the fear of God, and not with the fear of man; and may He grant unto the people the grace of obedience and submission, so shall we be kept in loyalty to the throne we reverence, and in union with the land we love.

## CHAPTER V.

ON the morning after the events related in the last two chapters, Harry rose betimes, and went out to look at the village where they had stopped for the night, and at which they did not arrive until after sunset. As is very frequently the case in Canada, it had grown up round what was denominated "considerable of a water privilege," on which had been erected a large grist mill, painted very red, in contrast with which the casings of the numerous windows and the owner's name, "Jeremiah Grindal," in very large letters and all of the purest white, were exceedingly conspicuous. There was a large cooperage for the manufacture of flour barrels, two or three shops, or "stores" as they are called, two inns, such as they are, besides blacksmiths, carpenters, waggon-makers, and shoemakers' shops. There were a few other houses, but those already mentioned formed the greater part of the village. Having finished his tour of inspection, Harry returned to the inn and sat down with his former fellow-travellers and others to breakfast—one of those abundant meals at which, in Canada, three or four times as much is provided as would suffice for the guests if they had each the appetite of an ogre—beef-steaks without end, fried pork, cold meat, potatoes, boiled and fried, tarts, cakes, pickles, preserves, &c. &c. &c. appearing in the most

extraordinary profusion. Having to the best of their ability disposed of this rather weighty concern, a waggon was provided for those whose journey led them lake-ward. Into this conveyance Harry and several of his former companions were duly installed, together with their baggage. It was a common, strong, country waggon, but the jarring which might be expected from travelling in such a vehicle was much alleviated by a contrivance, which though a novelty to Harry at that time, was one with which he became sufficiently acquainted afterwards. Two young iron-wood or elm saplings, from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, were suspended at each end by an iron hook not unlike a boot-hook, just inside the top of the waggon-box: on these poles the cross seats rested, and the ease afforded to the traveller by the natural spring of the sapling, particularly if he were fortunate enough to secure the middle seat, was by no means to be despised. After two or three hours' drive they arrived at the river which led to the lake, on the further side of which Ilchester was situated. Here on the river bank, and in the midst of the woods, they found a store-house and pier, both formed of logs, and by the side of the latter lay a good sized open boat, which, from occasionally rigging two tiny masts, was dignified by the name of a schooner. As the boat was on the point of sailing, they immediately embarked, and dropped down the river, and towards the afternoon reached the open lake. It was a beautiful sheet of water, of very considerable extent, and here and there on its tranquil bosom were scattered islands of some magnitude and of great beauty. Sometimes a steep bluff rose suddenly

from the water, and was crowned with the trees of the ancient forest that had there held undisputed sway since the days of the Deluge. While more generally the long low points and sheltered bays were fringed to the very shore by the moisture-loving cedar, or the graceful and feathery birch, whose branches hung so low that they kissed every wave that broke upon the beach. The day was so beautiful, and a fair and pleasant breeze drove them so cheerily along, through the clear and flashing water, that all the voyagers were sensible of a feeling of exhilaration and a degree of pleasing excitement, arising from a combination of the fair scene through which they were passing, and the novelty of the situation in which they found themselves placed.

"This is, indeed, most beautiful," exclaimed an elderly lady who formed one of the party: "I declare I am becoming romantic again, though it is rather late in the day, I confess. Yet these lovely islands, with their picturesque nooks and sheltered bays, make one long to become better acquainted with them. A rustic dwelling, in keeping with the scene, would almost tempt me to become a sort of female Robinson Crusoe."

"If you are fond of retirement, I think you would probably be gratified to the full," replied one of her companions. "What a pity it is that Cowper never paid a visit to these parts; for, judging by the unbroken line of forest on the main shore, he would have been in a fair way of finding that 'boundless contiguity of shade' for which he so poetically longed."

"Yes, indeed," said Harry, the feature that has struck me most in this scene is its extraordinary solitude. There is not a trace of man or of his works

beyond the limits of our own boat ; and it requires no great powers of imagination to fancy ourselves the first who have ever traversed these waters.”

“What has become of all the people who have settled round these lakes for the last year or two,” asked one of the party of a bluff-looking Englishman who steered the boat ; “since we passed those houses on the point just after entering the lake we have not seen a single clearing ?”

“Why, sir,” replied the man, turning a quid in a way which, together with his whole bearing, spoke strongly of the salt water ; “them islands laying away to leeward are too big for a man to see through handily, and that’s the reason we can’t make out none o’ the clearings on the east shore ; and as for the shore to the sou’-west here, where it’s not swamp, it’s all deeded land, and so it’s not much use looking for clearings there.”

“Deeded land,” said Harry ; “what do you mean by that ?”

“Nothing very good, sir,” replied the man. “Why, ye see, when a new township was surveyed, the surveyors used sometimes to be paid in land, and of course they picked out all the lake frontages, and mill seats, and such like, and got deeds for them. When that was put a stop to, the land speculators in York and thereabouts used to get hold of the surveyors’ field-notes, I believe they call them, and choose all the best lots for which they got the deeds, after doing the settlement duties. When once they had the deeds in hand, precious little trouble they took about the land ; they let it lie there unimproved for ten, or sometimes twenty

years, keeping back the settlement of the country, until folks settled all round it and made it valuable, and then perhaps they would sell it to you for a good round price, if they happened to want money; and as they pretty often do that, it is the only chance a man has of getting it out of their hands."

"You said something just now about their having to do settlement duties, in order to get their deeds. What are settlement duties?"

"It would be a hard thing, sir, to tell what they *are*, but there have been a lot of laws made by the big folks in the House o' 'Sembly to show what they ought to be. When a man drew a lot of land before he could get his deed, he had to take his 'davy that he'd done the settlement duties, made a clearing, and built a log shanty, or else cut down the timber in the concession lines, just according as the law varied. Well, there were a lot of men about the country who made it almost their business to do the settlement duties for other people. When the landed speculators made a fresh grab at some wild land, they would make a contract with some of these fellows to do the settlement duties for them, and away they'd go to the woods with an axe, and some pork and flour slung at their back, and a rifle in their hand, (for they were mostly half Yankees that followed this trade). When they found the lot (or if they made a mistake, it wasn't no great matter), they would look for a place as free from big trees as they could, and then they'd *clear* it of the brushwood that grew upon it, then they'd cut some of the saplings into lengths, and build what they *called* a shanty, that wouldn't have covered a calf. Or if the



law was that the concession lines, which divide one range of lots from another, and are intended for road allowances, being sixty-six feet wide, should be opened by cutting down the timber for that width as far as the lot extends, which is usually three-eighths of a mile, then these rascals would go down the line striking their axes into the trees as they went along, and slashing the brushwood that stood in the way. After this, they would go back and swear that on such a lot, in such a concession, in such a township, they had made a *clearing* and built a *log shanty* or hut, or that they had *cut* the timber on the concession lines; then ye see the settlement duties were done and the men got their money, and the owner got his deed; and," he added, pointing to the long line of unbroken forest, "there's the end on 't."

"Why, what a miserable state of moral feeling must prevail where such things can be tolerated?" exclaimed a gentleman who had listened very attentively to the statements of the helmsman: "are such scoundrels allowed to go unpunished when such things are known?"

"Aye, sir, to be sure they are; the set to which they belong are rough 'uns, I can tell you; they spend one half of their time in the woods, and the other half in the bar-rooms of the taverns, and he is often counted for the smartest chap who is troubled with the least conscience."

Mr. Lawrence's observations upon the effects of separation from the means of grace on the character of the people, crossed Harry's recollection. These men afforded no inapt illustration of their truth.

"Ease away the sheet there, Jim," said the steersman to one of the men, "the wind's getting more aft. We shall soon be round that point on the larboard bow," he continued, addressing his passengers, "and then you'll be able to see some o' the clearings."

In half an hour they had passed the point, and then bending their eager gaze in the direction indicated by the sailor, they perceived a few small openings, scattered here and there along the margin of the lake, and separated from each other by long intervals of forest land.

"If those are the clearings," said Harry, "they do not appear to be very extensive; they look as if one could almost cover them with his great coat."

"We are a good way off yet," replied the boatman; "besides you know, sir, five or ten acres of clearing don't look very big when a man sees five or ten thousand acres of bush at the same time, as we do here."

"Where in the world do the people live?" asked another of the party; "I see nothing in the shape of houses."

"Wait a bit, sir," said the sailor, "wait a bit, they're not quite so big as Greenwich Hospital, and so we'll have to get a little nearer before we make them out."

As they drew nearer to the shore they perceived that the dwellings were of the rudest and most homely description; in several cases they were mere huts, or "shanties," as they are called, while in others the log houses were of large dimensions, though some of them were not yet roofed, and all of them seemed in an unfinished state.

"What are those numberless black things standing

about the clearings," asked Harry, "I have been trying to find out what they can be, but cannot succeed at this distance."

"Why, bless you, sir, them's the stumps," replied the steersman, in some surprise at Harry's ignorance: "when they burnt the brush and tops of the trees, the fire took the chips and dead leaves, and such like, and ran all over the clearing, burning up all the rubbish lying on the ground, and scorching the bark of the stumps as it went by, and that makes them look so black like."

The sun was sinking behind the trees, and dyeing the evening clouds with those gorgeous hues of dazzling and indescribable glory, that so frequently mark a Canadian summer sunset, when the voyagers approached a clearing rather larger than those they had before observed, and where several houses were visible; for some time they had been sailing along the shore of the township of Ilchester, and this they were informed was "the village." This was a piece of information by no means unnecessary, for he who would have discovered the fact without having first been told, must beyond all controversy have been a person of most vivid imagination. In due time the boat was safely moored to a convenient stump, and the passengers having landed, they were directed to a log house of considerable size, which they were told was the inn. Thither they immediately bent their steps, in order to secure such quarters as the place afforded, but alas! this is a world of disappointment, and the hopes inspired by the respectable size of the house, and its air of comparative comfort, were on this occasion

destined to be blighted. Two large boat-loads of emigrants, mostly of the humbler class, who were going further up the lake, had been detained at Ilchester by some circumstances which need not be detailed. The inn, which was the only place of shelter to which they could gain admittance, was swarming with them like a bee-hive; the two or three bed-rooms which it contained, had been secured by those who were willing to pay for them; and men, women and children, were scattered in the greatest profusion, through every corner of the house.

"Very sorry, gentlemen, very sorry indeed," said the landlord, in answer to the inquiries for lodging made by the new arrivals, "but the house is chuck full; haven't got a hole to put a cat in, couldn't give you a bed if you'd all lie in one, and give me the weight of it in dollars."

"But what are we to do?" asked the whole party in a breath, and with an expression of no ordinary dismay in their faces, "are we to remain in the open air all night?"

"Well," said the man, "it's a bad fix, that's a fact, but you see just how it is; the beds are all taken; haven't got even half a one to offer you, for there are two or three in each; then there's this room, but the women and children who have no beds, sleep here on the floor; then there's the bar-room, but a lot of choppers have got that, and won't give it up to no man; and then there's the kitchen, to be sure, but that's pretty well as full as it be with the men folks, and tho' its considerable of a size, yet there ain't overly much room even there."

"But there is a lady in the case," answered one of the party; "what is she to do, she must have some place to rest in, for she is almost worn out with continual travelling."

"Well, gentlemen," responded Boniface, who seemed sorely puzzled, "it ain't such an easy matter to make beds and bedrooms out of nothing, but for all that, it won't do for the lady to camp out, that's a fact. I guess my old woman must turn out, and do the best she can 'long with some of the other women, and the lady can have her bed, and I'll sleep in the bar, and, as for you, gentlemen," he added, "if you can find room any where in the house, you may make the best of it and welcome, that's all I can say."

With this arrangement, however unsatisfactory, the new comers were forced to rest contented. The landlord, who belonged to the country, and who possessed a good deal of the free and easy manner of his class, was nevertheless very willing to oblige, and before long provided them with a meal, which English people would have regarded as a combination of tea and supper, and which, in Canada, very generally answers the purpose of both. On the present occasion, it consisted principally of backwood fare—not venison from the forest, gentle reader, nor wild fowl from the lake, or from the woods—but of salt pork fried, hot potatoes, dough-nuts made of strips of dough, twisted into cork-screw forms, and fried in fat, and tea, concerning the native country of which very reasonable doubts might have been entertained.

Supper having been concluded, the lady who has been mentioned retired to the room which the hostess

had kindly given up to her, and the gentlemen, who were four in number, continued in conversation round the table for some time. The room in which they were, was that which had been assigned to the emigrants' wives and children, and, as the evening advanced, they received sundry additions to their society, which rendered it advisable to decamp. One woman after another dropped in, each accompanied by a very respectable number of her offspring. Indeed, the number of children was as remarkable as their strength of lungs, which, on the occasion in question, they appeared to take a peculiar pleasure in displaying, whether it was that that display was called forth by the hardness of the floor on which they lay, or by a proper spirit of emulation, which led each of them to the determination not to be outdone in roaring. The mothers also at one period showed some inclination to take up the occupation which their husbands, who were mostly old soldiers, had relinquished, for several of them threatened to become positively pugnacious on the question of who was to have the corner behind the door. Before this matter was finally adjusted Harry and his companions left the room, and as the evening was fine they betook themselves to a rude sort of verandah, commonly denominated a "stoop," which ran along the front of the house. The summer was far advanced, and as it grew late the air became so chilly that the travellers were under the necessity of seeking the shelter of the house, which, by this time, had become tolerably still. Two of the party resolved to effect, if possible, an entrance into the bar-room, while Harry and his remaining companion proceeded to the further end of

a long passage, in order to reconnoitre the state of affairs in the kitchen. The darkness of the apartment was in some degree dispelled by the glimmerings of a few logs which were smouldering upon the hearth, and the heat from which gave a warmth to the room, which proved most agreeable after the chilliness of the evening air. On a long form or bench which stood directly opposite the fire, though at some distance from it, sat two men conversing in a subdued tone lest they should disturb the sleepers, who were scattered most abundantly in every corner of the apartment. As Harry and his companion entered, they could see here and there, by the flickering light of the fire, a head raised for a moment, to inspect the new comers, while the heavy breathing of most of those who strewed the floor proclaimed that they had journeyed far into the land of forgetfulness. At one side, though at some distance from the wall, stood a large table, which was altogether unoccupied, and on this (after standing by the fire for a short time, and exchanging a few words with the men who were still sitting up,) Harry and his friend determined to take up their quarters for the night. Congratulating themselves upon their good fortune, they accordingly took possession of their somewhat unusual resting place, and ere long the two men who had been engaged in conversation followed their example in betaking themselves to rest,—one stretching himself along the narrow bench on which they had been sitting,—the other laying himself close beside it on the floor. Harry's companion was soon fast asleep, but he himself felt no inclination to yield to the dominion of the Drowsy God. Whether it was that, as a general rule, young gentlemen of the nineteenth

century, who are accustomed to such effeminacies as a comfortable feather bed, find a hard table anything but soporific; or whether, in the present instance, Harry's mind was so filled with the novelty of his situation that he was indisposed to sleep, the author of this history ventures not to decide, certain it is, that for long he lay in a meditative mood, now thinking of home and all its endearing associations, and then weighing his plans and projects for the future. As he was thus engaged, one of the logs lying on the hearth having burnt through, fell down more closely upon the others, and slightly stirring them, caused them suddenly to burst out into a bright blaze, which for the time illuminated the whole apartment. It was a strange scene that Harry looked upon by the light of that dying fire. The room was large for the Backwoods, and its extent appeared greater in consequence of the lowness of the roof, which would scarcely have allowed a tall man to stand upright with his hat on; the walls were formed of logs just as they had been brought from the woods, their rough bark forming alternate longitudinal stripes with the mud, with which, as a substitute for lime, the interstices between them were plastered; the round unbarked logs which supported the loose boards forming the ceiling, were of somewhat smaller dimensions; but it was the chimney which most strongly attracted Harry's attention. The fire-place consisted merely of a straight stone back, and a large hearth of the same material; sides or jambs it had none, so that you could have burnt logs of any length, provided they were not longer than the kitchen was broad. Of the chimney, properly so called, hardly anything was visible, the sides which *would* have formed



jambs, had they been carried down to the floor, sprang from the wall about half-way between the hearth and the ceiling, with a curve, like that of a bracket supporting a shelf; and the shelf which they supported, (viz., the mantel-shelf,) did not cross them until they nearly reached the roof, so that a person approaching the fire in front might have walked into it, (had he been so inclined,) almost without bending his head; above this it was formed of what the curious in chimney building know by the elegant expression of "stick and dab," consisting of alternate layers of mud and split wood, somewhat thicker than laths. The rude sleepers too, strewn so thickly over the floor, formed a strange feature in the scene; and as Harry was reflecting upon the change which a few months had wrought in their position no less than in his own, his attention was attracted by the man who had chosen the narrow bench before the fire as his resting-place. Whether it was the glare of the blazing logs or the uneasiness of his couch which disturbed his slumbers, certain it is that he became very restless, and continued changing the position of his limbs, until at last, in making an effort to turn, he fairly rolled off the bench on which he had been reclining, and unfortunately alighted plump on the top of his friend who lay on the floor immediately beneath. In a moment they were both on their feet, boiling with indignation at the injury which they appeared mutually to imagine that each had inflicted upon the other.

"Arragh, bad luck to ye's for a murtherin', cowardly thief," shouted the man who had fallen from the bench; "take that, an' that, an' maybe it'll teach

ye's better manners than to be striking yer betthers whin they're sleeping;" and he accompanied his words with some sledge-hammer blows, one of which told with such effect, that his friend went flying across the room like a shuttlecock, and lighted at last in the midst of a group of five or six men who were comfortably ensconced in one corner. Poor fellow! this was but the beginning of his troubles. The men whose slumbers had been so rudely broken through his unwilling instrumentality immediately proceeded to take summary vengeance upon him, and belaboured him most heartily. As they did not know very distinctly, however, what it was that had occurred, and being, in a great measure, still under the influence of sleep, their blows were not by any means well-directed, and far from being exclusively devoted to the benefit of him who was the original object of their ire, they were dealt in rather liberal measure to each other. The consequence was, that in the course of a few moments every one was most diligently employed in endeavouring energetically to blacken his neighbour's eyes. One after another of the sleepers started up, and, from a mere spectator, was almost immediately implicated as a principal, until the melée became general. Harry, who was probably the only individual in the room who knew how the disturbance had originated, and who at first was very much amused at the absurdity of the scene, would now (in common with his companion, who, by this time, was thoroughly awake) most gladly have effected his escape, but as the battle-ground lay between the table where he sat and the door through which he wished to retreat, it

was not by any means so easily effected. His cogitations on the subject were suddenly cut short, however, and in a manner which he hardly anticipated. Some of the emigrants, true sons of the sod, were lying (unperceived by Harry) on the other side of the table, and between it and the wall. These men, from some unexplained cause, seemed to have caught the belligerent epidemic that prevailed in the room, and in their struggles upset the table, thus, in a moment, precipitating Harry and his companion amongst the feet of the combatants.

"My eye!" exclaimed Harry's companion, as they rolled over each other from the violence of the fall; "here's a floorer. Get out, you rascal," he added, in a savage tone, as, on regaining the perpendicular, he saw a fellow advancing, evidently with an intention of making him resume the horizontal; "get out, I say. What on earth are you attacking *me* for? Hillo! Vernon!" he shouted, as he saw others coming to the assault; "lend a hand here, or these fiends will be the death of me."

"Fight away, my boy," cried Harry, who had his own hands abundantly full, and who was now laying about him manfully; "fight away, there's no help for it; strike straight before you, and make for the door."

Having a definite object in view, and being much cooler than those by whom they were assailed, they at length, after some vigorous exertion, succeeded in reaching the door, through which they effected their escape, just as it was beginning to be blocked up by the women and other inmates of the house, who,

startled from their sleep, were rushing to the scene of conflict. The host, with some of his choppers, entered the kitchen, and, separating those who were still engaged, after the retreat of our friends, demanded to know the cause of the disturbance. This was a question, however, much more easily asked than answered; and the puzzled air of the whole party, when they attempted to discover what they had been fighting about, was ludicrous enough.

"Ah, thin, devil a know I know," said one of the party, "barring that whin I wakened that villian Tim Coolan was thryin' to make me ate my own teeth for supper by knocking thim down my throat wid his mortal hard head, bad 'cess to him."

"Be gorra, Pat, but yer out this time," replied Tim. "It's throe I fell on top o' ye's, but somebody sent me there agin my will entirely, so they did. If I'd a known who the murderin' villian was, maybe I wouldn't have bate his sowl out o' him; but its sleepin' I was whin he sthruck me, the cowardly thief; and so I had to bate some other body, or sure I wouldn't have got no satisfaction for the way I was thrated, so I wouldn't."

After some further conversation, which, however, did not avail much in throwing additional light upon the origin of the riot, the various parties concerned, one after another, again betook themselves to rest. The house gradually became quiet, and Harry and his fellow-travellers, taking some pieces of firewood for their pillows, stretched themselves upon the floor of the entrance-hall, and there passed the remainder of their first night in Ilchester.

## CHAPTER VI.

On the following morning the emigrants took their departure much to the relief of all parties, and Harry engaged a room for a few days that he might be enabled to look about him. The result of his inquiries proved to him the truth of what he had previously heard on his way up, viz., that there was little chance of making an advantageous settlement in Ilchester, all the choice "lots" and most beautiful situations having been secured during the previous year, when the township was first opened for settlement. The tide of emigration was now flowing towards the adjoining township of Monkleigh, situated on a neighbouring lake, and thither Harry determined to go on the first opportunity that presented itself. As there was no road through the woods from one township to the other, Harry was under the necessity of waiting a day or two for the arrival of a boat on its way to Monkleigh, in which, when at length it came, he secured his passage and proceeded to his destination. The lake to which they now directed their course, and which before long they entered, was much more beautiful in its character and more limited in size than that which they had hitherto been traversing. It was interspersed with numerous islands of exquisite beauty and varied extent, while its shores were everywhere

diversified by picturesque bays and jutting points, clothed as usual to the water's edge with the rich and graceful foliage of the unbroken woods. Harry was in raptures with the beauty of the scene, and resolved that if he was fortunate enough to secure land on the borders of this beautiful lake he would look no further. This, however, he found to be a more difficult matter than he had anticipated, for most of the lots fronting the shore were either "deeded," or had been secured by settlers previously arrived. Harry spent some time in examining the lots which were still unoccupied, and though some of them were desirable enough, they were so eclipsed by the beauty of a property claimed by an individual who speculated in land that he could think of no other place as possessing any charms in comparison with it. He found, however, that the person to whom it was said to belong, though perfectly willing to dispose of it, asked such an exorbitant price that the dictates of prudence induced Harry, in common with many others, to relinquish the hope of becoming its owner. He therefore selected a lot which was almost as remarkable for the beauty of its situation as the one which he so much desired to obtain, but which had hitherto been left vacant in consequence of its remoteness from the usual landing place, where the nucleus of a village was being formed, and from whence proceeded an Indian portage which led to a neighbouring lake, and which formed the main road by which the emigrants found their way into the back country. Harry however did not see any reason why the spot which he had chosen should continue remote, as settlers were rapidly occupying the land lying to the rear, and influenced

by this consideration he resolved here to pitch his tent. Shortly after our hero had come to this conclusion and had acted upon it, a gentleman arrived in the neighbourhood, and being struck with the desirable nature of the lot which Harry had so much desired to obtain, he made similar inquiries concerning it, and with a like result. Proceeding shortly after to the seat of government for the purpose of transacting some business with the Land Granting Department, he happened casually to mention the property in question, and in reply to his expression of regret at having missed it was informed to his astonishment that the lot was still vacant. Finding as the result of further inquiries that there was no shadow of claim upon the land he immediately secured it, and returning to Monkleigh in triumph he took an early opportunity of exposing the rascality of the land jobber. It was one of those instances of roguery which are, or at least were, by no means unfrequent in Canada. When a new township was opened for settlement, some individual who was quite willing to risk any small amount of good name he might happen to possess "for a consideration" immediately appeared, and after selecting some of the most desirable lots proceeded to York as it was then called, and returning after a brief sojourn, gave out through the whole neighbourhood that he had purchased such and such lots. Thenceforward they were looked upon as private property, and of course no one thought of making any inquiries concerning them except from the person claiming them as his own. When an individual was found willing to purchase one of these lots at an advance of four or five hundred per cent. upon the government

price, then the land jobber would perhaps as a favour consent to sell on condition (very probably) of a large instalment being paid down at the time. On receiving this money he would post off to the Government Land Office, and then for the FIRST time become the *bond fide* purchaser of land which hitherto had remained vacant in consequence of his false representations of having previously bought it, and which he had actually sold while belonging to government for five or six times the amount of its true value. Though annoyed at having lost the property through the fraudulent conduct of an unprincipled man, there were many in the settlement who found their sense of disappointment wonderfully soothed by the thorough exposure which was made of the land jobber's roguery. As for Harry, he was becoming daily more enamoured with the situation of his own property, and his mind was too much occupied with preparations for taking possession to think much of what he had lost. It was indeed a lovely spot which he had chosen. From the shores of a little horseshoe bay into which a good sized brook of clear and sparkling water continually emptied itself, the land rose with a gradual and gentle slope until at some distance from the lake it attained a considerable elevation. The margin of this bay was edged by the same interminable fringe of wood that girdled with a belt of verdure the whole circumference of the lake. The birch, the poplar, and the cedar hung low over the waters, while behind them sprung up the tall, straight, branchless trunks of the beech, basswood, and maple, of which the forest mostly consisted. Off the mouth of the bay and at about half a mile's distance lay a



beautiful islet, which, owing to the insignificance of its dimensions and the barrenness of its soil, was incapable of supporting timber of a larger growth, but which in its stead had thrown up an abundant covering of the most graceful underwood. On either side of it the eye of the spectator fell upon the sparkling water of the wide-spread lake, and finally rested on the larger islands scattered in the distance, or on the wooded promontories of the opposite shore.

Harry had been fortunate in securing the services of a respectable man and his wife, who had been several years in the country, and who, having been mostly in the new settlements, were well acquainted with the ways of "the Bush." Having purchased a skiff, a couple of axes, and some pork and flour from a person who had just opened a "store" in the settlement, they proceeded to the spot that has just been described, and, landing at the inner extremity of the little bay, they drew up their skiff upon the shore, pushing through the dense belt of wood that overhung the beach. They found themselves after a few paces in the more open hard-wood land, and here, on a gentle rise, on the bank of the stream already mentioned, and about a hundred yards from the margin of the lake, Harry determined to erect his shanty. He showed his man in what direction he was to commence the clearing, warned him to throw as few trees as possible into the brook, and not for his life to touch a single branch that grew upon the shore of the bay. This regard for trees called forth some expressions of surprise on the part of the man who, though an old countryman, had yet been long enough in Canada to have imbibed the

idea, that to wage a war of extermination against them in every form, except in the form of apple-trees, was an unalterable law of man's nature.

"Why, bless me, sir," said he, "if you be going to leave all them there trees as grows on the lake-shore, we might as well live ten miles i' the Bush for all the good we'll get o' the lake; we shouldn't know it whar there if it wasn't for the sound o' the water. We shan't get a breath o' wind to blow away a miskity of a summer's day."

"Never fear, Smith," replied Harry, "we shall see enough of the lake by-and-by, but I do not wish to disfigure the shore in the way in which most of the clearings on the lake are disfigured. What could induce the people to cut down all the trees on the bank of the lake and throw them into the water? they never can be got out again, and there they must lie, a frightful eyesore, until they rot away; and before that takes place the present generation will be in their graves."

"Why, sir, that be all true enough," responded Smith; "they don't make a place look handsome, and that's the truth on 't; but then, sir, ye see it be such a mighty handy way to get rid on 'em, no chopping 'em up into log-lengths, no piling o' brush, no logging on 'em afterwards, but down with them into the lake, and there 's an' end on 'em. We get just as much sun and air and sight o' the water as if they were all logged and burnt up and never a bit o' them left, and that 's what folks want you know, sir."

"Well, well, Smith, however that may be, I beg you will not touch a single tree, large or small, growing

on the shore without express directions from me. I intend to leave to-morrow for Wilton, from whence I shall go on to York to see to the forwarding of my luggage, and to procure what things we may want here for the winter. I shall return as soon as I possibly can, and in the meantime you must employ yourself in clearing away sufficient space on which to build our shanty, and getting the logs cut and everything you think necessary properly prepared; you understand these things, which I do not, and therefore I entrust them all to you."

"I'll see to it, sir," said Smith. "I'll have all ready for the raising; but I can't do no more till you come back and bring some help to get up the logs."

"No, of course not, but in the meantime what are you and your wife going to do? you must have some shelter from the weather."

"Never fear, sir, we've been in the Bush afore to-day, we know how to rough it; it's too late in the year to get bark, for it won't peel now, or we'd soon ha' made ourselves comfortable enough, but as it is we must be content with a brush wigwam. We'll have to be doing something beside talking," he added, looking towards the sun which had now passed the meridian, "or we won't have even that to keep us from the dew to-night."

Seizing one of the axes, Smith proceeded to cut down some small saplings, leaving a fork or "crotch" at the upper end of one or two of them. They were some twelve or fifteen feet long, and were arranged in a conical form, like a marquee or an Indian wigwam, each

pole being about a foot distant from each other, where they rested on the ground, and all running to a point at the top, where they were kept from falling by the forks that had been left at the upper extremities of some of them. When this frame-work had been completed to his satisfaction, Smith felled a large hemlock tree that stood close by, and as he cut off the branches, with their dark green feathery foliage, his wife, aided by Harry, dragged them to the spot required. When a considerable quantity had been accumulated, Smith came with his axe, and having cut off the heaviest parts of the branches, left those only that were most thickly covered with leaves. These, with Harry's assistance, he spread thickly over the frame-work, and ere long, when the former entered the wigwam, he found himself separated from the outer air by a dense and verdant covering, sufficient to turn aside an ordinary shower of rain, and to protect them from the chilliness of the night, which was now considerable, as the season was advancing. While Harry and his man had been thus employed, the wife of the latter had been busily engaged in pulling off the small upper twigs of the hemlock boughs. These she carried into the wigwam or tent, and arranged on one side as a bed for Harry, spreading them so thickly, as effectually to protect him both from the hardness and the humidity of the ground. By the time all this was effected night was fast falling upon them, and the gloom of the forest made it appear later than it really was. A roaring fire was kindled opposite the door of the wigwam, and the whole party went down to the boat to carry up their provisions, together with their household goods and chattels, consisting principally of

a frying-pan (beyond all controversy the most essential article in the culinary department of the Backwoodsman's life), a tea-kettle, a tin teapot, two or three tin cups, and a large tin dish. The next operation of interest was the preparation for supper. Smith filled the kettle and set it on the fire, while his wife, putting some flour into the large tin dish aforesaid, made a couple of most substantial cakes, each of which exactly covered the bottom of the frying-pan. One after the other they were placed in this most useful utensil, and set up at a very acute angle before the fire, a quantity of live charcoal being placed behind it. In a short time they were beautifully baked. The frying-pan, having done duty as an oven, next appeared in a new character as a pot, for some slices of salt pork being put into it, it was immediately filled to the brim with water, and the pork boiled therein, until a certain proportion of the superabundant salt was extracted. The water being then poured off it resumed its legitimate office as a frying-pan, and the rashers kept hissing and crackling away in a most enlivening manner, until they were "done brown." Tea having been previously made, the frying-pan was lifted off the fire, and with a versatility of character that can surely only belong to Canadian frying-pans, it now discharged the functions of a gravy dish. Resorting to their pocket knives, and using a piece of the new-made bread instead of a plate, they managed to do ample justice to their evening meal. When it was brought to a conclusion, Smith and his wife seated themselves on a log near the fire, and occupied themselves in pulling off the smaller boughs of the hemlock from the larger branches, in order to

make themselves a bed similar to that which had already been provided for Harry. When they had succeeded in picking the quantity they thought sufficient, they arranged it on the side of the wigwam opposite to that appropriated to their master's use, and betaking themselves to rest soon gave audible evidence of their being in the arms of Morpheus. As for Harry, he was glad to be alone. The excitement produced in his mind by the novelty of his situation and the strange wild scene by which he was surrounded, could only be enjoyed in solitude. Separated by thousands of miles of land and sea from the home of his birth, and the ties of his kindred, far even from the habitations of his fellow men, yet standing on soil which already owned him for its master, and taught by the lessons of the day past how easily the few absolute wants of man can be supplied, he felt a proud sense of independence brighten his eyes and dilate his frame, as, sitting on an ancient tree that had been uprooted by the storm, and gazing intently on the glowing embers of his watch-fire, he held communion with his own full heart, or, when awaking from his reveries, he gazed upon the scene around him, —the strange and hastily constructed hut looking more picturesque than ever by the fire-light, the gurgling of the brook that flowed close beside them, uniting with the low monotonous sound of the lake as the tiny waves broke gently upon the beach, the flickering and uncertain light of the burning logs revealing in strong relief against the gloom of the back-ground, the pillar-like stems of the neighbouring trees, which shot up from the ground tall, clear, and branchless, until reaching the upper air, they spread abroad and inter-

laced their umbrageous arms, and formed a canopy of verdure that was almost impervious—it seemed as though the entrance of civilisation itself upon such a scene would be a desecration of Nature's Temple. The very stars, which here and there he could discern through the over-arching branches gleaming in the dark-blue sky, appeared to Harry's excited imagination to be gazing down upon his intrusion with silent sorrow, while the gentle sighing of the night-wind among the tree tops seemed as the sad whisperings of the spirits of the wood, saying one to another, "let us depart hence." Wearied at length by the bustle and exertions of the day, and by the varying moods of his own mind, he offered up a few petitions for protection through the night, and aspirations of gratitude for the mercies of the day, and then retiring to his couch of hemlock boughs slept soundly and refreshingly until the morning sun aroused him from his slumbers.

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## CHAPTER VII.

ON the following day, after some additional directions to his man, Harry took his departure for Wilton, where, in due time, he arrived. After having given the Lawrences a glowing picture of the place and a detailed account of his own doings, he proceeded onwards to York (now Toronto), where he made arrangements for the forwarding of his luggage, and

provided himself with such a number of barrels of pork and flour as he thought necessary for his winter's consumption—a grindstone for the benefit of the axes, tea, sugar, candles, and such other *et cæteras* as his own brief experience or Mrs. Lawrence's greater skill suggested as needful for the rather primitive style of house-keeping, which he was about to commence. Having procured what he deemed requisite, our hero again set out immediately for his new home; and, after the usual delays, and annoyances of seeing after his packing-cases, he succeeded at length in safely depositing both himself and them upon the shore of his own "lot" in Monkleigh.

His luggage was piled up in such a manner as would best protect it under the circumstances from the effects of the weather; and when Harry had time to look about him, he found that during his absence Smith had been diligent. The under-brush for a considerable space round where the shanty was to stand had been cut down and piled, the logs had been cut to the proper lengths, the four that were to form the foundation were already laid and "notched down" upon each other, and Smith was just completing the troughs for the roof. Harry had observed these troughs on some of the shanties he had previously seen, but he could not help being struck with the neatness and dispatch with which they were manufactured with no other implement but a common axe. A straight clean-looking basswood-tree was selected and felled, the part free from knots and branches was cut into logs of such length as would, when laid upon the shanty, project beyond the front and back walls, sufficiently to form an



eave. These logs were then, with the aid of iron wedges, split as nearly through the middle as possible; and upon the flat side thus produced the axeman immediately commenced operations. The heart of the log is in a very short space almost entirely hollowed out, leaving only a comparatively thin shell of wood inside the bark. On the day after his arrival, Harry succeeded in hiring two additional workmen; and on the day following the walls of the shanty were erected; and the troughs, being (like the logs) almost on the very spot where they were required, were soon carried and placed in their proper position. The largest and heaviest were first selected and laid on the top of the building with the bark downwards almost touching each other, while the smaller and lighter ones were reversed and placed over the openings that intervened between each of the lower tiers. When the doorway was cut out Harry entered and began to feel quite at home with so respectable a roof over his head, although it must be owned that the openings between each of the logs, which were large enough to have allowed him to have thrust out his arm, imparted an airiness to his dwelling which, on the whole, was rather greater than was desirable. This, however, was soon remedied, for next day the men proceeded to "chink and plaster" the building. Two of them split up a number of thin pieces of wood, which they drove into the openings above-named, while the other made some mud-mortar and plastered them on the outside, with the assistance of a wooden trowel. Harry, by the direction of his man, had brought a small window-frame with him; and while he employed himself in glazing it with his pocket-

knife, one of the men, with the readiness which characterises a Backwoodsman, manufactured an extempore casing for it, by knocking an empty box to pieces, and chopping and splitting them with his axe into the required length and breadth. A long packing-case, which was emptied a few days after the roof was on, afforded them materials for a door. The chimney was of a character still more primitive than the one already described; while the floor consisted of slabs split from large basswood logs, and hewn as smooth as could be done with the common axe. Thus, in the course of a day or two, Harry found himself possessor of a house, which he began to think looked quite comfortable, and which, in his inexperienced state, he almost regarded as a curiosity, having been erected and completed in so short a time, and that almost without the aid of any other tool than the ordinary axe of the country. He soon, however, found that the society of three men and a woman, besides all his baggage, was rather more than was agreeable when restricted within the limits of sixteen feet square. He accordingly proceeded to the erection of another shanty, of somewhat similar character and dimensions; but, not being so hurried in their operations as when the first one was built, a greater amount of pains and labour was bestowed on the new building, which, when finished, was really, under the circumstances, a very snug little room. In one corner was a comfortable bed, resting on a very respectable bedstead, made with an auger, from a few small saplings which had grown close to the door; a table, and two or three wooden chairs, which Harry had luckily purchased and brought

with him on his visit to York, imparted quite a civilised look to the apartment; while some of the best of Harry's trunks and packing-cases helped to fill up the vacant corners. After a time, our hero began to test his mechanical powers. He manufactured some shelves, on which he ranged the books he had brought with him; and then made a sort of side-table to hold his desk and other *et cæteras*. These, combined with sundry efforts of Mrs. Smith—such as hanging up a little white cotton curtain at the window, and covering the table with a piece of green-baize, which had been wrapped about some of Harry's goods and chattels—rendered his quarters quite a paradise for the Backwoods. While these operations had been going on within doors, the men were busily engaged in "underbrushing," cutting down level with the ground all the undergrowth less than four or five inches in diameter, and throwing it into piles for burning; on these piles, also, were cast the tops of the fallen trees, the trunks of which were cut into logs from twelve to sixteen feet long, so that they could be drawn together and rolled into "log-heaps."

The season was far advanced. The autumn had come; and over the length and breadth of the boundless woods she had spread that gorgeous robe of a thousand varied dyes which constitutes the peculiar glory of the Canadian "fall." Often have the beauties of that season been made the subject of description; but what pen can convey to the minds of those who have never looked upon them a correct idea of the gorgeousness of the autumnal tints! They have been likened to all lovely things. To the sun, who, after

his race of strength and radiance, dies his daily death among the rich and rainbow hues of the evening sky; to the dying dolphin, who, in the agonies of the last struggle, clothes itself with colours of indescribable splendour; to the fair young victim of consumption, who, after gladdening all hearts with her life and beauty, sinks down to her last long rest with a brighter eye, and a purer brow, and a more glowing cheek, and a sweeter, though sadder smile, than she wore in the day of health and happiness. These are poetical and not inapt illustrations of that wonderful change which the breath of the coming, though still distant, winter impresses upon the leaves of the forest; but about the one there is too much of glare and splendour, about the other too much of pain and sorrow, fitly to image the rich and beautiful forms which Decay assumes when he enthrones himself in the sanctuary of the autumn woods. Beautiful are those woods, when in the first warm bright days of the spring time the leaves burst forth, and after the long, cold winter, refresh the eye and gladden the spirit with their blessed livery of bright and delicate green. Beautiful, too, are they, when in their dark and rich luxuriance they cast their shadow over the sultry hours of the summer. But, oh! how much more beautiful the varied, peaceful, holy beauty of their latter days. Harry gazed with enthusiasm upon the scene by which he found himself surrounded, and as he endeavoured to convey some idea of it to his friends in England, he longed for such a measure of the painter's power as would enable him to transfer it to canvas, although he felt that were he capable of doing so, such a production would be regarded as an outrage

upon Nature. Often did he ascend a rising ground which enabled him in some degree to overlook the tops of the trees which grew in the little valley beneath, and thought that this young and favoured land of the West was like the youngest and best-beloved son of the Patriarch of Old, being, like him, distinguished from its elder brethren by a "coat of many colours." A few more days elapsed,—a few more cold, clear, starry nights passed over,—and then the sky grew dark and gloomy, and the wind arose and sounded through the forest, tossing about the branches of the trees, which sighed and moaned and shrieked as if in lamentation at being despoiled of their gay but fading foliage, which now fell shower upon shower to the already leaf-laden earth. When Harry again looked over the valley he could see nothing but the solemn grey of the leafless branches, which on the summit of the opposite bank rose clear and well-defined against the dull cold autumn sky, except, perhaps, that here and there he found an emblem of faithfulness in the withered leaves of the oak and beech, which clung to the branches that had given them birth with a tenacity surviving death. Then came rain, and flurries of snow, and cold bleak days, and stormy nights, and Harry thought the winter had fairly set in, but soon a change became apparent. The cold had ceased, the dark clouds had disappeared, the sun rose and set like a ball of fire, its orb being clear and distinct to the eye as when viewed through a darkened glass, the whole atmosphere was pervaded by a peculiar though pleasing haze, and the air was balmy and delightful. Thus, in the month of November, after having relinquished all hope of anything but winter weather, Harry

suddenly found himself rejoicing in that most beautiful, though most uncertain season, "the Indian summer." After continuing longer than usual, the cold and rain and storm returned. December commenced, heavy masses of cold grey cloud covered the whole heavens, the wind blew steadily from the east, and towards evening the snow began to fall thickly in small flakes. Next morning when Harry went out, he was much struck with the scene. Every vestige of cloud had disappeared from the face of the sky, and its deep dark blue was such as he thought surpassed in intensity all he had ever seen. The sun was shining with dazzling brilliancy, and the pure and spotless surface of the snow sparkled here and there as if it had been strewn with diamonds. It lay about knee deep upon the ground, but it was so light and dry and feathery, that Harry walked through with an ease that surprised him. It flew up in clouds before him when he struck it with his foot, and he shook it from his clothes like dust. The air was keen and bracing, and produced upon him an exhilarating effect, and had it not been for a thermometer which he had brought with him, he would never have believed the temperature was so low. The underbrushing was now over, in consequence of the depth of the snow. Harry wisely discharged one of his men, and the other two and himself began the regular winter chopping. He had already acquired some skill in the use of the axe, and as he got into working condition he became quite interested in learning, under the direction of the men, how to fell the trees in such a manner as to be most advantageous for "logging," and before the winter passed away he became quite learned in that

and many other branches of the woodman's craft. Harry felt so much interest during the day in watching and assisting in the gradual extension of his clearing, that he seldom suffered from any feeling of loneliness; and having brought with him a number of well-selected books, and possessing a mind capable of enjoying the pleasure they were well calculated to impart, the winter evenings passed pleasantly enough. Often at these times did he look round his shanty, which, though rough, was comfortable withal, and as (after a few efforts, perhaps,) he succeeded in settling his chair comfortably on the uneven floor, and had drawn his table nearer to the pile of blazing logs, which roared, and crackled right merrily in the capacious chimney, as if they were resolved that if he felt solitary it should not be their fault, he would complacently arrive at the comfortable conclusion that there were many fellows at his age much less comfortably and much less independently situated than Harry Vernon.

It must be confessed, however, that as month after month rolled on, Harry began to discover sundry elements of weariness in this sort of life, both as regarded the internal economy of his establishment and the nature of outward objects and employments. The fact was, that he had not displayed a great amount of genius in the fulfilment of his duties as purveyor, and had entirely overlooked many little etceteras which would have most materially conduced to his comfort. He had undoubtedly laid in an abundant stock of the grand staples of pork and flour; and though salt pork must be acknowledged to be an extremely good thing in its way, yet it must also be confessed that it partakes somewhat of the

character of monotony when it makes its appearance on the table three times a day, in conjunction with dry bread, for six or eight months on a stretch. Salt pork hot does not materially differ from salt pork cold; and even salt pork fried, though accompanied by tea without milk, could not be regarded as a very striking variety from salt pork boiled. These changes, however, formed the principal varieties of Harry's living, as they did that of the settlement at large; and when, in the following spring, among the various importations of domestic animals, pigs began to make their appearance, many complained of a painful degree of embarrassment on meeting them, arising from the recollection of the fearful ravages which they had, the previous winter, made upon the race: while others, who suffered under accusations of outrageous snoring, attributed the peculiarity to the same cause, with various other pleasantries of the same sort.

Out of doors there was the same unvaried, never-ending,—chop, chop, chop. Overhead there was the same bright blue sky, varied only by occasional snow-clouds, which, after discharging their burden, passed away, leaving all clear, and blue, and brilliant, as before. Around them the same cold, keen, bracing air;—under-foot (or rather, truth to tell, up to their waists, for by this time the snow was three feet deep,) the same stainless mantle of dazzling white, stretching away over land and lake, save where it was broken by the grey and leafless branches of the forest or the sombre green of pine and cedar. By degrees a vague sense of weariness seemed to sink, as it were, from the eye down into the heart; and there was a longing for a sight of the dark



green earth, and a yearning after the voice of spring, for it seemed as if winter was never again to yield up the dominion it had gained.

Under the influence of this monotonous state of things Harry not unfrequently laid by his axe, and, though at a considerable distance from any neighbours of his own rank, would walk across the ice to visit one or two pleasant families who lived on the margin or in the vicinity of the lake. The days were sometimes spent so agreeably among them that the chopping was in danger of being forgotten; and though the accommodation was of the roughest possible description, yet there was a heartiness of hospitality and a unity of feeling among the settlers generally, which formed a great charm. There was an absence of all formality, and their difficulties and strange make-shifts, instead of being made the ground of discontent and lamentation, rather afforded food for laughter and amusement. The presence in these families of lady-like women of educated minds and refined manners, had a most humanising and beneficial influence on the settlement at large, and exerted a great influence in checking the downward tendency, which soon began to manifest itself among many of the young men who were without the wholesome restraint of female relatives. In one part of the township a considerable number of these young men had settled nearly together; they were generally persons of education, and members of highly respectable families, who had been brought up to do nothing, and who, on arriving at man's estate, found *that* an occupation in which they could not afford to continue. As they found themselves fit for nothing in England,

they, or their friends for them, resolved that Canada should have the benefit of their talents and usefulness; but, alas! in a majority of instances, those who were fit for nothing at home were observed to possess very much the same characteristics abroad. Others of them again had acquired wild and repulsive habits, and after nearly rendering their fathers bankrupt, both in purse and patience, were sent out with a few hundred pounds to Canada, to reform and provide for themselves—a most sage and sagacious plan! and one which, almost without an exception, was productive of but one result, namely, the utter ruin of the class alluded to. Freed entirely from all restraint, they gave way to the most miserable dissipation, and then wrote home romantic fictions of their exertions and good behaviour, in hopes thereby to “do the Governor” out of a fresh remittance. Many of these young men, under the impulse of novelty, set to work vigorously along with their men, but being utterly unaccustomed to such employments, the solitary charm which it possessed soon disappeared, and they were glad to seek excitement and amusement wherever it could be found. Almost the only place where it was to be looked for was at each other’s shanties, where they would frequently congregate, and as the furniture of one corner generally consisted of a barrel of Canadian whiskey, there was no lack of material for carrying out their favourite method of “driving dull care away.” Here, armed with pipes, varying in the length of their stems, and the intensity of their colour, (the shortest and the blackest being regarded as the most distinguished,) they would sit for hours, dwelling with fond recollection upon the charms of life in London—the

delights of Epsom and Ascot, or their own individual feats on the turf or on the moors. These were too often interspersed with anecdotes of a much more exceptionable nature; and looseness in morality, and profanity in matters religious, became more and more apparent among many of them, and was, indeed, the most inevitable consequence of the situation in which they were placed, and the associates with whom they mingled.

Though much of their time was often worse than wasted through the week, yet Sunday was the grand day of recreation. Being entirely destitute of all those holy ordinances of God's Church which might have checked them in the onward course of worldliness and sin, that blessed day, which was intended for the advancement of our highest and eternal interests, was converted by them into a means of fearfully aggravating their spiritual maladies. They frequently took advantage of it to go to the landing-place to inquire for, and (if they could) carry home, any parcels or packages which might have arrived for them; or they took their guns, in order to be ready for anything like sport which they might meet with on their way between one clearing and another; or if business or pleasure in these forms failed to attract them, it was devoted to visiting and conviviality.

The system of regularly devoting Sunday to visiting each other was far from being confined however to the class just mentioned. It was almost universal throughout the whole settlement. The people had nothing to do, nowhere to go to, and gradually even those few who were in some degree opposed to it, were almost insensibly led into the same custom. Our hero, we

regret to say, formed ere long no exception to this rule, although the result of one of his earliest Sunday visits very nearly cured him of the inclination to continue them. Captain Stanhope, whom the reader may recollect was introduced in the earlier part of this history, and through whose representations Harry had principally been induced to come to Monkleigh, was settled in the adjoining township of Ilchester, and being at a very considerable distance and out of Harry's way, he had never found time to visit him. An acquaintance our hero had made, a good-tempered, gentlemanly young man, called familiarly Jack Drayton, with whose family the former had been spending a couple of days, proposed one Sunday morning, that as the snow was well beaten down on the roads they should walk over to Captain Stanhope's. The distance was seven or eight miles, but Harry willingly consented, as he had long been anxious to pay his respects, and they thought if the roads proved heavier than they anticipated, they would remain all night and return next morning. They accordingly set out; and as they are plodding along through the snow, we will take advantage of the opportunity to say, that though, on the whole, the gentleman they were going to see was a kind and hospitable person, and courteous withal, he was nevertheless troubled with a rather uncertain temper. When anything occurred to annoy him, it was apt to be apparent to his guests, whom he froze by a cold and lofty sort of politeness which sometimes was extremely unpleasant. After a fatiguing walk, which took them a longer time than they expected, Harry and his companion arrived at Captain Stanhope's house,

which, in consequence of his having reached the settlement very early in the summer, was in a more finished and comfortable state than the generality had attained.

"I tell you what, Vernon," said Jack Drayton, "eight miles through these roads does a world of good to a man's appetite. I don't know how you feel, but I'm most awfully peckish, and I shall assuredly walk into old Stanhope's bacon in a way that will astonish him."

"O, I assure you there is the most perfect unanimity of feeling between us upon that point," replied Harry; "all I am afraid of is that we are too late for dinner."

"Never mind if we are," said Drayton. "After we have done him the honour to come all this way to see him, the least he can do is to give us the best he has."

They reached the door, which led directly into the only furnished room in the house, and which was consequently used as dining-room, drawing-room, &c., &c. As soon as they had knocked, or rather before they had done so, their attention was attracted by the clatter of dishes, and hurried movements about the room, which were perfectly audible through the door. At last, after a long interval, the door was opened. All traces of dinner had disappeared, and Captain Stanhope was sitting by the fire, with a book lying open upon the table. He received them in his lofty manner.

"Ah, gentlemen, how are you? Pray walk in; it affords me pleasure to see you," he said, though it was evident that his words and manner were on very indifferent terms with each other, for there was no sort of agreement between them. "Oblige me by being

seated. *Of course,*" with great emphasis, "*of course* you've dined?"

"No, indeed, we've done no such thing," said Drayton, in the most unconcerned way. "Eating-houses and restaurateurs are woefully scarce in these parts; and to be candid, Captain Stanhope, we have come over with the intention of doing ourselves the pleasure of dining with you."

"Oh! ah, indeed. I am sure I am too happy—only sorry that I should unfortunately have finished dinner some time previous to your arrival; but I will order you something immediately. Mrs. Riley," he continued, elevating his voice, on which a rather unamiable-looking old Irishwoman, who served him in the capacity of housekeeper, made her appearance. "Mrs. Riley, let some refreshment be prepared for these gentlemen without delay."

In due time the grand staple of the country made its appearance in the shape of sundry slices of fried pork, with its usual accompaniment of home-made bread.

"Our position in the Backwoods renders it unnecessary to offer any apologies for the fare we set before our visitors," observed Captain Stanhope, in the grand and formal way which characterised his whole manner on these occasions. "And while I hope you will succeed in making a dinner of what is before you, I grieve that I have nothing better to present."

"I am sure," said Harry, feeling rather awkward and uncomfortable in consequence of his host's manner, "I am sure everything is extremely good, and—"

"And if it was not," interrupted Jack Drayton,

whose nonchalance seemed to increase in exact proportion to their host's formality, "I for one am not at all disposed to be particular, in proof whereof I'll trouble you, Vernon, for another slice or two of that pork; I'm not particular as to the number. Ah," he exclaimed quickly, as Captain Stanhope went to a packing-case, and taking out a bottle, drew the cork, "that is a cheerful sound. For my part, I seem always to have suffered from a sort of incipient hydrophobia; for I perfectly remember that one of my childish characteristics was a constitutional antipathy to cold water, whether applied from a tumbler or a tub. And the fact is," he added, "that veracity compels me to admit that I can't abide it yet in the form of an internal application."

"You must excuse my want of either tumblers or wine-glasses, Mr. Vernon," said Captain Stanhope. "I have not yet procured anything of the sort, and therefore you must be content with a teacup as a substitute."

Harry of course begged that he would not think of making apologies for anything, as far as he was concerned.

"And as for me," said Drayton, "you need not give yourself any manner of uneasiness on my account, for I am of a remarkably accommodating turn. I'm no Diogenes to throw away my cup, especially on this occasion, when, instead of being used for hydraulic purposes, it enables me, Captain Stanhope, to pledge you in a cup of wine."

Drayton's free and easy manner kept Harry in a greater fidget than even Captain Stanhope's coldness and formality. Though almost verging upon impertinence, there was at the same time so much good-temper and

light-heartedness about him, that their host could not feel himself offended, though it was evident it had its effect in increasing his stateliness. They sat for an hour or so after dinner, during which time our hero felt himself as uncomfortable as ever; while his companion rattled away on every subject that was touched, but without any effect in thawing the frozen dignity of Captain Stanhope's manner.

Heavy clouds had been gradually extending themselves over the sky during the afternoon, and the snow had begun to fall thickly, when Harry rose from his seat, at the same time giving his friend a significant look.

"I think, Drayton, that as we have a good walk before us, and it looks like a heavy fall of snow, we had better be on the move before it affects the road."

"Well, gentlemen," said Captain Stanhope, quickly, "if you WILL go, I shall have GREAT pleasure in showing you the *shortest* way out of the clearing."

Suiting the action to the word, he took his hat and passed out at the door, followed by his two guests, who felt that it was now Hobson's choice with them whether they would walk eight miles through a snow-storm, or not.

"By taking this path," said Captain Stanhope, leading the way, "you avoid all those bogs over which you had to clamber in your approach; and gain the road in a shorter time. Nature is beautiful in all her forms, and there is a magnificence in a snow-storm which possesses an indefinite but indescribable charm. Really, gentlemen," he continued, as he paused at the boundary of his clearing to bid them good-bye, "you will have a splendid evening, and I quite envy you your walk."



A stately bow served as a period to this strange speech, and in a few moments the intervening trees screened the host and his late guests from each other's sight.

"Oh!" sighed Drayton, throwing up his eyes with mock solemnity, "the intolerable coolness and inconceivable impertinence of some people are beyond expression. I am shocked to have discovered such a representative of our race as him we have just parted from. Just fancy that old rascal," he added, resuming his natural manner and speaking with great vivacity, "adding the insult of congratulating us upon the fineness of the evening and pretending to envy us our walk, to the injury of turning us out of doors on such a night as this. The thing is unparalleled in the history of inhospitality."

"It is certainly a very different reception from what I anticipated," replied Harry; "but for my own part, if I am to be frozen, I should vote for undergoing the process out of doors in preference to enduring it within, and I am sure my sensations for the last hour or two have been strongly analogous to those which we might imagine were experienced by an icicle in the process of being congealed."

"It was that that induced me to come away," said Drayton. "I could not thaw him, all I could do."

"Induced you to come away," echoed Harry, "why, I should think there was very little choice left you; you could not help yourself; you were under the necessity of leaving."

"Not a bit of it," said Drayton. "I shouldn't have moved an inch unless I liked. I would have staid

in spite of him if I had felt inclined, for I believe I know how to manage him, though he seems to be riding a very high horse to-night."

"I am very glad you did not make the attempt," answered Harry; "I was quite sufficiently uncomfortable as it was, and I should most certainly have been a very long time in paying this visit unless I had supposed that Captain Stanhope was a very different person from what he appears to be."

"Why, to give him his due, I must say that he often is a very different person. He came here before I did; and when I arrived he was very civil. He asked me to come and see him in order that I might have an opportunity of witnessing the first beginning of 'life in the Bush,' and during the day or two I remained with him he was extremely kind and hospitable."

"He seems wonderfully changed for the worse since," observed Harry.

"Something must have gone wrong. A row with Mrs. Riley, I dare say. They used to fight like cat and dog when I first visited him, and many a laugh I have had at their squabbles. Though neither of them are burdened with amiability, they are nevertheless necessary to each other, as he could not find another housekeeper very easily, nor she another master. When I first knew him, his men used to sleep under some loose boards which they had managed some way or other to procure, while, within easy hail, Captain Stanhope had erected a small tent which he had brought with him. It was only large enough to hold two small mattresses, one of which was occupied by him, the

other by myself. I used to turn out betimes to see if I could find anything to shoot, but the old gentleman used to take things more easily; and often when I came back about breakfast time, I used to see the tent door stretched open to its full extent, thereby exposing completely the whole interior of the tent. Captain Stanhope would be sitting up in bed in his nightshirt and long white nightcap, with a coffee-mill on his knees, grinding away most diligently and holding a colloquy with Mrs. Riley, who would be frying the pork or baking the cakes in the frying-pan at a roaring fire, which of course was in the open air. Things would perhaps go on quietly for a time, till Mrs. Riley would fail to hear or heed some direction or observation, when the Captain's ire would suddenly be aroused, and he would express his opinion of her short-comings with great plainness of speech. Mrs. Riley, however, honest woman, had a great deal of candour of character herself, and never hesitated on such occasions in stating her own view of the case."

"Hold your tongue, woman," Captain Stanhope would shout; "hold your intolerable tongue, or I'll have you gagged."

"Faix, I'll do no sich thing," Mrs. Riley would reply, tossing her head; "me tongue's me own, an' bad luck to me if I hould it till it plases meself."

"Ah, you detestable old hag!" Stanhope would say through his teeth, looking, at the same time, as if he would send his much-loved coffee-mill at her head; "if you were not a woman, I'd have you tied up and give you a round dozen."

"Ah, thin, it's yourself that's the bould gintleman,

so it is, to spake of bating a poor wakely woman like meself. Bedad, it's a chape bargain the king had o' ye's, so he had, to git sich a bould captain for twelve-and-sixpence a-day."

By this time poor Captain Stanhope would be almost frantic; and I verily believe, that if it had not been for considerations of propriety connected with the shortness of his shirt-tail, he would have sprung out of bed, and, despite her sex, have inflicted summary punishment upon the amiable Mrs. Riley on the spot.

"And how was the matter finally arranged?" inquired Harry.

"Why, Captain Stanhope would shout for Riley from the other side of the clearing, and order him peremptorily to make his wife be quiet. Now, 'Misther Riley,' be it known to you, was a man of few words; but an opinion of his which was firmly held, and rather frequently expressed, was that, 'a woman's tongue was wonderful entirely, so it was;' and when called upon to put a stop to the display of its extraordinary powers with which his better-half occasionally treated him, instead of increasing the noise by any attempt at reasoning or argument, he manifested a strong approbation of St. John Long's system of counter-irritation. He used, on such occasions, practically to maintain that the best mode of soothing the irritated and inflammatory state of his wife's inward feelings was by a smart and salutary external application administered through the agency of the first stick that came conveniently to hand. Things, however, scarcely ever came to extremities, for the prospect of the application

of the counter-irritant had usually, I believe, the desired effect. These outbreaks were generally followed by a fit of repentance, which made Captain Stanhope, for a day or two, the very pink of consideration, and Mrs. Riley the quintessence of civility."

"I don't envy Captain Stanhope his servants," observed Harry. "How did he manage to pick up such a pair?"

"That's a piece of information I can't give you," replied Drayton. "He is a strange fellow, that Riley, and has a good deal of the quaint and natural humour of his country about him. I can never think of a scene in which both he and his master were prominent performers without laughing at the recollection. We had been at the shanty of one of Captain Stanhope's neighbours, and had staid rather late. Riley, who had been sent down in the morning to assist this neighbour in some of his operations, was there also; and, borrowing a lantern, we all three set out on our return home, through a most villanous path, which connected the two clearings. This path passed through a swampy piece of ground where there was a large pool, which you might almost have called a pond without much exaggeration, and a very muddy bottom it had. The only mode in which you could get over this pool dry-shod was by walking along a log which had fallen across it. Riley carried the lantern, and we got on tolerably well till we came to this same log, when Captain Stanhope said he would cross first, directing Riley to stand at one end of the log and throw the light of the lantern upon it. When he had got safely to the other side, I was to follow him. He

had hardly got half over, however, when he missed his footing, and went souse into the mud-hole."

"'Holy Pether an' Paul, he's in,' shouted Riley; and scrambling along the log, he held up the lantern over the black puddle where his master was floundering; and, in a way that was perfectly irresistible, added, 'Arrah, thin, Captain dear, are ye's at the bottom o' it?'"

"Oh! if you had but seen our stately and hospitable friend, by the light of the lantern that night, after his extrication from the puddle," continued Drayton, laughing immoderately at the remembrance of the scene, "it would have made you laugh till you cried again, if you had had the gravity of an owl. And then to have heard him; he consigned all lanterns, from jack-o'-lantern downwards, to utter destruction, and vowed vengeance against all the Rileys that ever had been, or ever should be, in existence, from the founder of the race, down to the latest generation, but more especially and particularly the unfortunate representative of that highly respectable family, whom, on that occasion, he chose to regard as the author of his calamity. Riley, however, remonstrated against the injustice of this charge, and pleaded innocent of all blame in the matter—

"'An' if I might make bould to say,' he added, 'in throth, I think it's yer honnor has the right to be thankful. Sure it was the Lord's marcy ye's warn't dthrownded entirely, in that dirty wather, bad luck to it; an', by gorra, if it was meself it happened to, it's a power o' whiskey it 'ud take to wash it out o' MY throat, so it 'ud.'"

Drayton's light-heartedness served in some measure to beguile the way, and, despite the falling snow and the obscurity of the evening, they arrived safely at their journey's end. They were both thoroughly fatigued with their walk through the heavy roads, and soon after they reached home they retired to rest. Ere Harry closed his eyes, however, the thought forced itself upon him that he had been spending that holy day in a manner very different from that in which he had been taught to do; and had he listened to the remonstrances of the voice within him, he might have been saved from the sin of many similar offences. Sleep, however, soon asserted its power, and the feelings of bodily fatigue and mental uneasiness were alike forgotten.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

THE days were becoming long; and though the nights were generally as cold and clear as ever, the sun began to exert a very perceptible influence during the day. The depth of the snow sensibly diminished; and the action of the sun's rays upon its surface being succeeded by the sharp frost of the night, often formed a crust so strong, as to allow persons in the early part of the day to walk over it, scarcely leaving the slightest impression behind them. Sugar-making, from the sap of the maple, soon commenced; but the process has been so frequently described, that we need not dwell upon the operations connected with it, especially as our

friend Harry was so anxious to finish his chopping, that he entered into it on a very limited scale, and that more from curiosity than anything else. The thaw fairly commenced, rain began to fall heavily, and the snow soon became quite "rotten," as it is termed. The stumps, which all the winter had looked like an army of Turks, in their white and spotless turbans, were now obliged to doff their snow caps at the approach of spring. The large stones, which near the margin of the lake, lay scattered here and there on the surface of the ground, next made their appearance; and then the ground in patches became visible. It was with a feeling of pleasure, which could hardly be imagined by those whose eye has not been wearied by gazing so many months upon the same monotonous covering of snow, that Harry found himself again standing upon the fresh earth. And when, after a few more weeks of warm bright weather, the ice on the lake gradually disappeared, and the woods once more became green, and all the pleasant sights and sounds of spring greeted his eye and ear, the feeling became one of exhilaration and almost delight. Harry, who inherited in some degree his father's love for flowers, was inexpressibly pleased with those which sprung up in all directions through the forest. It was, indeed, not only a source of pleasure, but of surprise to him, to see the extraordinary profusion in which nature had scattered them abroad. It would hardly have been a figure of speech to have asserted that the length and breadth of the woods was covered by a perfect carpet of wild-flowers of every form and hue.

First of all came the simple and unpretending



hepatica, that came up out of the earth before you would have thought of looking for such a thing, and then opening in a quiet sort of way its little star-like blossoms of all shades, of white and pink and blue, it fairly took you by surprise; and as the subdued wind of the forest passed by, it nodded its little head, as though it were enjoying a quiet laugh at having stolen a march upon you. And then came the three-leaved lilies, with their drooping bell-flowers of white and purple; and though they were pretty enough in their way, yet it was hard to say what was the matter with them, whether modesty or melancholy, but they never seemed to enjoy the spring. And then when the wind came their way, it seemed to take a perfect delight in ill-using them, tearing and pulling them about till the very life seemed wearied out of their feeble and almost transparent stalks. There was the lady's slipper, too, or the moccasin-plant, as it is sometimes called, a singular and often beautiful flower; but as for the yellow variety, it always seems to have an important look about it; and though it may appear fanciful, yet one can hardly look at it without thinking of the goodly corporation of some portly old gentleman buttoned up in a rich yellow waistcoat, with a coat and etceteras of the liveliest green. The larger kind, however, with its flower of pure white, striped and shaded with lilac, was indeed beautiful, and would have adorned and enriched the choicest garden. The delicacy of its colours took away from it the important aldermanic look, which Harry at least had grotesquely enough associated in his own mind with its yellow relative, and the better proportions between the plant and the flower imparted a gracefulness

to it in which the other was deficient. And there was the dogtooth violet, with its yellow Turk's cap, and the beautiful leaves and delicate flowers of the bloodroot; and the flowering grass, with its sweet little starry blossom; and the wood-anemone, and the wild geranium, and ever so many more beside, which, though they may hold no place in the vocabulary of the unlearned, are cherished in the heart and memory of those who love the gentle tribe of the simple field-flowers. To speak thus of "the flowers of the forest" may, even to many who are well acquainted with Canada, savour strongly of exaggeration, and some may be even disposed to think that such a profusion of flowers, instead of springing naturally from the soil, have merely been "forced" into blossom upon these pages by the influence of a warm imagination. But the truth is, that many who have lived a lifetime in Canada know nothing of the wild-flowers of the woods, and they are only familiar, in their profuse and unstunted beauty, to those who have been much in "the Bush" during the first year or two after the formation of some new and remote settlement. The rapidity with which they disappear before the advance of population and civilisation might be regarded as marvellous, were it not that a very small amount of reflection suffices to point out one or two causes which account for that disappearance. First of all, then, one of the operations which takes place the year after that in which a new settlement is formed, is the importation of a considerable number of cattle, which are turned out into the woods to find their living, and a very good living it is for some years. Now it is a fact which cannot be disputed, that these same cattle,

whatever other excellent and estimable qualities they may possess, are sadly destitute of all idea of the beautiful. Their notions of "taste" are not by any means in accordance with those expressed by Alison upon that subject, being exclusively confined to considerations connected with the palate. They make no more bones of a bunch of the most beautiful field-flowers than if they were only a mouthful of common grass. And although they are said to be ruminating animals, it may reasonably be questioned whether their digestion was ever seriously affected by the thought that, in destroying the flowers, they destroyed the seed, and consequently injured the prospect of their own future food and the forest's beauty.

Bad, however, as the cattle are, they are not for a moment to be compared to the fire in its ravages in this department of the picturesque. In the spring the settlers commence to "burn brush;" and if the season is at all dry, they generally succeed in getting a "good burn;" in which case the fire runs along the ground, consuming the covering of leaves and chips which are thickly strewn over its surface, and often setting the piles of underbrush and tree-tops in a blaze, without the trouble of lighting them individually. When, however, the fire fairly begins to "run," it unfortunately seldom restricts itself to the limits of the chopping, (or, as it is called, "the follow"—a corruption, it is to be presumed, both in pronunciation and application, of the English word "fallow"). It almost invariably gets into "the Bush," and then away it goes on a journey, sometimes of days in duration and miles in length. To see the woods on fire at night is often

a striking sight. The flames keep steadily upon their course, roaring and crackling among the fallen timber, and casting a lurid and unnatural light upon the rich green of the young foliage by which it is overhung. Sometimes it seizes upon some old pine, dead and dry with age, and, mounting by its stem above the surrounding forest, flames like a beacon light—a hundred feet in mid air.

The morning, however, reveals a melancholy spectacle—the fallen trees all scorched and blackened—the beautiful foliage of the underwood seared and withered—and the ground, instead of being strewn with leaves and studded with a thousand flowers, covered as with a sable shroud, diversified here and there with patches of white wood-ashes, or smoking and smouldering logs. Of course this is dealing in death wholesale, as far as the flowers are concerned; and as the same thing is not unfrequently repeated every few years, it is easy to see how it comes to pass that they disappear so rapidly.

Harry soon became initiated into all the acts of brush-burning which have been alluded to; but even after the impediments of the brush-heaps had been removed, the mass of timber lying upon the ground, in logs of every size and shape, seemed to Harry's inexperienced eye almost to forbid the hope of ever seeing in their room a clear and cultivated field. A week or ten days, however, spent with his men and oxen in the operation of rolling the said logs into heaps and burning them, (technically called "logging,") put him in the delighted possession of a five-acre field, positively and actually cleared of everything, barring the stumps. One of his men took his axe and went into the woods—found a

moderately sized tree, whose stem divided into a fork, or "crotch"—cut it down, and divided it immediately below the "crotch"—chopped off the legs thereof, about five or six feet from their junction—hewed it to a proper size—bored holes through the said legs, about a foot or fifteen inches from each other, with an auger—and into them drove some heavy iron teeth that Harry had been told to procure—and behold, an extempore harrow, admirably adapted, from its triangular shape and natural strength, for doing its business among the stumps. A portion of Harry's farm of five acres was sown with spring wheat, and scratched in with the implement just described; the remainder was put in potatoes and turnips, with the exception of a small patch of Indian corn and pumpkins. Previous to this, however, the fences had to be made. The straight, clean, and sound logs of pine, oak, white-ash, and basswood, which they had met with in their chopping, had been cut into logs twelve feet long, and reserved as "rail cuts." After the logging was over, these rail cuts were drawn to the place where the fence was to run, and then split into rails, of which the snake or zig-zag fence was constructed. All these operations were new to Harry. The monotony, which had begun to prove wearisome to him during the long winter, was completely dispelled. Each day brought new occupations, and made fresh demands upon his energies; and when he really saw his own crops growing up before him, he thought that his former reveries of prosperity in the Backwoods were not too highly coloured, Nathan Wynet, and his sombre predictions, to the contrary notwithstanding.

## CHAPTER IX.

JUNE was drawing to a close before these operations were completed, and after an interval of comparative leisure, Harry again commenced "logging."

"Hillo, Vernon," said Tom Nichol one day as he entered the clearing where our hero was at work with his men at the aforesaid occupation, "logging for your fall wheat already—you're a tremendous fellow for going a-head, to be sure. You must have a touch of the Yankee in you, I verily believe. Why, half the settlement haven't got their white turnips in yet, and hardly any one has finished fencing in the spring crops."

"Why, you know, I began early, and I haven't put in much spring crop, as I am anxious to get all I can into fall wheat. I shall put the potato and turnip ground into late wheat, but I want to get the rest of the chopping ready for the seed by the middle of September, for though they say that wheat does well upon this new land, though sown late, yet I think it just as well to be early if one can."

"Why, Vernon, you are become a miracle of farming; you talk of seed and seasons as learnedly as if you'd been bred at a plough-tail. I expect that you're about to become our model farmer—our pattern young man—only I pray you not to be too perfect, for I can't for

the life of me help hating your immaculate monsters. Do pray be content to be something like your neighbours, and don't leave us all behind in this way."

"Oh, no fear," said Vernon, smiling. "I'll have to knock off logging as soon as this corner is cleared, for I want to put up a small barn and some cattle-sheds, but I can't begin till I get these logs out of the way."

"That same building business is what has brought me your way to-day. We are going to have a 'bee' next week, and I want you to come and lend us a hand. We have a lot of spring wheat sown, and we want to get the barn up and the roof on before harvest."

"To be sure, I'll come, and bring the men with me too," replied Harry.

"Thank you, my good fellow, you're very kind, but that's not what we want. Ours is to be a gentleman bee;" and Tom Nichol drew himself up with much dignity. "None of your vulgar humdrum sort of bees, where Jack is as good as his master—no, no, we don't patronise those sort of things in our parts—we want you, but let your men stay at home."

"Bless me! how aristocratic we've grown of late! The only bee that I've been present at was very much mixed in its character, but certainly the *men* were the workers and the *gentlemen* were the drones on that occasion."

"Very true," replied Nichol, "but you're so out of the world down here, that you don't know what goes on in the settlement. We've had several bees since the one you allude to, and we've set blood against bone and beaten those fellows at their own weapons."

"Well, if the thing can be managed without them, it is an improvement, for I cannot say that I can so far forget old times as to admire the practice of all classes sitting down together, as appears the general rule at these bees."

"That custom," said Nichol, "has been unanimously voted a bore, and is rapidly becoming obsolete in civilised society. So mind you come to our barn-raising next Wednesday, and we'll see if we can't have some sort of shine in the evening."

After some further conversation, during which due honour was done to Harry's hospitality, Nichol again betook himself to the woods, and our hero to his handspike.

Wednesday arrived in due course, and starting at an early hour, Harry took himself off to Tom Nichol's. He arrived in good time, as he found that operations had not yet commenced, and the persons who were to form the bee were only gradually assembling.

The foundation of the intended building, consisting of four large logs "notched down" upon each other at the corners and resting upon some large blocks of pine, sawn off some huge tree and set upon end, was already laid. Nichol and his brother, together with his own servant-men and some of those who had already arrived, employed themselves in arranging the logs as conveniently as possible, preparing "skids," handspikes, and so forth. After everything was completed in the way of preparation, there was still a pause owing to the non-appearance of the corner-men, i. e. those who, from their greater expertness with the axe, stood upon the corners of the building and



notched the logs down upon each other as they were sent up. During this pause Harry walked to a little distance from the foundation to where he observed an acquaintance boring holes with a large auger near the extremities of some large saplings that were lying before him.

"Ah! O'Neil, is this you,—how are you?" said Harry.

"Ah! thin, the top o' the morning to ye's, Mистер Harry," replied O'Neil, looking up from his work, and assuming a rich brogue, which did not in truth belong to him. "And how has the world used you since last I served you, as I'm serving these poles?"

"Pretty well, thank you, but how was that?"

"Since I *bored* you," said O'Neil, giving his auger another turn,—"*bored* you with my *auguries* touching the probabilities of getting lost that evening we went over to Johnson's through the brush together."

"Botheration to you and your everlasting puns. But tell me what are you about here?"

"I'm engaged at this moment in an occupation extremely appropriate to an Irishman," replied O'Neil.

"Well, well, but tell me what it is."

"I'm *making bulls*,—don't you see?"

"Well," said Harry laughing, "I know very well what Irish bulls are, but I'm not old enough in building experience to understand what sort of bulls these are which you are now manufacturing."

"Why, you see, here I've let the daylight through the small end of these poles, about a couple of feet from the extreme point; and into these holes I shall fasten a good strong stick, which, projecting a foot or

two at nearly right angles, will form a sort of fork. When the building gets pretty high we can only roll the logs up the inclined plane, formed by the skids, with our shoulders and our handspikes to a certain height. Then it is that we apply the bulls. We catch the log on the projecting horn, and two or three clap on at the other end, and then up it goes like bricks and mortar. Now as you're a John Bull yourself, I hope you are sensible of your obligation to me in making you acquainted with the Canadian *branch* of your very respectable family."

"O, certainly," replied Vernon, smiling at the vivacity of his friend, who made it a point never to lose an opportunity of indulging in a joke, pun, or amusing story, without being very particular whether it were his own or any one's else.

"I'm sure I'll always feel grateful to you as the pleasant medium of becoming acquainted with the *Bulls* which the parts about here afford."

"You've hit it exactly, my dear fellow, our bulls are *Herefords*,—none of your short horns for us."

"Get out with your stupid punning.—Can't you talk five minutes without twisting a man's words into all sorts of unimaginable meanings?"

"Well, well, don't be savage, and I'll leave off my evil doings in that department,—and now, since I've put horns to the bulls, I may as well finish them off with a *tale*."

"A tail," said Harry, "you've not explained the nature or use of that appendage to bulls of this description."

"Ah, but the tale I'm talking of belongs to the

family of Irish bulls, and a very good tale it is, though perhaps it has been rather frequently *retailed*."

"As they don't seem as though they wanted us over at the building yet, let us have it, by all means. Old stories are better than bad puns, any day."

"You are very complimentary, certainly, though it's very consoling to know that owing to your natural obtusity you cannot estimate wit; I'll therefore try to amuse you with something better suited to your comprehension—

"A countryman of mine went over to England to visit a friend who lived close to a small country town. At an evening party some of his new English acquaintance began to banter him upon the national predilection for my occupation of this morning—bull-making—to wit."

"Troth," says Pat, "I don't see that we're any way singular in our fondness for bulls. I walked through this town of yours this morning, and bad luck to me if there's a sign in it scarce, that isn't the sign of the Bull."

"Oh, you're labouring under a mistake," replied some of his friends, "there are not above three or four such signs in the whole town."

"Three or four!" replied Pat, "is it three or four ye said? Bedad, it was myself counted a good half-dozen this blessed morning before breakfast."

"I can assure you," said another, laughing, "that you are wrong, for I happen to know that there are exactly five."

"Six, by St. Patrick," responded his namesake, "and I'll soon prove it to you. First," and he com-

menced counting on his fingers, "there's the Black Bull, that's one; and then there's the White Bull, that's two; then there's the Brindled Bull, that's three; and the Red Bull, that's four; and the Pied Bull, that's five; and then,"—said he, beginning to look puzzled for a moment,—but suddenly brightening up,—“then,” said he, triumphantly, “there's the *Dun Cow.*”—

“That's a bull,”—“that's a bull,”—shouted the bystanders, convulsed with laughter and delight at having caught Paddy so neatly.

“That's a bull, is it?” said he, as soon as he could make himself heard through the peals of laughter; sticking his hands at the same time into his pocket and looking round him with an extraordinary comic air,—“Ah, now; do ye really mean to say *that's* a bull?”

“To be sure it is,”—“Of course it is,” cried half-a-dozen voices at once, and again the laughter broke forth anew.

“Ah, then, bedad, *that's the sixth bull*; so I'm right, and ye're wrong.”

While Harry was enjoying the drollery of his friend, they were suddenly startled by a shout from the building, of “Beef,” “beef,” accompanied by a waving of hands, which evidently denoted that their presence was required.

“Beef!” exclaimed Harry. “What on earth are they singing out ‘beef’ for in that extraordinary way. Perhaps, O'Neil, they want one of your ‘bulls,’ for that is the only thing of the beef kind we can afford them.”

"Hurra," cried O'Neil, laughing, "see the effects of keeping good company. You're getting witty, Vernon, positively witty, but you're uncommonly *green* withal, for one would think you had only come into the Bush yesterday instead of a year ago."

"I know the Bush as well as any of you, and better than some; but I have seldom been at a bee before, and I'm a stranger as yet to the technicalities of building."

"Well, well, come along; for it's us they want, and we'll soon initiate you into the conventionalities of good society," and away they hurried to their companions.

The corner-men had taken their places, and were waiting for timber. The "short skids" (which were two stout saplings of moderate length, one end resting on the ground, and the other on the logs which were already laid, thus forming an inclined plane up which to roll the succeeding logs,) were in their places, and the work commenced vigorously. The party was strong-handed, the gentlemen settlers having assembled from all parts of the neighbourhood. It was, indeed, a strange scene, if the mind was allowed to dwell upon it, to see men, who but a short time before had been so differently occupied, assemble in a little clearing in the far Backwoods for the purpose of erecting a log barn with their own hands. There were men of ancient blood and gentle breeding,—officers of the army and navy, with their sons; lawyers, merchants, doctors,—besides a large sprinkling among the younger portion of those present, who, since they had left school or college, had been industriously occupied in doing nothing. The

charm of novelty, however, tended to give a zest to their present employments, and you would have travelled a long day's journey ere you would have met a merrier party. Round after round of logs went up, and when the horn was sounded to call them home to dinner, the barn was already some six or seven logs high. The dinner was purely a Bush dinner of a one year old settlement. At one end of the table was a leg of pork boiled, and at the sides there were sundry dishes of pork fried, and at the other end there was an extraordinary novelty, to explain which, it is necessary to inform the reader that the Miss Nichols had succeeded in importing some fowls from the old settlements; and, consequently, were the envied possessors of some fresh eggs. These enabled them to make batter, in which a respectable number of slices of the staple were fried, and thus the company rejoiced in a dish of pork fritters. Then there was bread and a few vegetables, the first fruits of the garden; and the whole concluded with a vast pie, made of dried apples brought across the lake, the crust of which pie was enriched with pork fat instead of butter,—the said fat having previously undergone a process to fit it for the purpose aforesaid. Though Doctor Kitchener might, perhaps, have turned up his nose at the idea of such "a spread," yet we may venture to assert, that if he had been building log barns for half a day, he would have played a knife and fork by no means contemptible even there. Without being positive on this point, however, it is quite certain that those who *were* present did ample justice to the fare provided for them, as well as to the beverage wherewith they moistened their clay,—pure spring water,—to

wit,—qualified by a proper medium of Canadian whiskey.

Dinner having been concluded in a very satisfactory manner, the pipes were next brought into requisition, and after they had been dispatched, work was the word once more. The corner-men resumed their places, one or two of the most particular having first improved the edge of their axes with a touch of the whetstone. The rest gathered round and discussed the point as to *which* corner was the lowest, and which consequently required the “butt” of the next log.

“Hillo there, Nichol,” cried Jack Drayton, who was on one of the corners, “the building is too high for these skids, they’re almost perpendicular,—let us have some longer ones, will you.”

“Aye, aye,” replied Nichol, “they’re all ready,—and here are lots of following-poles too, for the hand-spikes will be too short directly, and we’ll want something longer.”

“Have you got any bulls ready?” asked Johnson; “we had better have some at hand before we want them.”

“Oh, yes,—they’re all right. O’Neil there, who makes better bulls than any of us, was at work this morning,—and here he comes with one of them.”

O’Neil, who was very active, had got one of the before-mentioned bulls upon his shoulder, and was coming along at a trot. Between him and the building there had stood a fence, which had, however, been thrown down for the occasion; and the loose rails of which it had been composed were lying about upon the ground. Over some of these O’Neil unfortunately stumbled, and away he went like a shot out of a shovel,

until he and his bull coming to the ground together, almost in the midst of his companions, sent them hither and thither, in order to avoid being transfixed by the end of it. No sooner, however, was O'Neil down, than fearing that he was seriously hurt, they all flew back to his assistance.

"O'Neil, my dear fellow, you're not hurt? I hope you're not hurt?" cried a dozen voices at once.

O'Neil gathered himself up in a moment, and seizing one leg with his hand, he hopped about on the other, grinning, at the same time, in a somewhat equivocal manner, between mirth and misery. The ruling passion soon prevailed, however.

"Hurt! Oh, no; not much hurt; but"—and here he gave another hop or two—"hang that sarcastic dog Nichol; there's no *standing his raillery!*"

"Good!" "capital!" "excellent?" sung out half-a-dozen, who were delighted to find him well enough to pun, without, at that particular moment, being critical as to its quality.

"I don't think it's so very good to be so nearly killed as I have been," said young Stuart, in a peevish tone. "I wish to goodness, O'Neil, you'd not be so stupid as to go stumbling about in that way. The horn of that bull was nearly the death of me; and as it was, it has scratched my head. And just see," he added, taking his hand down from the aggrieved part, and looking rather frightened, "just see how it bleeds."

"Ah, yes," replied O'Neil, still rubbing his shins, and looking more comical than ever, "that unfortunate horn! I'm sorry to see that yours is decidedly a case of *gore.*"



"I tell you what, O'Neil," said Stuart, evidently annoyed at the want of sympathy he had experienced, and the merriment which O'Neil's comic way of bringing out his drolleries invariably provoked; "I tell you what it is, I don't see the fun of cutting a fellow's head open first and then laughing at him afterwards."

"You're an uncommonly funny fellow, Stuart," replied O'Neil. "Who would have fancied that you would have regarded the expression of my sympathy as 'the unkindest *cut* of all?'"

The fun and good humour of O'Neil soon brought things round; and as neither his bruises nor Stuart's wounds proved very deadly, the work went forward as cheerily as before. Ropes were brought and fastened by one end to the topmost log at each extremity of the building, while the other was passed round the next log that was to come up and handed back to the corner-man, who hauled away at it, and thus materially assisted in rolling it up the skids. A young madcap named Stanhope, a son of our formal friend, who was one of the corner-men, had fastened his rope, and while waiting for the others, began to amuse himself with the loose bight which he held in his hand.

"I say, Charlie," whispered he to Sanderson, who had come over from the opposite corner to help him to haul up the rope when the log should be ready; "I'll bet sixpence that I'll catch Morris with the bight of this rope as if it were a lasso."

"If you do," said Sanderson in reply, "he'll thrash you as sure as a gun."

"I'll give him leave to do that when he can catch

me," said Stanhope; "but *I guess* he'll have to take a quarter's gymnastics before he will be able to do that. So here goes."

At that moment Morris was just below him, and, by a dexterous twist of the rope, he passed it fairly round Morris's neck, and gave him a pull that astonished him.

"You intolerable young scoundrel," shouted Morris, as soon as he comprehended what had happened to him; "you atrocious young villain. If I don't break every bone in your body, then I'm a Dutchman."

Rushing to one of the corners, he began to scramble up, while Stanhope stood on the top, splitting his sides with laughter. When Morris, however, had nearly reached the topmost log, he took to his heels and scampered round the building from corner to corner like a squirrel. The building was now a considerable height, and poor Morris found, on gaining the top, that he had neither steadiness of head nor sureness of foot to run along a single log at such a distance from the ground. He, therefore, sat down astride upon it, and propelled himself with his hands and feet; but he soon found the hopelessness of his pursuit. He was compelled, however, to join at last in the laughter that was ringing on all sides; and compromised the matter by promising Stanhope a sound drubbing when he caught him off the building.

"Oh, never mind him," said Drayton, still laughing. "You're not choked, Morris, after all—only a little black in the face," and he pointed to his brow, which was of a fine negro tint, in consequence of his having unconsciously wiped the perspiration from it with his

hand, which was begrimed from grasping some charred logs which were in the building.

"I'd advise you, Stanhope," said a young Medico, "to relinquish cornering and emigrate to Constantinople. You'd make your fortune at the bow-string."

"If I might offer a suggestion," observed O'Neil, and the twinkle of his eye showed there was a pun coming, "I would recommend the capital of Palestine in preference, for there he would have a chance of immortality as the discoverer of a new species of *Jerusalem art-o'-choke*."

While the bystanders were abusing O'Neil's pun, and laughing at it—both of which they always made a point of doing—they were suddenly called to order.

"Come, come, boys, it's getting late," said Johnson, "let's have no more skylarking, or we shan't get the plates on Nichol's barn to-night."

"Timber! timber! timber!" shouted the cornermen.

Those on the ground immediately commenced, first with handspikes, and then with their shoulders, to roll the log up the skids.

"Are you sure you've got that rope all safe, Stanhope?" asked Johnson. "Are you sure that there's no danger of its slipping?"

"It's impossible," replied Stanhope; "I've got the true timber hitch."

"A new form of disease that, Doctor, that Stanhope's got. Shove her up. Heave O!" shouted O'Neil. "This log's mighty heavy, so it is; a new form of disease—I say—the timber itch—hadn't you better prescribe for him, Doctor, dear?"

"Oh," said the Doctor, "try sulphur—it's the sovereignest remedy on earth for diseases of that class."

"Very good, indeed, Doctor; but I think, as a temporary measure, we had better administer a little *logwood*. Heave O!—up she goes!"

"For goodness sake, O'Neil," said Johnson, rather sharply, "let us have no tom-foolery till we get this log up; if people begin to laugh and let go their hold, the log will be down, and some of us will get killed. Do pray be quiet."

"Oh! I'll be as quiet as a mouse if you desire it," replied O'Neil. "You shan't hear a *pun-stir* even if you listen," and his eye twinkled merrily, as putting his handspike in a fresh place he lifted with all his might.

"Hold hard, men!" shouted Nichol. "It's no use trying to put up both ends of the log at once; we're not strong enough."

"Well, then, let us secure this end where it is," said Morris. "Hillo! Stanhope, you young rascalion, make that rope fast by a double turn round the top of the skid, and hold on to it, and let's see whether you are as good at work as in playing pranks on your betters."

"Bring one of the short bulls," said Nichol; "if we put his horn under the log, and his butt on the ground, that and the rope together will keep this end fast, I'll be bound."

"That's all right," observed Johnson, when these arrangements had been completed, and one man left to watch that the bull did not slip from its proper position when the other end of the log was raised to its place,

“that’s all right—now, men—to this end—beef! beef!—to this end all of you,” and clustering towards one extremity with their bulls, following-poles, hand-spikes, &c. &c., they soon deposited it on the top of the building, where having secured it, they proceed to lift the other to the same level.

Evening was beginning to close in before the walls of the building were completed; and as they went towards the house to perform the ablutions necessary to prepare them to appear at the evening meal, Harry thought that there were many things in this world more unpleasant than “a raising.”

The reader may be left to imagine how merrily the evening was passed; neither would it be a matter of much interest to tell him how there were only two beds in the house at the disposal of the guests; and how four slept in one of those beds and five in the other; and how some deposited themselves upon the floor and others upon boxes. It would not, we again repeat, be a matter of much interest or information—for we do not possess in Canada any *peculiar* way of packing fifteen or twenty of Her Majesty’s lieges into two beds,—and therefore he can imagine how people in other parts of the world would accomplish this operation, and then he may confidently conclude that it was effected, in the present instance, in a way very similar. We shall only add, in the words of O’Neil, that “the night was by no means the least cheerful part of the day.”

## CHAPTER X.

THE particulars related in the last chapter may convey some idea both of the nature of some of those occasions which brought the settlers together, and of the cheerful and merry-hearted mode in which the work went forward, among the class described. But while the records of many a cheerful hour might easily be noted, we might also dwell upon many an instance of severe and trying hardship, and many a case of bitter disappointment and distress. We shall not, however, on this occasion, at least, go into detail in this part of the subject, for however general the sketch might be, there would nevertheless be so strong and unavoidable a resemblance in many of its features, to numerous real cases of distress and suffering, that it would be difficult to avoid the imputation of personality. We have endeavoured to describe, without exaggeration, the state of the settlement, the difficulties which not even the power of money could overcome, and the wants which it was unable to supply. We must therefore leave the reader to imagine the trials which must have been unavoidably encountered by such a class of persons as have been alluded to. At the present period of our story hardship was in its heyday in the township of Monkleigh, although the warm and friendly feeling which was general among the settlers,

together with the novelty of their situation, and the bright anticipations of hope, did much to lighten it. The days of disappointment and regret were yet to come. It will not, however, be necessary to trace, either in the experience of Vernon or his neighbour, the gradual development of those days. At all events it will be needless to do so with that minuteness of detail which has marked the narrative of the earlier period of our hero's history. The reader must now imagine that two or three years have passed away. The clearings have become considerably extended—the houses comparatively more comfortable—the cattle more numerous—the settlers more busy. A saw-mill or two have been erected, and consequently boards are no longer at such a premium as formerly. A grist-mill also betokens a state of advancing civilisation, and throws the hand-mills into the shade. Farming machines begin to make their appearance rather generally, and one or two persons of sanguine temperament actually begin to talk about PLOUGHS; affirming, that some of their land having been chopped for years, the stumps *must* be beginning to decay.

The settlers gradually become more and more absorbed in their own immediate concerns, and have less sympathy and interest to bestow on those of their neighbours, and consequently there is a sensible falling off in that warm feeling which, by reason of their mutual dependence, bound them to each other in the early days of the settlement. They are more independent of each other, and consequently more selfish. But notwithstanding all their exertions, and notwithstanding the fact, that the period had arrived, when,

according to all the authorities on Canadian subjects at that time in vogue, they should have been in possession (as they had fully expected) of every substantial comfort which a farm can be expected to afford, they found a most unpleasant but most unmistakeable discrepancy between these anticipations and their fulfilment. Strange as it may sound, yet it is nevertheless true, that scarcely a single family in the settlement, of the upper class, had yet succeeded in raising a sufficient quantity of wheat to provide their own households with bread, while all the efforts in "the slaughtering line," could not prevent their accounts from being disfigured, by such items, as sundry barrels of pork, varying in price from twelve to seventeen dollars each. And if this was the case with the principal necessaries of life, to the production of which all efforts were directed, it may easily be supposed that there was a still greater deficiency in numberless other particulars. In fact, the farms, if they might be so called, swallowed up everything expended upon them in the way of labour, and did not return even food enough to sustain those who toiled upon them, much less did they repay the wages which were necessarily expended.

Harry's farming operations formed no exception to the general rule. It is true that he had no family to sustain, but he kept constantly one man, often two, and sometimes three, to assist him in clearing land, and in carrying on the necessary work of the farm, while the wife of one of them was engaged to see to the household duties and comforts. These people were paid by Harry at the usual high rate which prevails generally in Canada, in return for which they ate up everything



produced by the joint efforts of themselves and the farm, besides a great deal more which had to be paid for from other quarters. He still, however, continued to hope, that as his clearing increased, his expenses would diminish, and that before long he would be under no obligation to draw so frequently upon his father, as he had done heretofore.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that the strongly expressed opinions of Nathan Wynet recurred to his mind more frequently than they formerly did, and his visions of prosperity in the Backwoods lost somewhat of their vividness.

During the winter things did pretty well—there was abundance of provisions of the staple kinds; but after the middle of summer there was, generally speaking, a decided change for the worse. The flour was all eaten up—the pork had utterly disappeared; and as the nearest butcher was some sixty miles off, there was a considerable degree of perplexity as to the means of supplying the wants of the settlement.

During one of these seasons of dearth, Harry went off to the landing-place, on a foraging expedition, a boat being expected from the other side of the lake with provisions, and sundry other articles for the one or two "stores" which had been opened at what was called "the village." On reaching his destination, he found half a dozen of his acquaintances there, on the same errand as himself; and though the boat had arrived, she had brought them disappointment, instead of pork. The fact was, that she had stopped at one or two places on her way to Monkleigh, and had been emptied of everything eatable long before she had completed her voyage.

"I'll tell you what," said Jack Drayton, looking excessively dismal, "I'll be invisible soon, if this goes on. You'll hear my voice perhaps, but you'll not see me, for I'm getting so thin, that you'll look straight through me without knowing it."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," replied Captain Conway, an old officer who was present. "For my part, my stomach is in a state of collapse, and I don't know whether it will ever come right again. I declare this is worse than campaigning."

"A pretty state of things for a country where we all supposed that game was so plentiful," observed Vernon. "I've been cattle-hunting in the Bush these two days, and I took my gun with me, in hopes of knocking over something that would furnish a fellow with a dinner in these hard times; but I saw nothing to shoot, unless it was a red squirrel, or a woodpecker or two."

"Shooting," exclaimed O'Neil. "Bad luck to the shot I've fired since the year that the bears came across the settlement; and here am I like a big fool, with a rifle and two double-barrels, and powder enough to blow up the Tower of London. I'm almost inclined to trade on favourable terms; I'd almost consent to give a double-barrel for a single-barrel—if that single-barrel was a barrel of pork."

"I shouldn't object to flour," said Morris. "We scraped out our last barrel this morning, and its contents only made a cake as large as the bottom of the frying-pan, and that was short allowance for a family breakfast, I can tell you. I declare to you, that I've had nothing since, except my dinner, which con-

sisted of half of a speckled trout which my sister caught in the brook."

"I trust that you did not over-eat yourself," said O'Neil, with a concerned look.

"Certainly not," replied Morris, laughing, "if I may judge from my present appetite. And now I move, as we have all some distance to go, that since Swillit, the tavern-keeper, has something in his house to eat, though he has nothing to sell, we adjourn thither, and before we part indulge in the now rare luxury of a regular tuck-out."

This motion was carried by acclamation, and they forthwith betook themselves to Mr. Swillit's best room, where in due season a very respectable meal, considering the great difficulties of the commissariat department, was set before them. It is hardly necessary to add, that the guests did most ample justice to the substantial, and hardly less honour to the fluids dispensed from Swillit's bar.

Whether it was that the patronage thus extended to him opened his heart, or whether it was the prospect of making an extra dollar or two that influenced him, certain it is that the said Swillit entered the room after his guests had finished their repast, and with something of mystery in his manner, expressed his regret that the gentlemen should be so put to it by the boat not having brought the expected provisions—that he was very nearly out himself—very nearly indeed; but still, rather than see them in a bad way, he thought he *could* perhaps spare them a barrel of flour; and that he had reasons for thinking that Mr. Notions, the store-keeper, could be persuaded to part with one of the two barrels

which he had reserved for his own use ; and finally, that he was willing to take whatever price should be named by Mr. Notions. Swillit was unanimously declared to be a very decent obliging fellow ; an opinion, however, which underwent some slight modification when they ascertained that neither he, nor his friend Mr. Notions, would accept one shilling less than *fourteen dollars* a barrel for the flour, being about three times its ordinary price.

However, there was no help for it. The flour was accordingly purchased, and divided among those who were present in such a manner as was most likely to supply their several wants until the arrival of a fresh supply.

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## CHAPTER XI.

It is so long since we lost sight of Mr. Lawrence and his family, that the reader must have well nigh forgotten them. We must now, however, recal them to his recollection. Harry had frequently visited them since the period of our last acquaintance with them, and sometimes during the winter spent a considerable time under their roof. Though Mr. Lawrence was very much the senior of our hero, there was nevertheless a strong feeling of friendship between them, and there was nothing of constraint or fear in the deep feeling of respect with which Harry regarded his friend. These visits were of the greatest benefit to the former, as they tended in a

degree to remedy some of the evils resulting from his situation. He had been carefully, and to a certain extent religiously, brought up. He was, generally speaking, extremely well disposed, and free hitherto from anything like vice or immorality. But the separation from all those ministrations of religion which, by their frequent recurrence, are calculated to force its importance upon the mind, had been accompanied by a most marked and injurious effect upon the character of the settlers at large, and he had not by any means escaped the general deterioration. Nothing could more effectually convince the most unreflecting of the necessity of the Divine institution of the sacred ministry, not merely to men's eternal but their temporal well-being, than to watch the melancholy consequences resulting from the want thereof among a community of Christian men in the depths of the forest. This downward tendency in Vernon's particular case was not so uninterrupted as in many others. The blessings of a sincerely religious education cannot easily be altogether thrown away, or its restraints forgotten. And its power was much strengthened by the earnest, sincere, and practical form which religion assumed in the pleasing character of Mr. Lawrence. Harry's visits, therefore, were fraught with benefit as well as pleasure to himself—benefit arising not only from the conduct and conversation of his friend, but also from the solemn feelings produced upon his mind by the now unusual opportunity of worshipping God in the public assemblies of His Church.

"I do most sincerely wish," said he, one Sunday evening to Mr. Lawrence, as they returned from the seemly little church in the village of Wilton, "I do

most sincerely wish, that we could only have a clergyman among us in the Bush. I'm a very long way from being what I ought to be; but I don't think I should be as bad as I am if there was only something and some person to put one in mind of one's duty now and then."

"I am sure, from your account of the state of things amongst you, there is very urgent need that you should be no longer without the ordinances of religion. People can scarcely realise the greatness of the want till they have the opportunity of tracing it in the results."

"We are, indeed, a sad set," said Harry. "We are becoming practically heathens—working like galley-slaves all the week, and making Sunday a general holiday, with the pleasures of which, if a little business can be united, so much the better. We have no one to startle us from our worldliness by bringing to our minds those solemn considerations which we are so prone to forget; and when anything happens to sober us a little, the effect soon passes away, for there is nothing to deepen the impression and render it permanent."

"The picture you draw is a melancholy one," replied Mr. Lawrence, "but surely you do not mean to allow things to remain in this sad state. I trust that you will succeed in erecting your church, however homely it may be; and with the aid of your friends at home, surely your settlement might do something towards sustaining a clergyman."

"I see very little chance of success in either one way or the other; there has been a good deal of talking upon the subject, but though some funds even have been collected still nothing is done—'What is every one's

business,' you know, 'is nobody's'—and I am afraid the whole thing will fall to the ground. People are becoming accustomed to do without the ordinances of the faith, and are yearly becoming more indifferent to them. Our wants in this respect used to be a subject of frequent conversation and regret, but now we scarcely hear such a thing mentioned. We are becoming so used to our spiritual destitution that we hardly know and certainly seldom *feel* it to be such."

"But surely you must feel your wants when sickness and death come among you?"

"We do, certainly; at all events to some extent. There was a great gloom thrown over the settlement last winter when poor young Middleton was lost on the ice in a snow storm, and was found next day frozen to death. It was a sad scene when we all gathered round his almost solitary grave, under some tall pine trees. It was a dark gloomy day, but so cold that the snow, with which the clouds seemed burdened; could not come down except in scattered flakes. The wind sighed and moaned through the tree tops with a melancholy sound, and everything around us was most depressing. The despondency appeared to reach its height, when, for a moment, it seemed as if the poor fellow was going to be buried like a dog. Not one amongst us all but missed the parson THEN; no one for some minutes volunteered to act as chaplain, till a naval officer who was present took a Prayer-book from his pocket, and while we all uncovered as well as we might in such a bitter blast, he reverently read a few passages from the burial service. If we could only have had some one then," added Harry, "who would have spoken to us kindly and earnestly

and seriously, none can tell how much good it might have done us, both individually and as a community."

"It might, indeed," responded Mr. Lawrence; "and how should the knowledge of such circumstances influence all, who value the highest and immortal interests of mankind, to strain every nerve to extend the ministrations of the Church, which is the divinely-appointed agent for conveying the blessings of Redemption to the souls of men."

"She has no lack of work before her," observed Vernon; "for not only are the new settlements in this state, but churches and clergymen are far from abundant in the older ones. There is a great change for the better in this neighbourhood since you came here."

"There is," replied Mr. Lawrence; "and I thank God that He has permitted me to be, in some measure, the instrument of effecting that change. Soon after we came, I found that I couldn't follow surgery and farming too; and as I understood the one, and did not understand the other, I let the farm and removed here, to the outskirts of the village, in order the better to attend to my profession. Being now close to the church, I resolved to use my efforts to render it more fit for the purpose for which it was designed. We raised money sufficient to pay the debt which encumbered it. We got the interior completed, and we have remedied, as far as possible, its incorrigible outward ugliness. The good effect of rendering the building seemly and handsome, as far as our means would permit, was at once apparent in the increase of our congregation. At that time we had only occasional service performed by the clergyman at Overton; but our



distance from him was so great, and his other duties so numerous, that it was utterly beyond his power to give us that attention which the growth of the place required. After various efforts, we have now, thank God, got a parson of our own; and the happy effects of this are becoming every day more apparent."

"You have certainly done a great deal in a few years," said Harry; "more, indeed, than one individual could have hoped to accomplish."

"I have not done it alone. I always had the sanction and advice of the clergyman at Overton, and the assistance of many in the neighbourhood, besides that of our friends at home. I have not been the machinery, as it were, by which these changes have been brought about: I have merely been the means of setting it agoing, and keeping it at work."

"Even in that point of view," replied Harry, "the thought of what you have done in this good work must be to you a source of great satisfaction."

"Rather a source of great thankfulness and gratitude that I should have been permitted to enjoy the privileges of advancing, in the remotest degree, the interests of the Church. This is felt, my dear boy, to be an honour of no common sort, when we see and realise the truth, that the Church is the body of Him who died for us."

"I wish I knew more of these things, and could enter into such views and motives," said Harry. "If I did, I even might be of some use among some of our people in Monkleigh."

"There was never one, my dear Harry," replied Mr. Lawrence, warmly, "who honestly *wished* to know more of the things of God but sought to do so; and

no one ever sought in sincerity who did not find; and as for being of use in our proper and legitimate sphere, the result of my observation is, that there is seldom a case where an earnest-minded man, who, in humble dependence on the Divine blessing, directs his efforts energetically to carry out any well-considered object calculated to promote God's glory and man's good, but who almost invariably meets with success. If we are resolved to succeed, we generally do so."

This conversation was carried on in a similar strain for some time; and before it was concluded, Harry opened his heart completely to Mr. Lawrence. He told him that for a long time back he had had many hours of serious thought and reflection, and was by no means easy as to his state—that he felt much ignorance—much need of instruction—that he was sincerely desirous to live as a Christian man ought to live; but that his unworthiness appeared so great, and his weakness in everything that was good so unconquerable, that he could not bring himself to hope that he would ever become a really consistent Christian. It need hardly be said how warmly and affectionately his friend entered into his feelings—how he sympathised with, instructed, and cheered him. The reserve which is generally felt on these subjects having been once overcome, their subsequent communications were open and unrestrained; and when some short time after Harry bade his friends at Wilton farewell, he departed to his Backwood home, with a lightened heart, and with every good and holy purpose confirmed and strengthened.

## CHAPTER XII.

ALTHOUGH the subsequent history of Harry Vernon will necessarily lead us to glance at some of the religious and ecclesiastical phases of Canadian life, yet it is not our intention to write a religious story, properly so called. We do not, therefore, feel called upon to enter into a detailed account of the state of our hero's mind further than may be requisite to explain the principles and course of action adopted by him in the various circumstances into which he was subsequently thrown. On his return to Monkleigh from the visit alluded to in the last chapter, he daily devoted a portion of his time to the earnest perusal of Holy Scripture and some excellent books which Mr. Lawrence had lent him, and which were well adapted to deepen the good impression which had been made upon his mind.

He was much alone, in consequence of his distance from the main body of the settlement; and the season being winter, the long evenings were spent by him in solitary thought, study, or devotion. The effect of this communion with himself and God, proved to Vernon an inestimable blessing. The sense of his shortcomings and misdoings, his forgetfulness of God, and his ingratitude and worldliness of spirit, filled him with unfeigned humility, and led him to deep repentance.

One thought, in particular, which had been strongly

impressed upon his mind by Mr. Lawrence, tended much to produce in him sincere contrition and lowliness of heart. And that was, that his offences were the sins, not of a heathen or an infidel, but of a *Christian*; that, having at his baptismal hour been numbered among the children of God, and having at his confirmation solemnly ratified the engagement which had been made in his name, his transgressions had not merely been violations of the Divine law, but had been acts of unnatural disobedience against a most compassionate and loving *Father*. These considerations so abased him in his own eyes, that the Redeemer appeared to him almost in a new light. He had been too well taught not to know theoretically that, as sinful and fallen creatures, we can have no other refuge or hope but only in the blood and merits of the Saviour; but it was not until now, when he had been taught to know himself, that he rightly or realisingly understood the immeasurable love and long-suffering of Christ, or knew anything of that gratitude and thankfulness which we owe to Him for His unmerited mercy in dying for us. He began to understand, from his own experience, what St. Paul meant when he said that the *love* of Christ constrained us to die to *sin* and rise again unto *righteousness*.

This, in fact, became the mainspring of Harry's conduct, his great principle of action; and to its influence must be attributed the course of conduct which he pursued for the future. His endeavour was to prove the genuineness of his faith and "the sincerity of his love" by an humble and honest endeavour to walk (by the Divine strength) in accord-

ance with his Saviour's will. It has not occupied much time or space to state the alteration which had taken place in Vernon's principles, but it must not, therefore, be supposed that it was a sudden alteration. He had been reflecting upon these subjects long before he spoke to Mr. Lawrence; and a very considerable period elapsed subsequent to that time ere his views, principles, and resolutions took the definite form in which they have just been stated. It has been mentioned that, to a certain extent, Harry had been religiously brought up; and had his religious education been more sound, his knowledge of these things might have been earlier, and more gradual than it was, and might have sufficed to keep him from many evils into which he unguardedly fell. As it was he had given way to worldliness and forgetfulness of God ere his religious views or principles were clear or well defined; and in struggling back to the narrow path in which he had been placed at holy baptism, he had difficulties, sorrows, and dangers to encounter, which otherwise he might have escaped. Time rolled on, and as his views and principles became settled, the good effects of his intercourse with Mr. Lawrence became manifest in the strongly *practical* character which Vernon's religion assumed. One of the first fruits which it produced was the establishment of daily worship in his household. His workpeople were called together morning and evening, and one of the lessons for the day and a portion of the liturgy were reverently read. He feared, at first, that during the busy seasons it would be difficult to keep up the morning devotions, but when the effort was made he found it nothing.

The time appointed was, when the men came in to breakfast, and the short space required for the service was never missed. It was the best and only substitute which could be provided for the public hearing of grace which the Church provides in her daily prayers; and the effects produced by it were highly beneficial. Finding that their employer's general life and conduct corresponded with the admonitions which he read to them from Holy Scripture, and with the prayers which he offered up with them, the workpeople looked upon Harry with great respect, and never in his presence were guilty of gross or profane language. Another means which he adopted for the good of himself and his servants, was gathering them together on Sundays and reading the full service, those parts of course excepted which are to be used only by a priest. After the service he also used to read one of Bishop Wilson's or Bishop Beveridge's Sermons, copies of which he had received from Mr. Lawrence.

At some distance from the lake, and running parallel to it, there were some very bad cedar-swamps, which were difficult to cross. Beyond these swamps rose a fine tract of hardwood-land, which was thickly settled with old-country emigrants of the lower class. These settlers, though at no great distance from Harry's clearing, were altogether cut off from the lake by the swamps already mentioned, and they reached their settlement by a long land-road leading from the landing-place, or, as it was more generally called, "the village." A man who belonged to this settlement had been hired by Vernon; and the swamps being so difficult to cross, and the way round by the village

being so far, he thought it hardly worth while to return to his father's shanty for the sake of spending Sunday. Harry had been pleased with the man's attention and devoutness at morning and evening prayer; and when, on Sunday forenoon, he summoned them together for worship, this Thomas Clarke received the invitation with evident pleasure. After the service was over, Harry wandered down to the margin of the lake, and loitered for some time along the beach, enjoying the beauty of the scene. The season was the early summer. The larger part of the surface of the lovely sheet of water that stretched before him was calm and unruffled; but here and there a smaller space was rippling restlessly and in darker colours, until its tiny billows were lost in the placidity by which it was surrounded. Anon, as he gazed, a light breeze swept across its bosom; the spots of darker hue extended until they met, and the whole surface of the lake became agitated and disturbed. Again the breeze died away, and all became still; its last sigh expired among the foliage, and the leaves of the poplars that overhung the lake fluttered themselves to rest; the tiny waves came wearily to the shore, and then, gently retiring, sunk into repose. The whole scene was pervaded by a stillness and deep tranquillity which seemed suited to the day of holy rest. The waters lay "peaceful as a cradled child," and they caught the shapes and reflected in all their beauty the bright colours of the gorgeous clouds that floated in the heavens above.

And while Harry looked thereon, he remembered Him who can say to the waters of the troubled soul

"Peace, be still." And as the clouds of heaven were reflected from the bosom of the tranquil lake, even so (thought he) ought we to be ever able to trace some resemblance to the Saviour's moral attributes in the character of those who are pledged to walk in His holy footsteps, and who bear His sacred signs upon their brow.

While occupied in these reflections his attention was attracted by the sound of some one approaching, and on looking round saw Thomas Clarke almost close beside him.

"Well, Clarke," said Harry, addressing him; "come down like myself to have a look at the lake, I suppose? And it's very well worth looking at too; I hardly ever saw it more beautiful than it is to-day."

"You may say that, sir," replied Clarke; "and it do seem to do a man's eyes good to look a little farther than 'cross t' clearin', and that's about as far as most on us in 't bush can see frae' one month's end tae t'other."

"I was very glad by the way to hear you read the responses this morning," observed Harry. "I have often to read the whole of the service myself, and that is what I don't like. I hope you will always do so as long as you are with me."

"That I will, sir, you may depend. Deary me! but it did my heart good to hear 't church sarvice again. It's better than four years sin' I heard it before, and this morning it seemed as if I was back again in 't ould country. There's no pray'rs, sir, like 't church pray'rs, at least to my thinking."

"I'm very glad Clarke that we are so much of the



same mind, for I have met many from your part of the world who thought very differently."

"That's true, I'd say," replied Clarke, "for there's a vast o' Dissenters about Yorkshire, but my feyther was always a stiff ould churchman, and wouldn't let on us ha' ought to do wi' them. We oft' used to gang tae 't city, and when we could manage it, he would tak' some on us tae 't minster, and after I'd been there I never could 'bide the meeting-house and its ways. But, deary me!" he added, "we hear little enough either of church or meeting in this country."

"Too little indeed," replied Vernon; "and we see the effects of it in the forgetfulness and neglect of all our religious duties, which are so general among us."

"Why, sir, we're about as like Turks as Christians, at least back in our settlement. Sunday is 't great day for shooting when pigeons come past, and sometimes it is forgotten altogether. I past James Holden's clearing once and found him hard at work chopping, and when I asked why he worked on Sunday, he held out that 't was Saturday—he'd fairly lost count, and I'd hard work to show him he was wrong."

"It is a sad state of things, truly. But is there no one among you who could read the service? That would be far better than nothing; you might meet at each other's houses, and take the part of reader in turns."

"Why, bless you, sir," replied Clarke, "there's scarce one in all 't settlement that's scholar enough to read 't church service. There war' Job Stephens, to be sure, who'd been a great methody at hoam, he tried to hold some prayer meetin's, and he did pray, for sartin,

if making a noise is praying, but some folks thought that his prayers and his life didn't agree, and so they came tae nowt."

"You speak of your father as one who has a great regard for religion, and you have evidently had some education from the way you read. Could your family do nothing in the way I have mentioned?"

"Why, sir, you see, folks like us doan't like to put themselves for'ard. My ould feyther, who's a good man I believe, if ever there was one, tries to keep t' fear o' God in his own house, but he wouldn't like to tak' upon himself to teach his neighbours. Me and my brother, who is a better scholar than me by a great sight, tried to keep up a sort o' Sunday-school in our poor way, but though the neighbours warn't very far off, still there war' no roads, and we'd no books to signify, and so that came tae nowt, like Job Stephen's prayer-meetings."

"It is a very sad thought to any man who feels the importance of these things, to remember how many thousands in these new settlements are living in the same way, and yearly becoming more indifferent to their best interests."

"Very true," replied Clarke; "and what's goin' to come o' t' young folks, I doan't know. There's scarce one in ten that knows t' Lord's prayer, or if they did, they've forgot it. I never thought, when I was in England, that a church and parson war' half sae much use as they are."

"It's an old saying," observed Harry, "that 'we never know the value of blessings until we lose them.' The worst feature in this case, however, is, that though

we have lost these blessings very few among us seem to be duly sensible of the greatness of the loss."

The conversation was interrupted by a summons to dinner; but it did not pass away from Harry's recollection, and in the end produced beneficial results.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

Not long subsequent to the conversation related in the last chapter, our hero was put to very considerable inconvenience by the straying of his oxen. They had wandered away from the usual tracks where they were generally in the habit of feeding, and for several days they defied all Harry's efforts to find them. Having set his men to work, he started in pursuit one morning betimes, taking something in the shape of eatables with him, and putting his musquito veil on his hat. Though some persons, even in Canada, may smile at the idea of a man's wearing a veil, yet if they were doomed to "hunt cattle" without one, in the height of the musquito season, for as many days and weeks as we have done, they would find not only their inclination to risibility very considerably abated, but the probability is, that the *power* to indulge in that pleasant peculiarity of our race would be very nearly classed among the impossible things of this life, by reason of a swelled face that would be by no means becoming. A piece of thin and transparent material, suited to the purpose, is

drawn close round the straw hat, just above the leaf, which serves, from its projection, to keep the veil from unpleasant contact with the face. It is very short, descending only to the neck, and perfectly close all round, being, in fact, like a short bag without a bottom. A drawing-string, similar to that which fastens it to the hat, runs round the lower extremity, by which you draw it tightly round your throat,—an arrangement which bothers "the varmint" most consumedly.

To return, however, from this digression. Harry hunted in every direction, but when the day was well advanced he seemed no nearer success than ever. Not the faintest echo of the cattle-bell reached his ear; and the tracks were too numerous, the season too far advanced, and, consequently, the ground too dry to enable him to trace them by their foot-prints. Having gone for a long way to the west (guided in a direct line by keeping the sun upon his left), he resolved to take a sweep to the north, and return along the border of the great cedar-swamp, mentioned in the last chapter, until he should judge himself to be immediately in the rear of his own clearing, which he would then strike by taking a direct course to the south. Following this plan, an hour's walking brought him to some bold banks, which, in a continuous though wavy line, descended somewhat suddenly towards the swamp. At the foot of these banks, the land, though more flat, still continued to slope, the hard wood became interspersed with a few gigantic pines; the dark hemlock became frequent, and the underwood more dense; and then, as you still descended, came the "cradle-holes," filled with water, and the almost

impenetrable mass of cedar balsam and other moisture-loving trees—the confusion rendered apparently more hopeless by the quantities of fallen timber covered by its coating of moss. Harry proceeded along the space which lay between the foot of the bank and the swamp, as there the “feed” was more luxuriant; but still his search was vain; and he had almost come to the resolution of taking the most direct course to his own clearing in despair. Just then, however, he suddenly came upon some fresh tracks, which, from the greater moisture and softness of the soil in that neighbourhood, were very apparent. Cheered by the prospect of at length succeeding, he started with renewed energy in his search; and ere long he came to where he was assured, by the marks they had left behind them, they must have rested the previous night.

Here, however, all his skill was required; for ere they had lain down and after they had risen, they had browsed in every direction, and the tracks were so crossed and intermingled that it was scarcely possible to follow them out of the labyrinth. At length, however, he discovered the direction in which they had left their morning pasture, and was led by it to where the bank jutted out in a point into the valley, or rather “flat,” which has been described, and even retained some slight elevation, until it was seemingly lost in the swamp. He was about to cross this rise as a matter of course, when, on gaining its slight ascent, he observed with surprise that the tracks turned directly towards the swamp. He paused, and listened attentively, but no bell was to be heard; nothing broke the deep silence and solitude of the forest except the

occasional rustle of the wind among the foliage, or the quick sharp tapping of the woodpecker. It was mid-day, however, and the cattle most probably would be lying down, and, consequently, he might be in their immediate neighbourhood without hearing the bell. He therefore followed the tracks, and, as he advanced, instead of the ridge on which he walked descending to the level of the rest of the swamp, it still retained a small elevation, yet sufficient to render it firm and dry, and became considerably extended in width; hard-wood was interspersed among the evergreens, and the richness of the "feed" had evidently enticed the cattle thither.

"Why," thought Harry to himself, "this ridge is taking me straight to the northward; and unless the swamp is of enormous breadth I must be near the other side of it; and if so, this has been a good day's work to find so good a road to the back settlements."

Shortly after this, his quick ear caught the regular though faint and distant sound of an axe; then a pause of a few moments; then a crash, immediately followed by the "thud" of a falling tree.

"That must either come from the settlement," thought Vernon, "or else it must be some Indian cutting canoe-bark." He listened again, and again came the regularly-repeated strokes of the axe, though evidently at a considerable distance. "That's no Indian," quoth Harry to himself; "if the bark is all that is wanted, the tree wants no more chopping after it is down." While listening attentively to the distant axe, he was suddenly startled by the strokes of a bell close beside him; and there were

Messrs. "Buck" and "Bright," the former just awaking from a comfortable snooze and shaking his bell in the operation, while the latter seemed to be enjoying his cud amazingly. Heartily glad as he was to find his cattle, his curiosity having been aroused by the sound of the axe, he left his cattle to their ruminations, and pushed on in the direction from which it came. The ridge ended abruptly at the edge of a stream that flowed through the swamp, and beyond the stream the swamp looked as uninviting as one could well desire. Harry, however, scrambled across on a fallen log, and, pushing through what might literally be called "a tangled brake," he again emerged on dried land. The axe rung more and more clearly on his ear, and in a few minutes he found himself on the edge of a small clearing, where a man was hard at work chopping. He uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing Harry emerge from the woods.

"Why, Mr. Vernon, is that you? How in the world did you ever get here from that side? Have you been lost?"

"No," replied Harry, "I haven't been lost; but my cattle have led me a long hunt;" and he explained to the man how he had got through the swamp.

"Well, sir, I wouldn't have believed it unless I'd seen you, for I thought a wild beast could hardly have got through it, let alone a man. But now I remember," he added, "I heard a bell in the direction of the swamp this morning early; and I thought it so strange that any cattle should be there that I took it for an echo, or something of that sort."

Harry found that he had "come out" near the

middle of the back settlement, and not far from Clarke's clearing. The man on whose chopping he was saw at once the importance of the discovery of a near way to the lake; and after having asked Harry to sit down in his "shanty" and rest—an invitation, however, which he declined—he proposed to return with him to the other side of the stream, where the land rose and formed the dry ridge where our hero had found his oxen. They accordingly set out towards the swamp at a rapid pace, for the day was now far advanced, and Harry knew that he would have to make the most of his time in order to reach home before it was dark. They soon found themselves among the denser growth and the confused mass of fallen and moss-covered timber of the marshy ground; and guided by the faint sound of the cattle-bell, they succeeded in reaching the stream, not far from the place where Harry had previously crossed it. They soon gained the ridge, and Brown (which was the name of Harry's companion) having carefully observed the place, and taken its bearings by the setting sun, bid our hero good evening and returned towards his own clearing.

The former did not need Brown's parting admonitions to make haste, for the shadows of evening were already deepening in the gloom of the forest; and the incessant hum of countless hosts of mosquitoes almost prevented him from hearing the bell, which sounded more faintly than ever, as the cattle retreated from the swamp. They were evidently making for the higher ground, to escape in some degree from the annoyance of the mosquitoes, and Harry had to exert his powers in order to overtake them. By the time he reached



them the sun was down, and the light was becoming so faint that he was continually stumbling over the fallen logs and brushwood that came in his way. He knew that he must be still far from his own clearing, and he began to think seriously that he should have to make up his mind to pass the night in the woods; knowing, however, the instinct and sagacity of the cattle in finding their way home, he resolved to submit himself to their guidance; and fearing lest in the dark he should be separated from them, he got close to the bell-ox, which was a quiet, docile brute, and seizing the end of his tail, secured himself by that means against the danger of separation, and, urged on by his voice, it was astonishing with what skill they avoided every serious obstacle, in the shape of windfalls and the like. They kept steadily upon their way, and ere long Harry felt that they were on one of the well-worn cattle-tracks which lay in the neighbourhood of his clearing. Suddenly he was startled by a distant shot; a little after he distinguished the faint echoes of loud and frequent shouting; and then, a little after, he heard the violent and continued ringing of cow-bells. A moment's reflection told him that these sounds proceeded from his own people, who, supposing him lost, were using these means to attract and guide him, should he happen to be within hearing. He immediately gave a loud and peculiar cry, which he knew would be recognised; and urging the ox at the same time to greater speed, in order to make the bell ring more violently, he was assured by the answering din that his shout had been heard distinctly. In a few minutes he was at his own fence, and heartily glad he was to be there.

His men, who were seriously alarmed on his account, and had almost made themselves hoarse with shouting, were greatly relieved by his appearance. His housekeeper bustled about as briskly as a parched pea, to get him some supper; and after thankfully acknowledging the guiding and protecting care of Him whom he now earnestly and honestly strove to serve, he went to his rest; and deep and sweet was the slumber of the weary cattle-hunter.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

WE fear that the details of the last chapter have not proved very interesting, and the probability is, that the reader is so much of our mind, that had he suspected the amount of its prosiness, he would have skipped it altogether. We must, however, remind him that this does not profess to be a narrative of exciting adventures, but a plain and simple detail of the unromantic routine of Canadian life.

He whom we magnificently call "our hero" has, we doubt not, been all along regarded as a very milk-and-water sort of personage, and latterly, we suppose, that many have set him down as what they would emphatically call "a regular spoon."

Well! it must be confessed that it is rather humiliating to have our "hero" held so cheap, but then we console ourselves with the thought, that we are not *vain* of him, and that it is the correct proportions, not

of Henry Vernon, but of Canada, that we are anxious to portray.

It was not very long before the discovery of an easy way of crossing the swamp led to the formation of a well-beaten path, leading from the back settlement to the lake-shore. Harry became much better acquainted with his neighbours in the rear in consequence of this circumstance, particularly with the Clarkes, for whom he was soon led to entertain a high respect. The father of the family was a remarkably fine specimen of an English peasant. His fine manly figure was still strong and erect, although he bore upon him the weight of many years; his head was bald and white, and was encircled by a fringe of thin and hoary hair, which was indeed to him a crown of glory, for it was found in the way of righteousness. His whole manner was marked by a singular gentleness and simplicity, while his bearing towards all who were his superiors in rank, was deeply, though not servilely, respectful. He loved to speak of England and its ways. He had no false and foolish pride to keep him from alluding to the time "when he lived *servant* to farmer so-and-so," or to prevent his talking kindly and affectionately of "his old *maister*." He was essentially a churchman—his quiet practical religion was the unmistakable fruit of her holy teaching; and though ignorant, for the most part, of those grounds and arguments by which his views were sustained, yet he had from his youth been instructed to regard them as true by his authorised teachers—he saw them sustained by the testimony of Holy Scripture, which he most diligently read; and all the arguments brought against

him by sectarians had no more effect upon his mind, than the shower that falls from a passing cloud produces upon the steadfast rock. With their irreverent and noisy modes of worship he had no trace of sympathy, and as he considered them in error, he consequently thought it *wrong* to countenance them in any way—and this was ever sufficient for him. What was *wrong* he would not knowingly do, what was *right* he would at any hazard strive to perform. His family, as might have been expected, had been carefully brought up; and the elder members of it partook, in some measure, of the old man's character. Among all the privations of the Backwoods, there were none which he felt so severely as the entire separation from the ordinances and ministrations of the Church: he had always kept up the observance of family prayer, but his soul longed for the fuller and richer privileges of God's Holy Sanctuary. Having heard from his son how Vernon spent the Lord's-day, he surprised him one Sunday morning, shortly after the path was made through the swamp, by presenting himself at his door attired in his "best." He touched his hat respectfully in answer to Harry's friendly "good morning," and said that he had made bold to come over and ask leave to attend the service, a request with which, of course, it gave Harry great pleasure to comply. Next Sunday, with Vernon's permission, he brought his family with him, and afterwards one or two of his neighbours would occasionally accompany him, so that now and then there was quite a congregation. This circumstance at length induced Harry to say that, if the people in the back settlement would like such an

arrangement, he would be very glad, instead of reading the service in his own house, to read it in one of theirs. Old Clarke was delighted at this proposal, and offered the accommodation of his premises, as being very central in situation. This arrangement was accordingly agreed upon; and when Harry went over he found that a very considerable number of persons had come together. He took the opportunity of saying that he did not presume to take upon himself the office of their religious teacher, but that, as it seemed much better for some one to read the service than to leave Sunday without any religious observance at all, he had offered to do so.

The elder people present expressed great obligation to Harry for his kindness; and from that day forth he regularly read the service and a sermon to the people of the back settlement.

This was accompanied by very beneficial results. The settlers never forgot when the Sunday arrived. The shooting and similar amusements ceased; and Harry, assisted by the Clarkes, gathered the children and young people together and instructed them in their duties both towards God and man. A strong feeling of respect and even affection towards Harry was frequently manifested by the settlers, produced not merely by his attention to them, but by his own consistency of conduct. Religion was a subject of which he seldom spoke unless circumstances required it, and then it was reverently, decidedly, and briefly. He allowed his *conduct* and *actions* to show that the attention which he paid to his daily and weekly devotions arose from no mere formal or hypocritical

pretence to piety. His character for sincerity and the desire of his approval induced many to attend the service who might not have done so merely for its own sake. And though Job Stephens would occasionally say that there was no spirituality in such prayers, and that reading sermons out of a book was desperate dull work, yet since Mr. Vernon took the trouble to come over the swamp to read to them, the least they could do was to attend; he would add, however, that he did not think he could be *converted*, or he would soon make away with the books and give them a prayer and exhortation out of his own heart.

Great, indeed, must we admit the responsibilities of life to be when they are rightly weighed and duly pondered. Few, indeed, are the situations in life in which the influence of an individual, whether for good or evil, may not be considerable. There are many in Canada, situated as Vernon was, who might do all that he did, at little sacrifice; and the amount of good that might be thus effected, can only be rightly estimated in that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. Instead of this, however, we generally see those who might and ought to be the examples to their poorer or less intelligent neighbours, withheld, by the fear of singularity, from pursuing a course of conduct which might prove of incalculable benefit both to themselves and those around them. The consequence generally is, that ere long, they become equally indifferent to their religious duties, and the whole neighbourhood enters upon a downward course of growing disregard of those observances to which, as Christians, they were bound to attend.

## CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Harry's new opinions and practices became generally known among his acquaintances of his own class, he experienced that trial which is the general lot of persons under such circumstances—that, viz., of ridicule. Some of them addressed him as *Saint Harry*; others asked him when he joined the Methodists; while others made tender inquiries as to the state of his nerves when exercising his new calling as a preacher. Vernon took all this bantering very good naturedly; he was found to be as cheerful as ever, and as ready to enter with all his heart into any innocent amusement.

It was only when the amusements or the conversation took an objectionable turn that he quietly remonstrated; and, if that proved ineffectual, as quietly withdrew. He carefully avoided a tone of assumption or superiority; and the consequence was, that though perhaps not so great a favourite as before with some in the settlement, yet his cheerfulness of manner, and quiet consistency of conduct, gained him much respect among all classes. He was still a welcome visitor at the houses of his various acquaintances, although his distance from the main body of the settlement rendered his visits less frequent than they would have otherwise been. One evening a number of the settlers had met at Drayton's, more by accident than otherwise, and, as

was very natural, their conversation, among other topics, rested upon the success which had hitherto attended their efforts, and the prospects which lay before them for the future.

"Well, Drayton," said Tom Nichol, addressing the host, "how did your wheat turn out this year? Are you going to make your fortune by it?"

"Fortune!" echoed Drayton, "make our fortune! I wish with all my heart we could make our *bread* by it—and that's what we've never done yet."

"Why, I'm surprised at that," replied Nichol. "I saw your wheat a few weeks before harvest, and it looked uncommonly well; I thought you would have had a glorious crop."

"So it would have been; but before the ears were half filled the 'rust' struck it, and shrivelled up the grain, so that it was scarcely worth cutting."

"You are no worse off than your neighbours, if that is any consolation," observed Captain Conway. "My wheat escaped the rust, it is true, but hands were so scarce, that before I could get it cut a great deal shed on the ground, and then the wet weather came on, and what was not shed sprouted in the ear, and so what bread we have is regular 'stick-jaw:' in fact, it is more like very stiff paste than anything else that I'm acquainted with."

"We are a remarkably successful set of farmers," said O'Neil, in a dolorous tone. "I couldn't get any new land cleared last year for fall wheat in consequence of house-building, and therefore I sowed upon the stubble and harrowed it till I was half dead. Indeed, my feelings were almost as much harrowed as the field,



and the return was a most magnificent crop of *chess*. I verily believe I won't get the seed back."

"That comes of matrimonial projects, O'Neil," said Drayton, laughing. "If young gentlemen farmers *will* build nice houses for future wives, instead of clearing land, they must expect their wheat to turn out *chess*."

"None of your nonsense, Jack, or I'll become like your wheat, excessively *rusty*. I assure you it's no laughing matter, for even if things were as you suppose, *chess* of this description would prove a *check to matting*; for a few more such games and I should have to take to *pawning* everything, even to my coat and continuations."

"I'm afraid you will have some distance to go before you find your 'uncle,'" said Nichol; "the sign of the three balls is not very frequent among us yet; and if you took your continuations to where that sign might be found, it might be justly said that your pantaloons were *farther-fetched* than even your puns."

"I shall apply to my friend, St. Harry, for I hear he has been selling lots of wheat, and consequently must be revelling in this world's wealth."

"You never made a greater mistake in your life," replied Harry; "it is true that I did not suffer much from the rust except round the edges of the field, or where the log heaps were burnt; and I was fortunate enough to get the crops under cover before the wet set in. But what of that? Though I sold some fifty bushels to Notions, the storekeeper, he wouldn't give me more than three-and-sixpence a bushel for it, and then the rascal made me take it out in 'store pay,' though I don't want a thing out of his trumpery shop.

The only thing I could do was to give some of the men an order on the store for the amount of their wages; and it was lucky that amount was not great, or I should have been bankrupt."

"You're a remarkably lucky fellow," said Morris; "for you are the first gentleman farmer in the settlement that I've heard of who has ever sold anything. For my part I am so accustomed to pay two or three great hulking fellows ten dollars a month to do me the favour of eating up everything the farm produces, and sundry barrels of pork and flour produced by some other farm, that the idea of selling anything appears absurd."

7 "But how in the world is it," asked Drayton, "that the common people about us seem to be getting on so well. Some of their clearings are almost as large as ours; and *they* seem to have plenty to sell whenever *we* want anything. There are plenty of families about us here who, when they came, hadn't a shilling, who now seem to want for nothing."

"I don't think it is very difficult to account for," said Harry; "in the first place they have been accustomed to labour from their childhood; and what seems privation to us is comfort to them. For instance, we have pigs, and they have pigs; we fatten our pigs and eat them; they fatten their pigs and sell them to us, and live upon potatoes themselves. So with eggs, butter, poultry, flour, and everything we need, and *they* can do without; and yet they don't do without them entirely either, for after we have bought these things from them, we, as Morris says, pay them handsome wages to come and help us to eat them. They do all

their own work, and then for 'a consideration' they come and help us to do ours, during which operation they must be well *fed*. Now, the result of this state of things is, that in consequence of our consuming their produce and labour, our money is being transferred into their pockets, and we are becoming poorer, and they are becoming richer."

"Humph!" said Captain Conway, "an extremely pleasing view of our position and prospects in these delectable Backwoods. I can tell you that I for one feel myself to be in very different circumstances from those in which I expected to have been by this time. I've got rid of some 1500*l.* since I came here, and upon my honour I've got very little to show for it."

"You're a long way from being singular," observed Morris; "for I must confess it would puzzle my powers of arithmetic to tell what has become of the money we've spent since we came here."

"Without wishing to undervalue your property, Captain Conway," said Harry, "I am sure you might advertise it in all the papers in Canada, and you would not get 500*l.* for it, consequently you have expended, during the five years you have been here, the sum of 200*l.* per annum, in order that you and your family might encounter every possible hardship, suffer all manner of inconvenience, and place your children in a position of the utmost possible disadvantage."

"Why, Vernon," exclaimed Drayton, "what a raven you've become; what on earth has set you croaking at this rate?"

"Croaking or not," answered Conway, "there is much truth in what he says. I don't mind the hard-

ships we've gone through, or the inconveniences to which we are still subject; but I am becoming very anxious about my children. How in the world are they to be educated here? and without education another generation will see them ranged on the same level with the common labourer. It is a matter of painful surprise to me to observe in this settlement men of education so insensible to this consideration. There are some of their children, I am sure, who will scarcely be able to write their names, and consequently they will find themselves positively *beneath* the working classes, for while the source to which they must look for subsistence is the same, viz., manual labour, their tastes, habits, and ideas, render them less fit for it."

"I'd advise you, O'Neil," said Nichol, "to take warning by Conway's long face, and forswear matrimony and its awful consequences, unless," he added, "you have your national good-luck and secure a lady with lots of tin."

"Avaunt, thou mercenary wretch!" exclaimed O'Neil, in a mock heroic manner, "can you insult me by supposing that I would ever make that holy state a matter o' money?"

"Horrid," said Drayton, "a man who would appropriate as his own an attempt at a pun which at the least must be five thousand years old, is ready for anything; for my part, I shall button up my pockets. And Mary," he added, turning to his sister, "pray keep a sharp eye on the spoons and sugar-tongs."

"It's all very well for you bachelors to be merry," said Captain Conway, and the shade of anxiety which the conversation had called into his face was hardly

dispelled by his pleasing smile, "but I begin to think seriously that we have all made a great mistake in coming into the Backwoods. We are not in our proper place; but the difficulty is, how to get out of the false position in which we have placed ourselves? For my part, I have made such a hole in my funds, that I am afraid to move again, for a second failure would be ruin, and yet I am not able to educate the children here, and I am not rich enough to send them to the boarding-schools in the towns; and the truth is, I feel myself in a regular dilemma."

"Why is 'the Bush' like a mousetrap?" asked O'Neil, gravely.

"Don't keep bothering with your nonsense," said Morris.

"I only ask a simple question, and one extremely pertinent to the subject in hand. Why is the 'Bush' like a mousetrap?"

"Your riddle is easily read, O'Neil," replied Drayton, "because once you get in, you can't get out."

"The resemblance is unfortunately too strong," observed Vernon, "but I nevertheless mean, before the sleighing is gone, to take a run through some of the front settlements, to see if I cannot find some feasible mode of escape from O'Neil's mousetrap. It won't do to be utterly victimised."

"I can't think what has come over you, Vernon; you used to be one of the most sanguine amongst us, and now you are groaning away like a lodged tree in a storm. According to your account there is nothing but ruin before us all. Is this one of your new lights?"

"I'll tell you what has led me to think as I do now," replied Harry. "Though I am a bachelor, and have been tolerably steady and industrious, I have managed, like the rest of us, to get through a good deal of money since I have been here, and the governor, in his letters, expresses great surprise at its not making more adequate returns, and talks seriously of stopping the supplies. Now, were he really to do such a thing, what would be my position? If I did not starve it would be as much as I could hope for, for constant and unremitting labour would not do more than supply me with the merest necessaries of life. There is not a farm in the whole settlement that will supply food to the proprietor and pay the wages of a man the year round, and so the prospect which seems to me to lie before us is that of a very indifferent livelihood, to be procured by incessant bodily toil, to which we have been unaccustomed, and for which many of us are unfit."

"There is some truth in that," said Drayton, "two or three young fellows amongst us have hurt themselves seriously by hard work, but then, you know, things will improve as our farms are enlarged."

"Yes," replied Vernon, "but look at the amount of labour and expense that we must incur before our clearings will be worth calling farms. Here is Captain Conway tells us that he has spent 1500*l.* already; and most of us, during the last five years, have spent sums which would have purchased cleared farms in much better positions than our present locality. For 600*l.* or 800*l.*, we could, when we first came to the country, have bought properties with better out-buildings

and larger clearings than we shall have for the next ten years. We should have had none of the hardships to which we have been exposed here. We should have had *comparatively* good roads. We should have been near good markets; and, if we wished to part with the property, we could have done so with advantage, which I am sure we shall not be able to do here for a long time to come."

"I think the only mode of accounting for the unspeakable folly of which we were guilty in taking the step we did," said Conway, with something of bitterness in his manner, "is to suppose that we were victims of one of those fits of temporary insanity which sometimes seem to seize upon whole communities."

"I vote that the subject of conversation be changed," said O'Neil, "or there will be some coroner's inquests to-morrow morning. Conway will cut his throat, and if I'm on the jury I'll bring a verdict of manslaughter against Vernon."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Nichol; "let us change the conversation, by all means, or we shall all get a fit of the blues. Let me entreat you, Miss Drayton," he added, addressing his host's sister, "to open your piano, and let one of your beautiful songs banish that horrid spirit of grumbling and discontent that seems to have taken possession of us."

Miss Drayton kindly acceded to a request which was immediately joined in by all present; and seating herself at the instrument, drew forth its tones with no unskilled hand. Her voice was rich and cultivated, and some of the gentlemen present being similarly gifted, "croaking" gave way to music and conversa-

tion of a more sprightly character. No one could have looked upon the apartment in which the parties, whose conversation has been narrated, were assembled without feeling the great incongruity which existed between it and the persons and many of the things which it contained.

The rude log walls—the large fire-place, in which the wood fire was crackling merrily—the simple nature of the few articles of furniture—contrasted strangely with some shelves filled with handsomely-bound and well-selected books, and the piano, at which sat an elegant and ladylike girl, surrounded by men of gentlemanly bearing and educated minds. It was one of the anomalies of the Backwood mania—an anomaly which ought never to have existed, and one, it is to be hoped, which will seldom be seen again.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

A CONSIDERABLE share of prudence and common sense was unquestionably one of our hero's characteristics. In consequence of the tone of his father's letters, he had been led to reflect much upon the chances of success likely to flow from settlement in "the Bush;" and the conclusions (based upon the results of his experience) to which he came were those which were stated in the last chapter. Though there was some



society in the neighbourhood, yet he felt sensibly that the nature of his avocations throwing him almost continually and unavoidably into the company of his workmen had a deteriorating effect upon his own mind. He observed that what he was sensible of himself was experienced by others, particularly those who had no friends or families near them. Some fell into excessively gross and dissipated habits; some married their own servants or half-bred Indians; and, with those exceptions where there were ladies in a family, which generally contributed to keep up its tone, there was altogether a downward tendency, which alarmed him for the future. When the thought of marriage, so natural to a young man, occurred to him, he saw very plainly that if he was to live upon his farm the idea of marrying a lady was absurd; and for him to marry any one of rank inferior to his own would be impossible. These considerations had led him to the determination which he had expressed at Drayton's, of going to the older settlements; and his idea was to endeavour to "trade" his two hundred acres in Monkleigh for one hundred in the more favoured region of "the Front," and induce his father to pay any balance which might be necessary. He accordingly betook himself to his old friend Mr. Lawrence, at Wilton, to whom he explained his views and projects.

"It has been quite apparent to me for some time past," said Mr. Lawrence, "that your ideas of 'the Bush' have undergone a great change. I am most sincerely thankful that I did not make a fool of myself by following your example, which I most probably should have done but for the sake of the children. If

you can succeed in effecting your present plans, I shall be delighted to have you for a neighbour."

"There is one reason which makes me very anxious to succeed, but it is one on which I've said little except to you. I mean my strong desire to partake in the ordinances of the Church, which I now feel to be so essential to my spiritual well-being, but from which, in my present situation, I am almost entirely debarred; and another is, that I think I could do very well upon a good farm if near a good market, which would be the case if I could succeed in getting one in this neighbourhood."

"With the former reason, you know, I most fully concur," answered Mr. Lawrence, "and few considerations ought to weigh more strongly with you in leading you to shift your tent. As to your probabilities of success on a farm in this neighbourhood, I am not very competent to judge. I never was a farmer at home, nor in this country, except for the first year, and then I certainly did not find it a very lucrative affair; but then, of course, I knew nothing about it, so it is not very wonderful that I lost money by it."

"Why, no," said Harry, "besides which you did not give yourself time to make it answer: the first year is necessarily an expensive one."

"I very soon saw, however, that farming would not do for me," replied Mr. Lawrence. "If I kept the boys on the farm to make farmers of them, their education must be neglected, and as that did not accord with my ideas, I determined on relinquishing agriculture. I sent George, who was nearly fourteen, to Upper Canada College, a first-rate school, where he has got

on admirably. Ellen, who was nearly twelve, I sent to York also, to a private boarding-school, and I have been very well satisfied with her progress. She has always been away when you've been down, and she is grown so that you will hardly know her. George, having completed the course of study at Upper Canada College, has resolved on studying medicine and becoming my assistant; and the younger children are doing very well. What with my practice and my private means, I am pretty comfortable; and if I can succeed in giving my children a good education and good principles, I am not afraid of their temporal prospects in a country like this."

"Oh, well," said Vernon, "I have none of these things to trouble me, and farming in a neighbourhood like this must, I think, be profitable, and seems to me a pleasant and independent mode of life. I should be well content to have a farm within a few miles of Wilton."

"I dare say that if you had you would succeed better than you appear to have done at Monkleigh," replied Mr. Lawrence. "The farmers here seem to do very well, but when I say farmers, I don't mean *gentlemen* farmers. They work hard, and from the proximity to the lake and the extent of water privilege, Wilton affords a good market, and they can generally command that grand desideratum in Canadian life, '*cash*,' for their produce, hence they, as a general rule, are a thriving and substantial class, who enjoy every comfort which can be desired by honest and intelligent yeomen."

Vernon became more and more impressed with the

desirability of obtaining a farm in the cleared parts of the country, the more he examined into the relative advantages of agricultural pursuits carried on in the front townships as compared with those in the rear. He could not help feeling, however, that his friend Mr. Lawrence did not seem to enter very warmly into his plans, although at the same time he appeared, on the whole, to approve of them. Having returned one evening from the inspection of a farm that had been offered for sale, and with the general character of which he was much pleased, Harry dwelt strongly upon the probabilities of success that would attend his efforts should he be fortunate enough to secure it, and described the mode of operation which in that case he would adopt.

"I hope your success will be equal to your anticipations, Harry," said Mr. Lawrence. "Agriculture is, without doubt, a most legitimate and important calling; but have you fairly made up your mind to devote yourself entirely to it; have you determined to become a farmer for life?"

"I have not thought much about the matter as far as that is concerned," replied Vernon; "I don't see, however, that I can very well do anything else; I have no other occupation or profession on which to fall back; besides which, farming here will be a very different thing from farming in the Backwoods."

"But if it be a Christian duty to make conscience of *all* our ways," said Mr. Lawrence, "surely, in determining upon our future course of life, we ought to consider not only our own things but also the things of others; and if, while we provide for our own wants, we

can be *more* useful to our fellow-men in one calling rather than another, such a consideration ought to have great weight in determining our choice."

"Very true," answered Vernon; "but I do not exactly see how it applies to my particular case."

"Indeed! The application does not appear very difficult. Look at the state of the Church in this country, the fearful ignorance that abounds, the multitudes who are perishing for lack of knowledge, the destructive false doctrine, heresy, and schism that prevail, and then say whether an earnest-minded Christian man is most likely to be useful in his generation as a tiller of the ground or an ambassador of Christ? It is not an occupation which will, in this country, make a large pecuniary return; but it is a glorious work to which I hope to devote, at least, one of the sons whom God has given me."

The proposal startled Harry, for it was one for which he was unprepared; and, at first sight, he shrunk from the responsibility which he felt that such a step would involve. It was, however, a subject of frequent and earnest conversation between himself, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Grey, the clergyman of Wilton. These conversations it is quite unnecessary to detail. Suffice it to say, that at length, after deep and solemn and lengthened consideration, our hero resolved to become a candidate for holy orders.

On Harry's communicating his views and wishes to his father, he found that they met with his most cordial approval. The bishop of the diocese, being called to the Upper Province by official duty (for in those days Upper Canada had no bishop of her own), received him, on his introduction, with great kindness; and as, at that

period, there was no university or theological school in the country, his lordship sanctioned an arrangement which had been conditionally made between Harry and Mr. Grey, that the latter, who was a graduate at Oxford, should prepare him for the examination-necessary for admission to holy orders. The farm at Monkleigh was let upon what is called an improvement lease—that is, the tenant received all the benefits arising from the farm, and instead of paying a rent bound himself to “improve” it by annually clearing a stipulated quantity of land. These arrangements having been completed, Harry bade farewell to his old friends at Monkleigh, none of whom expressed more sincere regret at his departure than his humble neighbours across the swamp, particularly the Clarkes. It was not without a pang of deep regret that he left a neighbourhood where many hardships had been mingled with much happiness, and where warm-hearted hospitality and friendly feeling had done much to lighten the difficulties with which all had to contend.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

VERNON was soon domiciled at Mr. Grey's, under whose direction he vigorously commenced his studies. Wilton was growing rapidly, and had almost passed from a village into a town. Mr. Lawrence's family, and those of several other persons of respectability, afforded

a pleasant circle of acquaintance, and altogether Harry found himself very agreeably situated. He frequently accompanied Mr. Grey in his visits to his parishioners, and thus gradually acquired a practical knowledge of the duties which he himself would hereafter be called upon to perform. He assisted in all those duties where lay-agency was permitted; and thus while being useful to others, he benefited himself.

With this brief notice we shall pass over the period of his preparation, as there was little connected with it which is peculiar or characteristic of Canada. Neither shall we dwell upon the solemn feelings which accompanied his ordination, for a similar reason. The reader consequently must be re-introduced to our hero, as "The Reverend Harry Vernon," — a travelling missionary appointed to visit a wide-spread tract of country, embracing portions both of the old and the comparatively new settlements. Harry rode well, having been accustomed to the saddle from his boyhood; and it must be confessed that he had rather a weakness in the way of horseflesh. He had long had his eye about him, and from the good horses for which Canada is remarkable, he had selected a beautiful creature, who is thus particularly adverted to because it is by no means improbable that she may re-appear with some prominence upon these pages. She was clean-limbed, strongly, though not clumsily formed, of a high spirit and free from all vice, unless it was, that, if suddenly pinched behind the saddle, she would kick furiously. Mounted on his new purchase, who rejoiced in the somewhat appropriate name of "Fidget," and provided with a valise attached to his saddle to hold his robes, linen, and other etceteras,

he proceeded to his appointed sphere of labour, which lay at some distance from his friends at Wilton. He had not been long there before he found ample proof that the life on which he had entered was necessarily one of self-denial. The section of country to which he was appointed consisted of many townships, and though some of them were well cleared and densely settled, there was not, for fifty miles in one direction, and thirty in the other, a single family above the rank of a yeoman farmer. Hence he was at once deprived of everything like congenial society. He was also destitute of a home; for though with some difficulty he had procured a room towards the centre of his mission, to serve as a sort of head-quarters, yet he was seldom there, and indeed there was very little to attract him thither. Though he met with great kindness and warm hospitality from those to whom he ministered, yet he had to put up with all kinds of discomforts and inconveniences. One night his quarters were clean and comfortable, the next they were in every respect the reverse. Sometimes he enjoyed the luxury of a *whole* room to himself; at others, he would have been truly thankful if he could have enjoyed the individual possession of a *whole bed*. In the back townships, there were the almost impracticable roads,—the scattered population,—the rude accommodation, characteristic of “the Bush.” In the older settlements there were some things which annoyed Vernon even more, though they did not affect his personal comfort so immediately. Chief among these things was the general tone and manner which prevailed among “the rising generation,” particularly the young men. Having for the most part been brought up, if not born,



in the settlements, they had hardly ever seen persons in a rank of life superior to their own. The farms on which they lived were cleared and fertile; the families of which they were members were thriving and comfortable. These circumstances induced them to regard themselves as by no means insignificant members of society, and led to an independence of manner that was far from pleasing. They had nothing "British" about them; and even took upon themselves to ridicule the English dialect of their fathers, for which they substituted a half Yankee slang that was unbearable. They considered themselves vastly superior to "the old folks," as they termed their parents, and "guessed that they were considerable smarter than the old country people." This arose, not from any intercourse with the free and enlightened citizens of the neighbouring republic, for there was scarcely an American among them, but appeared to be solely the result of the circumstances in which they were placed—those, namely, of isolation from persons of a superior and more educated class, and the comfort and independence of their worldly circumstances.

It used to prove a trial to Harry's equanimity to meet one of these young gentlemen on a Sunday morning, decked out in full holiday costume, and riding a horse,—and that often a remarkably good one,—rendered as gay as leather could well make him. It is difficult to describe one of these exquisites. One of their most striking characteristics, however, is a partiality for long hair, that would have scandalised a Puritan; and the yellower and lankier and more unmanageable it is, the longer they delight to wear it,—drawing it over to one side, or, perhaps, parting it in

the middle, and cutting it off square an inch or so below the ears, which are entirely concealed by it.

On the top of this abomination they place a black beaver hat, with rather a low crown and a broad brim. A cloth surtout, the skirts of which are separated behind, and pinned together in front, to save them from being soiled by the horse's flanks. A very open waistcoat, showing an immense quantity of shirt breast. A pair of trousers painfully new, strapped down by a long, narrow thong of leather, with a single button-hole, over a super-human effort of the country shoemaker, in the shape of "*a fine boot.*" And then his horse is as fine as himself,—first there is a new-looking saddle of yellowish-red leather, with stirrups so long, that the toe of the "*fine boot*" aforesaid, can just reach them; then there is a new halter, with its leather shank or strap, tastily adjusted round the horse's neck; and over that is a new bridle,—sometimes with a double rein,—and, last of all, there is a new martingale, to make the horse hold his head gracefully, and afford a legitimate opportunity of adorning him with a few more straps; and as he goes prancing along, if his rider does not indulge in a flattering opinion of himself and his appearance, then, as the well-known Mr. Slick says, "*it's a pity.*" We have said that Vernon's equanimity used to be greatly disturbed by such a spectacle as we have attempted to describe; but when, in passing, the exquisite treated him to a nod, it upset him altogether. This latter operation among the class alluded to, does not consist in bending the head slightly forward upon the chest, but giving it a sudden jerk over the shoulder nearest to the person who is honoured with the salute.

The Canadian-country dandy of the older settlements was a new character to our hero, for Monkleigh and its neighbourhood was settled almost entirely by old countrymen; and though it startled him a good deal at first, he soon got accustomed to the appearance of the animal, and as they did not trouble him with much of their company, he got over the dread which had seized him on first making their acquaintance.

With the more elderly people he managed uncommonly well, and got by degrees into the way of making himself at home wherever he went,—spoke to them of the first days of their settlement, and of the present state of their farms. He made friends with the mothers, by asking about their children; and in the evening, when the young people themselves came home from school, he would assume a pleasant and cheerful manner, and gathering them round him, would catechise them on their religious knowledge, which, in the majority of cases, he found lamentably deficient. This always used to afford a most easy and natural method of affording sound lessons of religious faith and duty, not only to the children themselves, but to the elder members of the family also.

Still, at the best, the life of a travelling missionary, useful as it undoubtedly is, is far from proving satisfactory to the missionary himself: he is here to-day, and gone to-morrow; his sphere is so extensive, and ministrations at each station so interrupted, that it is impossible for him to become well acquainted with the members of his various flocks.

Here, he officiates in the room of a private house; there, he occupies a barn; in another place, he is

fortunate enough to get a school-house ; while it sometimes happens that he has to perform his duties in the open air. Then, the congregations are untaught and irreverent, sitting where they ought to stand, and standing when they ought to sit ; and not unfrequently leaving the *whole* service to be read by the clergyman alone.

Vernon, of course, had his share of these troubles. He mingled in strange scenes and with strange people, and officiated in all sorts of places, though he possessed what every travelling missionary cannot boast of, and that was *one* edifice, which he used to call his cathedral. This was a church (so called) which a knot of churchmen in one part of his mission had made considerable efforts to build. They had got up the shell and had it rudely floored ; there were some loose boards placed upon blocks for the accommodation of the worshippers, and an immense erection for the convenience of the clergyman ; but as it was the solitary convenience of the kind, it was difficult to say whether it was to be regarded as the pulpit or the desk. The country carpenter had evidently been possessed with the happy thought that, by making it twice as large as necessary, it would answer both purposes, which it accordingly had to do. Altogether, Vernon's cathedral was a specimen of ecclesiastical architecture and arrangement that would unquestionably have astonished the minds of the members of the late Cambridge Camden Society. In order that the description of it may be characterised by brevity, we can compare it to nothing so well as a small barn, about ten feet longer than it was broad, destitute of projecting eaves, and

into which, by some mistake, an immense quantity of glass had been inserted; namely, one enormous square-headed window behind the pulpit, three large square windows on each side, and *four* at what *ought* to have been the western end, two of them at the ordinary level, and two others, far above them, to light an intended gallery—as if there had not been previously glass enough in the edifice to have lighted a dozen churches of the same size; add to this, that in the interior there was no plaster on the walls, and that on the outside the half-inch boards, which formed the only protection from the weather, were unpainted, and the reader may form some idea of Harry's solitary church.

Although there was much in his mode of life which he felt to be unsatisfactory, it was not without its bright spots, and our hero resolved not to be disheartened. People who had not heard the service of the Church for twenty years welcomed him with such sincere delight, and extended to him so much kind hospitality, that it made up for the coldness and indifference which he sometimes met with, and made him willing to endure the hardships and difficulties to which the travelling missionary must always to a greater or less degree be exposed. A more graphic idea of some of the features of missionary life in Canada may perhaps be conveyed by descending into some of the details of his experience, and this we purpose to do in the succeeding chapter.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

VERNON'S previous experience in the Backwoods proved of considerable use to him in his new mode of life. The rough, and sometimes almost impassable roads, and the wild, rude ways of "the Bush," were by no means new to him, and he accommodated himself to them with the greater facility. The readiness of resource, and the feeling of self-reliance which he had acquired, prevented that sense of strangeness and loneliness which sometimes comes over those unaccustomed to the woods, and were often of material service when he found himself placed in difficulty.

A very rapid thaw had set in towards the latter part of the winter, and had made great progress at the time when Harry had to serve one of his most distant Backwood stations. He had, however, got on better than he expected, and there was but one piece of bad and swampy road to pass before he reached his destination for the night, and that he hoped would be still sufficiently frozen to allow his horse and cutter (as a small single sleigh is called) to get over safely. Shortly before reaching the part of the road in question, he met a man, whom he knew slightly, and whose horse bore very unequivocal marks of having been in a mud-hole.

"Good evening, Mr. Mitchell," said Harry, pulling

up. "How is the road between this and Small's?—Not very good I'm afraid, from the look of your horse."

"Och thin, yer riverence," quoth Mitchell, who was a son of the sod, "they're mighty bad entirely,—I thought my horse would have been swamped clane and clever, and that I'd niver see sight of him more. The frost's out wonderfully, so it is, and the sun will be down afore long, and though it's a smart baste yer drivin', I'm in dread you'll niver get over the big hole that's open beside Smith's clearin'."

"I must try, nevertheless," replied Harry, "and the sooner I get on the better, so I'll bid you good night."

He had not driven far, when he saw from the state of the road that the account which he had received had not been overdrawn; he remembered that not far from where he was, a footpath struck off into the woods, which had been formed in order to avoid the bad part of the road which has been alluded to; and along which he had once or twice ridden on horseback during the summer, when the mud-holes were impassable. This path led for about three miles directly through the Bush; and when Harry reached it, he found by the track that was beaten through the snow, that it had been used through the winter; and as the forest in the neighbourhood was entirely hardwood, and tolerably free from any great quantity of fallen timber, he resolved to attempt to drive his horse and cutter along the path, rather than run the risk of the mud-holes. He had not gone far, walking through the snow, rendered shallow by the thaw, and trying to guide his horse carefully through the intricacies of the underwood, before two saplings, growing unfortunately close together, wrenched

off the upper part of his cutter-box, which was made something like a gig-body. Fastening it on as well as he could, he proceeded as rapidly as circumstances would permit, scrambling over logs, and making circuits round the tops of fallen trees. His difficulties however were increasing,—the sun had set, and, the night falling fast, rendered his progress slower. By the time he reached a stream which he had to cross, and which, in consequence of the thaw, was now open, the stars were shining brightly in the deep-blue sky, and every trace of daylight was gone. Misled by the obscurity, he struck the stream at the wrong place; he had, in consequence, to leap his horse over a large log which lay in the way, and fully expected to see the sleigh broken to pieces; fortunately, however, it escaped, only losing the loose part, which fell into the stream. Harry had to let go the reins; but Fidget, notwithstanding her name, stood quietly on reaching the opposite bank, and her master having crossed the brook on a fallen log, flattered himself that the worst was over. He was surprised, however, to find the snow on the side to which he had crossed very much beaten, and discovered, to his dismay, that instead of one path there were numerous ones, leading in all directions. After various attempts to hit upon the right one, he gave it up in despair, and returned to where he had fastened his horse. Though he could not account for the multitude of tracks, yet as they seemed recent, it appeared reasonable to suppose that some persons must be in the neighbourhood. He therefore resolved to make himself heard if possible, and after shouting for some time most vigorously, he distinguished an answering shout. Ere long he discovered



two figures approaching, who proved to be Indians, of whom a considerable number had "camped" in the neighbourhood, and the tracks he had observed were the paths leading from the stream to the several wigwams. Vernon found difficulty in explaining his position to his new acquaintances, but at last their few words of English, and his few words of Indian, aided by signs, had the desired effect, and they kindly guided him to the proper path that would lead him to his destination. Just as he was emerging upon a well-beaten sleigh road, he met with another misfortune, for in the dark he managed to get foul of a small low stump, which startled the horse, and by a sudden jerk one of the shafts were snapped in the middle. It seemed now as if he must leave the remains of his sleigh on the road-side; but unwilling to do so, he unbuckled the shank of his halter, and placing the shivered parts of the shaft together, he bound the whole to the trace, whose tension helped to keep them from dropping or hurting the horse. Proceeding thus, he managed to reach a shanty, at the door of which he applied for assistance to patch up his cutter to enable him to get to his journey's end.

The owner was very ready to afford any aid in his power; but when he saw the state of the cutter, he told Vernon that it was impossible for him to proceed.

"But how in the world," asked the man, "did you manage to make such a smash of your sleigh. Did your horse run away, sir?"

"No, but hearing the mud-holes were very bad by Smith's clearing, I drove through the Bush by the footpath."

"O, you're joking, sir," said the man, incredulously.

"Who ever heard of driving a cutter three miles through the Bush?"

"It is a fact, nevertheless," replied Harry, "and I tried it because I would rather break my cutter than swamp my horse."

"Well, I'm ten years in the woods; and if any one else had told me of it I wouldn't have believed it. But," added the settler, "you can't go any farther to-night; and though we've but a poor way of doing, we'll make you as comfortable as we can. So come in, sir; and I'll take good care of your horse."

From the state of dilapidation in which Vernon found his vehicle, he was only too glad to accept the offered hospitality. Though his host had, as he had said, been ten years in the woods, he had very recently come to the place where he now was, and everything being of the rudest possible description, reminded Harry of his own old shanty in Monkleigh. The family consisted of the settler, his wife, and several children, most of whom were in bed in one corner, and in the opposite one stood another bed, which was the peculiar property of the parents. Harry soon observed that his hostess was proceeding to make such changes in this bed as were intended to fit it for his accommodation. This however he strongly protested against, and consented to accept their hospitality only on condition of their keeping their own bed and allowing him to do as he pleased. At last, though not without great difficulty, he carried his point, and, turning down the solitary wooden chair which the shanty boasted, in order that the back of it might serve as a pillow, he spread one of the buffalo skins which formed his "sleigh robes" on the floor,

and drawing the other over him, he found himself much more comfortable than when, from consideration for the feelings of his entertainers, he felt himself obliged to accept the beds which they often with great kindness relinquished for his use. Next morning the united skill of Harry and his host rendered the sleigh more fit for the prosecution of his journey, which he was enabled to accomplish without further accident.

On our hero's first commencing his missionary career, he found his ideas of delicacy and propriety very much in the way. The houses where he stayed very frequently consisted only of one apartment, which formed the parlour, kitchen, and bed-room of the husband and wife, and, perhaps, three or four grown-up sons and daughters. Getting into bed and out of it again used to be terrible operations. Sometimes when bed-time approached Harry would go, and on pretence of looking at his horse would remain out for some time, hoping that, at all events, the females of the family would take the opportunity of retiring for the night. On his return to the house, however, he generally found that no advantage had been taken of his absence. He would then sit down by the fire and talk to the host, flattering himself that perhaps his hostess and her daughters would do as he had done, and afford him an opportunity which they had neglected. Such an idea, however, never seemed to cross their minds, and so there was no help for it but to prepare for the worst. His devotions, which could not be called *private*, had to be performed in the room, for he feared to offer them outside the house, lest the inmates of it being ignorant of his having done so, should think that he

neglected them altogether. And then divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat, boots, and neckcloth, he got into bed, hoping when the others were asleep to render himself more comfortable, or else kicking off his "continuations" underneath the bed-clothes. Habit, however, enures us to anything, and after some time Vernon used to manage these matters with a coolness and skill, that would perhaps have led an ignorant person to suppose that his modesty had really received a very serious shock.

In some parts of Harry's mission there were great numbers of Protestant Irish, who retained in undiminished strength many of their national characteristics. There was among them much loyalty to the throne and attachment to the Church. There was great kindness and warm-heartedness towards their friends, and no lack of downright uncompromising hatred towards Papists, rebels, and other enemies; there was a good deal of fun and humour, and, with some exceptions, a very considerable proportion of *dirt*. Harry had many exemplifications of these various features of the national character—especially the latter. There was one man in particular—a kind, simple-hearted creature—who was known as "Jack Morgan," and for whom Vernon had a great liking. He was unable, however, to extend this partiality to his house, in consequence of cleanliness forming *no* part of its attractions. Jack was always most warm in his invitations.

"Ah, now," he would say, "sure yez'll stay with us next time yez come this way. Throth, I'd be proud to have some discoorse with yer riverence—so I would—only there's no time unless yez 'ud stay all night."

Harry fought off as long as possible; but fearful of hurting the poor fellow's feelings, he at last made up his mind to undergo a night of it. He was by no means "a lavender parson;" and he was rather sorry that he was not literally so on this occasion, for had a scent bottle been among his travelling equipments, he would certainly have put it in requisition. It was falling dark, on a bitterly cold winter's evening, when he arrived at Jack's; and after seeing that his horse was comfortable, he betook himself to the house. A perfect log-heap was blazing on the immense hearth, which occupied nearly the entire end of the room. The chimney, like many in the Bush, had no jambs, but merely came down a little way beneath the rough board ceiling, looking like a vast suspended extinguisher. The fire was so intensely hot that his side next it was almost scorched, while, owing to the severity of the cold and the openness of the house, the other side was nearly frozen.

Jack was rather proud of his mansion, for it was built of squared logs; it had several good-sized windows, and was divided into two rooms below, beside some accommodation over-head. He had several chairs—the blackened beams of the ceiling displayed a good show of hams and bacon—and sundry flour barrels in the corner showed that there was no danger of famine. Harry and his entertainers were sitting round the fire, "discoorsin'," as Jack said, on various subjects; the former turning round every now and then to get the other side warmed. He had kept on his great coat, and feeling a great wind behind, he turned up the collar in order to protect his neck.

"It's a purty could night," said Jack, observing the

movement, and then casting his eye round the room, which was illuminated by the fire-light, he added with an air of great satisfaction, "and the house is purty warm too."

Harry not feeling quite prepared to assent to this latter proposition, looked round to avoid giving his host a direct answer, and saw a full-grown cat *leap into the house from the outside* through a large open chink near the door. Whether this chink had been left open between the logs from carelessness, or for the especial convenience of the cat, Harry did not inquire, but he could not help thinking it a peculiar kind of evidence of the truth of Jack's observation, that "the house was purty warm too."

Summer, however, had its inconveniences as well as winter, as every travelling missionary is well aware. Vernor used occasionally to stop at the house of a very worthy man, named Thomas M'Bride, whose wife was a regular character, stout, tall, hospitable almost to excess, and having an irrepressible relish for joking and exaggeration. At this house Harry used to have a room to himself, and a bed with sheets and pillow-cases adorned with frills, and a beautiful patch-work quilt, and curtains to the bedstead, and various other luxuries too numerous to mention. Among them, however, he could not, in the summer months, count upon the "sole occupancy" of the bed, for there he found an amount of company that was far from desirable. Wearied however with a long ride under a burning sun, he generally managed to get to sleep, though the temperature of his apartment not unfrequently bore a disagreeable resemblance to that of the

black hole at Calcutta. Windows are in no esteem among the class to whom our hero ministered,\* and one would imagine, judging by their log houses, that there was a heavy window-tax in Canada, or else that the people deny themselves glass in their houses in order to put it all in their churches.\* Notwithstanding these things, however, Harry, as we have already said, generally managed to get to sleep; but soon after daylight his slumbers were as generally disturbed by the voracious propensities of his bed-fellows. Next to his room was the apartment of his host and hostess, divided from his own simply by a partition of inch boards, not over and above close together. He had therefore no difficulty in hearing that a cause, similar to that which disturbed his own rest, affected that of Mrs. M'Bride.

"Och, Tom, dear," quoth she, in a whisper, addressing her husband, "they're mighty bad, arn't they? They'll have me out o' bed, big as I am, if yez don't hould me. Arrah, plague on yez for *flays*," and here she gave another bounce. "May the divil fly away—"

"Hould yer whisht," exclaimed Tom in the same key, "and don't be cursin'—sure the minister'll hear yez."

"Arrah, who's cursin'? Sure it's not me; but, faix, if I was, it's enough to make a saint swear, let alone a sinner like me."

Vernon thought it prudent to give some intimation

\* This, of course, refers to old country settlers of the *class* and in the *circumstances* described in the text. In the older settlements, where frame and brick houses begin to be built, the partiality for glass manifested in Canada is astonishing.

of his being awake, as he did not wish to overhear any more of their private communications. Finding this to be the case, the worthy hostess commenced a conversation through the wall.

"Are yez awake, Mr. Vernon?" she asked, giving the partition a knock at the same time.

"Yes, Mrs. M'Bride," replied Harry, with a yawn, as if he had just been disturbed, "I'm pretty well awake now."

"An' how did yez slape?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"An' had yez many *flays*?"

"Well, I must confess I've had a tolerable share of them."

"Och, bad luck to them for *flays*. It's them childer that brings them in. They do be playin' among them murtherin' pigs, or rakin' among the chips; an' there's flays everywhere in this country, in the summer time, I do believe. The young villains," she added, "if I catch them there to-day, I'll break every bone in their body, wanst I'm up."

"If yez would bate them five times as much as yez do," grumbled Tom, "it would be good for them; but yez won't do it yerself, and yez won't let any one else."

"Get out with yez," said Mrs. M'Bride, laughing. "Sure, yez think ever since the day yez bate Andy M'Guire's boy with a throwers, that nobody can do any execution in that way but yerself. Och, yez are great with a throwers, so yez are! Sure, yez had better not put yours on till yez have bate the childer," she continued, laughing still more heartily, as Mr. M'Bride, evidently not relishing the subject on which



his wife was rallying him, got up and commenced to don his outer garments. The whole establishment soon followed his example; but on many a subsequent occasion did Vernon laugh at the remembrance of the extraordinary conversation in which he had borne a part.

We are very far, however, from wishing to impress the reader with the idea that the life of the travelling missionary is a continued series of difficulties, hardships, or annoyances such as these. With a certain share of them he will inevitably meet, but, as has been already stated, there will be much kindness and hospitality extended both to him and his horse; while in the older townships he will often enjoy the luxury of clean and comfortable quarters. With one more incident from the life of a travelling missionary, we will take leave of our hero in that character.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

ONE evening, Vernon was informed that a man lay very dangerously ill at about the distance of ten miles from where he then was; "And, indeed, sir," said his informant, it would be a great thing if you could go and see him, for he has been laid down a long time, as I hear."

On inquiring into his character, he fancied that there was something like hesitation in the answers which he received, and he could learn nothing farther than that

he was an English mechanic who appeared to be regarded as superior in intelligence to those around him, and had the reputation of being something of "a scholar."

Next day Vernon mounted his horse, and as he drew near the neighbourhood in which the sick man dwelt, he met an Irishman whom he recognised as a regular attendant at one of his stations, from whom he inquired the way.

"Ah, thin, is it Thomas Chisilthorpe yer riverence is goin' to see?" said the man, laying down his burden and looking at Harry with much interest. "Sure it's meself is glad to hear that same anyhow; though I'm afeared it's little good that *man* can do him."

Vernon now learned that the person whom he was going to visit was not only dangerously ill in body, but more fearfully diseased in soul. From what he could gather, the invalid appeared to be a man of strong natural parts, and his intense desire for knowledge had induced him to read everything that came in his way. In an evil hour he had become acquainted with the infidel works of Paine, which flattering the pride of his reason, and falling in with the evil inclination of his nature, had seduced him from the right way and converted him from an inconsistent Christian into a bold denier of our most holy faith. His learning and powers of argument had long been the talk of the village and its neighbourhood. Admired, and wondered at, and somewhat feared by his companions when abroad, his home, like the infidel's home in general, was the abode of discord, bitterness, and strife. For some months before Vernon had heard of him he had been suffering from a

lingering and most painful disease. "And oh, sir," continued Harry's Irish friend, from whom he had received the greater part of the account just given, "he's so dreadful cross now, and with the wife more than all; but he doesn't treat her so bad now as he used, though small thanks to him for that, for he's so weak he can't, but," he added, as Vernon turned away his horse, "I won't be keeping yer riverence. So good bye, kindly sir, and God speed yez."

Harry rode on with a heavy heart, feeling more than ever bound to visit this unhappy man, and yet unable to overcome an involuntary shrinking from the encounter. It was rather late in the season. The sun, which had shone brightly in the morning, had now disappeared behind some cold grey clouds, and the day had become bleak and cheerless. The road which he was pursuing was wild and broken, and fitful gusts of wind swept through the trees and strewed his path with the sere and yellow leaf of autumn. At last he came to a desolate looking clearing, in which stood a house which from the description he had received he knew to be that of the invalid. Having fastened his horse to the fence, he knocked at the door, and a voice, in a sharp uncourteous tone, bade him, as he supposed, to "come in." On trying the latch, there seemed to be some obstruction in the way, and on applying a little more force, the same voice bade him "come round to the other door," in a tone now strongly marked with anger and impatience. "Alas!" thought Harry, as he obeyed the mandate, "the account which I have heard, is, I fear, but too true. That voice augurs badly for my success."

On entering the house he was met by a careworn, unhappy-looking woman, and immediately opposite to the door stood a bed on which lay the sick man whom he had come to visit.

"I am a clergyman of the Church," said Vernon, advancing to the bedside of the invalid, "and as I was travelling in this part of the country I heard there was illness in this house, and therefore I have come to see you." The sick man pointed to a chair, in which Vernon seated himself; and as he looked upon the sufferer he could not help being struck with the manly proportions of his frame, though evidently but the wreck of what it had been. The lower part of the face was still handsome, but it was the strongly intellectual character of the forehead which rose above it, that particularly attracted his attention. His naturally fine countenance, however, was ruined by the expression of unhappiness and irritability which now sat upon it, and when the paroxysms of pain came on, the workings of his face and the quick motions of his hand showed plainly the impatience of his soul. To Vernon's inquiries as to his sufferings, he returned short and rather ungracious answers; and when from his bodily ailments he passed to the spiritual maladies of the soul, he assumed a sullen silence. Harry was anxious to avoid argument, and therefore he did not appear to be aware of the invalid's peculiar opinions. He spoke as if he whom he addressed was professedly a believer in Christianity, and one who must be aware of the immortality of the soul. He spoke of the weakness and corruption of our nature—of its blindness to its true interests—of its proud self-confidence and its enmity and opposition to

God and His holy ways. He then, in contrast, endeavoured to exhibit the infinite purity of the Divine nature and its necessary abhorrence of what is evil. He then asked if the sufferer knew of any mode by which such opposing natures could be reconciled. The same silence being preserved, Vernon endeavoured to explain, in such a way as he thought most likely to touch his heart without arousing the opposition of his intellect, the wondrous scheme of mercy exhibited in the atonement rendered by our blessed Lord. He spoke of the Saviour's all-sufficiency and willingness to save even to the uttermost. He dwelt upon His sufferings and His boundless love. He told of the rich blessings which He was ready to pour upon the contrite and submissive soul in answer to its fervent reverent prayers, and warned him solemnly of the danger and responsibility he incurred by neglecting so great a salvation. To every topic he appeared alike insensible; and having offered up his petitions on his behalf Harry left him, as he had found him, dark, sullen, and unsubmitive. Although his reception had been much better than he expected, Vernon nevertheless departed with a depressed and sorrowful heart. He had been riding for many days, and he now bent his way towards the solitary room which has been already mentioned, as forming his head-quarters. It was evening when he arrived, and having seen his jaded horse made comfortable for the night, he betook himself to his chamber, and cast himself into a chair, in weariness of body, and loneliness of heart. The wind had been rising before he had reached his destination. The clouds rolled in dark and heavy masses across the

sky, and as the evening closed in, the rain, ever and anon, came driving on the wild gusts that swept along. While daylight lasted he sat watching the clouds as they flew past, and listening to the wind as it moaned round the old frame house, and then rushed roaring and crashing through the adjoining forest. When, too, he looked from the desolate scene without, to the more desolate scene within, his spirits, already dejected, became still more depressed.

Night had now come on, and the darkness of his apartment was rendered visible by a miserable candle supported by a piece of tin, which, by courtesy, was called a candlestick. His snuffers consisted of the handle of his penknife and the end of his pencil case. In one corner stood his bed, with its four naked melancholy-looking posts; in another was an empty barrel, on which he had deposited his saddle. The chair on which he sat was kept in countenance by another without a back, and the yawning fire-place before him was occupied by a half-burnt black log, which had held possession since the previous winter. On the humble shelf above it lay a Greek Testament, and a few other necessary works, while a Bible and Prayer Book occupied the table at which he sat.

In the intervals of the storm, when the wind seemed for a moment to forget its fury and died away into silence, no sound was to be distinguished unless it was the beating of his own heart, or the grating of his boot as he drew it over the naked floor. And as he sat in that gaunt chamber visions of home came over him, and yearnings after communion with those he loved. And then again would the sick man's chamber, and his uneasy pain-stricken

face come vividly to his memory. And when he thought how much the storm that raged without must be in unison with his troubled mind, he knelt down, not only to ease his own weary and over-burdened heart, but to pray that God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, would cause the day-star to rise upon his heart and give him peace.

Many months passed away, and yet Thomas Chisilthorpe lingered on in a very miserable state, both in body and soul. Harry having been called by his duties from that part of the country, a long interval had elapsed since he had last seen him; but having heard that he was rapidly becoming worse, he determined to visit him as soon as possible, in order to make one more effort to bring him to a better mind. On entering his house, familiar as he had become with the faces of the sick and dying, he was shocked at the change which had passed over him since they had last met. He was emaciated to a perfect skeleton—his cheek bones seemed bursting the skin, and his eye, except when it seemed almost about to start from its socket with the intensity of his agony, was sunken and deadened by exhaustion.

He took Harry's hand, though with much feebleness; and on his condoling with him upon the severity of his sufferings, he looked up with an expression so different from that which he had formerly worn, that Vernon could not help being struck with it.

"Ah, sir," he said, "they are indeed severe, and hard to bear at times; but such long and trying affliction would never have been sent upon me but to answer some good end."

Harry could scarcely believe that he had heard aright,

so surprised was he by the altered manner and opinions of the sufferer.

"I am delighted and thankful to hear you speak in this way," replied Vernon. "You seem to be in a very different state of mind than when I saw you before."

"Very, very different, sir," he fervently replied. "I have been in a dreadful condition; and Oh, had God cut me off *then*, what would have become of me? I used to listen to all you told me, and I knew that what you said was true; for I was well brought up, sir. My father took us all regularly to the parish church, and was very careful about our ways at home. I always believed in my heart, even in my worst days, that if there was a God it was the God of the Bible, and if there was a Saviour it was Jesus Christ. But, though I knew what you said was true, I never felt as if it was."

"But there now seems to be a very happy change in your feelings," said Vernon; "to what cause do you attribute it?"

"Why, sir," was his reply, "I used to lie here and think of all I had done against God, and all that was before me, and when the thought of *eternity* would come over me, I would try to repent, but I could not; my heart was perfectly dead and insensible. Then I would try to pray, but I seemed to be praying to the winds, and I thought it was a mere mockery to attempt it. But still as I grew worse I could not help *thinking*, and I had the Bible read to me, for I was too weak to do it myself. I kept remembering my ways too, and at last I began to find my heart melt a little, and felt something like sorrow for my awful sins. Then it was also that I began really to pray, for I no longer felt as



if my prayers were unheard; and wonderful as it seems, it has now become the greatest comfort of my life to pour out my heart to God."

"I trust, however," said Vernon, "that you are not relying upon any undefined notion of the mere mercy of God, or upon the change that has taken place in your feelings. I hope that it is only through the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you are seeking the pardon of your grievous sins and the acceptance of your prayers."

"Oh, sir, how otherwise could a simple wretch like me hope to be forgiven by God. It is to the Saviour only I would trust. I would give up all hope from anything else, and would come to Him, bringing only my sins with me, for I have nothing else to bring to render Him merciful to me. I know—for I've been well taught, sir, in my younger days, and therefore the greater my guilt—I know that if I can only come to Him, *even I* shall not be cast out. And though it may almost seem presumptuous for such a sinner as me, yet I am now enabled to believe, that the great promises of the Bible would never have been given, if God was not willing to fulfil them, and that the Lord Jesus Christ would never have died upon the cross for us, had He not been ready to save the greatest sinners, if they will only turn from their evil ways to Him. What would ever become of me, sir," he added, "if I had not God's own word for it, that Christ is able to save to the *uttermost all* that come to Him."

There was now a pause in the conversation occasioned by the unwonted effort he had made in speaking.

"I am dreadfully troubled with my old bad habits,"

he said, resuming the subject, after he was a little recovered. "When in the days of my health, I was terribly given to swearing upon all occasions, and now, if any little thing goes wrong, I find such a struggle to keep from giving way to it. I *do* watch against it, sir, and pray against it too, but sometimes it rises to my lips, and when it does so," to use his exact words, "it is just like a mouthful of brimstone to me. Oh, sir," he added, with a most anxious expression, "do you think it is *sin*?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Harry; "a breach of one of God's express commandments must be sin; but if you *sincerely* loathe yourself for it, and strive in the strength of God against it, you will at last succeed, and this, with all your other sins, will be pardoned for Christ's sake."

"I have been a dreadfully cross man, too," he continued; "and I've vented mostly upon my poor wife, who is rather irritable too, so that we've lived together like fire and water. It's a great grief to me *now*, sir, and I am striving against that too, and I pray God to enable me to overcome my impatience, and I *do* think He is enabling me to get something the better of it."

He was now seized with a paroxysm of pain which interrupted the conversation; and while Vernon was thankful to observe that the invalid gave the most encouraging proofs of the reality of his repentance, namely, an apparently sincere desire "to forsake sin," yet he could not help reflecting upon the awful fallacy, which he had found widely prevalent among the people, that what was popularly termed conversion, was an event which, in the ordinary course of things, could

hardly be expected to take place till men had gone on, perhaps for years, in a course of sin. He could not help being struck with the strength of evil habits in the case before him, and he thought, should the patient live, and his repentance prove sincere, to what dangers he would be exposed through the influence of those evil habits, and how feebly and falteringly he would walk along the narrow path that leadeth unto life, compared with the calm, consistent, onward march of him who, being born unto God in holy baptism, is taught from his earliest hour to conduct himself as becomes the child of such a Father. The paroxysm of pain passed away while these thoughts were passing through Vernon's mind, and addressing Chisilthorpe, he observed, "that dreadful as his sufferings seemed to be, yet if they were the means of leading him to true repentance, and teaching him to look for the pardon of his sins to the Saviour, he would have reason to bless God for them to all eternity."

"Aye," said he quickly, "I shall bless Him not only throughout eternity, I trust, but I bless Him *now* for them. I would not exchange my present condition at this moment, to be as I was, in the proudest day of my health and strength. Oh!" continued he, and he threw up his emaciated arm, to give emphasis to his words, "Oh! I am *happy* now amidst all my sufferings, compared with what I was before. The thought of eternity does not make me tremble as it used to do, for the remembrance of Christ's bloodshedding takes away fear of it."

Worn out by talking and by the severe attacks of pain by which he had been frequently interrupted, he

fell into an uneasy sleep, and Vernon took advantage of the opportunity it afforded him to question his wife as to the reality of his struggles against his evil habits. The answers which he received were most satisfactory, for, with every appearance of sincerity, she assured him that he was now like a different man. As Harry sat by the side of that weary and pain-worn sleeper, and thought of the wonderful revolution which appeared to have taken place in his thoughts, feelings, and character, he lifted up his heart in gratitude to God for so striking a manifestation of His grace. It is true that he had ceased to be as sanguine as he once was, as to the genuineness and reality of repentance under such circumstances; but he knew that, while there was *no* such comforting evidence of our faith as a well-spent life, the grace of God was, nevertheless, sufficient for us even at the eleventh hour, and while apparently free from anything like that cant, which comes only from the lips, and against which the heart rises in disgust, there was, at the same time, a sincerity and earnestness of manner,—a truth and vividness of feeling about the penitent,—that convinced him that every word he uttered came fresh from his inmost heart. We will not weary the reader with further details,—suffice it to say, that subsequent visits strengthened the hope, that God had granted to the sufferer repentance unto life, and though Harry was removed from that section of the country ere he sunk beneath the disease, yet he had reason to believe that his end was peace.

At the close of the visit which we have just described, Vernon left the house with feelings of deepest thankfulness, and many were the cheerful and pleasant

thoughts that rose in his breast, as he rode along, for nature, on that still evening, seemed to be in unison with his gladdened spirit. The sun was sinking in the west, and twilight was already falling upon the forest road which he had to traverse, when it brought him suddenly to the margin of a tiny lake, whose waters, sheltered by the dark foliage which surrounded them, lay in their solitude unruffled by a breeze. Not only was it protected from the wind, but the primeval forest which grew upon its shores shrouded it almost from the light, and not a ray from the departing sun rested upon its bosom. Dark and motionless it lay, undisturbed by aught, save where a solitary water-fowl floated upon its surface; and gazing on that lonely bird as it held its way over those dark waters, Vernon was struck by the strange and silvery brightness of the track which it left behind it. So beautiful was it, and so wild and lonely was the whole scene, that, giving way to the prevailing mood of his own mind, he paused upon his way, and bethought him of what to liken it. And he thought that the bird was an emblem of the faithful Christian, who, born from above, and full of his master's spirit, holds his quiet way over the dark waters of this weary world, leaving behind him a pathway glistening in the light of heaven; brightened by trials patiently endured,—by difficulties nobly met, and gleaming with acts of faith and deeds of charity. And as that bird arose from those gloomy waters, and soared upwards and upwards still, till rising above the ancient trees that grew upon the shore, the sun's last rays glistened upon its plumage, so, when his hour shall come, the Christian shall rise upwards from his path of earthly

toil, and clad in the spotless livery of heaven, shall rejoice for ever in "the sunshine of the Saviour's smile." And even as when the bird had vanished from his sight, its track was still gleaming on that lonely lake, so when the Christian shall depart hence, the remembrance of his holy deeds will linger brightly on the earth, and serve as a beacon-light in guiding others on the road to heaven. Vernon turned, and resuming his solitary way he thought that the memory of the just was *blessed*.

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## CHAPTER XX.

At the period when Vernon was exercising his office as a travelling missionary, the political state of the Canadas was becoming more and more unpromising. The Colonial-office had adopted a system of conciliation towards the radical or republican party, which, instead of being regarded as a generous wish to meet their views and remedy their alleged grievances, was looked upon by them as a course of policy dictated by fear. The Downing-street authorities were all bows and smiles to every lying grievance-monger who chose to present himself; and their mendacious assertions were listened to, and legislated upon, as if they expressed the voice of the great body of the colonists. Encouraged by this unhappy system, Papineau and his followers in Lower Canada indulged unchecked in insolence of the most

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seditions and treasonable character, while the same party in Upper Canada employed a low-bred, disaffected pedlar to do the dirtiest, but most important part of the work, namely, *the lying*. This creature, through their medium of a seditious newspaper, circulated throughout the country falsehoods of the most monstrous and extraordinary nature; and, by deceiving some of the more ignorant of the people, rendered them in some measure discontented. We have heard of a man who, mistaking the sudden buzzing of a wasp for distant thunder, hurried away to avoid the anticipated storm. The mistake which the sages of Downing-street made was strongly analogous. They fancied they heard the distant and angry murmurs of a disaffected people, and immediately endeavoured, by propounding remedies for fictitious grievances, to avert the imaginary storm, instead of crushing the contemptible insect which had caused the false alarm. On the other hand, those who were sincerely loyal to the crown, and who, as subsequent events showed, were the vast majority of the people, were generally looked upon with coldness by the authorities; while radicals and republicans were listened to "with the greatest respect." The really British part of the inhabitants were snubbed and discountenanced. The much esteemed Governor, Sir John Colborne, was not supported by the Home Government, and the testimony of professional agitators was taken and acted upon in preference to his. He was at length recalled, to the great delight of the republicans, and the sincere sorrow of the loyal and British-hearted. Sir Francis Head was appointed in his stead. He was described by those who professed to

know him, as "a tried reformer,"—which most persons interpreted to mean an ultra-radical. These suppositions seemed more than verified when it was found that he was lauded and recommended by Joseph Hume; and when, not long after his arrival, he called Dr. Rolph to the Executive Council,—a man who was known to be a rank republican, and who was subsequently implicated most deeply in the rebellion.

The loyalists had for a long time been disheartened, and felt that since the Imperial Government threw the weight of its influence into the republican scale, exertion on their part was almost hopeless. This depression was much increased when, for a short time, it seemed as though the Governor also was about to throw himself into the arms of the anti-British party. When at length, however, he took a firm stand against their unconstitutional demands; when it began to be understood that, while ready to remedy any grievance that could be proved to exist, he was determined to maintain inviolate the prerogative of the Crown; when, in answer to the addresses which were poured in upon him, thanking him for the stand he had made, his plain, nervous, and spirit-stirring replies were circulated throughout the country, who, that was in Canada in those days, but remembers the thrill of joy that, like an electric shock, passed through the length and breadth of the land? Men's eyes grew bright, and there was many a swelling breast, and many an uplifted head, when they found that they were no longer to be subjected to a contemptible democratic faction; and that they might yet hope to live and die beneath that flag which was to them the emblem of institutions which were dearer to them than their lives.



The House of Assembly, in which there were a greater number of Americans than of any other country, took up the cudgels against Sir Francis. They stopped the supplies, and he in return reserved all the money bills, and consequently all the public business of the country was utterly paralyzed. The House was dissolved, and the country appealed to, and the answer which it returned was by no means equivocal. Previous to the dissolution the republicans had a majority of eleven. In the newly elected Assembly the loyalists had a majority of twenty-five. In fact, the principal leaders of the radicals lost their election altogether; and with all their energy and perseverance, which are proverbial, they only had seventeen members in the House, while the loyalists returned forty-five. The radicals, as a matter of course, attributed the success of their opponents to the undue and unconstitutional influence of the Government. And they resolved, as a manifestation of their power, to carry the municipal elections of the city of Toronto; here, however, they were utterly foiled, for they were all carried against them by majorities of two to one.

These details are perhaps of little interest to the general reader; but they are useful as showing, in the most decided manner (Lord Durham's Report to the contrary notwithstanding), that Upper Canada had no sympathy with republicanism, and that its people revered and loved the monarchical institutions of their fatherland. If the case is to any great extent different at the present day, it must be entirely attributed to the obstinate incredulity and suicidal policy of the Colonial Office. The circumstances which have been briefly alluded to had thrown the country into a state of the greatest

excitement. Rumours began to be rife that as all the troops had been sent to Lower Canada to quell the insurrection that had broken out in that province, the republicans in Upper Canada would take advantage of the opportunity, and endeavour to carry out their views by force of arms. Armed parties were said to meet stately for the ostensible purpose of firing at a mark, but really in order to be drilled ; and a feeling of distrust and alarm was experienced in many parts of the country. That there was really any ground for these latter rumours, Vernon did not believe. It is true that he had heard some vague reports of such proceedings, but he attributed them to that exaggeration which was sure to exist during a war of parties such as then prevailed. It was during the first days of December, that suffering from a feeling of indisposition with which he had struggled for some time, he resolved to visit Wilton in order to consult his friend, Mr. Lawrence. Wilton had by this time become a considerable place,—there were many good “ stores ” —a bank agency had been established—the mills and machinery on the stream which flowed beside it had much increased—the arms of a regiment of militia were deposited there ; and the character of the place was decidedly loyal. This was more than could be said for some of the old townships in its neighbourhood ; and the inhabitants of the village were well aware that if difficulties *did* occur, they were tolerably sure of coming in for their share of them. Still no immediate apprehensions were entertained, and consequently no preparations were made. It was situated in the valley of the stream which was the cause of its prosperity, not far from where it fell into the lake. The main line of road ran some miles to

the rear, from which another road running down the valley communicated with the village. The clearings were mostly in the neighbourhood of the main road and to the rear of it; while the land in the immediate vicinity of Wilton, especially as it approached the lake, was comparatively poor in quality, broken in character, and was consequently much less cultivated. If this description has been understood, the reader will perceive, that if the road leading along the valley from the village to the main road was obstructed, all communication with the former would be rendered difficult.

At the time we have mentioned, Harry put his resolution of visiting his friends into effect. The winter thus far had been most unusually mild, and the roads were proportionably bad; no snow had fallen, and it was almost impossible to get one's horse out of a footpace. By the time Vernon reached the road leading down the valley to Wilton, it was very late, and he thought as Mr. Lawrence would most probably have gone to bed before he could reach his house, he would put up for the night at a very decent inn, with the landlord of which he was acquainted, and which stood at the corner formed by the intersection of the two roads. The sky had cleared, the moon and stars shone out brightly, and there were symptoms of a sharp frost. Vernon saw the coating of mud rubbed off "Fidget's" legs, and had her well fed and bedded down. He then betook himself to the inn, and found the landlord busy piling wood on a newly-kindled fire in the best room, and making every arrangement for his comfort.

"Glad to see you back in these parts, Mr. Vernon," said Boniface, who was a jolly good-natured looking

Englishman. "Going down to see your old friends at Wilton, I suppose?"

"Yes, I intend going on to the village in the morning," replied Vernon. "And how are they all down there, and how are things going on in this part of the world?"

"Why, I believe, they are all very well. I saw the doctor the other day, and last Sunday I went down to church, and the parson gave us a grand sermon about fearing God and honouring the Queen. These rascally radicals I do believe hate him as bad as they hate the Governor, and that's saying a good deal."

"I suppose they are very violent just now?" observed Vernon. "I've seen nothing of them, for I've been in the back townships lately, and there the settlers are all old countrymen, and loyal to the back-bone."

"They are getting altogether too bad about here, and I do think in my heart we shall have some trouble before long. Some on 'em were trying to frighten me t'other day, when I was telling 'em what I thought on 'em; but drat 'em," exclaimed mine host energetically, "I'd like to see the rebel among 'em all that I'm afraid on. I've fought for King George before to-day, and when the time for it comes, I'll do it again."

"I hope there will be no occasion for that," replied Harry, "but if the time does come when the lawless proceedings of these evil men shall render it necessary, I have no doubt but there will be many found who, like yourself, will be ready to peril their lives before they will see old England's flag trampled on by a set of rebels."

"No doubt on't, sir, for, putting Wilton out of the way (and they're all true blue there), I'd venture to say, that in twelve hours I could myself get a lot of men together that would thrash three times their number of rebels, any day."

Vernon soon retired to his room, which was on the second floor, and the window of which looked down upon the Wilton road. He was tired with his long ride through the mud, and though not feeling very well, he dropped asleep almost as soon as his head reached the pillow. His slumbers, however, were far from easy—he was haunted by strange, confused, and uncomfortable dreams, in which the scenes of his missionary duties, and the faces of his friends, were mingled with grotesque political events and personages. At length he awoke. The moon was still shining brightly, and the temperature of his apartment told him very distinctly that a severe frost had set in. He again composed himself to sleep, and just as he was sinking into a state of unconsciousness, he thought he heard a sound as of many footsteps passing along the now hard and frozen road, immediately beneath his window. He roused himself and listened, but the sound, if not imaginary, had now died away. He thought it strange that any number of persons should be moving along the road at that time of night, and had nearly come to the conclusion that he had been deceived by some of the wild dreams which had before disturbed his rest, when he thought that his ear again detected in the distance a similar sound. He listened with breathless attention, and heard it draw nearer and nearer, still evidently proceeding from a considerable body of

persons coming along the main road and then turning down the road to Wilton. Vernon could not repress a vague feeling of alarm at so unusual an occurrence, and springing quickly but cautiously from his bed, he approached the window, and, looking out, saw distinctly a large party of men, armed with rifles, proceeding silently and quickly on the road towards the village. Hardly had they passed out of sight, and just as he was on the point of going to awake the landlord, his ear, quickened by anxiety, distinguished the approach of another party, and from the window, which commanded a part of the main road as well as that to Wilton, he saw them halt, and, apparently, examine the house. Then, as if satisfied that all was still, they advanced as noiselessly as the state of the frozen ground would permit, and cautiously making the turn down the valley, they hurried after their companions who had preceded them.

Vernon, fortunately, had several times slept in the house before, and consequently had some acquaintance with the localities. He knew also where the landlord's apartment was situated, and proceeding thither with great caution lest he should wake any of the other inmates, he quietly opened the door, and advancing to the bed-side aroused him as gently as he could.

"Hillo!" exclaimed the host, rather alarmed. "Who's that? What do you want here?"

"Hush, for your life," said Harry, in a subdued voice. "It's me—Mr. Vernon; get up, directly, and come to my room; but be quiet, and don't wake any one."

"Why, what in the world's the matter," asked

Wagstaff, for that was his name, "just wait a moment, till I get a light, and—"

"No light, or we're ruined," said Harry, seizing his arm as he was going to light a match. "Hark!" he added, "do you hear that?"

"I hear nothing," returned Wagstaff, then paused and listened again. "And yet I do, too. Why it's like men walking over the hard road. It must be some folks going by the house; but what can they be stirring so early for? Who can they be?"

"I can tell you," replied Harry. "*They are the rebels going to attack Wilton.*"

If one of the aforesaid rebels had fired his rifle through Joe Wagstaff's window, he could not have been more startled than he was by Vernon's words. Having already slipped on some clothes, he followed his guest to his chamber, in time to see another party disappear down the road leading to the village. Harry looked anxiously in that direction, fearing to behold the sky reddened by the flames of its burning houses, but all was calm and still, as if the heavens with their thousand starry eyes saw not in those scenes the workings of evil passions, or the perpetration of wicked deeds.

"The rebel thieves!" exclaimed Wagstaff. "They've to take to the night for their work; they dare not do it in daylight. How long have they been passing, do you know, sir?"

"I don't know how long they had been passing before I awoke," replied Vernon; "but I slept so uneasily that I think I was disturbed by the first party that passed."

"And how many do you think have gone by?"

"I think that I can't have seen less than eighty or a hundred; and of course I can't be sure that many had not passed before I woke."

"The day will soon break," replied Wagstaff, "and yet they can't surely have attacked the village. We could hear a single shot such a night as this, and if they'd fired the houses we should see it on the sky."

"Hark!" said Harry, "there are some more coming along the road," and looking cautiously from the window he watched their approach. "These are evidently only a few stragglers," he added, "and they are hurrying on at such a pace as looks as if they were afraid of being too late."

"What's to be done?" asked mine host, looking sorely puzzled.

"That is a question not very easily answered," replied Vernon, "but *something* must be done, and that quickly. You had better go off and see if you can gather some of those loyalists you were speaking of before supper, and I shall try to reach Wilton, and warn them of their danger."

"The thing is impossible, sir; you'll only get shot if you try it; and at any rate you wouldn't be in time; if they're going to do anything, it would be done before you could get there."

"I shall try, nevertheless. I know the path that leads to Breck's old clearing. It turns off the Wilton road not half a mile from here, and the frost has made the swampy part hard enough for a horse. If I can reach the clearing, the sleigh road that he made to the mill runs along the sand ridge, and is sure to be pretty good, and it does not come out on the



Wilton road again till within a short distance of the village."

"That's a lucky thought, sir," replied Wagstaff, "for very few of the neighbours knew much of old Breck, except yourself and Mr. Grey. I doubt if almost any one has travelled the path since you used to do so when you were visiting him in his last illness, for since he died the clearing's been deserted."

"So much the better, as they will hardly think of guarding it. And now, Wagstaff, this is no time to think of ourselves—take your man, if you can depend upon him, and see that you get as many of the loyalists together as you can; and keep off the roads lest the rebels should catch you."

"We'll do our best, sir. Jim is an Irish Orangeman, and he hates a rebel as much as he does a Papist. I'll just get the women out of the way, and then we'll be off; and if we are all alive, if you don't hear summat on us before night, then my name isn't Joe Wagstaff."

"Let us, then, be both quick and quiet," replied Vernon. "I'll go and get my horse, while you and your man remove your wife and servant girls to some place of safety. Though it is darker now than it has been all night, the day will break immediately, and therefore we've not a moment to lose. Good bye to you, Wagstaff, and may God of His mercy keep and guide us through the dangers that threaten us."

"Good bye, and God bless you, sir," returned Wagstaff, taking Harry's hand and giving him a hearty squeeze. "They've made a parson of you, but you wouldn't have made a bad soldier, to my thinking."

But stop," he added, as Vernon was hurrying away. "You've no arms. I've got nothing but a double-barrel fowling-piece, but if you'll take that, you're welcome."

"No, no," said Harry, "I want no arms—they would be of no use to me. I'm not going to fight—I'm going to ride."

"Then, if you won't have that, you shall have a stout, heavy cudgel of mine, and if any rascal wishes to stop you on your ride, why, seeing that your arm is none of the weakest, a clip from it might help to clear your way."

These arrangements having been determined on, each party proceeded immediately to carry them into effect, with as much dispatch and silence as the circumstances would permit.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

THE moon was nearly set—a light was fitting from window to window in a small dwelling in Wilton, but after a little time it was extinguished, and a man emerged from the door and took the way to the main road. The individual in question was a mechanic of the name of Jones, who, having a journey before him, had made an early start in consequence of the badness of the roads and the shortness of the days. At some little distance from the village a wooden bridge was flung over the stream which here

crossed the road, and just beyond the bridge was what would be called a strong position. On one side of the road ran the stream, which was of considerable magnitude, and the opposite bank of which was steep and rugged. On the other side, a bold sandy ridge or spur (down the Wilton side of which ran the sleigh-road leading from old Breck's clearing to which Vernon had alluded) jutted out from the range of hills that formed one side of the valley to within a few yards of the road, so that a few men could have occupied the space intervening between the foot of the ridge and the river bank, and have cut off the communication of one part of the valley from the other; for the spur was not only wooded, but from being much exposed to the wind, it was rendered almost impenetrable from fallen timber.

Jones was picking his way over the rough road, generally keeping well to the sides to avoid the waggon track, which was very much cut up. When he came within sight of the bridge he found the road worse than ordinary, in consequence of the trees growing near the side; the feeble rays of the sinking moon were intercepted by the same cause, and the difficulty of the way stopped the cheerful whistle by which he had previously beguiled the road. He had paused a moment to determine which side of the road was the smoothest, when he heard distinctly the sound of approaching steps, not as of a single person, but of a considerable body of men.

Jones, though more surprised than alarmed, resolved to remain where he was, under the deep shadow of some hemlock trees, until the approaching party should

reach the bridge, which was not many yards in front of him. This they very speedily did, but instead of crossing it, they halted at the farther side; and, even with the aid of the failing and uncertain light, Jones could perceive that their numbers were considerable. He also thought they were armed as well as he could discern; and a circumstance that alarmed him as much as any other, was the cautious and suppressed tone of their conversation. He threw himself down on his hands and knees and crept noiselessly under the shelter of some low pine and hemlock bushes that grew close to the road-side and afforded a secure screen, while at the same it allowed him to watch the motions of the other party. A man who rode a large, powerful-looking horse, and who appeared to be the leader, dismounted, and seemed to give some directions about the occupation of the ground; he then, accompanied by another person, crossed the bridge and passed close to where Jones was concealed.

"Well, now Jabez ha'n't we done the thing slick?" said the leader to his companion. "I do b'lieve there ain't a mortal critter but thinks that we're all to hum, in our beds, 'stead o' bein' out a Tory huntin'."

"Well," said the other man, "we've been considerable smart, but for all that, we're three hours too late. This darn'd Tory hole will be all of a buzz before we can get hold o' the arms and the dollars, and the folks we want; and if we're kept here 'stead o' being up to help to take Toronto, what will M'Kenzie say?"

"I tell you what, Jabez, you're gittin' skeer'd, and I guess you'd better go back to hum," was the rather contemptuous reply.

"It's a lie," retorted the other. "I ain't a bit more skeer'd than you be—all I say is that we're too late."

"If you'll come on to the next turn in the road," said the leader, "you'll see the village, and how slick we can put the trick into them. And, golly!" he added, "if they war' awake, I guess we could make them scratch gravel a leetle the quickest."

During this brief conversation they had been within earshot of Jones; for, on being charged with being "skeer'd," the party so charged had stopped abruptly in order the more emphatically to vent his indignation. They now, however, proceeded a short distance towards Wilton. While they were gone, which was only a few minutes, Jones observed the arrival of another party at the bridge, who halted, like the others, without crossing it. As the two men returned from their reconnoitring expedition, he heard one say to the other that he thought that they had men enough; while the other party seemed to be in favour of waiting till reinforcements arrived.

Jones was a thoroughly loyal man; and though by no means deficient in courage, there is no denying that what he had seen and heard produced anything but a soothing effect upon his nerves. He was, in plain English, in a horrid state of fright, and his trepidation was increased by the thought of his house, in which he had left his wife and children, being one of the first which the rebels would come to. He therefore resolved, if possible, to get back to the village, and give the alarm before too late. He accordingly crept stealthily through the bushes, and keeping under the shelter and shadow of the trees, he succeeded in gaining the road beyond the turn which the rebel leader had mentioned,

and which while it encouraged him with a sight of the village, hid him at the same time from the sight of his newly-formed acquaintances. Taking to his heels he flew rather than ran, and the distance that intervened between himself and his own house was passed in an incredibly short space of time. He dashed open the door, and told his wife to take the children to a place of greater safety which he mentioned, or the rebels would burn them and the house too. Leaving the poor woman in a state of speechless alarm, he flew next to Mr. Lawrence's, whose dwelling was not far distant, and thundèred at the door as if he meant to knock it to pieces.

"Have mercy on the door, my man," said Mr. Lawrence, "and I'll be with you in a moment. Has any accident occurred; or what's the matter?"

"The rebels—the rebels, sir," gasped poor Jones, utterly out of breath; "they'll be here directly and cut all our throats unless we look sharp; they're close at hand."

"Why, Jones, you are dreaming, or mad, surely. What are you talking about, man?"

"I tell you, doctor, I saw them not ten minutes ago. They are just on the other side of the bridge, and they will be here before we're ready for them. For God's sake come and help to alarm the village, or it will be too late."

"Run to Captain Thornton's," said Mr. Lawrence. "He has charge of the arms, and commands the militia; and I'll follow you in a moment; let us all meet in front of the church."

The noise that Jones had made at the door had roused

the whole household ; and the tidings he had brought threw them all into the greatest excitement and surprise. Mr. Lawrence sent off sons, daughters, servants and all, in different directions through the village, to give the alarm, and tell the men to meet with what arms they had in front of the church, which was near the centre of the village. Jones had aroused Captain Thornton, and when Mr. Lawrence reached his house he found that he had already gone to the building where the arms were kept, and had also sent his establishment to arouse the neighbourhood. Mr. Lawrence then ran to Mr. Grey's, and told him of the threatened danger. He then returned to the front of the church accompanied by the parson, and by the dim light of the breaking day he saw a considerable number of men assembled, and equipped from Captain Thornton's arm chest.

"There ought to be more men here," said Mr. Lawrence. "What keeps them?"

"They have not had time to have the news, and get here yet," answered a bystander.

"Has no one thought of ringing the church-bell?" asked Mr. Grey.

"I've thought of it several times," answered Mr. Lawrence. "But I thought it would be well not to let them know that we were ready for them."

"Well," said Jones, who had joined the group, "I think it might do good if they did know it. Some of them, I think, arn't over fond of coming to blows, and if they knew that we were wide awake they might not come against us at all."

This idea was generally approved of; and accordingly a loud quick peal was rung, which had the good effect of

disheartening the rebels, and of hastening the loyal villagers to the place of meeting.

"I hope, Jones," said Captain Thornton, returning to the party which he had left a little while before, "I hope you have only been frightened by shadows, after all; I've been some way down the road but I can see no sign of any one."

"I never heard tell of shadows going out 'a Tory hunting,'" said Jones, rather sharply, "nor heard them talk of helping M'Kenzie to attack Toronto; and that's what the shadows *I* saw were talking about, unless my ears are as bad as my eyes."

"Well, well, man—don't be testy about it; but tell me what do you think delays them, or where are they?"

"When I saw them they were posted on the other side of the river, behind Old Breck's Ridge; and I think they are there yet, waiting for some more of their own sort, so as to be strong enough not to give us a chance of success against them; and then it would make no odds whether it was daylight or dark."

"Had we not better in that case go forward and attack them before they become too strong for us?" suggested Mr. Lawrence's son.

"It would be running too great a risk," replied Captain Thornton. "The valley isn't twenty yards broad there. We should have to cross the bridge in the face of their fire, while they would be almost entirely sheltered; besides, we've no idea of their numbers."

Daylight had now completely broken, and every object within view was clear and distinct, but still no traces of the rebels could be seen. Suddenly, however, every ear and heart was startled by the report of two or three



shots fired in the direction of the insurgents' position, and not long after a horseman was seen coming at speed towards the village, his head bare, and his horse and his lower garments dripping with water.

"Who on earth is this coming?" said Captain Thornton; but before many surmises could be made the new comer was close at hand.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Lawrence, "it's Harry Vernon. He must have escaped from the rebels, or have ridden through them."

Next moment Vernon dashed in among them, and was welcomed with a hearty cheer; for it was evident that he had been riding for his life. His horse's flanks were heaving, and her bit covered with foam; his own face was deadly pale, except that on his cheeks there glowed a bright red spot, and his eye was gleaming with wild excitement.

"Thank God," he said, "that you are not all murdered, and that I am safe among you; I've had a narrow escape from those villains beyond the bridge; but we'll catch them in their own trap yet, if they don't have a care."

He was immediately assailed with numberless questions as to his escape; how he came to be in the neighbourhood; what force the rebels had; what he thought they were going to do. And while he is endeavouring to give as clear an account of himself and his adventures as he could, we must take the reader back to Wagstaff's inn, where our hero was left at the end of the last chapter, preparing to set out for Wilton.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE shadows were long, and the light of the setting moon was faint and feeble when Vernon rode cautiously out of the stable-yard of "the Crown and Castle," with which regal and aristocratic emblems Mr. Wagstaff had adorned his sign. He kept the side of the road in preference to the middle, not only as being the smoothest, but as being more sheltered from observation, and proceeded, notwithstanding his anxiety and impatience, at a slow pace, for fear of overtaking the party who had just preceded him, and lest the noise of his horse's feet on the frozen ground should reach their ears. Every faculty was painfully upon the stretch until he came to the path that struck off the road, and by which, if he could succeed in following it, he hoped to get round the insurgents, and alarm the village. This, however, he had great difficulty in doing. The path had not been used for a long time, the leaves of the preceding autumn lay thick upon it, the darkness was increasing, and more than once he thought he must abandon the undertaking in despair. Having dismounted immediately on leaving the road, he was obliged to *feel* his way along the path, sometimes with his feet, and often with his hands, and, as may easily be supposed, his progress was extremely slow. Tortured by anxiety on behalf of his friends, he thought the path

was interminable, and it was with a truly grateful heart that he found himself, just as day was beginning to break, on the outskirts of old Breck's clearing. The fences were down, and everything, as far as he could discern by the uncertain light, appeared most desolate; and so changed did the place seem to him, that he found some trouble in discovering the sleigh-road that led from the clearing along a sandy ridge ending in the spur, at the foot of which the rebels had taken up their position. He had ridden some way along the ridge, and was at no great distance from the valley, when the sound of the village bell struck his ear. Though the sound was faint, owing to the distance, yet the quick startling manner in which the peal was rung told plainly of danger and alarm.

"I am too late," thought Harry, "they have attacked the village;" and striking his horse he dashed onwards as rapidly as the nature of the road and the lingering obscurity would permit. He had not proceeded far before he again reined up his horse, and listened with breathless attention. No sounds of strife or conflict, however, came mingled with the quick tolling of the bell, and he began to hope that the villagers had discovered the rebels in time to make some preparation for their reception. As he drew near the Wilton road, he proceeded with much caution, as he was, of course, ignorant of the tactics of the insurgents. Breck's sleigh-road descended the side of the ridge next to the village, and then, running along the foot of it, struck the Wilton road, close to the bridge. As Vernon descended the hill he could see the bridge, and the portion of the road leading from it to the turn from whence the village

was visible. No one was in sight, and he thought that if he could once succeed in getting across the bridge he would be safe, for he would then be on the same side as the village; and even if the rebels were on the road beyond the turn, he could manage to avoid them. His plans, however, were suddenly deranged by the unwelcome sight of a small party of the rebels, headed by a man on horseback, advancing towards the bridge, and thus cutting off all chance of his gaining the other side of the river at that place.

The stream, which flowed from Wagstaff's inn to Breck's ridge in nearly a straight course close by the side of the road, took a sudden bend, and crossed it almost at a right angle just after passing the latter place. "The flats" on both sides of it were cleared and used for meadow-land, and were here and there intersected with fences. The clearing on the left-hand side of the river, on which Vernon was, extended from the water's edge along the foot of Breck's ridge, and the high land which formed the boundary of the valley, until, at a considerable distance down the stream, it was interrupted by a belt of impassable cedar swamp, which ran down from the foot of the hills to the bank of the stream.

When, as he descended the ridge, Vernon perceived the road clear and unobstructed, he pushed on at a more rapid pace; and he was proceeding along the open flats at the bottom of the hill before he observed the party of malcontents advance to the stream, and take possession of the only means by which it could be crossed. His first impulse was to make for the rising ground, and screen himself beneath the trees; but before he

could effect his object he was discovered, and his evident wish to escape brought several rifles to bear upon him, a proceeding very well calculated to give force and decision to the commands which were issued by the leader at the top of his voice, ordering him to come forward and surrender himself. Harry found himself in an extremely unpleasant position, and hesitated how to act. Before him was the well-armed rebel party,—behind him stretched the meadows for a considerable distance, but affording no chance of escape, in consequence of the belt of cedar swamp by which they were ultimately bounded,—on his right was the steep wooded range of rising ground, which could be ascended only by the rugged path which he had just traversed, while on his left ran the river, which, though generally shallow, was higher than usual, owing to the open winter, and which now presented such a body of rushing water that he had great doubts whether he could induce his horse to attempt to ford it. A single glance showed Vernon how he was placed; and he thought, could he but once get beyond the range of the rifles, his best chance of escape would be to endeavour to retrace his steps in the direction of old Breck's clearing.

"Come on, will you," shouted one of the rebels, raising his rifle again on observing Harry's continued hesitation, "come on, I tell you, or I'll blow you through."

"Who are you?" asked Vernon, in reply; "and by what right or authority do you presume to stop men upon their lawful occasions?"

"You'll find that out afore long, I reckon," was the reply; to which was added the reiterated command to "come on."

A plan of escape from the unpleasant proximity of the rifles flashed across Harry's mind ; and advancing a step or two, he again halted.

"I am a man of peace," said he, unbuttoning the collar of his great coat to show his white cravat, and at the same time concealing his cudgel by holding it between his thigh and the saddle, and, assuming a somewhat nasal twang, "I am a man of peace and a preacher of the Word of God. I am alone, and unarmed, as befits my calling ; for what have I to do with the weapons of carnal warfare ? Pray, gentlemen, put down your guns, for they might go off, and hurt me ; and let the gentleman on horseback come and confer with me. I can't tell that you *ain't* Tories."

The men laughed as Vernon uttered the above speech at the top of his voice, and with symptoms of great trepidation ; and the leader of them immediately rode towards him, as it was quite apparent that he was alone. Harry had succeeded in the first part of his scheme. The sleigh-road or path was bounded on one side by the ridge, and on the other by the fence inclosing the meadows ; and as the well-mounted rebel leader approached, his person was directly and necessarily interposed between his friends on the bridge and his anticipated captive. As he drew near, Vernon touched Fidget gently with his heel, and while he was apparently about to advance to meet him, he managed to make his horse seem a little restive, and half turned her round. At that moment the rebel looked back for a moment to reply to some remark from the bridge, and Vernon seizing the opportunity suddenly wheeled completely round, struck the mare with his heel,

and she, already irritated, sprang away almost at the top of her speed. The rebel leader was for a moment taken by surprise, but the next instant he was dashing after our hero along the foot of the ridge. The result was what he had anticipated. The men on the bridge were flurried by the suddenness of the move, then they hesitated to fire for fear of injuring their leader, and before they very well knew what to do, Vernon was out of the range of their rifles. Fidget's spirit was fairly up, and before he was aware of it, she had passed the road leading up the hill, and, dashing over some loose rails that had formed the fence, took to the broad meadows that skirted the river. They were smooth and stumpless, and the frost on the preceding night had rendered them hard and firm. Away went the pursued and the pursuer like the wind; but Fidget, it was evident, had met her match, for the rebel's powerful horse seemed to be gaining on her. Immediately before her a low rail-fence intersected the meadow, and Vernon, taking her well in hand, rode straight at it, and cleared it easily. The rebel, who was evidently an ordinary farmer, did not seem to relish the idea of following this example; for farmers, though they often have good horses, are very often most indifferent horsemen. This appeared to be the case with the individual in question, for on coming to the fence he threw himself from his saddle, and dashing down some of the rails, crossed the fence, and then remounting, made after Harry with renewed vigour and increased speed. The interruption, however, afforded Vernon a moment for thought, and he began to consider where he was riding to, and what he should do; he could not go much

further along the river, for he was rapidly approaching the cedar-swamp which formed the boundary of the meadows, and the large field in which he now found himself looked very much like a trap, for though he had had little difficulty in getting in, it seemed likely to prove a much more difficult matter to get out. The fences, except where he had entered, were high and strong, and it seemed as though he must at last either make up his mind to become a prisoner, or try Wagstaff's cudgel against his pursuer's sword, which appeared the only weapon with which he was armed. If the truth must be told, the latter was an alternative which Harry at the moment did not feel much disinclined to adopt. The blood was dancing through his veins with wild excitement of the race, and having been in former days a tolerably good hand at single-stick, he had very little dread of the result. At the commencement of this history we said that he was a stalwart youth, and now that years and labour had nerved and strengthened his frame, his physical powers were greater than falls to the lot of most men. Still, however, the remembrance of his principles and his character rendered him averse to resort to violence, until the last extremity; and he resolved to endeavour to get into the next field, which had no fence at the river side, and strive to ford the stream. The fence before him was a straight one, and he could see no mode of getting *through* it, and as to getting *over* it, that was out of the question, for its height forbade any idea of the kind. As these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind he reached the fence in question, and his anxious eye discovered a set of "bars," a Canadian substitute for a gate. How



to get these bars down was the question, for his pursuer was now close upon him, and was calling loudly to him to surrender, and swearing that if he "didn't do so right off, he'd cut his darn'd Tory heart in pieces." Harry clenched his teeth, and grasped his bludgeon with a firmer hold, but just as he had almost made up his mind to turn upon his foe, he bethought him of Fidget's solitary vice, for the profitable employment of which a favourable opportunity had now arrived. The head of the rebel's horse was within a short distance of Fidget's tail, and Harry, watching his opportunity, gave her a sudden and severe pinch, just behind the saddle. According to custom, Fidget lashed out, and in a moment placed her heels in such near neighbourhood to the nose of the rebel's horse, that the unlooked-for proceeding exceedingly startled that respectable quadruped from his propriety. Being kicked is, under all circumstances, an unpleasant operation; and horses, like sensible animals as they are, have a decided objection to it. In order to avoid this undesirable consummation, the pursuer's horse threw up his head, swerved suddenly and violently from his course, and Harry had the satisfaction of seeing the rider fall heavily upon the hard and frozen ground, while the animal itself scampered off in a state of perfect freedom. Vernon instantly made for the bars, and having passed through them into the adjoining field, he immediately rode to the stream, and passing down the bank for some distance, selected the apparently most favourable place to ford it. Fidget, who at other times, might have hesitated at the idea of the cold bath that lay before her, was now as much excited as her master, and at

once plunged into the river. The water was not so deep as he had anticipated, for the horse hardly lost her footing for a moment, though at one time she sank above the saddle. Having gained the opposite bank with less difficulty and danger than he expected, he started at speed, with a thankful and exulting heart, across the field into which he had entered, and thence he passed into a narrow lane, fenced at both sides, which led directly to the Wilton road, and debouched upon it midway between the rebel position and the village. As he struck into the lane, he looked across the river, and saw his former friend limping about in a vain endeavour to catch his horse, a sight which freed him from all apprehension as to any further continuance of *his* attentions.

He was dashing along the lane, and had nearly reached the end of it, when a man sprang from the shelter of a bend in the fence, and made a grasp at his bridle with one hand, while with the other he held a rifle.

“Stop,” shouted the man, “you’re my prisoner.”

“I’ll never be the prisoner of a villainous rebel!” cried Vernon. “Hurra for the Queen!”—and, before the man could avert it, a crushing blow from Wagstaff’s cudgel stretched him senseless on the earth. Away went Harry along the lane, his eye flashing, and his heart beating, and every nerve and fibre of his frame thrilling and quivering with an excitement, of which till then he could have formed no conception—every personal consideration, and every thought of danger, lost in the wild feelings of the moment. A clump of trees grew at some distance

from the end of the lane, the neighbourhood of which was otherwise quite clear, when, within ten or a dozen yards of the Wilton road, a couple of rifle shots, and the whizzing of the bullets, told Harry that this clump was not tenanted by any particular well-wishers of his; but his attention was distracted from their good offices by the appearance of one more daring than the rest (and that, by the way, was a characteristic for which they were by no means remarkable), who had stationed himself at the corner, formed by the intersection of the lane and the road, and, at the distance of only a few yards, threw his rifle over the fence, with the sincerest possible intention of letting the daylight through our worthy hero. Fortunately for Vernon, he discovered his new friend in time, and rising in his stirrups, as his horse bounded on, he launched his cudgel at the fellow's head with most hearty good will; and though he missed his mark, it had the effect of so deranging the rebel's aim, that the ball did not come even within hail of him for whose special benefit it was intended. Another moment, and he had made the turn from the lane into the road, and a few minutes more and he galloped into the village, in the manner described in the former chapter.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE alarm had spread throughout the village and its neighbourhood so completely, that every loyal man capable of shouldering a musket was assembled by the time that Vernon arrived. The news which he brought was of an encouraging nature, inasmuch as it assured the villagers that the numbers of the rebel force were not so great as their fears had led them to anticipate; and cheered them by the hope that ere long the exertions of Wagstaff would bring the loyalists of the back country to their assistance. The insurgents still hesitated to advance, and even the two or three who had thrown themselves forward for the purpose of intercepting Vernon had, on his escape, made a precipitate retreat on their main body.

Captain Thornton, who was an old military officer, took advantage of the delay to post the men as favourably as possible, and to give them such plain directions as were likely to be of service to a set of undisciplined men. Mr. Grey, accompanied by Vernon and some of the women and non-combatants, went to the church, and there sought from Him "whose power no creature is able to resist, and who is the only Giver of all victory, that they might be saved and delivered from the hands of their enemies, and that He would vouchsafe to abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices."

It was drawing on towards mid-day, and still there were no signs of the rebels. Captain Thornton, taking a few of the best armed and most intelligent of the men with him, resolved to advance and ascertain whether or not the rebels continued to hold their position, or what had become of them. They went forward with the utmost caution, and found to their surprise that the enemy had decamped, leaving scarcely a trace of their presence behind them. As soon as Captain Thornton had ascertained that they were really gone, he sent one of the men back with the glad tidings to the village, and then pushed on towards the main road, in which direction he naturally supposed the rebels had retreated; he found, however, that they had crossed the stream by the dam of a saw-mill, that was situated between their position and the main road, to which they made their way through the woods, and had come out upon it, some distance on the Toronto side of Wagstaff's inn. Their conduct in the present instance was strongly marked by that want of courage and decision which characterised the whole course of the rebellion, particularly the threatened attack upon Toronto, which was attempted about the same time. The endeavour to surprise Wilton was frustrated through the instrumentality of several circumstances. The very bad state of the roads had delayed and separated the rebels, and rendered them so much later in reaching the scene of action than they expected, that it produced hesitation and uncertainty in their plans. When they were on the point of advancing, the sudden flashing of lights in the village, produced by Jones's alarm, again rendered them undecided. The dawning day increased

their indecision, and the peal from the church bell showed plainly that all chance of surprising the village was at an end, and tended to dishearten them. The escape of Vernon, the bruised frame and dislocated shoulder of their leader, and the state of insensibility into which what Wagstaff would have called "the clip" from Harry's cudgel had thrown one of their companions, told them plainly that success and safety was not the unalienable prerogative of one party; and when in addition to all this one of their friends came from the rear, and informed them that the loyalists of the back country were assembling, the small amount of courage which was in their craven hearts utterly disappeared, and they unanimously resolved upon the movement which we have already mentioned.

It is not our intention to drag the reader through the history of the rebellion. It is well known how triumphantly the loyal population of Upper Canada, without the assistance of a single soldier, not only suppressed the outbreak, but drove off the American sympathisers (who would have thrust their democratic institutions upon them), wherever they presumed to put their foot upon their shores.

One would naturally have supposed that when the Canadians had, by their actions, showed how truly they were attached to monarchical institutions and the British crown, the Colonial Office would have overcome the impression under which it had heretofore laboured, that they were nothing less than a colony of rebels. It might have been expected, that such an expression of attachment would have been proudly and gratefully received, as a testimony of no mean value, coming as it

did from men living in the immediate vicinity of the much-vaunted "model republic" to the value and excellency of England's ancient and hallowed institutions. It was, surely, not chimerical to hope, that for the time to come the Government would be able to distinguish its friends from its enemies, and would no longer discountenance and depreciate those who, in order to sustain it, had freely perilled their lives. It would have appeared to most men, to be only just that those persons who, when an apparently favourable opportunity arrived, had treacherously risen in arms against the constituted authorities, would thenceforward be regarded by them with distrust, and would never, until they repented of, and forsook their republican predilections, be intrusted with places of honour, influence, or emolument.

These anticipations, however, were all doomed to be disappointed; for it soon became apparent that the old policy would be strictly adhered to by the Government authorities. Downing-street seemed to owe Canada a grudge, because she proved emphatically loyal, when, according to the pet theory in those quarters, she ought to have shown herself essentially disaffected. The novel policy of Sir Francis Head in regarding loyalty as a virtue, and treason the reverse, however gratifying to the really British party, was, nevertheless, looked upon as fortune too good to last. It produced such an outcry from the radicals, at the outrage of disaffection being deprived of its ancient prescriptive right of being coddled, caressed, and nourished on the pap of official smiles and patronage, that many among the loyalists doubted from the very first whether it was a course that

would be sanctioned and supported by the Home Government. No very long period of time was permitted to elapse before these doubts were converted into certainties, and it soon became almost a proverb to say, that, for a man to have distinguished himself for loyalty or bravery during the rebellion, was the best possible made of securing the *discountenance* of the Government.

Few circumstances more strongly corroborated the truth of this saying, than the treatment experienced by the gallant leaders of the determined band, who cut out the piratical steamer "Caroline" from her moorings on the Niagara river, and sent her over the falls in flames. Captain Drew of the Royal Navy, together with the officers and men under his command, acted on the occasion alluded to with all the coolness and daring that has so constantly characterised the service to which they belonged; and one of them, namely, Lieutenant M'Cormack, received no less than six or seven wounds. These officers rushed forward on the outbreak of the disturbances, to offer their services to the Government. And great and distinguished as were the services rendered by them all, and by the brave men under their command, they were rewarded by no mark of approbation by the Imperial authorities, but were chilled and disheartened by neglect. Official documents and despatches passed over in contempt or indifference the loyalty, the exertions, and the sufferings of the British-hearted population, while they expressed sympathy with, and sometimes commendation of the republican party, who had made up a whole bookfull of grievances, and then, rather than have them remedied, and thus lose the lever by which they worked up and agitated the



people, wickedly and unnaturally took up arms against their lawful and indulgent sovereign. The views of the radical faction, who had been triumphantly proved to be a small minority, not only by the overwhelming results of the county and municipal elections, but by the events of the armed struggle that ensued, were pertinaciously and authoritatively set forth as the opinions and desires of the great body of the colonists, and this by high commissioners, who knew as much of what the feeling of the country was, as could be learned while passing along the middle of one of its majestic rivers, or sea-like lakes, in the exclusive society of their own newly-arrived suite, or from the citizens of a neighbouring, and, at that time, not very friendly *Republic*. Measure after measure, full of concession and conciliation to the democratic party, followed one after the other in quick succession. The powers and prerogatives of the Crown were surrendered as fast as they were demanded. The Governor-General was reduced to a mere showy cipher. Radicalism, which was but a puny infant even in '37, has been so skilfully papped and nursed and cherished by the Colonial Office, that it has attained its present alarming growth, though, even now, it may well be questioned whether it is really as strong and thriving as it is supposed to be. There has never been any fear, however, of its growth being stopped, for no one in the colonies can doubt the capacity of the dry-nurses in Downing-street. It has long been rendered the *interest* of every man to become "a liberal," and the more violent, troublesome, and energetic in opposition to British or monarchical tendencies he proves, the more successful he is likely

to be. Men, on whose heads rewards have been placed as traitors to their Queen, have returned or been recalled, and appointed to offices of honour and emolument, while those who shed their blood for the cause of British institutions have been unrewarded and forgotten. What wonder is it, therefore, that radicalism should increase? or who can be surprised, that men, whose best and truest affections are with England and England's ways, should sink down into apathy and indifference, when they find their loyalty thrown back upon them thanklessly,—when they are regarded with a strange, cold look by the Government they would have died to uphold,—and when they see themselves subjected to the tyranny of those very traitors, who, but eleven short years ago, they drove at the point of the bayonet from the soil which they polluted with their presence. They can never act with these men; but, on the other hand, they have now nothing to be loyal to, for the land they love casts them off as if their affection for her was an inexpiable offence. Who, then, can be surprised, we would again ask, that cold indifference should have taken the place of ardent loyalty?—indifference which is becoming so general, that few things could have raised the cry of bitter indignation which is at this moment \* ringing throughout the province, short of the insult arising from the shameless proposal which has just passed the Provincial Legislature, in spite of the petitions of 48,000 Upper Canadians against it, to pay the rebels from the public treasury for the loss they sustained, in consequence of their own wicked and unjustifiable act of insurrection, aggravated by the

\* March, 1849.

presence of the miscreants\* who were the principal instruments originally used for spreading discontent and disaffection among a well-meaning, prosperous and loyal people.

This political chapter has led us away from our hero and his concerns; but Canadian politics are by no means a pleasant subject to any true-hearted subject of the British Crown, and, therefore, it seemed better to have done with them at once. We have now pleasure in bidding the matter a hearty farewell, and returning to particulars more congenial to our taste.

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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

SOME time subsequent to the rebellion, Vernon was appointed by the bishop to the charge of an old settled township, which was, however, a "new mission," no clergyman ever having resided permanently within its limits before Harry received his licence. The settlers were mostly English and Irish, with a sprinkling of Scotch and Canadians, and the number of nominal Church people among them was considerable. Notwithstanding this, however, dissent was extremely rife in the neighbourhood, and many, or indeed the majority of those who called themselves members of the Church,

\* Many of those engaged in the rebellion have returned to Canada under the Amnesty Act.

were very strongly tinged with many of the peculiarities of Methodism. Shortly before Vernon's appointment, one or two gentlemen's families had come to the township, and commenced farming; but, with these exceptions, the rest of the population consisted of the ordinary yeomanry of the country. A church had been built by the exertions of the farmers, but which had been opened for divine worship only when some travelling missionary visited the neighbourhood. On other occasions, the people resorted to the meeting-houses of the "various denominations," and therefore it was little to be wondered at that they imbibed some of their ways. There was no parsonage-house, but as Vernon was still single, that was a matter of little importance, particularly as he was able to procure lodgings in the house of an extremely decent and respectable family who belonged to his own congregation.

The state of things in the mission would probably have disheartened any one, who, on being appointed to a stated sphere of regular duty, would have expected to find everything well organised and arranged; but Vernon's previous experience as a travelling missionary prepared him for the difficulties of an untrained and untaught people, and enabled him to meet cheerfully and hopefully many circumstances that would have cast down one less experienced than himself. The church which had cost the poor people that built it many struggles, was—like most churches built in Canada under such circumstances—a remarkable specimen of ugliness. It was small, and of the proportions very frequently found in the country, viz. thirty feet by forty; its walls were high, its roof was low in pitch, its eaves

were cut off as if they were sinful vanities unsuited to a place of worship—its boarded walls were unpainted—its quantity of glass was amazing, and its tower was like (to use an admirable simile which we have lately met with somewhere) an immensely long narrow packing case set up on end. It stood exactly the wrong way, the tower being towards the east and the communion table towards the west. A huge gallery crossed the tower end, and at the opposite extremity there was a low communion rail, embracing, however, so small a space, that the clergyman and communion-table filled it up almost entirely. Immediately in front of the rails stood the pulpit, in front of that was a capacious reading-desk, and in front of that again was a clerk's desk. This stately pile of boxes advanced so far along the middle of the church, that had a plumb-line been hung over the front of the immense projecting gallery, it would nearly have fallen into the clerk's desk, which was almost immediately below it. The only seats in the church consisted of loose boards placed upon blocks, and arranged longitudinally instead of across the building, which was indeed almost the only way in which they could be disposed, in consequence of its being nearly separated into two divisions by the pulpit and desks aforesaid. When Vernon asked for a surplice, the people seemed hardly to know what he meant. When he commenced the service, no solitary voice uttered the responses; when the congregation should have risen, they sat still; when they should have sat down, they continued standing; when he gave notice of the communion, he found on coming to administer it, that the vessels consisted of a black bottle and an old tumbler.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, these people *were* church people, but they had been so long without the holy reverent ordinances of the faith, and had become so accustomed to the ways of sectarian worship, that they had actually forgotten how to bear themselves in the House of God. This state of things, however, was soon remedied to some extent. Harry immediately called upon the two or three parishioners of the higher class who were in his neighbourhood, and asked them to occupy a place in the church where they could be observed by the whole congregation. Knowing that as they were familiar with the service, their movements would regulate those of the rest, and begging them as a favour to himself as well as a duty which they were bound to render, to join audibly in the service of the Church.

He spoke of these things, among others, in his visits to the people generally, and took frequent occasions to point out publicly the duty, importance, and profit of demeaning ourselves reverently in the House of God.

Things rapidly began to wear a different aspect, and, with some exceptions, the people who formed his congregations assumed somewhat more the appearance of *worshippers* than they did before.

It frequently happens in Canada, as elsewhere, that two or three families of gentle people in a parish, instead of being a comfort and assistance to the clergyman, are exactly the reverse. They are often the most irregular attendants on the services of the Church, or when they are present, instead of being an example to those beneath them, they frequently are the most irreverent persons within the walls. Instead of countenancing

and assisting the parson in carrying out any plans for the benefit of the parish, they often manifest such indifference, if not opposition, that they prove a hindrance rather than a help, and many a clergyman has sincerely wished that he was altogether destitute of what is called "Society," rather than have gentry in his parish who set an evil example.

Vernon, however, in this respect was remarkably fortunate, for though the number of educated and intelligent persons of the upper class who resided in his parish was small, yet they were generally worthy and well-conducted persons, who fell into his views, and strengthened his hands to the utmost of their power. Vernon's heart was in his work, his character was persevering and energetic—his tact was considerable, and his religion was most sincere and practical. It was, therefore, natural to suppose that he would gain the respect of those to whom he ministered, and accordingly it was soon found that he exerted over them a powerful and beneficial influence.

Years passed on, and Vernon still laboured diligently, and was cheered and rewarded by many tokens of success. He obtained a short leave of absence, and had gone home to England in order to see his friends, from whom he had been so long separated. On his return to Canada, he married the eldest daughter of his old friend Mr. Lawrence, to whom he had previously been engaged, and again betook himself to the sacred work of his ministry with renewed vigour. He had met with, and overcome to a very great extent, the difficulties and various disheartening circumstances inseparable from a new mission. He had altered, enlarged, and as far as

it was possible, beautified the church. He had been the means of building two others in different sections of the township, and enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing them free from debt, and well filled with regular and attentive worshippers. He was anxious to impress his flock with the conviction of his sincerity and honesty of purpose in all that he did; and that whether they approved of his proceedings or not, still that those proceedings were prompted by a sincere desire for their welfare, and an honest conviction that the course of conduct he adopted was *right*. It is true that he did not escape that calumny and misrepresentation which every man acting in his capacity must expect; but his general consistency of life was such that it proved *less* than harmless. He spake "concerning Christ" with the frequency and fervency of one who felt that all his own hopes, and the hopes of his people, must spring from the Cross alone; and at the same time he spake "concerning the Church," as the divinely appointed agent for conveying the blessings of that redemption to our souls. Thus he sought to attach the people not so much to himself as to the Church of which he was the minister; and he had the satisfaction of observing a sound and correct understanding of her distinctive principles extending among his flock. His temporal reward and comfort had also been increased by the erection of a comfortable and commodious parsonage in a beautiful situation; and there, with a wife like-minded with himself, and two or three rosy children, our hero enjoyed as large a share of happiness as men may look for in this world of sin.

Vernon was one morning sitting in his study, when a



neighbour of the name of Osborne, one of the gentlemen farmers before alluded to, rode up to the door, asked the servant if Mr. Vernon was at home, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, walked into the study at once, in a way that showed that he felt himself at home.

"Good morning, parson," said he, in reply to Harry's cordial salutation, and addressing him by a title very generally used by Vernon's parishioners of the better class, "if you are not too busy, I want to have a little talk with you."

"Certainly," answered Vernon; "I am at your service. I'm only sermon writing, and there is time enough for that."

"Well, then, to get the most unpleasant part of the business over first, I want to ask a favour of you."

"Name it; and if I *can* do it you may be sure I will."

"Well, I'm sure it's very kind of you to say so. The fact is, I am hard up; and I am worried about money matters. I can't draw on England for the next two months; and though it is a thing which I have scarcely ever done, yet I want to get a bill for a small sum discounted at the bank, and I came up to ask if you would do me the favour to become my endorser."

"I will do so with great pleasure," replied Vernon. "I am sure, Osborne, that one so punctual in all money matters as yourself, need not have regarded my doing as you wish me as any such great favour as you appear to regard it. I'm only sorry that I am not able to supply your need, without troubling the bank; but though I am better off than some of my brethren, yet, as you very well know, we parsons are not troubled with over much of this world's wealth."

"True, indeed," replied Osborne; "but your name will be as good to me as the money, and I am equally obliged by your giving it. I'll run into town to-morrow, and, I've no doubt, that this bit of paper will free me from my present difficulties."

"I hope so, indeed," said Vernon. "You have one comfort, however, for which not only you, but the country at large, ought to be thankful, and that is that there is a fine promise of an abundant wheat crop this year. I think I never saw the fields look more beautiful than they are doing just now."

"They do, indeed, look splendidly," returned Osborne. "But I tell you what, parson, I am beginning to have doubts as to farming in Canada being so profitable an employment as I once thought it."

"You mean *gentleman-farming*, I suppose?"

"Of course I do. There can be no doubt whatever of its proving most profitable to the yeoman farmer."

"What you represent as doubts in your mind are certainties in mine," observed Vernon. "I have now been many years in Canada, and have watched things closely; and the result to which I have come is this, that the gentleman-farming which we *usually* have here will, in nine cases out of ten, prove a losing concern."

"And yet," said Osborne, "when I first came here I felt very sanguine. We are near Toronto; the land and the roads are good; we can send everything our farms produce to market, and generally can get the money for it; and it is undeniable that the yeoman farmers about us are getting rich, and are able to purchase land for their children."

"Very true," replied Vernon. "And when I gave

up the mad scheme of farming in the Backwoods, so impressed was I with the certainty and success that would attend the same occupation, in such a locality as this, that I had fully resolved to devote myself to it. I have seen abundant reason since then, however, to change my opinion."

"Your present views, I am sorry to say, seem to be borne out by the results of experience, for I hardly know a single gentleman farmer in the country who appears to make it answer."

"If we will reflect for a moment," said Vernon, "I think we must admit that this result is by no means astonishing. There is not *one* probably out of *one hundred* of the class to whom we allude, who, previous to their coming to Canada, knew one end of a plough from the other, or who could tell wheat from barley, though in full ear; they had never, perhaps, performed an act of manual labour in their whole lives; and how to discover the age of an ox or cow would probably prove to them an inexplicable enigma. They could very likely lead a regiment, or sail a frigate, or plead a cause, or balance a ledger. The younger ones, perhaps, could floor a passage in Homer; while others could furnish you with the names and exploits of the champions of the ring, or the winners on the turf, or initiate you into the mysteries of life in London. These persons resolve to emigrate to this country, and they appear to be suddenly impressed with the idea that a voyage across the Atlantic will infallibly convert them into agriculturists. If you were to propose to these persons the idea of their farming in England, they would justly regard you as insane. But what can be more absurd than to suppose

that if farming in England requires much practical skill, knowledge, and experience, the same pursuit in Canada calls for neither one nor the other? Is the soil, or the crops, or the mode of producing them so different that the same experiment which would certainly lead to ruin *there* must inevitably lead to prosperity *here*?"

"That is a view of the case that is most unaccountably overlooked," observed Osborne. "At least, I know that it was so with me,—for the only fields with which I was practically acquainted, were Lincoln's Inn-fields; and I knew much more about 'a case' than a cow. When I began to farm, I had to depend entirely upon the men whom I happened to hire; and as they saw that I was perfectly 'green,' the rascals fleeced me nicely. Still, one overcomes this ignorance by degrees, and I think one could do pretty well on a farm if it was not for the ruinous wages which we have to pay."

"That is perfectly true," said Vernon; "and that is the reason why the yeoman farmer succeeds so well. He not only has skill, strength, and knowledge of the calling to which he has been trained, but he does all his own work, keeps no servants, and has no appearance to make. Now, *you* can't do this—you have only your own pair of hands, which are not, owing to your previous habits, very efficient, either as regards skill or strength; and therefore, if you don't keep servants, you must give up farming. Now, the result of the difference which exists between you is simply this,—when the yeoman farmer has sold his produce, the money is his own, and is probably put in the savings' bank to buy a farm for his son; when you have done the same thing with your crops, the money is not your

own, for it has to be put into the pockets of your labourers, in the shape of wages. Now, I for one do not look upon this as very astonishing. If the yeoman farmer forsook his plough, and, taking up your calling, undertook to conduct a case before a court of justice, would you be surprised if he utterly failed? Then why should it occasion so much surprise and disappointment, if, when you forsake the occupation to which you have been bred, and take up his trade, of which you know nothing, and for which you are unfitted, want of success should, to a great extent, attend your efforts?"

"It is certainly not very much to be wondered at," said Osborne, shrugging his shoulders; "but still I think that I have learnt a good deal about farming, and could manage pretty well if it was not, as I said just now, for the wages, which run away with all the profit one can make. By the time one has hired men to plough the land, put in the seed, cut and carry the crops to the barn, thrash, clean, and bag up the grain, take it to market, and paid tolls, market-fees, and the tear and wear of horses, harness, and waggons, all that the produce brings will scarcely do more than pay their wages."

"Exactly," responded Vernon. "And thus, if all the proceeds of the farm go to pay the workmen, how is their employer to live?"

"That is a question that has been presenting itself to my mind of late, with rather unpleasant prominence; for I see that I could not maintain my family, and keep out of debt, without the aid of my small income from England; and even with its assistance, I can hardly keep straight with the world, as the cause of my visit

to you this morning bears witness. I endeavour, too, to be economical, but I still find a difficulty in making both ends meet. I give the man whom I always keep, and who boards himself, 40*l.* currency a-year, besides a cottage. We have a good many cows, and therefore I have to keep two servant girls, one of whom is pretty well occupied in looking after the children; these, with their wages and living, cost me close upon another 40*l.* I have to get another hand during seed-time, and several during harvest, and I can hardly do without a boy, besides; so that it is quite clear that the necessary servants, male and female, cost me considerably above 100*l.* per annum. Now, though my farm is a tolerably good one, and well situated, yet after the necessary food for the household, and food for the stock, is provided, all that I can sell of it will not raise the sum I have mentioned."

"I am quite sure of that," answered Vernon; "and hence I feel assured *that no gentleman in Canada, if he is destitute of other sources of income, can live upon a farm, if all the operations of that farm are to be carried on by hired labour.*"

"I can hardly question the strength and correctness of your position," replied Osborne; "unless, perhaps, in the case of some gentleman who happens to have a thorough practical knowledge of agriculture, and who is able and willing to put his own hand to the plough; though it must be confessed that the former requisite is very scarce among us. I look forward to the day, however, when my boys will be old enough to help me, and so save me from hiring so many hands as I do at present."

"Certainly, if you resolve to make farmers of them, and accustom them betimes to manual labour, they may prove of great assistance to you, and fill the place, and do the work of common labourers to whom you at present pay some nine or ten dollars a month."

"Well," said Osborne, "I can't say that I think *that* a very flattering or encouraging light in which to regard the matter."

"It is, nevertheless, the *true* light in which to view it," returned Vernon. "We are already agreed that the time has not come for gentleman-farming to succeed in Canada. If you give your sons the education, habits, and tastes belonging to their rank in life, you must unfit them for farmers. If you will make successful farmers of them, you must begin with them early; and consequently they *cannot* have the education, and they *ought not* to have the tastes and habits which would unfit them for an occupation to which they have been devoted."

"I can't agree with you there, parson," said Osborne; "my maxim is, give a boy good principles, and a good education, and then he is fit for anything."

"—But a Canadian farmer," added Vernon, smiling. "Now Osborne," he continued, "you know how cordially I agree with your maxim; but suppose your son, who has now been for a year or two at school, shall have passed creditably through all the prescribed studies; suppose he shows, as I believe he does, aptness and talent, and expresses a desire to enter the University; you will gratify this desire, and at seventeen or eighteen your son will have taken his degree. He left home and the farm at about eight or nine years old,

and, except during the vacations, will not be there again for another eight or nine, during which period his mind and energies will be devoted to anything but agriculture,—will he, under such circumstances, be likely to prove a successful farmer ? ”

“ No,—I’ll readily grant that he will not be likely to prove anything of the kind ; but you are supposing an extreme case. A good education does not necessarily imply a university degree, or a very critical knowledge of Greek and Latin.”

“ Then why do you send Tom to Upper Canada College,\* where he will learn scarcely anything else ? ”

“ Why,” said Osborne, apparently rather at a loss, “ it’s a capital school, you know,—and these things help to expand the mind ; and besides, it would never do for him not to have *some* knowledge of Greek and Latin.”

“ We are not talking of education, remember,” answered Vernon, “ but of what is likely to fit a young man to farm successfully. Now, I don’t see that a knowledge of Greek and Latin is by any means essential to this end. Virgil’s agriculture is out of date, and Loudon, and Liebig, and Johnson are now the order of the day, and their works are not written in Greek. Now, I should say, that if you wished to make your son a successful farmer, you ought to teach him to read, write, and count as well and as soon as possible. When he has acquired these elementary branches of knowledge, you ought to put him behind a set of harrows, as soon as he is big enough to hold the reins, and keep him steadily at work. So with ploughing, sowing, reaping, cradling,

\* See Appendix, 1, 2.



threshing, cattle-feeding, horse-cleaning, driving, and doctoring, give him a *practical* knowledge of them all as soon as possible, and inure him to manual labour while he is young, by giving him plenty of it,—*for it is only by practical knowledge, combined with physical ability to labour*, that he can hope to make farming profitable in this country. This course will make your son a farmer, it is true, but it will make him fit for nothing else. It must almost irrevocably fix his lot in life. It will enable him (though still with the disadvantage of more expensive habits, learned in his father's house,) to cope with the yeoman farmer, who, a few years ago, was a common labourer, while it will serve as a barrier to prevent his ever rising to any great extent above him."

"You are a regular Job's comforter, parson," answered Osborne; "and I, for one, will never vote for having you employed as an emigration-agent, for you would certainly frighten every intending settler of the middle classes of society to such an extent, that not one of them would ever make Canada his home."

"On the contrary," said Vernon, "I am the strenuous advocate for the emigration of the middle classes; and the advantages they would derive from such a step are so great, that the only mode of accounting for their not adopting it is, the extraordinary ignorance that prevails in England with reference to this colony."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from an adjoining township, who informed Vernon that an old churchman, for whom he had a great respect, was lying dangerously ill, and was very desirous to see him. Osborne immediately took his

departure, and Vernon, having explained to the messenger that a funeral, which was to take place in the afternoon, would prevent his setting out immediately, promised that he would follow him to the sick man's house immediately it was over.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

+ M'FARLANE (which was the name of the invalid whom Vernon was called to visit) was a Scottish churchman, of great intelligence of mind, and great consistency of Christian character. Like many members of that heretofore oppressed and persecuted branch of the Catholic Church, he was thoroughly versed in the reasons of his attachment to her, and all the temptations to schism to which he and his household were in no ordinary degree exposed, were altogether ineffectual to move them from the steadfastness of their principles. In the township in which he resided there was very seldom any of the ministrations of the Church, except such occasional services as could be rendered by Mr. Broughton, whose parish bounded it on the one side; or by Vernon, whose mission joined it on the other. The farm on which M'Farlane lived was about fifteen miles from the nearest of Mr. Broughton's churches, and perhaps sixteen or seventeen from those of Vernon. Around him, on all sides, were the meeting-houses, or, at

all events, houses where meetings were held by numerous Dissenting denominations ; for the population of the township, being of a very mixed character, false doctrine, heresy, and schism were rife within its bounds. Whenever the roads and the weather would permit, M'Farlane would put his horses to the waggon, and putting as many of his large family into it as it could contain, would betake himself to one or other of the churches, according as the hours of service afforded him the time requisite to travel the distance above named. When the season or the roads prevented his doing this, he used to assemble his family, and with them would go reverently through the appointed service for the day. He seldom interfered with the religious views or practices of others, and, indeed, he knew little of them, for he never entered their places of worship, nor would allow his family to do so. L

Such a course of conduct, as may be easily supposed, drew upon him a good deal of attention on the part of those who consider it the height of Christian charity and liberality to profess *no* distinctive opinions, and who are ready to go *anywhere* to "hear the word of God preached."

That he was a most worthy man, who paid much attention to what he regarded as his religious duties, no one could deny ; but this fact only rendered his conduct more inexplicable to them. Much was said of his bigotry, his benighted state, and so forth, but then it was a fact well known to the settlement that his integrity was spotless—that his word was always to be unhesitatingly relied upon—that his house was consecrated by daily prayer—and that no one was more ready L

to do a kindness to a neighbour, if in any perplexity or trouble.

Such was, in brief, the character of the man who was now laid upon a bed of sickness, and who sought from the hands and from the lips of the Church's minister the blessed consolations of the faith.

The twilight was passing into darkness ere the sixteen miles were passed that intervened between Vernon's dwelling and his destination. On his arrival he was warmly and gratefully welcomed by the family, and found, upon inquiry, that though the old man had been suffering a good deal he was now much easier, and was in the perfect possession of all his faculties. It was a rude and homely log-house, but everything within was neat and scrupulously clean. An air of anxiety was visible on every face, for serious apprehensions were beginning to be entertained lest he whom a married daughter spoke of as "the head of the house," should be taken from them. The aged wife of the sick man was evidently bowed down in spirit under the prospect of the trial that appeared about to fall upon her; and when Vernon was shown into the room of the sufferer, he found him the most composed and cheerful of the whole party.

"I'm vera glad to see ye, Maister Vernon," said the old man, speaking in his strong Scottish dialect, and shaking our hero's hand warmly—"I tak' it vera kind o' ye to come sic a lang gate to see a puir auld man like me; but I ken'd ye wad come if ye were able, and I wad be real glad to partake in the holy Sacrament once mair, afore I gang the way of a' flesh."

"I am very glad you sent for me," replied Vernon;

"and it will be a great pleasure to me if I can afford you any comfort under the trial which God has seen fit to lay upon you."

"I'm vera thankfu' to you, sir," answered M'Farlane. "The callant that cam for ye wad tell ye that I had sent owre for Maister Broughton, for I ken that if we i' this township belang to onybody, it's to him; but he wasna at home, and he'll no be back till the night, and this morning I didna think that I'd be living noo."

"Your messenger told me that you had sent for him, and as he can't be sure that you would send for me, I think it very likely that he will be here early to-morrow. You seem much better now, and as there is no immediate danger, I think that, in every respect, it will be better to wait till the morning, and see whether he comes or not, before administering the Holy Communion."

"Just as you please, sir," said M'Farlane. "I'm vera much easier noo, thank God; and if I hae a quiet night I'll maybe be fitter for't in the mornin'."

A long conversation followed, of the most pleasing character, but which, of course, it is unnecessary to detail at length. Notwithstanding his moral and blameless life, and great attention to his various duties, social and religious, his mind was filled with deep humility, and sustained by a quiet, simple, unwavering faith in the blood and merits of the Redeemer.

"I was brought up in the fear o' God, sir," said he; "and I've tried to serve Him frae the time I was a bairn; and though by His grace I've been kept frae open sin in the sight o' men, yet ma ain heart condemns

me; and when I think o' ma short-comin's, I'm whiles feared o' what's afore me. But still I ken in whom I have believed, an' I'm persuaded that He is able to keep ma soul, which I have committed to Him, against that awfu' day when we shall a' hae to stand afore Him, to answer for the things done in the body."

He afterwards spoke of his family, and the many temptations to neglect their religious duties to which they were exposed.

"I've tried hard, sir," he said, "baith by precept and as far as I could, by setting them a gude example, to bring them up to obey God and His church; and I trust that after ma departure, if it be the Lord's will to tak me awa at this time, that they'll walk in the way their forebears have walked before them for mony generations."

"You have every reason to trust in the faithfulness of the Divine promise," replied Vernon. "Having trained up your children in the way they should go, you may humbly hope that when they are old they will not depart from it. Still," he added, "situated as your young people are, far from the ordinances of the Church, there is great danger of their being led, first to attend, and finally to join, some of the numberless schismatical bodies by which they are surrounded."

"None o' them has ever yet attended the meetings that are held a'round us; and as long as I'm maister o' the house, I couldna allow it,—for if I was to let them do wrang, how could I account to God, now that I'm gaun into His awfu' presence, for neglecting to use the authority over them which He has given me for their gude?"

"I wish your views of the responsibility and authority of parents were more general," answered Vernon. "That filial disobedience, which is a crying sin in this country, arises as much from parents neglecting to teach their children to obey them, in their early days, as from any other cause. I trust, however, that your family are restrained from what is wrong, not only by the force of your authority, but by their own convictions.

"I hope and believe so," said M'Farlane; "at any rate, as regards the sin of countenancing separation frae the Church. They're weel grunded in the reasons o' their faith, for I never could see onything in the Bible but Episcopacy, as far as the government of the Church is concerned; besides, schism gangs sic lengths here that it warks its ain cure. There's about us here three or four kinds o' Methodists, and three or four kinds o' Presbyterians, and four or five kinds o' Baptists and Unitarians, who profanely ca' themselves Christians, an' I ken na how mony mair. They're aye splittin' up into different societies, and tearing ither to pieces. Noo, I've been always showing ma young folk frae Holy Scripture, that the Church o' Christ is *one*, and that it's just clean impossible that thir bit sects that spring up the day and split up the morn, can belong to the *one* Church o' Christ, which He Himself planted eighteen hundred years ago, and which is to continue even unto the end o' the world."

"These truths appear so evident, both from Scripture and common sense," replied Harry, "that the only wonder is that men can deny them."

"It's just a mystery to me," returned the old man;

"if there's one thing in Holy Scripture that's clear to the plainest body that reads it, it's the unity o' the Church. There's some differences, nae doubt, in the opinions o' some o' the folks belonging to it; but for a' that, her ministry, her creeds, her sacraments, and her prayers, are a' one and the same, wherever they're to be found."

The conversation on these and kindred topics continued for some time, until the invalid began to show signs of weariness and exhaustion. Vernon then read to him some of the most devotional and suitable passages of Holy Scripture, pausing now and then to dwell upon some portion of peculiar beauty or fitness to the sick man's case.

"Noo, sir, if ye please," said M'Farlane, on Vernon's making a longer pause than usual,—“let us have the Evening Prayer. O, sir, I *love* the Evening Prayer.”

"Certainly," replied Vernon; "but would you not prefer uniting in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick?"

"I'd like weel to hae them baith, sir," answered the sick man; "but as I'm getting verra weak, it'll maybe be better to hae the Visitation Office; but," he added, "I'd be thankfu' if you'd read some o' the collect, sir; "I love the collect of the Evening Prayer."

The household were accordingly assembled, and after having reverently joined in the devotions which were offered by his bedside, the old man sunk into a peaceful sleep; and all, save one who watched beside him, betook themselves to the adjoining apartment.

During the remainder of the evening, Vernon listened with much interest to many details connected with the Scottish Episcopal Church with which the family were



able to furnish him. They spoke with the greatest reverence of many of the bishops and pastors, especially of Bishop Jolly, whom they had known.

"His time," said a son-in-law of old M'Farlane, "was spent either in study or prayer. He went regularly to the church, morning and evening, and spent a gude while in prayer; and when in his own house he was mostly at his books or on his knees. He was an auld man, and had little duty to do, and this was just the way he passed his days."

"Hech, sir, if ye'd only hae seen him in his robes inside the communion-rails," said old Mrs. M'Farlane, "ye wad na hae forgotten him for a while; he was vera tall, and sae thin that he looked as if he'd got nae flesh upon his bones; his head was quite bald, and the skin o' his head and face was sae white that ye could scarce see the fringe o' snaw-white hair that cam round the back o' his head to his temples; his eye was clear, and his thin lips were bright red; and I'm sure when I used to see him reading the Communion Service, I used to think that he was na' human."

"And his death was vera wonderfu'," said one of the daughters, an expression of awe coming over her face.

"'Deed, ye may say that," replied the old woman: "he lived alane, and naebody except a young man he was preparing for the ministry cam' near him. One night he went to his bed as weel as he was in ordinar', and took some gude book that he was readin' wi' him—he locked the door, which was his way, and when the young man cam' next mornin' the door was still shut, an' naething to be heard. The door was forced, and there lay the gude bishop dead and cauld; he was lying on his back as straight as if he had been laid out; his

book was closed by his side, his hands were crossed upon his breast, and a white napkin was drawn over his face. "Noo, sir," added Mrs. M'Farlane, "it wasna in human nature to do sic a thing as that, and it's hard to believe ought else but that the angels laid him out.

These and many other minute details, told with a simplicity, and at the same time with an earnestness, that showed how deep a hold they had upon the memory and affections of the several speakers, caused the time to pass swiftly; and at rather a late hour Vernon retired to rest. When alone he reflected on what he had that evening witnessed, and felt that he was indeed beneath the roof-tree of a family among whom the fear of God was a powerful and ruling principle. There was a quiet staidness, and a due subordination and regularity about the whole household that struck him much, though it would have been most difficult to describe, and the declaration of Holy Scripture came strongly to his mind, that God hath chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

At a very early hour next morning, Mr. Broughton, according to Vernon's anticipation, rode up to the door. He had arrived at home late on the preceding evening, and on learning that M'Farlane was very ill, he rose as soon as it was light, and rode fast, fearing he would be too late. The invalid, who still continued easy, was much gratified by his arrival, and shortly afterwards preparations were made for the administration of the Holy Communion. While they were going forward Vernon and his friend walked out alone; and the former expressed the gratification he had experienced from his visit.

"He is, indeed, a most excellent old man," said

Broughton, "and I am so glad you were able to come and see him. When I arrived at home last night and heard of his illness, my regret for it was much increased by the fear of his dying without his seeing a clergyman,—a circumstance which he would regard as a very great trial."

On their return to the house, they found everything in order. The whole family had made some change in their dress, and looked clean and tidy, and each member of it was present. On entering the sick man's room, every preparation was made for the decent administration of the holy rite. It was a homely apartment. Three sides were formed by the rough logs of which the house was built, while the other consisted of the board partition which divided it from the common room which answered the purpose of kitchen and sitting-room together.

The rays of the morning sun were streaming brightly through a window that looked towards the east. In the middle of the room stood a table covered with a fair linen cloth, on which the elements were placed. Across one end stood the bed of the invalid, his white head propped up by pillows, and his hand grasped in that of his aged and afflicted wife. Round the room, the family, who were all grown up, and who were eight or nine in number, had ranged themselves with noiseless reverence—their prayer-books open at the Communion office, and ready, with heart and voice, to join in the sacred ordinance.

The service commenced; and Broughton's impressive tones added to the solemnity of the scene. Soon, however, the voices of the assembled household rose, as the voice of one man, in the deep and reverent response; or, if one tone could be distinguished from the others,

it was owing to the greater fervency of the sick man's petitions. The priests having received, the sacred elements were distributed to the other communicants in order; not one among that well-trained household held back. The left hand of each was opened, and across it was laid the right hand, "*in*" the palm of which they received the consecrated bread, and reverently bent the head over it to consume it. Last of all, the sufferer partook of the blessed memorials of his Redeemer's dying love—the succeeding prayers were said—the hymn of praise and thanksgiving was offered with united voice—the blessing was solemnly pronounced—and the holy rite was over.

Vernon had seldom been so impressed. He had supposed the age when such scenes were beheld had long since passed away, and that ere it would return long years of labour, teaching, and self-denial must necessarily elapse. He little thought to find the realisation of what he sometimes thought *might*, perhaps, be hereafter, if God's servants were faithful to the cause of truth, in a neglected township of Upper Canada; and he thanked God from his heart for affording him so striking and encouraging an example of what is meant by "the communion of saints."

About the middle of the day Vernon was obliged to bid the aged patriarch farewell. He saw his face no more; but he had abundant testimony to show that "his end was peace."\*

\* In these days, longings after a healthier religious state lead men to draw imaginary sketches of things, not as they are, but as they would wish them to be. Lest it should be supposed that the author has been doing so, he begs to state that every particular of the foregoing chapter is rigidly true.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE wonders of steam-navigation had rendered the voyage across the Atlantic so trifling an undertaking, that Mr. Vernon had often talked of taking a trip to Canada in order to visit his son, and ascertain from personal observation the capacities and advantages of the country. The want of success that had attended Harry's farming operations had banished for the time all ideas of sending out his younger sons, one of whom he had placed in a counting-house, and the other had been bred an engineer. During our hero's visit to England, just previous to his marriage, he had pointed out very clearly the reasons of his failure in the Backwoods, and had endeavoured to convince his father that, notwithstanding the want of success that had attended his agricultural efforts, Canada still afforded excellent opportunities to young men of education, energy, and principle. Mr. Vernon was rather incredulous, but Harry continued in his letters to reiterate his opinions; and when his father saw that, though one son had acquired a knowledge of medicine, another of business, and another of engineering, yet that, from the vast number of competitors in all these pursuits, years must pass away before they could provide for themselves, he became more inclined to carry his project of visiting Canada into execution; not only for the sake of seeing his son who

was already there, but also in the hope that he might do something for those whom he should leave behind. He accordingly took his passage in one of the Cunard steamers, and in twelve days was safely landed at Boston. He pushed on, with little delay, towards Canada; and we leave it to the reader to imagine the pleasure which both father and son derived from the meeting, which had been looked forward to on both sides with such pleasing anticipation.

Some time after Mr. Vernon's arrival, when he began to feel settled, and all the news from home had been fully detailed, a gentleman of the name of Robinson, who had been one of his fellow-passengers in the steamer, and to whom he had given an invitation to visit his son, called at the Parsonage. He had come out with the intention of settling in the country, and was extremely anxious to gain every information that was likely to prove useful. Like most new comers, he was strongly impressed with the idea that the only mode in which he or his family could employ themselves in Canada was in agriculture; though, as usual, it turned out that it was a pursuit of which he was utterly ignorant. Dinner was over, and a long conversation had ensued with reference to Canadian gentleman-farming, in which Harry stated the views which have been already detailed in his conversation with his friend and neighbour Osborne.

"But," said Mr. Robinson rather despondingly, "what is a person, situated like myself, to do? I am a professional man, and I know nothing of business, therefore I cannot turn my attention that way, for it would only end in ruin."

"And yet," replied Harry, "you hope that another calling, of which you confess yourself equally ignorant, will lead you to prosperity."

"Why, you know, I must do *something*, and what can I do but farm? If I am to do *nothing*, I may as well do that at home, as incur the trouble and expense of coming to Canada to do it."

"I am not by any means sure of that," replied Harry. "Emigration might prove of very great benefit to you, even if you did nothing."

"I do not comprehend your views," said Mr. Robinson; "you told us a little while ago, that the only men who could hope to succeed in Canada, were those who were able to work hard, and now you speak of my getting on by doing nothing; what is it that you advise me to do?"

"That, of course, depends very much upon the extent of your resources, and as I am entirely ignorant on that point it is difficult to give any very specific advice; I can only say, generally, that a gentleman who can manage to maintain a family in anything like respectability in England, can do so with much greater ease and in much greater comfort in this country."

"My means are no secret," said Mr. Robinson, frankly. "I have met with some serious losses lately, which have compelled me to think of emigration, or leave the sphere of life in which I have always been accustomed to move. I have a sum in hand sufficient to purchase a good farm, and I think when all my affairs are settled, I shall, perhaps, have about 250*l.* per annum. With this sum and a farm, I thought I could manage to rub along in Canada, and do something for

the children as they grew up, which is impossible in England with such an income ; at all events, for a man who, like myself, has always been accustomed to one more than double the amount. Your opinions, however, with respect to farming, have rather disheartened me, and I feel as if Canada was no place for me, or others situated like me."

"Then the sooner you get rid of such a feeling the better," answered Harry, "for this country offers you and others of the same class very great advantages, though they appear to be most woefully misunderstood at home. That it is an admirable country for the farmer, mechanic, and labourer, is admitted on all hands, for they immediately betake themselves to the several employments to which they have been accustomed; and as there is generally abundant demand for their skill and strength, they are almost sure to prosper, though, of course, they may expect some difficulties, perhaps, at the outset. But, besides this, it is an excellent country for the gentleman of limited means, if he would only act as judiciously as those of the humbler class, in confining himself, as a general rule, to such occupations or modes of life as he is familiar with. When I say limited means, I allude to those who have a hundred a-year and upwards, or capital which, in this country, will produce, at least, that sum. If a family of respectability comes here with only four, five, or six hundred pounds in the world, (and many have come with much less,) it cannot fail but they will have a great deal to contend with; though, even in such circumstances, they are more likely to do well here than elsewhere. But is there a country in the world," asked



Harry, turning to his father, "where *such* a family would find *such* a sum an independence?"

"Of course, the thing is impossible," replied Mr. Vernon; "and every family of the better class who are so reduced must be most unwarrantably sanguine if they indulge in any such expectation."

"And yet," resumed Harry, "an evil report has sometimes been brought upon the country in consequence of the disappointment of such expectations. But take your case, Mr. Robinson, as an example. By the mere fact of bringing it to this country, your 250*l.* per annum becomes 300*l.* If this sum arises from money vested in the funds, or other securities, and if you have the power of removing it to this colony, the legal rate of interest here, being double what you can obtain in England, makes your 300*l.* into 600*l.*, while there are many safe and honourable investments which annually yield seven and eight per cent. The loose money with which you spoke of purchasing a farm, might still be expended in that manner, not, however, that you might lose money by farming it yourself, but simply as an investment; and good land is one of the best, because safest, investments in the country. If the farm is well situated, the rent will generally pay you six per cent. upon the purchase-money, and the principal is always increasing, owing to the rapid rise which takes place in the value of property in this country. Do you see that farm on the opposite hill," said he, pointing to some beautiful rolling fields on the neighbouring rise; "not more than two years ago the owner offered it for sale for about 800*l.*, and could not find a purchaser; at this moment he would not accept 1500*l.*, though it only consists of one hundred acres."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon; "why at this rate, I shall begin to think that, old as I am, I had better emigrate also, for it is not every day, or in every place, that one can double their income."

"That is certainly a very encouraging view of matters," said Mr. Robinson, directing his conversation to Harry; "but if one is not to farm, how is one to be employed."

"Employ yourself in the manner in which you occupied yourself at home," answered Vernon. The expenses of living will, on the whole, be less than in the cheapest parts of England, for you are freed from the rates and taxes which press so heavily upon a small income there. Were I in your position, I should be inclined to purchase a small quantity of land in the neighbourhood of some of our larger towns, on some of the main roads leading into Toronto, for instance. There you could build according to your own taste, keep your horses and carriage, and enjoy the society which is generally to be found in such localities. You ought to have nothing more to do with farming than allowing your man to cut hay, and raise oats for your horses, and such other things as were within his unaided power. You might thus, by good management and his exertions, enjoy many of the comforts of a farm. You might have your own poultry, eggs, milk, butter, and so forth, while most of the work would be done by the man whom you would have to keep, even if you had no land at all."

"A very pleasant prospect, indeed," said Mr. Robinson, "but it appears to me far too good news to be true."

"Of course I have spoken on the supposition of your

being able to bring the capital, which produces your 250*l.* sterling per annum, to this country, as, by so doing, you would more than double your income."

"But, supposing I could do so, to live in the way you have mentioned, would require my whole income, notwithstanding its increase, and I do not see very clearly how, if that was the case, my family could be much benefited."

"To have 600*l.* or 700*l.* a-year to live upon instead of 250*l.* seems to me a very palpable benefit to any family," said Harry, with a smile. "Besides, I am far from thinking that there would be any necessity for spending any such sum as the former. Servants and clothing are rather expensive here, but everything else required for a family is very reasonable. Horses and carriages are cheap and good, and can be well afforded on an income that in England would not allow such luxuries to be thought of for a moment. On the first-named sum you could live in a very comfortable style—give your children a first-rate education\*—save money, and be a person of much greater consequence than you would be at home with six times the amount.

"Well done!" exclaimed Mr. Robinson, laughing somewhat incredulously. "Pray, how many more advantages have you to enumerate?"

"Several more," continued Harry, quietly; "but I will dwell only upon one. If you were now in England in possession of 600*l.* or 700*l.* a-year, you would find it as much as you could do to live in the manner you had always been accustomed to do, and to educate your children as became their position in society. After

\* See Appendix, 1, 2, 3, 4.

their education was complete, would not their future provision be a source of great anxiety to you? Now, in this country I am sure that no young man of education, energy, and principle, who has been taught to do *something* for his own maintenance, but will be able to provide for himself. I do not mean to say that he will have no difficulties, but I am confident that, if willing to exert himself, he will always find something to do that will remunerate him.

"That is more than can be said for England," observed Mr. Vernon, "as I know from the difficulties I have had with my boys. Harry here has been less expense and less trouble to me than any of the rest, and that speaks well for Canada."

"I should have no hesitation in saying," resumed Harry, "that if a lad in this country, who has been educated and brought up to a profession or business at the expense of his parents, fails to provide for himself, the fault must be his own. Within the last year or two I have myself heard of several openings where a young medical man might (by hard work of course) have made from 250*l.* to 300*l.* a-year. Of lawyers we certainly have our share; but, notwithstanding their numbers, they all seem to thrive, and from the loose way in which deeds and conveyances, and so forth, are often executed here, it promises at some future day to become a perfect legal paradise. The Church, too, although it does not hold out any great temporal inducements, will, nevertheless, afford a maintenance to earnest men who seek not great things for themselves. Surveyors, engineers, and architects, are in no lack of employment. Land agents, brokers, and

business-men, seem to thrive. And the danger of these callings being overstocked is not great, for the number of the educated class is comparatively small, and the resources of the country are yearly becoming more developed, and fresh openings are offered to the enterprising and industrious."

"The advantages of settling here seem to be undeniably great," said Mr. Robinson. "At all events, for those who can bring their capital with them. I question, however, whether your theory of this being a good country for gentlemen of small means, would hold good in the case of those who possess a stated income, and have no power over the principal. From what I have been able to learn since my arrival, I am disposed to think that there are many parts of England where a family could live quite as cheaply as they could here."

"Perhaps they could," replied Harry, "as far as the mere expenses of living are concerned; although I think it might admit of a doubt, whether you could live in England *as well* as you could in Canada upon *the same* amount of income; for, besides living, you must remember the rates and taxes which you have there. But, supposing, for argument's sake, that you *could* live there as well and cheaply as you could do here, still, if a man thinks of his family, he cannot doubt that the probabilities of providing for them must certainly be very much greater in a country like this,—whose vast resources are just beginning to be developed, and which is still so thinly peopled,—than in a country like England, where, from the density of the population, the competition in every calling and profession is so overwhelming."

"That is unquestionably true," answered Mr. Robinson; "and, if properly understood, would doubtless have great influence in inducing families of the class in question to emigrate to this country. Such a step, however, seldom seems to present itself to their minds, unless under the pressure of some great difficulty or misfortune."

"And, then," said Harry, "they come here, and expect to find a fortune ready made to their hand; or, at all events, to make an independence out of means that cannot in any country yield more than a bare subsistence. Now, if they would remember, that after coming here they would have the *same* means they previously possessed (more or less increased, according as they could bring their capital with them or leave it at home); the *same* family to maintain, educate, and provide for; and that *all* the country promised to the prudent, energetic, and well-principled, was a *very much greater facility than England afforded* for effecting these objects, particularly the last,—it would lead them to form more rational expectations than are sometimes indulged."

"It ought to do so, certainly," returned Mr. Robinson; "but I am inclined to think you mistaken in supposing that people at home are so sanguine in their expectations of emigration proving so profitable. Whatever may have been the prevailing opinions in other days, the general feeling among the better class at present is, that to go to the colonies is a dreadful undertaking, full of privation and risk."

"I am quite aware that many of the middle classes, who have been accustomed to the comforts and refinements of English life, associate the idea of settling in America with visions of hardship and horror. They

think of stumps, log huts and scalping-knives, and sigh over the thought that it must necessarily entail the relinquishment of all the enjoyments and humanising influences of civilisation. And —”

“Nay, nay,” interrupted Mr. Robinson, smiling, “they don’t think quite so badly of it as all that.”

“And yet,” resumed Harry, “there seems to be a latent impression, that if they *could* but make up their minds to meet these dangers and trials, eventual prosperity would be the result. Perhaps, however, there are two classes, one too sanguine and the other most absurdly labouring under the impression that Canada is still a wilderness, in which none of the refinements of life are to be enjoyed.”

“That is quite true,” said Mr. Robinson. “I am sure I was quite unprepared for the advanced state of comfort, and indeed elegance, which marks society in many parts of this country.”

“I am sure I can say the same,” observed Mr. Vernon. “This boy of mine has, for years back, been telling me that the people here were not in the savage state which we in England are apt to imagine; but, notwithstanding his statements, I have been a good deal surprised by what I have seen here. I came from Boston by way of Lake Champlain and Montreal; and though I knew, of course, that it was a comparatively old city, I was struck by its extent; the magnificence of its quays; the character of some of its buildings, particularly the new market, which is indeed a splendid edifice; the marks of extensive commerce, and the number of villas and gentlemen’s seats, which are scattered about its beautiful neighbourhood. Then, as I came up the river to this province,

putting aside the wonderful natural beauty of some of the scenes, there was much in the works of skill and civilisation that surprised me; the immense canals round the various rapids would do honour to any country in the world; and the villages and towns are considerable, both in number and extent. Brockville is a prettily-situated and attractive-looking place. Kingston, with its strong fortifications, its extent, and substantial look, would not have struck me as a Canadian city. Then we came to the pleasing little towns of Cobourg and Port Hope, where, as I am informed by a fellow-traveller, every comfort and, indeed, almost every ordinary luxury, could be obtained; and where, he also said, there was as much good society to be found as you could expect to meet with in a country town in England: and when at last we landed at Toronto, I must say that it far exceeded what I expected."

"When we parted at Boston," said Mr. Robinson, addressing Mr. Vernon, "I went on to New York, and thence by Albany to Buffalo. I then took the cars to Lewiston, where I embarked in a steamboat, which landed me in a few hours at Toronto; so that it was the first British ground on which I had stood since I left England; and really when I looked about I almost fancied I was at home again. The change from the American dress, voice, manner, and appearance was so striking, that a single moment told me I was among my own countrymen; and the whole character of the place reminded me of some very respectable provincial town in England."

"The difference is very great, certainly, between one side of 'the lines' and the other," observed Harry;



"and almost every one is struck with the English characteristics of Upper Canada."

"The shops are very handsome in Toronto," said Mr. Vernon, "and I observed one or two that need not have been at all ashamed of themselves even in London; and they seem, too, to be exceedingly well supplied with everything one can desire."

"Another thing that struck me," said Mr. Robinson, "was the number and handsome character of the private equipages that filled the streets—from the dashing-looking dog-cart, to the capacious family carriage. One would suppose that the people must be very well off, or else that horses and carriages are very easily kept."

"There is often," said Mr. Vernon, "a great bustle for a town like it, about three o'clock in the afternoon, for stages and omnibuses are starting apparently in all directions, and the cabs seem without end. I hardly see how a town of some three or four and twenty thousand inhabitants, can support them."

"It ought to be an indication of wealth," observed Mr. Robinson; "people who can afford the amount of cab-hire that must be expended in Toronto, can hardly, as a community, be poor. Indeed, the *signs* of wealth are great; so much so as to lead to some fears of its being factitious. I brought some letters of introduction with me, and I not only found the society extremely good, but their drawing-rooms are furnished with a luxury which I certainly did not expect to meet with in Canada. I was at one or two dinner-parties, and really the plate, the dinner-service, the cookery, the wines, and, in fact, the whole style of the entertainment, was more what one would have expected to meet with in

a nobleman's mansion than in that of a Toronto gentleman."\*

"They are undoubtedly overdoing it there," said Harry; "and the luxury and expense which is fashionable among them is not only absurd but sinful. It is, however, the spirit of the age, and I am not sure that the people of Toronto are worse than others."

"I have just returned from the west," said Mr. Robinson, "and have passed through a very fine country. Hamilton is a good-sized town, and, from its admirable position at the head of Lake Ontario, must become, ere long, a large and flourishing city. There are some beautiful places in its neighbourhood; and many gentlemen seem to have settled in the vicinity. The travelling is pleasant in that part of the province, from the excellent plank roads which intersect it; and as the weather was good, and the country pleasing, I quite enjoyed the journey to London, which, though not *quite* so extensive as its English namesake, is, nevertheless, a thriving and promising little town. Altogether, I have been very much gratified, and indeed surprised, by what I have hitherto seen in Canada."

"I have observed," said Harry, "the same feeling on the part of most new comers; and it of course arises from the invincible ignorance of people at home upon all matters relating to Canada. They have set it down in their minds as certain, that it is some outlandish place, the latitude and longitude of which is somewhat

\* The late calamitous state of things in commercial, monetary, and political affairs, which has affected the empire and indeed the world at large, has caused considerable changes in Toronto, and in Canada generally.

difficult to ascertain, and where, if you should be fortunate enough to reach it, you run a very great risk of being murdered and scalped by Indians, eaten up by bears, or bitten to death, in summer, by musquitoes, and in winter by frost. They are convinced of the truth of some such view of the case, and therefore it's no use talking—for if you do tell them the truth, they won't believe you."

"There is truth in what you say, Harry," replied his father; "for the fact is, that we are so accustomed from our childhood to regard Canada as almost an unbroken forest, and to think of its inhabitants as Backwoodsmen, that we can hardly credit the evidence of our own eyes when we find in this supposed wilderness towns and cities, with all their comforts, conveniences, and luxuries."

"You have both seen," said Harry, "that in many places in Canada, from east to west, you may find localities where you may enjoy almost as much society, refinement, comfort, and, if you desire it, luxury, as any family belonging to the middle classes can wish for or expect. Now, if the advantages which I have already named are borne in mind in connection with this fact, I think that my theory, that this country offers great advantages to the gentry of smaller means, say from 200*l.* to 500*l.* or 700*l.* a-year, is a sound one; and that if its advantages were understood, they would be acted upon."

"People in England, however, especially with such incomes as you have last named, are not very likely to come to Canada."

"Because," answered Harry, "they do not know

what is good for themselves and their children. Many families at home with such incomes are emphatically *poor*. They have appearances to keep up, which strains their incomes to the utmost, and not unfrequently involves them in ruin—and no man is more to be pitied than the poor gentleman.”

The conversation was here brought to a close by the arrival of two or three of Harry's neighbours, whom he had asked to spend the evening with his father and Mr. Robinson.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

It was a beautiful evening in the early part of summer, and our hero and his guests betook themselves, some to the garden, and others to the verandah, which ran along the front of the parsonage.

“I am much pleased with what I have experienced of the Canadian climate,” said Mr. Vernon to our former acquaintance Osborne, with whom he was strolling through the garden. “Nothing can be more beautiful than such an evening as this; and the sky is quite unrivalled, in the richness and intensity of its blue, by anything we can show in England.”

“It is very beautiful,” replied Osborne; “and though I have travelled a good deal, I never in any country saw anything to surpass the gorgeous splendour of many of our sunsets.”

"I have not, as yet, found the heat so great as I expected, though I suppose it is rather early to expect the high temperature which I have heard of as prevailing here in the summer months."

Yes," answered Osborne. "We shall not, of course, have it till July and August, when we are sure to have it very hot for some weeks. We have, however, much pleasant weather throughout the summer, for the intense heat never lasts for any length of time. The weather here very often runs in periods of three days, that is, we have in three days very hot or very cold, and then a change to cooler or warmer weather, according as it is summer or winter."

"Talking of winter," observed Mr. Vernon, "I must say that, notwithstanding all your sleighing, and furs, and stoves, and so forth, I should dread the awful cold of that season; I shouldn't at all relish the idea of having my nose frost-bitten."

"If you remain here for a winter," replied Osborne, smiling, "you will find that the danger is not so great, or the season so unbearable, as you imagine. Our winters are moderating with great rapidity; so much so, indeed, that we are all grumbling about it."

"No very great or reasonable cause for discontent, I should think," said Mr. Robinson, who had joined them.

"It has its inconveniences nevertheless," resumed Osborne; "for some winters previous to the last, we had hardly a single day's good sleighing, which proved a most serious drawback to the people in the back townships, who depend upon the snow to enable them to get their produce to market. Instead of the fine dry

bracing weather we used to have, we have frequent rains and many thawing, unpleasant days, while on others the sun shines out with such power that you might fancy it was April instead of February. Unless some thirty miles to the north, we never have snow worth mentioning till after Christmas, and it seldom affords sleighing till the end of February. Indeed, I don't know when we had a month's steady sleighing until last winter, which was colder than usual; and even then the snow was so shallow that a day or two's thaw took it all away. If you go into Toronto in any day in winter, you will find many people walking about in the same dress they would wear in England,—an ordinary great-coat, black hat, and leather or woollen gloves. If you are going to drive, a warmer dress is certainly desirable; and no sensible man will have any great objection to fur gloves and cap, and, if he has it, a fur coat besides."

"Your description of the winter varies very much from what I supposed it to be, and from what it must have been some years ago," said Mr. Vernon. "Why, my son Harry used to write home such accounts of the snow being three feet deep, and of its covering the ground for so many months, that I thought a man might almost as well emigrate to Greenland."

"And so you will find it yet," replied Osborne, "if you go back to Monkleigh, or any of the Backwood townships lying to the north and north-east, though not, I believe, to the same extent as formerly. I am speaking of the neighbourhood of Lake Ontario and the west, where the winter is less severe than even here."

“Sir Francis Head gives a very different account of the climate in his ‘Emigrant,’” observed Mr. Robinson; “he there speaks of having seen the left cheeks of twenty soldiers simultaneously frozen, though they had to march only a few hundred yards; and many other horrors of the same description.”

“And I have no doubt of their perfect truth,” rejoined Osborne; “but I think he unintentionally gives an erroneous impression with regard to the Canadian winter, by failing to say, that, though we *have* this severe cold, it only continues for a very short time, and that we often have not three days of such intense frost in the course of a whole winter. Such very cold weather is most certainly the exception and not the rule; and it will convince you of the correctness of these statements when I tell you that the principal carriage-builders in Toronto have given up the manufacture of sleighs,—unless when they happen to be ordered,—in consequence of the uncertainty of the snow falling in any quantity, or remaining if it does fall.”

“If this be the true state of the case,” said Mr. Vernon, “it is certain that ninety-nine persons in England out of every hundred entertain very erroneous ideas with reference to the Canadian climate.”

“I am quite ready to confess,” continued Osborne, “that it is a climate characterised by extremes, but not to the extent which is supposed. This, I think, is proved by the great healthiness of the old settlements generally, and I think the parson’s garden here affords another proof,—here are apples, pears, cherries, and plums of the choicest descriptions. That vine upon the trellis yields abundantly, and the peach and apricot-

trees, which are now only beginning to be tried here, bear fruit, though not with the same certainty as the other trees. That privet hedge retained its lower leaves all last winter, though the most severe we have had for years; and those beautiful climbing roses were only frozen at the tips of the long, tender shoots. The flower-borders, too, contain many choice plants and shrubs, most of which are left without any protection; others are shielded effectually with a little litter, and very few beside those only which would be removed from the borders at home, have to be taken up in this country.”\*

Leaving Osborne to, expatiate upon the climate of Canada, we must beg the reader to accompany us back to the verandah, where “the Parson,” as Osborne and others of his friends were in the habit of calling him, was seated, in conversation with one of his guests. The latter was the son of an English clergyman, and a young man of very pleasing character; he had only recently arrived in the country, and was staying with one of Harry’s parishioners. He was much interested in ecclesiastical matters, and our hero was not without hopes that, on understanding the state of the Church in the Upper Canadian diocese, and her great need of earnest men, he might, perhaps, be induced to devote himself to the work of the ministry.

“The view which you have just given me,” said young Hamilton, in answer to some of Harry’s remarks, to which he had been listening, “of the state of the Church in the diocese, while it has encouraging features, is still very sad. It is a fearful thing to think of such numbers

\* See Appendix, 5.



of townships, and such immense districts, altogether destitute of those holy ministrations which are so essential to our spiritual well-being."

"It is sad, indeed," replied Vernon; "and it will, perhaps, afford a more clear and distinct view of the state of this diocese, to read you an extract from a document on the state of the Church, lately addressed by our bishop to his clergy. 'It appears,' says his lordship, 'that there are at present three hundred and thirty-four organised townships in this diocese, and others annually opening for settlement. That each township embraces an area of about one hundred square miles, equal to *eight* or *ten* of the *largest* English parishes. That the organised townships are all settled; some densely, others partially. It further appears that the number of clergy is one hundred and thirty. Of these, thirty-two labour in towns, and can give but very little of their time to the country. Five serve among the Indians, and such whites as associate with them. Thus leaving ninety-three clergymen for the rest of this great diocese; and it is found that their services, incessant and laborious as they are, must, in order to be effective, be confined chiefly to the townships where they reside, leaving *two hundred and forty-one* townships comparatively destitute of religious instruction, except from the occasional visits of the travelling missionaries, who may number about twelve, and, taken from the ninety-three, leave as resident clergymen only eighty-one.'"

"And are there really inhabitants in each of that immense number of townships which are spoken of as being destitute of the services of religion?"

"They are *all*, I believe, to a greater or less extent,

settled ; and even the most thinly peopled of them, is rapidly filling with settlers. The consequence of the present state of things is this, that since the people in such localities must necessarily be years without the ministrations of the Church, they become indifferent to them ; and when she is able to reach them, they have sunk into utter apathy, or they have joined themselves to some schismatical or heretical sect, and under all circumstances, such a result is not much to be wondered at."

"It is not, indeed," replied Hamilton ; "but notwithstanding what the bishop says, cannot the neighbouring clergy, or the travelling missionaries, manage to reach them occasionally ?"

"They do all they can," answered Vernon ; "but they cannot perform impossibilities. If you will consider the number of the clergy, in connexion with the number and extent of the townships, you will see that large portions of the diocese cannot be efficiently visited."

"Yes," said Hamilton, "these townships appear to be very large, and form a great contrast to our English parishes."

"One township, as the bishop says, is alone equal to a dozen English parishes," answered Vernon ; "and a clergyman may think himself well off, if he has *only* one to take charge of. Many have the care of two, and others again, who perhaps confine the chief part of their labours to one or two, nevertheless visit statedly two or three others in their neighbourhood. Then we have travelling missionaries, but they have whole districts on their hands ; and if they were all to work themselves to death, their exertions after all would be

but a drop in the bucket. Our indefatigable bishop, who knows the diocese far better than any other individual in it, says that he could employ most profitably upwards of a hundred additional clergymen, and that, indeed, a lesser number could not adequately supply the present wants of the Church here."

"And what," asked Hamilton, "did you say might be the number of the clergy at present employed in the diocese?"

"The total number is 131, of which 93 are employed in the townships, and the remainder are engaged in the towns and cities. All of these have as much, and often more, than they can do. The country clergy have two, three, and sometimes four, churches to serve. All have two full services, and many who are equal to it, have three each Sunday, with from ten to thirty miles to ride between the churches. Then they have the occasional duties connected with each congregation, and often several week-day stations. So that they have abundance of work, and however willing they might be to visit the more destitute townships around them, you must perceive that it is utterly beyond their power."

"Their duties are, indeed, heavy," observed Hamilton; "and we have evidence enough of it in your own case."

"My duties are not so heavy as those of many of the clergy. I could name those around me who regularly serve three churches every Sunday at the distances I have mentioned, and who, especially during the winter months, have one or more services *every day* in the week except Monday and Saturday; and I know of another who does not seem to regard eighteen services in a fortnight as very extraordinary work."

"Most other persons would regard it as such, however," replied Hamilton; "and now will you explain to me how these men, who may emphatically be called 'working clergy,' are remunerated?"

"Do you mean the *amount* of their remuneration, or the *sources* from which it is derived?"

"I should be glad to be informed on both points," said Hamilton.

"As for the *amount* of their remuneration, it is very inadequate, considering the expenses which they have to to meet. There are some of the older missionaries, who, in former days, enjoyed an income of 200*l.* sterling per annum. This was subsequently reduced, and they now receive 170*l.* The number receiving this amount of stipend is only twenty-two; and as they die the income of their successors is cut down to 100*l.* The general income of the remainder of the clergy is 100*l.* sterling per annum. Some of them derive assistance, to a small extent, from glebe land, or from the contributions of their parishioners; but, unless they possess some private means, they have the utmost difficulty in making both ends meet."

"If it was not a cheap country I don't see how they could do so at all," observed Hamilton.

"Very true; they could not do in England on the same means what they do here," replied Vernon. "But as they have almost all families to support, and are under the necessity of keeping one, and frequently two, horses, to enable them to perform their duties, the income I have mentioned soon disappears, even under the most careful management. If you have two horses,—and in many missions they are almost indispensable,—they will cost you at the *least* from 20*l.* to 25*l.* per

annum ; a lad, to look after them, will generally cost you in wages and food, from 30*l.* to 35*l.* ; a servant woman, and a girl to look after the children, while their mother is making and mending, will, together, cost another 30*l.* : so that horses and servants will run away with at least 80*l.* per annum. Then the duties of alms-giving, and the expensiveness of clothing, leave a very small balance to meet the unavoidable outlay for living. Hence it is a melancholy truth that many of the clergy, notwithstanding every care, are, to a greater or less degree, involved in difficulty."

"I am sure," said Hamilton, it is not at all to be wondered at. But how is it that, while the work is so heavy, the remuneration is so small? Whence do they derive their incomes, and how is it that they cannot be increased?"

"To explain this matter fully would, perhaps, prove tedious to you," answered Vernon; "and therefore, without going back to the past, except as briefly as possible, I will endeavour to explain the sources whence the Church in Canada derives her temporal revenues. In former days a proportion of the stipends of the clergy were paid by the government. This, however, has ceased, and none of them now derive their maintenance *directly* from that source; for the government, in these days of liberalism, is opposed to the Church rather than friendly to it. A most munificent provision was made by King George III., consisting of one-seventh of the whole province, for the maintenance of 'a Protestant clergy;' a large portion of which has been recklessly sold; so that the Church, in many townships, is destitute of a single acre of land. The proceeds of these sales

were invested in England for the benefit of the Church. The ministers of the Presbyterian body, however, set up a claim to be considered as forming part of 'the Protestant clergy' named in the Act; inasmuch as theirs was the established faith of one of the three kingdoms, though the details and provisions of the Act itself showed that the clergy of the Church alone were intended by the term. The agitation commenced by them extended to the various denominations throughout the colony, and became a grand grievance, out of which the Radicals made an immense amount of political capital. Indeed, 'the Clergy Reserves' continued for many years to be a source of heart-burning and discord among the people. And as from the excited state of the popular mind here upon the subject, it could not be finally settled, it was agreed that it should be referred to the Imperial Government for decision, the Church pledging herself to abide by the result, whatever it might be. Previous to this, however, an Act had been passed to authorise the sale of one-fourth of the Clergy Reserves, which was accordingly done. The decision, then, that was come to was this, that the proceeds of this one-fourth was to belong to the Church and to the Presbyterian establishment, and to be divided between them in the proportion of two to one. Of the remaining three-fourths one-half was to belong to the same bodies, and was to be divided in the same proportion. The other half of the three-fourths was left to the disposal of the Governor-General of Canada and his council, for the purposes of religious worship and education. And so, out of an endowment given by a Christian king for the *Protestant* clergy of the English Church, *Romanists*,

Wesleyan Methodists, and Presbyterians of various kinds, receive a measure of support. While that Church, for whose benefit it was intended, is grudging the pittance that is left."

"What a striking example," said Hamilton, "of the time-serving expediency of the government of the present age; and what a grievous national sin for a Christian country to endow forms of religious error, subversive of the one true faith. But how is the proportion which still belongs to the Church applied?"

"The interest or revenue arising from the Church's share of the proceeds of sales of the Clergy Reserves invested in England, is paid over to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, who acts as the trustee of this fund. From this source forty-four of our clergy are at present supported; and fifty more are allowed 100*l.* per annum by that most noble and munificent cherisher of the Colonial Church the same Society, out of its own general missionary resources."

"I am sure the churchmen of Canada ought to feel themselves much indebted to that Society," remarked Hamilton. "I have heard much of its liberality since my arrival here."

"No member of the Church," replied Vernon, "who is really aware of her position in this diocese, but feels the deepest gratitude to that Society and to its fellow-labourer in the same good cause, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Besides the sources I have mentioned, however, there is another to which I have not yet alluded—I mean various resources within the diocese, by which thirty-two more of the clergy are sustained; the chief of which resources is

our excellent "Church Society,"\*—an incorporated body, with the bishop at its head, and formed very much on the model of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. This Society is rapidly increasing in usefulness, and must be looked to as the ultimate means of building up the Church in this diocese. There are two or three other clergymen supported by the Rev. Mr. Waddilove, and as many more by the New England Society in London; and thus I have shown you the sources from which the revenues of the Church in this country are derived."

"It is a point on which I am very glad to be correctly informed," replied Hamilton; "for I have hitherto found myself unable to comprehend the various accounts I have heard. But is there no hope that the incomes of the clergy may be rendered somewhat more adequate than they are at present?"

"Our good bishop is now endeavouring to mature some plans by which he hopes to secure to those who have laboured long a small increase of stipend; and, in the mean time, we have an important, though, perhaps, not very pleasant duty to perform—that, namely, of teaching our people that they are BOUND to 'minister to us of their carnal things.' Compulsory tithes, exacted by the force of laws, can hardly be acceptable to God; but we must impress our people with the truth that He who is the author of all our blessings, *requires* us to honour Him with our substance; and that, as an act of love and duty to Him who redeemed them, they ought to sanctify their worldly substance by devoting at least a tenth part thereof to the service of His Church."

\* See Appendix, 6.



“To teach them so is unquestionably a part of the truth of the Gospel, the whole of which the ministers of God are bound to declare; but still,” continued Hamilton, “when we consider the immense numbers who yearly leave the mother country to settle in this colony, it is unquestionably a bounden duty on the part of the English government—or if it in these days of latitudinarianism fail, then it is a duty on the part of the English Church—to see that their children in this land do not ‘perish for lack of knowledge.’”

“Very true,” replied Vernon; “and it is, I believe, on this principle that the great Church Societies at home continue their grants, which, munificent as they are, are nevertheless inadequate to meet the urgent wants of this great diocese. We must bestir ourselves in this work, and teach those committed to our care that it is ‘more blessed to give than to receive.’”

A summons to the tea-table put an end to the conversation, which the reader, if he have read it, will probably think was sufficiently prolonged. The evening passed pleasantly, and when it was over, both Mr. Vernon, senior, and Mr. Robinson, agreed that neither the society nor the comforts to be found in Upper Canada were at all to be despised.

The various persons whom, in the course of this narrative, we have introduced to the acquaintance of the reader, have been so very communicative on most points of interest connected with the colony wherein they dwell, that they have left us nothing to add.

Harry Vernon is, himself, going steadily on in his quiet and holy duties as a parish-priest, speaking to his flock “concerning Christ and the Church.”

Mr. Robinson has resolved on settling in his near neighbourhood. Vernon's father is very much inclined to come to a similar resolution, though the idea of finally leaving England is very painful. Many of Harry's old acquaintances in the Backwoods have left Monkleigh, and have sought other and more congenial employments. Our old friend, Mr. Lawrence, too, is keeping the even tenor of his way, "doctoring," as the farmers say, her Majesty's lieges after the most approved fashion. And now, having said our say, we bid a hearty farewell to the reader, who has patiently waded with us through the foregoing pages, trusting that they may have tended, in some slight measure, to impress him with just views of the advantages and drawbacks of settling in Upper Canada.

## APPENDIX.

### I.

EDUCATION has been spoken of in the foregoing work, and in order to give a more minute detail of the facilities presented in Canada for its acquirement, than could be well incorporated in the text, the following particulars are subjoined. For the earlier stages of education almost all the towns and good-sized villages offer good opportunities, as may be seen by the following advertisements :—

#### UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

THE MIDSUMMER VACATION WILL END ON SEPT. 28, 1847.

##### TERMS.—DAY SCHOLARS.

	Per Annum. £ s. d.		Per Annum. £ s. d.
Preparatory Form . . .	6 0 0	College Form . . .	9 0 0

##### BOARDERS.

	Per Annum. £ s. d.		Per Annum. £ s. d.
Preparatory Form . . .	30 16 0	College Form . . .	33 16 0

##### OPTIONAL BRANCHES—(Extra.)

	Per Quarter. £ s. d.		Per Quarter. £ s. d.
Hebrew or German . . .	1 5 0	Singing and Instrumental	
Hebrew and German . . .	2 0 0	Music . . . . .	1 0 0
Ornamental Drawing . . .	1 0 0		

J. P. DE LA HAYE, Collector U. C. College.

#### EDUCATION.

The Rev. H. N. Phillipps, formerly Mathematical Master at the Camberwell Collegiate School, in connexion with King's College, London, and for many years Head Master of the Antigua Grammar School, West Indies, has made arrangements in Toronto for the Boarding and Tuition of a limited number of Young Gentlemen.

The plan of instruction intended to be pursued by him in every branch of education—commercial, as well as mathematical and classical,—is of the most substantial kind, the good effects of which are evinced in the number of his pupils in the West Indies who have been admitted to holy orders.

In cases of pupils intending to become candidates for collegiate exhibitions, and university degrees, or for admission to the legal or medical professions, suitable routines of study will be adopted, with a view to insure success.

## TERMS PER QUARTER.

	£	s.	d.
For tuition in the ordinary branches of an English education	2	10	0
For tuition in the Greek and Latin classics, and the mathematics	3	0	0
For boarding, payable in advance	7	10	0

The charges for private instruction will vary according to the time and attention required by the pupil.

The school will be opened on the 18th September next, at No. 2, St. George's Square.

Testimonials of qualifications from the Rev. Henry Melville, Chaplain to the Tower of London, and Principal of the East India Company's College, Haileybury; from the Rev. J. S. Brockhurst, Head Master of the Camberwell Collegiate School; and from the Bishop of Antigua, may be seen at the Church Depository, King Street, Toronto.

*August 16th, 1848.*

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 EDUCATION.

The Rev. F. J. Lundy, B.C.L., Assistant-Minister of St. Mark's Church, Niagara, has two vacancies for private pupils. He undertakes to prepare young gentlemen for matriculation at King's College, Toronto.

*Niagara, Feb. 14, 1848.*

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 EDUCATION.

James Windeat, B.A., Master of the District Grammar School at Brockville, and late of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, is desirous of receiving into his family three or four additional boarders, whom, if required, he will prepare, by a particular course of studies, either for the exhibitions of the Upper Canada College—the scholarships of the University—the previous examination before the Benchers—or the Theological Institution at Cobourg.

Terms and other particulars made known upon application.

*Brockville, Jan. 24, 1848.*

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 TUITION.

The Rev. Arthur Palmer, A. B., Rector of Guelph, has at present a vacancy for one pupil.

*Guelph, Jan. 18, 1848.*

## TUITION.

The Rev. A. F. Atkinson, Rector of St. Catherine's, will, in the course of a few weeks, have a vacancy for one pupil, of the age of ten or eleven years.

*St. Catherine's, Jan. 29, 1848.*

## EDUCATION.

The business of the Home District Grammar School will be resumed, after the Midsummer Recess, on Monday, the 6th of September next, at the usual hour.

A few vacancies for boarders. Terms for both day-pupils and boarders *very moderate*.

M. C. CROMBIE, Head Master.

Mrs. Crömbie's *Young Ladies' Seminary* will also be re-opened on the same day.

## SCHOOL.—MISS SCOBIE.

(LATE ASSISTANT TO MADAME DESLANDES,)

Respectfully intimates to her friends and the public, that she has opened a Preparatory School in Adelaide Street, second door west of York Street, where she hopes by continued strict attention to the morals and general improvement of the pupils committed to her charge, still to merit and retain the very kind patronage she has so liberally received; and for which she desires to offer her most grateful thanks. Studies will be resumed on the 8th of January.

## TERMS FOR BOARDERS.

Including all the branches of a sound English education, Writing, Arithmetic, and all kinds of Needlework, and Washing, &c., £30 per annum.

Day pupils £1 per quarter; Music, French, and Drawing, on the most moderate terms.

*Adelaide Street, West; Toronto, 27th December, 1848.*

## RESIDENT GOVERNESS.

A lady, accustomed to tuition and the management of children, wishes a situation as resident governess in a private family. For address, apply to Mr. Champion, Toronto (post paid).

## EDUCATION.

## ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES, COBOURG.

Mrs. and the Misses Dunn will open a Boarding and Day-School on the 1st of May next.

## TERMS.

Boarders, with tuition in the usual branches of an English education, the Use of the Globes, Fancy Work, &c.,	
Washing included, per annum	£30 0 0
Day pupils, in the same branches, per quarter	1 5 0
Music	1 10 0
Drawing	1 5 0
French	1 0 0
Boarders receiving instruction in Music, Drawing, and French, in addition to the English studies, per annum	40 0 0
References kindly permitted to the Honourable and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Toronto; the Venerable the Archdeacon of York, Cobourg; Rev. W. H. Ripley, Toronto; and G. M. Boswell, Esq., Cobourg.	

April 12th, 1848.

## MISS MACNALLY

Begs to announce, that in connexion with her sisters, by whom she is assisted, she opened her seminary for young ladies on the 16th of August, 1847.

Miss M'N. has had many years' experience as a finishing teacher, and begs to state, in reference to her qualifications, that she has obtained introductory letters from the Rev. Dr. Singer, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; the Rev. Robert James M'Ghee, Rector of Holywell and Nudingworth, Huntingdonshire; Sir Philip Crampton, Bart., and several eminent persons of learning and distinction, whose daughters she has educated, bearing testimony to her capability as an instructress, and to her zealous attention to the advancement of her pupils.

The plan of education which Miss M'N. pursues, is based upon the most approved modern European system, and the young ladies entrusted to her care will enjoy the advantage of being at all times under her immediate superintendance, or that of her sisters, who, having been early accustomed to the tuition of young persons, will feel happy in devoting their time exclusively to their improvement.

Pupils studying Italian, German, and French, will have the advantage of frequent conversation in those languages; and to facilitate an attainment which is now felt to be indispensable, a class for the exclusive purpose of practice in French speaking will be held twice in the week. They will also have access to a well-assorted library, which comprises the most approved modern publications in English, and the continental languages, with which, as also the globes, Miss M'N. has taken care to provide herself.

Separate hours and apartments will be allotted to the various branches of study, by which method the rapid progress of the pupil in each department is secured.

## TERMS.

Per Quarter.		Per Quarter.	
French Language . . .	£1 15 0	Dancing . . . . .	£1 15 0
German . . . . .	2 0 0	English Language, Writing, Arithmetic, and Plain Work . . . . .	1 5 0
Italian . . . . .	2 0 0	Board, including the last-mentioned acquirements . . . . .	7 10 0
Pianoforte and Thorough Bass . . . . .	1 10 0	Use of Piano . . . . .	0 10 0
Drawing . . . . .	1 10 0	Washing . . . . .	1 0 0
Geography, History, Astronomy, and Use of Globes . . . . .	1 0 0		
Fancy works . . . . .	0 15 0		

Each young lady to provide her own bedding and blankets, two counterpanes, two toilets, six towels, two pair of sheets, and a silver fork and spoon.

Number of boarders limited to twelve.

Payments to be made quarterly, and in advance.

A quarter's notice to be given previous to the removal of a pupil.

Miss M<sup>c</sup>N. purposes forming a private class for tuition in the French, Italian, and German languages, to which last branch of study she has devoted peculiar attention, and is authoress of an improved German Grammar, now extensively used.

Her sister will be happy to give private lessons in drawing, including pencil and water colours, landscape and figure.

## REFERENCES.

The Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto; The Rev. Dr. McCaul, Vice-president, K.C.; W. A. Baldwin, Esq.; The Rev. D. E. Blake, Rector of Thornhill; William Hume Blake, Esq.; Rev. B. Cronyn, Rector of London.

36, Wellington-street, West, next door to the residence of the late Judge Hagerman.

Toronto, August, 1847.

## MRS. HERRMAN POETTER

Has removed her school from Kingston to this city, and has taken a house, No. 20, William street, where she will be ready to receive pupils on the 15th instant, and instruct them in the usual branches of a sound and finished education.

She will be happy to forward her terms to any person requiring them.

References kindly permitted to the Lord Bishop of Toronto, and the Rev. William Herchmer, Kingston: also to the following gentlemen, whose daughters' education Mrs. Poetter has had the honour of finishing:—

Thomas Kirkpatrick, Esq., Kingston; Hon. George S. Boulton and G. S. Daintry, Esq., Cobouŕg; Sheldon Hawley, Esq., Trent; John Turnbull, Esq., Belleville; J. D. Goslee, Esq., Colborne.

Mr. Herrman Poetter, who is a native of Hanover, wishes to devote a few hours during the day in giving lessons in the German language. He has been in the habit of teaching for some years, and will be happy to forward his terms.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BY MONSIEUR AND MADAME DESLANDES, ROSEDALE HOUSE, YONGE STREET.

Madame Deslandes begs to inform her friends and the public, that she purposes removing her school in the beginning of January next, from York Street to Rosedale, a residence which she has selected as offering, from its healthy situation, and the beauty and extent of the grounds attached to it, one of the most desirable residences in the Province. Mad. Deslandes being desirous that her establishment should embrace all the advantages of an European school, has engaged, through the medium of Monsieur Deslandes' friends in Paris, a highly-educated French governess; whose assistance, with that of the best masters now employed, will, she hopes, added to her own and Monsieur Deslandes' unremitting exertions, advance in every way the improvement and solid instruction of her pupils. Monsieur Deslandes is a Protestant, and a Graduate of the French University. Madame Deslandes, an English lady. They have adopted this plan in order to blend the English principles of education with the French system, so long and so deservedly approved of.

### TERMS FOR BOARDERS.

Including all the various branches in English and French, Music, Drawing, and the Use of the Globes—£60 per annum.

### DAY PUPILS—£6 PER QUARTER.

German, Italian, Singing, and Dancing, on the usual terms.

No extras; and a deduction will be made for pupils not wishing to learn music or drawing, and also for those under twelve years of age.

Quarterly payments required.

Each young lady must be provided with six towels, a silver spoon, and knife and fork.

References are most kindly permitted to—

The Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto; the Rev. Dr. McCaul, President of the University of King's College; the Rev. H. J. Grasett, Rector; the Hon. the Chief Justice; the Hon. Mr. Justice Macaulay; the Hon. Mr. Justice McLean; the Hon. Mr. Justice Draper; W. B. Jarvis, Esq.; Colonel Carthew; W. A. Baldwin, Esq.

Toronto, Nov. 23rd, 1848.



## II.

THE University of King's College is a liberally endowed institution, the original Royal Charter of which was modelled upon those of the English Universities. It has the advantage of numerous competent Professors, under the superintendence of the President, who is held, by all persons qualified to judge, as an elegant and finished scholar. Step by step, however, its distinctive features as a Church Institution have been done away; and at this moment a bill is before the House of Assembly for abolishing the Divinity Chair, and banishing from it every semblance of religion.

## KING'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.

## UNIVERSITY, UPPER CANADA COLLEGE AND DISTRICT SCHOLARSHIPS.

ESTABLISHED BY THE COLLEGE COUNCIL, OCTOBER, 1846.

At an Examination, held on October 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, the following candidates were elected scholars:—

NAMES.	SCHOLARSHIPS.	WHERE EDUCATED.
1. Evans, C. M. . . . .	University Mathematical . . . . .	U. C. C.
2. Armour, J. D. . . . .	University Classical . . . . .	U. C. C.
3. Palmer, Geo. . . . .	Wellington District . . . . .	U. C. C.
4. Barber, G. A. . . . .	U. C. College . . . . .	U. C. C.
5. Hutton, Joseph . . . . .	Victoria District . . . . .	U. C. C.

## SUBJECTS OF EXAMINATION FOR 1848.

Homer, Iliad, B. I.	Arithmetic.
— Odyssey, B. IX.	Euclid, B. I. II. III. IV.
Xenophon, Anabasis, B. I.	Def. V. and B. VI.
Lucian, Vita, Charon, and Timon.	Algebra, to Quadratic Equations, inclusive.
Virgil, Æneid, B. II.	
Sallust, Bell. Catilin.	
Horace, Odes, B. I.	
Ovid, Fasti, B. I.	
Translation into Latin Verse and Prose.	

The number of vacancies will be twenty-four—one for each district, two for Upper Canada College, and two for the University. The Upper Canada College and District scholars are entitled to exemption from all dues and fees during three years from the date of their election; the University scholars enjoy, in addition to the above, the privilege of rooms and commons without charge during the same period. The only qualifications for election are stated in the subjoined extract from the Regulations:—

1. The candidates for the District Scholarships to be required to produce certificates of the residence of their parents or guardians in their respective districts during the year previous to the examination—of their having themselves received instruction within the district, whose scholarship they desire to obtain, during the same period; and of good conduct, signed by the principal, head-master, or tutor, under whose charge they have been. The candidate for the Upper Canada College Scholarships, to be required to produce certificates of attendance at that institution during the year previous to the examination, and of good conduct, signed by the principal. The above certificates to be lodged with the Registrar at least one fortnight before the day of examination.

2. No candidate to be elected scholar, unless he shall have been placed in the first class in one department (either classics or mathematics), and not lower than the fourth class in the other (either mathematics or classics).

\* \* \* The Examination in 1848 will take place in October 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st.

H. Boys, M.D.

King's College.

### KING'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.

Courses of Lectures will be delivered, during the next Hilary Term, on the following subjects:—

Agricultural Chemistry . . . . .	. By Prof. Croft.
Vegetable Physiology . . . . .	. By Prof. Nicol.
Theory and Practice of Agriculture . . . . .	. By Mr. Buckland.

The number of Lectures in each course will not be less than twelve; and the fees are fixed at £2 for the three courses, £1 10s. for two, and £1 for one.

It is intended that the Lectures shall be commenced about the first week in January, and finished before the end of March.

A syllabus of each course may be procured at the Registrar's Office, after November 1st.

Toronto, Oct. 4, 1847.

H. Boys, M.D., Registrar.

## KING'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, 1847-8.

## FACULTY OF ARTS.

Rev. J. McCaul, LL.D.	Classical Literature. Logic. Rhetoric. Belles Lettres.
Rev. J. Beaven, D.D.,	Ethics. Metaphysics. Evidences. Biblical Literature.
H. H. Croft, Esq.,	Chemistry. Experimental Philosophy.
Rev. R. Murray,	Mathematics. Natural Philosophy.

The Fee for all the subjects appointed for each Term, is £4 per Term.

## FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

H. H. Croft, Esq.,	Chemistry.
W. C. Gwynne, M.B.	Anatomy and Physiology.
J. King, M.D.	Theory and Practice of Medicine.
W. Beaumont, F.R.C.S., Eng.,	Principles and Practice of Surgery.
W. B. Nicol, Esq.,	Materia Medica and Pharmacy.
H. Sullivan, M.R.C.S., Eng.,	Practical Anatomy.

The Fee for each is £3 10s. per course of six months, or £5 10s. perpetual.

H. H. Croft, Esq.,	Practical Chemistry.
L. O'Brien, M.D.	Medical Jurisprudence.

The Fee for each is £2 10s. per course of three months, or £4 perpetual.

G. Herrick, M.D.	{ Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children..
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The Fee is £2 10s. per course of six months, or £4 perpetual.

## FACULTY OF LAW.

W. H. Blake, B.A.	Law and Jurisprudence.
Rev. J. McCaul, LL.D.	Rhetoric and Belles Lettres.

The Fee for each is £1 per Term.

## FACULTY OF DIVINITY.

Rev. J. Beaven, D.D.	Divinity.
J. M. Hirschfelder, Esq.	Hebrew.

The Fee for each is £2 per Term.

The courses on the above subjects are to be commenced on Monday, October 25th; except that on Experimental Philosophy, which will be delivered during Easter Term, 1848.

**EXAMINATIONS.—MICHAELMAS TERM, 1847.**

- October 8 and 9—Private for admission.  
 October 11 to 14—For University, U. C. College, and District Scholarships, and for admission.  
 October 15 and 16—For Jameson Medal.  
 October 18 to 23—For Degrees of B.C.L. and B.A., and for Wellington Scholarship.

The candidates for U. C. College and District Scholarships are required to lodge the necessary certificates in the Registrar's Office, on or before September 27.

Thursday, October 28, is appointed for Admission to Degrees, and for Matriculation of Students.

H. Boys, M.D., Registrar.

*King's College, Toronto, August, 1847.*

**KING'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.**

**HILARY TERM, 1848.**

Mr. Hirschfelder, Hebrew Tutor in the University, will deliver a course of Twelve Lectures "On the Ritual of the Ancient and Modern Jews, as compared with that of Christians;" commencing on Monday, February 15th, at Three o'Clock, P.M.

H. Boys, M.D., Registrar, K.C.

*Toronto, February, 1848.*

## III.

In the year 1841, the Lord Bishop of the diocese commenced the organisation of a Theological College at Cobourg, 72 miles east of Toronto, the University of King's College not being at that time in operation, and many fears being entertained that eventually the Christian religion would be expelled therefrom. Since it was first established, this theological college has sent twenty-eight additional labourers into the vineyard of the Church, and at this time there are seven candidates ready for holy orders. There are some probabilities, now that the decidedly infidel character of King's College is about to be manifested, that this theological college will be removed to Toronto, and converted, as soon as circumstances will permit, into a Church University.

*Easter Tuesday, 1849.*

## DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

## DIOCESAN THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

Course of Theological studies for the Term commencing Tuesday, October 5th, and ending on Wednesday, December 22nd, 1847.

**TUESDAYS.**—Greek Testament, Gospels.  
Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*.

**WEDNESDAYS.**—Greek Testament, 1st Epistle to the Corinthians.  
Thirty-nine Articles.—I. to V. inclusive.

**THURSDAYS.**—*Patres Apostolici*.—Epistles of Ignatius.  
Church Government.—Scriptural Testimony.

**FRIDAYS.**—*Tertulliani Liber Apologeticus*.  
Ecclesiastical History.—From the Accession of Constantine to the end of the Sixth Century.

**SATURDAYS.**—Pastoral Theology and the Composition of Sermons.

## CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

*First Division.*

Plato, *Phædon*.  
Euripides' *Orestes*.  
Cicero de *Officiis*.  
Horace, *Odes*, Lib. iii. & iv.

*Second Division.*

Xenophon, *Anabasis*, Lib. ii.  
Homer, *Odyssea*, Lib. i. & ix.  
Sallust, *Bellum Jugurthinum*.  
Virgil, *Æneid*, Lib. ii. & viii.

## IV.

HOUSE RENT.—Houses capable of accommodating a respectable family, usually run from 25*l.* to 50*l.* currency, or from 20*l.* to 40*l.* sterling, in the villages, towns, and cities of Upper Canada. The rent of course varying according to the size, style, and situation of the house.

RENT OF FARMS.—A very general rent for cleared land is 2 dollars an acre, or a trifle more than 8*s.* sterling. Near the towns, however, *i. e.* within 8 to 12 miles, it often brings from 2½ to 3 dollars and upwards.

The appended lists of market prices will afford a tolerably correct idea of the prices of the various articles required by a family. The prices, of course, are all in currency; and perhaps as clear a mode of explaining the difference between it and sterling, is to say that *here* a sovereign is a legal tender for 24*s.* 4*d.*, and for a long time the banks have taken them at 24*s.* 6*d.*

## TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto, April 19th, 1848.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Fall Wheat, per 60 lbs.	4	4	to	4	6
Spring do. do.	3	8	...	3	10
Oats, per 34 lbs.	1	4	...	1	6
Barley, per 48 lbs.	2	4	...	2	6
Peas	2	6	...	0	0
Flour, superfine (in barrele)	24	0	...	0	0
Do. fine do.	20	0	...	22	6
Beef, per lb.	0	2	...	0	4
Do. per 100 lbs.	15	0	...	25	0
Veal, per lb.	0	3	...	0	4
Mutton, do.	0	4½	...	0	6
Pork, do.	0	3	...	0	3½
Do. per 100 lbs.	20	0	...	21	3
Hams, do.	32	6	...	37	6
Bacon, do.	27	6	...	32	6
Potatoes, per bushel	3	9	...	6	3

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	s.	d.	s.	d.
Turnips, per bushel	1	3	to	1 6
Butter, fresh, per lb.	0	10	...	1 0
Do. salt, do.	0	6	...	0 7½
Cheese, per cwt.	37	6	...	0 0
Lard, per lb.	0	4	...	0 4½
Eggs, per doz.	0	5	...	0 6
Fowls, per pair	1	6	...	2 0
Apples, per barrel	10	0	...	15 0
Straw, per ton	25	0	...	30 0
Hay, do.	45	0	...	62 6
Fire Wood, per cord	10	0	...	12 6
Bread, per loaf	0	4	...	0 6

Toronto, September, 13th, 1848.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Fall Wheat, per 60 lbs.	5	4	...	5 8
Spring do. do.	4	10	...	0 0
Oats, per 34 lbs.	1	3	...	0 0
Barley, per 48 lbs.	2	0	...	2 1
Peas	2	0	...	2 3
Flour, superfine (in barrels)	27	6	...	0 0
Ditto fine (in bags)	26	3	...	0 0
Market Flour, (in barrels)	27	0	...	0 0
Do. (in bags)	25	0	...	0 0
Beef, per lb.	0	2	...	0 3½
Do. per 100 lbs.	15	0	...	18 9
Mutton, per lb.	0	2½	...	0 3½
Hams, per 100 lbs.	35	0	...	0 0
Bacon do.	30	0	...	0 0
Potatoes, per bushel	2	0	...	0 0
Butter, fresh, per lb.	0	9	...	0 10
Do. salt, do.	0	6½	...	0 7
Cheese, per lb.	0	3¾	...	0 5½
Apples, per barrel	5	0	...	7 6
Eggs, per doz.	0	5	...	0 6
Turkeys, each	2	6	...	3 9
Geese, do.	2	0	...	2 3
Ducks, per pair	1	6	...	1 8
Fowls, do.	1	3	...	1 6
Straw, per ton	25	0	...	28 9
Hay, do.	65	0	...	70 0
Fire Wood	10	0	...	12 6
Bread, per loaf	0	5	...	0 6

Toronto, March 28th, 1849.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Fall Wheat, per 60 lbs.	4	0	...	4 6
Spring do. do.	3	6	...	3 9
Oats, per 34 lbs.	1	0	...	1 1

	s.	d.	to	s.	d.
Barley, per 48 lbs.	1	6		1	9
Peas	1	6	...	1	10
Rye	2	6	...	0	0
Flour superfine (in barrels)	23	0	...	0	0
Do. fine (in bags)	21	3	...	0	0
Market Flour, (in barrels)	18	9	...	20	0
Do. (in bags)	17	6	...	18	0
Oatmeal, per barrel	18	9	...	0	0
Beef, per lb.	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	0	4
Do. per 100 lbs.	17	6	...	20	0
Pork, per lb.	0	3	...	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do. per 100 lbs.	18	9	...	20	0
Mutton per lb.	0	3	...	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Bacon per 100 lbs.	25	0	...	0	0
Hams, do.	27	6	...	0	0
Lamb, per quarter	0	0	...	0	0
Potatoes, per bushel	2	0	...	2	6
Butter, fresh, per lb.	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	0	8
Do. salt, do.	0	6	...	0	7
Cheese, per lb.	0	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	...	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lard, do.	0	4	...	0	0
Apples, per barrel	5	0	...	6	3
Eggs, per dozen	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	0	6
Turkeys, each	2	6	...	4	6
Geese, do.	2	0	...	2	6
Ducks, per pair	0	0	...	0	0
Fowls, do.	2	0	...	2	6
Straw, per ton	25	0	...	30	0
Hay, do.	45	0	...	60	0
Fire Wood	9	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	11	3
Bread, per loaf	0	4	...	0	5



V.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

SHOWING THE DIFFERENCE EXISTING BETWEEN THE CLIMATES OF  
TORONTO, UPPER CANADA, AND GREENWICH, ENGLAND.

	MEAN TEMPERATURE.		MEAN HIGHEST TEMPERATURE.		MEAN LOWEST TEMPERATURE.	
	Toronto, U. Canada.	Greenwich, England.	Toronto, U. Canada.	Greenwich, England.	Toronto, U. Canada.	Greenwich, England.
January . . .	24·3°	36·4°	45·1°	52·6°	4·3°	17·5°
February . . .	24·0	36·8	45·2	52·5	5·2	19·8
March . . .	30·7	43·9	53·2	62·8	5·3	27·5
April . . .	42·3	47·7	72·7	74·0	17·4	30·1
May . . .	52·2	53·8	76·8	76·1	28·6	37·2
June . . .	60·4	59·1	82·5	82·7	35·5	42·8
July . . .	66·0	60·1	88·8	83·0	42·5	45·4
August . . .	65·2	61·4	83·9	82·1	44·8	45·7
September . .	57·7	57·7	80·5	78·3	32·6	36·6
October . . .	43·8	47·9	67·2	65·8	21·2	29·9
November . . .	35·7	43·3	57·2	57·4	11·8	27·1
December . . .	27·4	40·6	45·3	54·0	0·3	25·4

## VI.

THE following Tract has been published by the Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto, for the purpose of explaining, in a plain and familiar manner, the nature and objects which it has in view. As it contains a considerable amount of information with reference to the Canadian Church, it is embodied in the Appendix as being likely to prove interesting to those desirous of learning her true position.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A COUNTRY PARSON  
AND ONE OF HIS FLOCK,  
UPON THE SUBJECT OF THE CHURCH SOCIETY.

FEELING a deep interest, in common with the great bulk of the clergy, in the prosperity of The Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto, and being sensible that the future welfare and extension of the Church was, under God, mainly dependent on the hearty support and general co-operation afforded to it by the churchmen of the diocese, I had been endeavouring to secure a general attendance of the parishioners at the annual public meeting of our Parochial Association, which was to be held shortly in our little country church. Having called upon many of my parishioners and obtained their promises of attendance, I had turned my horse's head homewards, and was riding slowly along, enjoying the calm beauty of an autumnal evening. I had one more visit to pay, which I had deferred till the last in order to increase the probability of finding the good man of the house at home. He was an intelligent farmer, and a very worthy man, who had recently come to our parish, and who was in a great degree ignorant of the nature of the Society. I felt convinced, however, that if I could succeed in enlisting his understanding and his sympathies on behalf of the object I had in view, I should not only be sure of his attendance but of his support. My hopes of finding him at home were not disappointed; and after the usual salutations had been exchanged in a friendly and cordial manner, a conversation, similar in substance to that which follows, ensued between us:—

*Parson.*—I called this evening, Mr. Heyric, to ask you to attend our Church Society meeting, which is to be held up at the church next week. I want you all to come, for we ought all to be interested in the object of that meeting. The Church Society will never thrive till all the members of

each congregation, young and old, rich and poor, enrol themselves as members of the Parochial Association.

*Parishioner.*—I am very glad you have called, sir, for I wanted very much to ask you about this Church Society; for, to say the truth, though I've heard something about it, I don't half understand it.

*Par.*—Did you not receive one of the Annual Reports of the Society's proceedings, which I circulated through the parish? In the commencement of it there is the constitution of the Society, together with the rules and laws by which it is conducted; have you not read that Report?

*Parish.*—Indeed I have, sir, and there's a deal of fine reading in it, and I see by it that there is both money and land given for good uses all over the country; but for all that there is a good deal about it I don't rightly understand, and if you are not in a great hurry, I wish you would explain it to us.

*Par.*—Why, the readiest way of explaining its objects is to refer you again to the constitution, contained in the beginning of the general Report; and as I have one in my pocket, we will go through it together. First, then, you see it is a Missionary Society, established for the support of clergymen of the Church within this diocese, who shall labour for the spiritual good, both of the settlers and of the native Indians—for assisting poor ministers by increasing their stipends—for providing some support for them when worn out by age, exertion, and infirmities, and unfit for work, as well as for their widows and orphans after they themselves are removed by death.—That is the first class of objects the Church Society has in view, and I am sure no one can deny their excellence.

*Parish.*—No, sir, that they can't, and I am sure a man must know little about the country not to know that missionaries are badly wanted in all parts of it. There are, as I hear, whole districts with only one or two clergymen in them; and we can all name ever so many townships about us where the people never see the face of a minister of the Church, unless you or some other of the clergy about go out to baptize their children now and then. I am glad, too, that something is going to be done for those missionaries who are old and worn out, and for their families after they are gone; for the clergy are too poor in this country to lay up for a rainy day, as the saying is, either for themselves or their families.

*Par.*—Next you see the Church Society, as the constitution shows, is a Society for promoting education, by assisting in the support of day schools and Sunday schools conducted according to the principles of the Church.

*Parish.*—That's good—that's good. I wish we had a day school like that here. Before we had the opportunity of sending our boys to the Sunday school, I sent word up to the schoolmaster we had in the part of the country where we were, that I wanted my boys taught the catechism, and he sent word back again that he would not do it, for it was against the Act, and that therefore I might teach them myself. I want my boys to be good scholars, but I want them to be good Christians too; and they should be taught their duty at school as well as at church.

*Par.*—The next object to which the Church Society desires to direct its efforts, is, to grant assistance to deserving young men, who, in consequence of want of means, are incapable of pursuing those studies which are needful to fit them for the ministry.

*Parish.*—Well, now, I call that an excellent thing, and I wish there had been something of that sort long ago, for it puts me in mind of Tom Martin's boy. Tom lived in the settlement I came from, sir; he had a small farm, and had been in a better way of life, and was much thought of by all the neighbours; he had a deal of learning for a man like him, and he was a sharp fellow too; but young Tom was a deal sharper than his father, and a wonderful scholar the boy was, considering all the schooling he ever got. Tom Martin himself was a stiff churchman, and young Tom was a chip of the old block in that way, and a-better Christian than that lad, I believe, never walked the road. I often and often thought what a minister he would have made if he had had but the learning; but that, sir, you know he could not get, and so he had to work away on the farm with his father, and so he always did till I lost sight of them.

*Par.*—Indeed I doubt not there are numberless instances, where many respectable and excellent young men are lost to the ministry, for no other reason than their poverty. We must go on, however. You see by the fourth class of objects which is mentioned by the constitution, that our Church Society is a Bible, Prayer Book, and Tract Society. Now I am sure there is no Christian man but must allow the great importance of circulating the Holy Scriptures; and no member of the Church but must be sensible how great an object it is to send abroad through the diocese the Prayer Book and such other books and tracts as are calculated to spread the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, according to those views which are held and taught by our own branch of the catholic Church.

*Parish.*—No one can deny that, I am sure; and speaking of books and tracts, I see in the Report something about their being "circulated through the medium of the Depository;" now I don't understand what this "Depository" is.

*Par.*—It is a book-store in King-street, Toronto, which has been set up by the Church Society, for the purpose of furnishing, at the lowest possible prices, Bibles, Testaments, Prayer Books, and other books and tracts setting forth the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England. You can get a good Bible there for 1s. 3d., a Testament for 7½d., a Prayer Book for 10½d., and other books remarkably cheap. In the same building as the Depository, though not connected with it, is the printing-office of "*The Church*" newspaper, an excellent journal for church people, especially in the country, for it not only affords them religious instruction, and all information connected with the Church, but it also gives them all the interesting news of the day. Besides this Depository for the sale of books, there are other branch Depositories, established for the same purpose, in several parts of the country; and the Society is now encouraging the establishment of a small Depository in each district of the Province.

*Parish.*—Why, what a pity it is that this is not more known amongst the people. It is not very long since I paid double the price you mentioned for some Prayer Books for my boys.

*Par.*—The last object which the Church Society has in view is, to assist in the building, keeping up, and endowing of churches and parsonages, and the setting apart of church-yards and burial-grounds.

*Parish.*—All very good, I'm sure. Indeed it is hard to say which is the

best or the most important amongst the objects which you have mentioned; but where does the Society get the money to do all this? it must take a large sum.

*Par.*—It would indeed take a large sum to carry out fully all the objects which the Society has in view; and we cannot hope to do it for years to come. The Society has only been in existence five years, and though the success which has already attended its efforts is considerable, yet it is still, comparatively speaking, with it the day of small things. The only source to which it can look for the funds necessary to carry out its holy objects is, *the free-will offerings of the members of the Church*; and to obtain and gather these together, and devote them to the objects I have named, is the purpose for which the Church Society was formed.

*Parish.*—But why should a Society of this kind, for the support of the clergy be formed at all? The government pays the greatest part of all your stipends, does it not, sir?

*Par.*—Most certainly *not*. That is an idea which seems to be ingrained into the minds of the people, and a most difficult thing it is to banish it. The government affords no more countenance to the Church in this Colony, than it does to any of the Dissenting religious denominations; it is true that George III., with a liberality becoming a Christian king, endowed the Church munificently from the waste lands of the Crown—of the Crown, observe, not of the people,—but far the greater part of these lands have since been taken away by the governments of more recent days. A portion of this land was sold, and from a part of the proceeds arising from these sales, *some* of our clergy are, to some extent, supported: these individuals, like some of the ministers of the Presbyterian body who derive a portion of their stipends from the same source, may be said to be *indirectly* supported by government. But I don't know a single clergyman in the diocese who draws his income *directly* from the public funds, (which is the sense in which the people generally understand our being supported by the government,) unless, perhaps, a few who receive an allowance for the duties they do as Military Chaplains. When a regiment is stationed near a clergyman, he is called upon to give them service, to visit the sick in the hospital, and so forth, and for this he is paid by an allowance from the military chest.

*Parish.*—Well! I am surprised at what you say. I know that you, sir, are not supported by your congregation further than by the small sum arising from the pew-rents; and I always fancied that you drew the rest of your stipend from government.

*Par.*—Not at all. I have nothing to do with the government, and am neither appointed nor paid by them. I, and the great bulk of the clergy in the diocese, are supported by the unflinching bounty of one of the great Missionary Societies of the Church of England—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which, (with the other great Society in England, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,) has cherished the Church in these colonies from the very beginning. There is scarcely a single parish in the whole diocese which has not experienced the liberality of these Societies, and many are in the same position as our own parish—that is, the clergyman is supported by one Society, and great assistance is given by the other, and sometimes by both in building the

churches, furnishing them with books for service, libraries, and Sunday-schools.

*Parish.*—It's a great pity all this is not better known among the country folks; for this I'm sure of, that scarce one in a hundred knows the rights of the case; why they say that you all draw great salaries from the public money, and I don't know what else. I am sure we church people ought to be greatly beholden to the Societies in England which you have mentioned, though I, for one, knew very little about them, or what they are doing for us, until now. But surely these Societies, if they knew how badly the people in the back settlements were off, would not refuse to help them.

*Par.*—They are well aware of the spiritual destitution which exists, for our bishop is in continual communication with them; but though they are very willing, (as their deeds show), to supply our wants as far as they are able, yet there are many reasons which prevent them from assisting us to a greater extent than they already do.

*Parish.*—What are those reasons?

*Par.*—The first is, that a large share of their funds comes from the free-will offerings of people who are really much poorer than ourselves. I have heard it stated that one of the Missionary Societies in England receives 15,000*l.* a-year from the penny-a-week subscriptions of the labouring poor. Now, there is no comparison between the wealth of an English labourer and that of the bulk of the people in this colony. We are far more able to help ourselves than they are to help us; and I suppose you will admit it to be unreasonable that the poor should help those who are comparatively rich.

*Parish.*—There is no disputing that, sir, it's true; but then if we are better able to help some of the people at home than they are to help us, still, there are thousands of rich people there who could do a deal for us without feeling it.

*Par.*—Very true: but if those rich people, of whom you speak, see that though we *could* do a great deal for ourselves, we put our hands behind us and wait for them to do everything, do you think *that* a likely way to secure their sympathy or assistance?

*Parish.*—Why, no.—We don't deserve that they should lend us a helping hand if we don't put our own shoulder to the wheel.

*Par.*—Exactly, Mr. Heyric; and it is in order to enable us to put our shoulder to the wheel with effect that the Church Society was formed.—However, besides those which I have mentioned, there is another still more sufficient reason for their not rendering us more assistance than they do already, and that is,—that, though willing to do so, they are not able. It is not very long since there were only six bishops in all the colonies of Great Britain, and *now*, as you would see by the interesting and very valuable list of dioceses of the reformed branches of the Catholic Church, at page 88 in the Appendix to the Annual Report of the Church Society, there are twenty-one; and in the course of another year or so, there will probably be upwards of twenty-five. Now, for the support of the Church and clergy in these dioceses, the Societies in England are to a greater or less extent looked to; and if their income was double what it is, they could not answer so many demands made upon them from every quarter of

the globe. They therefore expect (and expect justly), that we should be up and stirring on our own behalf; for we should be preparing ourselves for that day, which cannot be far distant, when they will withdraw, at all events from the older settlements, that assistance which they at present render. You see, therefore, that neither from the government nor from the Missionary Societies of the Church in England, can we look for much further aid in supplying the spiritual wants of this diocese.

*Parish.*—That 's as plain as a pike-staff, as the saying is. But then, there are the Clergy Reserves you mentioned a little while since; you said that a part of them were left us; can we get *nothing* from that quarter?

*Par.*—It is useless to build our hopes upon the Clergy Reserves. A large portion of the most valuable of them have been sold, as you know, and the share of the funds arising from the sale which has been given to the Church, is far too small to meet even her present wants. As for those which remain unsold we have twice petitioned the government, that instead of selling the land they would give us the small share (little more than one quarter of the whole) which may belong to us, *in land*, and let us manage it the best way we could. This, however, they have refused to do; and the mode in which much of it is being disposed of, is such as to leave little hope of its proving of much service towards the extension of the Church.

*Parish.*—It does seem a hard case, that after taking away almost three-fourths of the most valuable of the Church's property, that the government should refuse to let her have the management of the remaining quarter. It seems a strange way for the Church to be treated by the State.

*Par.*—It does, indeed: however, we have nothing to do but to submit. They know that with us it is a religious principle, continually inculcated upon us by the Church, to obey the powers that be, even to our own deep disadvantage. The proper way for Churchmen to do now, is to act, with reference to the support and extension of the Church, as if there was no such thing as a Clergy Reserve in existence. It must now be evident to you, that we must depend neither upon the government, the Missionary Societies of the Church in England, nor the Clergy Reserve Fund, to supply the spiritual destitution of this diocese.

*Parish.*—It's a plain case, sir. There are not two ways about the fact, that whatever is done for the Church now, *must* be done by the Church folks themselves: but it will be hard to convince a deal of the folks of the truth of this. They have been so used at home to have all the blessings of the Church provided for them without cost, that it won't be easy to persuade them that here, *if they want them, they must pay for them.*

*Par.*—Still we must endeavour to convince them of that truth; for never, till the people understand the true position in which the Church stands, will they give that general and hearty support to the Church Society which is necessary to its success. And this I am sure of, that if intelligent laymen would make themselves acquainted with these things and with the nature and objects of the Church Society, they could most materially assist the clergy in overcoming the ignorance and prejudices of the people on these subjects.

*Parish.*—Very true, sir; and that reminds me that though you have explained to me the objects which the Society wishes to carry out, and

have convinced me that it is high time for us to exert ourselves in its behalf, yet I must ask a few more questions about it, for I should like to understand the management or working of it. Who are to become members of the Society?

*Par.*—EVERY PERSON belonging to our communion. The Society is so formed as to be capable of embracing every baptized member of the Church, whether they are young or old, rich or poor, male or female, and we must never rest satisfied till the members of the Church and the members of the Society are alike in number.

*Parish.*—But how is this to be managed? How shall we gather together the offerings of a people so widely scattered as the members of our Church?

*Par.*—This may be managed without much difficulty in those parishes or townships where there is a clergyman residing or statedly visiting; for, by the constitution of the Society, every Parson, with his Churchwardens and such of the parishioners as may be appointed, form what is called "a Parochial Association or Committee of the Church Society." The duty of this committee is to call upon every member of the Church within the parish, and invite them to join the Society—and any sum which they may give, however small, makes them members of the "Parochial Association."

*Parish.*—That seems a very good plan. But after the money has been gathered together in this way, how is it disposed of?

*Par.*—The Parson of the parish, or the parochial Treasurer, if one be appointed, receives it, and if the township where it was collected is situated in the Home or Simcoe District, he sends it direct to the Treasurer of the Parent Society in Toronto, or if it is in any other district, he sends it to the Treasurer of the "District Branch of the Church Society," that is, the person appointed in each district to receive all the funds received within its bounds for the purpose of the Church Society.

*Parish.*—And who is it, sir, that conducts the business of the Society, and determines the way in which these funds shall be expended?

*Par.*—The Bishop of Toronto is President of the Society. Everything is considered and discussed at the meetings of the Society, held on the first Wednesday in every month, at which meetings every incorporated member—and there can never be less than one hundred, and there may be three hundred or even more—is at liberty to attend, and express his opinions, or suggest what he thinks may be of advantage. At these meetings there must be at least six incorporated members present, and nothing can be done without the sanction and approval of the Bishop. When any very important measure is to be considered, a month's notice, or sometimes two months' notice is given of it in "*The Church*" newspaper; so that persons in all parts of the diocese may be aware of what is going forward, and may have an opportunity of attending and stating their views. Besides this, a report of the proceedings of EVERY Monthly meeting, of all the business transacted, of all moneys received and expended, is regularly published each month in "*The Church*," so that every member of the Society may, if he pleases, be perfectly aware of all its proceedings.

*Parish.*—I see, sir, that there is a standing committee. I always thought that these sort of Societies were managed by a committee.

*Par.*—The standing committee do not manage the business of the



Society; their duty is simply to prepare matters for its consideration; and the practice of the Society is to refer all applications for grants of money to this committee, for it to report upon. The standing committee also examines all the accounts before they are submitted to the Society for payment.

*Parish.*—I am sure we could not trust what we have to give to better hands. If there is so much consideration used in expending it, we may be sure it will be laid out to the best advantage.

*Par.*—We have every reason to expect so; and the Society is most jealously careful that all its doings, and particularly all its money matters, should be open to the world.

*Parish.*—But, sir, some of the townships may be so badly off themselves, for means to build or finish their own churches, that I am afraid they won't like to send much money out of their own neighbourhood. The Church Society won't get much in such places.

*Par.*—By subscribing to the Church Society such parishes not only do good to others, but they benefit themselves. The people would not, as a general rule, give the money which they subscribe to the Church Society to any other charitable object; they would not think it worth while to give a quarter, or half, or even a whole dollar towards building or finishing a church, but they would often give such a small sum to the Society. Well, these small sums, when collected from many persons, come to something; and when it is gathered together and sent to the Treasurer, they have the power of calling back three-fourths of the sum, to be expended in their own parish: they may spend it upon their church, or their Sunday-school, or any such purpose they please, so long as it is included in the objects of the Church Society.

*Parish.*—He was a wise man that framed that plan, that's a sure case. When the folks understand that it is to do good to themselves as well as to others, they won't be backward in subscribing: I see plainly that this Church Society is a fine thing.

*Par.*—No doubt of it, Mr. Heyric: it is from the funds of our Parochial Association that our Sunday-school has been supported, prizes bought, our church insured, and our library increased. The three-fourths of whatever we raise is always at our command, if we require it; so that, in fact, it is only one-fourth that goes away from the parish, and is applied to the general purposes of this Society.

*Parish.*—The only thing, sir, that I am afraid of is, that if it does so much good to ourselves, it will not be of much use to others; one-fourth of the funds received is a small portion to support travelling Missionaries, and the widows and orphans of the clergy, and those of the clergy themselves who are worn-out in the service, besides the other objects you mentioned.

*Par.*—That is a very just remark; and if all looked upon it in the same light, it would render them more willing than they often are to fall in with the *other* means which the Society takes for increasing the funds for carrying out its general objects. If is one of the laws of the Society that in every church in the diocese there shall be four collections made every year, and over the proceeds of these collections the congregations which make them have no control; two of these collections go towards the support of travelling

Missionaries—one towards the fund for sustaining the widows and orphans of the clergy, and the fourth is applied to such other objects embodied within its constitution, as the Society may from time to time direct.

*Parish.*—All I can say is, that in my poor judgment there never was framed a wiser or more admirable institution of its kind; and you may count on me, sir, and all my family, doing everything in our power to forward it. You said, I think, just now, that the Society has been in existence for five years: what support has it met with, and what has it effected during that time?

*Par.*—The degree of success which has attended its efforts is of the most encouraging nature. Being an incorporated Society, it is consequently capable of holding real estate; and donations in land to the extent, I believe, of about 10,000 acres, have been made by private individuals. It now also supports ten Missionaries, and has sent abroad, through the length and breadth of the diocese, about 3,000 Bibles; 3,500 New Testaments; upwards of 8,000 Prayer-Books; and more than 101,000 books and tracts, all containing useful information and sound religious instruction. It numbers now nearly 3,000 subscribers, and its income, during the past year, amounted to £2,777, the mode of expending which is shown by the Report.

*Parish.*—Instead of calling it the day of small things, we might almost call it the day of great things, if we did not see, when we look upon the province at large, that all this when compared with our need, is but a drop in the bucket. Still even now the Society must be doing great good, and every one ought to feel it a privilege to help on the good work, by joining it immediately.

*Par.*—Yes, Mr. Heyric, that is what we require, we want EVERY one to join it; we have now not quite 3,000 subscribers, but the returns in the Report show that the average amount of our congregations in this diocese, amount altogether to upwards of 32,000; now if we have done what we have with 3,000 subscribers, what might we not hope to effect if we had what we *might* soon have, viz., 30,000? Earnestly ought every sincere Churchman to strive and pray for the extension and prosperity of the Church Society.

*Parish.*—Indeed we ought all to do so, sir; and, as I said before, you may count upon us giving to it, and doing for it all in our power.

*Par.*—I was sure I would gain your support for it, as soon as you thoroughly understood its nature and objects, they are such as must commend themselves to our hearts. By the bye, I see your man Roger there coming in from the plough with his team, I must go and talk to him about this matter. Good evening, Roger, you attended our Church Society Meeting last year, and must remember the explanation which was then given of it. You did not become a member of the Society then, but I must have your name now.

*Roger.*—Why, sir, I'm but a labouring man, and you don't expect anything from me, surely.

*Par.*—St. Paul expected men in your situation to be charitable, for he says that if we have no other means of relieving the wants of others, we are to labour, working with our hands the thing that is good, in order that we may *have* to give to him that needeth.

*Roger.*—All I could give, sir, would not be worth having.

*Par.*—I don't know that; your wages are ten dollars a month, and if you had lived in the times of the Old Testament, you would, at the very least, have had to give to God's service twelve dollars a year.—We'll take three pounds a-year from you, Roger, for the Church Society.

*Roger.*—Why, sir, would you ruin me out-right! I wouldn't mind giving a trifle, but twelve dollars a-year!!!

*Par.*—Well, Roger, if you won't give what you ought, we'll even take a trifle for so good a cause. Our Bishop showed some time ago, that if every member of the Church in this diocese were to give a penny a-week, we should have an income for the Church Society of upwards of £20,000 a-year, and that would do a good deal towards supplying the present wants of all the settled parts of the country.

*Roger.*—Well, sir, I wouldn't mind giving that much; a penny a-week would not break me.

*Par.*—Would it not? Let me see. You get ten dollars a-month—that is one hundred and fifty pence a-week—and so you will really give one penny out of the hundred and fifty which you make! You will honour God, who gives you all your blessings, with the one-hundred and fiftieth part of your substance! You're a liberal man, Roger, very.

*Roger.*—Well, sir, it don't seem a great deal, and that's the truth on't; but it will come to summat in a year.

*Par.*—Yes, to four shillings and two pence out of the six hundred shillings you will gain in the course of the year, if God should spare you and give you strength for work. It's a great acknowledgment, is it not, for so great a mercy,—four shillings and two pence?

*Roger.*—Well, we won't say any more about it, sir, but I'll be a dollar this year, and perhaps we may do more next.

*Par.*—Many persons in your circumstances, Roger, would not have acted as well as you have done, and I put the matter in the way I did, not from any unkindness, but merely to try and show you what miserable niggardliness passes now-a-days under the name of liberality. It will, I dare say, be considered a miracle of generosity in the parish, for a labouring man at ten dollars a-month to give a dollar a-year to the Church Society.

*Parish.*—There's a deal of truth in what you say, sir; but till men feel they are debtors to God for every blessing which makes them happy and comfortable, and for the strength which, as the Bible says, enables them to get wealth, they never will give with an open hand.

*Par.*—Very true; and when, in addition to that, they become sensible of the unspeakable value of the spiritual mercies which God has conferred upon them, when they feel their own unworthiness and weakness, and remember that it was to deliver beings so lost and helpless from the just desert of their sins, that God's well-beloved and Co-Eternal Son suffered and died, then will they be sensible that all they can possibly give to the furtherance of His cause would be an offering too poor to present. In acknowledgment of mercy so unspeakable. When we duly value God's "inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ," the thought that He will accept a portion of that worldly wealth

which He himself bestowed upon us, as a token of our gratitude, will lead us to offer it, not only with willingness, but with a feeling of thankfulness that He should condescend to point out a way in which we may do something to mark our sense of all that we owe to Him.

*Parish.*—Yes, sir; and besides that, when we are blessed with “the means of grace,” and by a proper use of them may enjoy “the hope of glory,” surely we must have hard hearts *not* to do something to extend them to others, more especially when we remember that we are blessed with them through the bounty and benevolence of our fellow Churchmen in England.

*Par.*—It gratifies me much to find you taking such correct views of these subjects; but as it is now getting late, I must be wending my way homewards, and so, Mr. Heyric, I will wish you good evening.

*Parish.*—Good evening, sir, and many thanks for the information you have given me.

THE END.

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