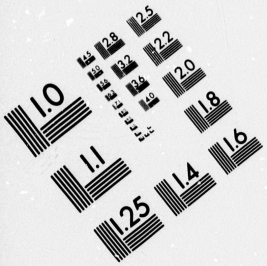

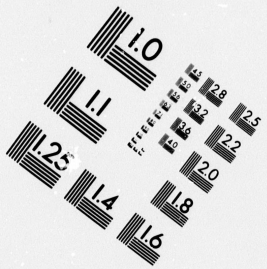

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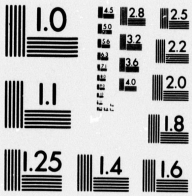

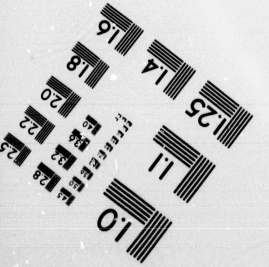

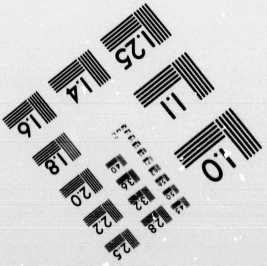

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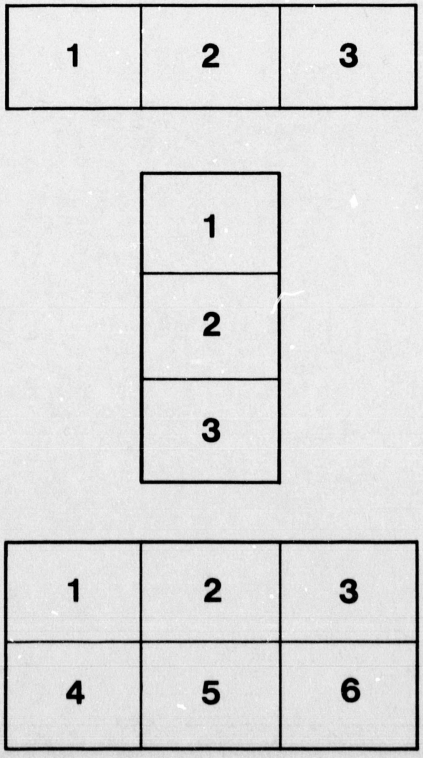

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THE

SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS;

OR,

FATHER McROREY'S CLASS,

AND

'Squire Firstman's Kitchen Fire.

A FICTION FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY

JOHN CARROLL.

Author of "The Stripling Preacher," "The Besieger's Praver," "Past and Present," "Methodist Baptism," and "Case and His Cotemporaries"

A BOOK FOR THE METHODISTS.

FIRST SERIES.

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Dedication

TO

THE MEMBERS AND ADHERENTS

OF ALL THE

METHODIST BODIES IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA,

(IF THE ACT IS NOT TOO PRESUMPTUOUS,)

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE FRIEND AND BROTHER,

THE AUTHOR.

Toronto,
June 10th, 1876.

INTRODUCTION.

MORE than fifty years have passed away since the religious world first read with avidity a work issued anonymously by one of the first publishing houses in London, with the title of "No Fiction," originally sent out in two 8vo. volumes. Its construction and style being clever and fascinating, it assisted in the cherishing of what the old Puritan Fathers would say "did not minister to serious godliness," for it rested solely for its success upon undiluted fiction. This kind of writing has not diminished as the age of the world has advanced, for, notwithstanding the realms of truth and beauty are inexhaustible to human investigation, we have amongst us the religiously imaginative, who think they can allure the wayward tendency of men, who neglect the weighty interests of eternity, to the paths of faith and obedience, by highly wrought descriptions of what they believe might occur, under the garb of what they would have the world to believe has really been practically exhibited in the history of persons who have existed only in their imaginations.

In the following pages the main facts are interwoven with the early history of the Methodist Church in Canada. Some of the parties who are placed before the reader will be easily recognized, as men of distinctive physical individuality are known at sight by a few strokes of the artist's pencil; others may require thought and enquiry; but as the landscape to be attractive must be varied and most remote from monotony, so we have in this intellectual and spiritual scenery, something to awaken emotions of pleasure, and to convey lessons of wisdom. The opinions and inferences of the writer are fairly open to criticism, but in the racy narratives which are presented to the reader there is nothing

"More strange than true."

By these vividly drawn pictures we are carried back to the wilderness, with its log house and limited clearings—the gathering of "neighbors" from many miles apart—the simple and open-hearted hospitality of early settlers—the "great day of the feast," when the Presiding Elder as a true Apostolic Bishop conducted the devotional services, embracing the prayer meeting, love feast, public worship, and sacraments, joined by as many "rank and file" of all true Methodist workers and people within reach of the "Quarterly Meeting," and perusing the history of the

disabilities under which many of them labored, we are induced to admire the fervor of their piety, and the bright examples placed before us for imitation.

An author who has spent a long and observant life in the Methodist itinerancy—whose literary productions have been of essential service to the Church in Canada—whose high reputation places him beyond the suspicion of intentional misstatement, may confidently present his remembrances of former days with the anticipation of a general reception.

Oakwood Hill, Davenport, Ont.,
May 29th, 1876,
Being the end of the 50th year of the ordination of

ENOCH WOOD.

PREFACE:

EXPLANATORY AND EXCULPATORY.

THIS book, as the title declares, is a "fiction founded on facts." But, then, some good people do not approve any measure of fiction, although it may be based on and present facts in a more vivid light than they otherwise could be placed. Let us consider the truthful words of a living writer: "To the sharp outline of facts, fiction may add its embellishments, and thus allure many who would pass carelessly by the great lessons of human history." Something like this has been this writer's object.

To those who overlook the dramatic character of the books of Job, Ecclesiastes, and Solomon's Song, the similitudes of the Prophets, the parables of Jesus, and the highly figurative and hyperbolical character of a great part of Holy Scripture—those who admire the "Pilgrim's Progress," purchase "Sanford and Merton" for their boys, commend "Watson's Conversations for the Young," read any amount of fiction, if it is only in the form of poetry (the "Lady of the Lake" and "Tam O'Shanter," for instance) and yet pounce upon a brother for giving a dramatic or tale-like character to veritable Methodist history, I have nothing whatever to say: I

submit to their condemnation. I would only remark, that to be consistent with their principles, they should destroy every historic painting and picture which adorns their houses, because it is not true in all its hard, literal facts, although true to nature, and no matter how many real portraits it contains.

But to those who are willing to view a subject on all sides, before they pronounce a censure, to them I have statements respectfully to make. The objects sought by this book are these: *first*, to supplement several things in Canadian Methodist history, omitted so far, by all our historians, and to rectify a few errors in those authors; *secondly*, to give a portraiture of the manners and customs of the "People called Methodists" in Canada about the second stage in our Provincial history as a body; *thirdly*, to present some good examples for imitation; *fourthly*, to furnish diversities of sincere piety and usefulness; *fifthly*, to hold certain evils up to reprehension; *sixthly*, to give progressive ideas an airing; and, *lastly*, to facilitate some good measures now before the Connexional mind.

A word or two advisory must be said. So far as the *facts* of history, proper, are concerned, I have interpolated no fiction. Many real names and personages are introduced; but they are of those who have passed beyond mortal praise or censure, and they were such as deserved no censure.

All the sketches of character given are of real persons, but mostly under fictitious names. To any friend who may be able to identify his own portrait, I have to say, I do not pretend that you ever held all

the opinions here ascribed to you, as uttered in conversation. But I had to make some person their representative, and had to perform the part of nominator of the disputants on the several sides in a Debating Society—albeit, both he and I would naturally put a debater on the side he preferred, so far as we surmised his opinions. The conversations are imaginary, but nearly all the machinery is adapted from actual occurrences.

It may seem very strange to most to say, that I have prayed over a fiction; but I never prayed so much relative to any production of my pen. And now, indeed, I send it forth earnestly praying that it may do no harm, but at least accomplish some good: such as needed information; hints in perplexity; cheer in labor; and, if no more, innocent relaxation from toil and severer study.

Now for the critics, who have reduced novel-writing to an art, who have classified the several sorts of fiction under appropriate heads, and who insist that every book of the genus novel, must fall under one or other of the several species, deciding also what is artistic and what is not: Gentlemen, you will, perhaps, find my book nondescript, and to be denounced as a monstrosity. Be it so. Yet if I have succeeded in making the facts and truths I wished to convey so far palatable as to be read, I shall have achieved all I expected to achieve.

JOHN CARROLL.

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THE SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS:

OR,

FATHER McROREY'S CLASS,

AND

'SQUIRE FIRSTMAN'S KITCHEN FIRE.

CHAPTER I.

CLEARING THE GROUND.

BEFORE land-clearers begin to fell the larger trees, they perform the preparatory work of what is called "underbrushing." This includes cutting down all the twigs, bushes, and saplings, with which the ground is covered, and of throwing them into piles. It also comprises cutting up all the fallen timber and old logs into what is called "logging lengths," for the convenience of being "snaked," as it is called, by oxteams to the log-piles, and made sufficiently manageable to be rolled up, usually by two men, besides the teamster.

The underbrushing is to afford a fair swing to the woodman's axe when he "lifts it up against the thick trees." The most of the heavy chopping is done in winter, when the leaves have fallen; but the forecasting new settler will always endeavor to find time for

underbrushing in the summer, or early autumn, while the leaves are on, so that they may become dry and constitute a match for igniting the superincumbent mass of brush, from the treetops, thrown thereon during the process of chopping in the winter. By this means, at a dry time in the following spring, the desirable object of a "good burn" is secured.

So also, before you erect a house, you must clear a space to erect it on. The editor of these papers, when a little boy, was present when the first frame house was "raised" in a new suburb, which now constitutes a central part of the largest city in Ontario. The "framing" had been done in the open roadway, and the day and hour had arrived for setting it up; but when the "hands" invited to the "raising" assembled, the spot where the house was to stand was still covered with jungle; yet, as "many hands make light work," they cleared a place for the house to stand upon in a few moments, and then commenced operations.

Now this is exactly what I have to do in this opening chapter; namely, clear a space for my fairy castle to stand upon. And not that alone, but to be seen from all sides, and to be approached without encountering obstructions of any kind. We, therefore, humbly bespeak the reader's patience until this object is accomplished.

This Canada of ours has had a constant accession of immigrants for settlement ever since it came into British possession; but there have been periods of special influx, at longer or shorter intervals of time

from each other, from that time up to this. The first took place at the pacification after the French war; the second and larger one occurred after the acknowledgment of United States Independence, in 1783, when the British soldiers, who had served during the Revolutionary war, were disbanded and mostly settled on land in the North American Colonies, which still adhered to the Mother Country; and when the Refugees and United Empire Loyalists also came pouring into the Provinces by such routes, and means, and modes of conveyance as their resources and the exigencies of the times allowed; that is to say, by boats adown crooked and rapid streams, ever and anon performing a toilsome portage; or on horseback, if not oxback. or afoot, pack-laden and footsore, threading their devious way, by Indian trails, surveyors' lines, or by no path whatever, through the "waste howling wilderness" which lay between their abandoned homes and those they hoped to make in the virgin forests of this northern land.

Not to specify minor periods of ingress, a third and noticeable enlargment of the population of Upper Canada took place at the close of the war of 1812-15, which influx continued for several years, subsequent to that event. Many of the soldiers enlisted in Europe, who had served in the colonies, drew land and settled in this Province at that time. This was particularly true of those of Provincial enlistment. From the year 1815 to 1820 vast numbers of agricultural settlers arrived in the country from England, Scotland, and Ireland, nor was immigration restricted to these: no

sooner was peace declared than our American cousins, against whom we had erst been engaged in fratricidal conflict, in large numbers, made peaceful inroads upon a country where they had the discernment to see that enterprise was likely to be well rewarded. The older settlements of the Province, moreover, being filled up, began to send colonies into the interior.

It was during the last period pointed out, that the new townships north of the Rideau River were surveyed and settled. The same may be said of the townships north of Rice Lake, and those around Lake Simcoe; likewise those north of the "old survey" of Toronto, Trafalgar, and Nelson. Soon after, the interior country, now forming the Wellington and Waterloo counties; and all in a line with them to the extreme western boundary of the Province, or, at least, to the Lake and River St. Clair and Lake Huron, were settled.

All these new townships exhibited the unique scenery and the homely, but interesting, doings and manners of newly formed settlements generally. To the writer the long stretches of dark old forests here and there broken by new "choppings," giving out the delicious aroma of newly cut wood, had always great attractions. Then, also, the smell of brush and log fires has a fragrance peculiarly its own. A new shanty, made of logs, before it has had time to become discolored by decay; or lose its freshness and fragrance, and new appearance, (especially when kept by a tidy woman, such as most of the wives and daughters of enterprising pioneer settlers are,) is a

truly charming place—especially attracting to the early itinerant after a long ride—or, more likely, a saddle-bag-beladen tramp from his last "appointment," weary and hungry.

To such, the sight of a distant opening among the trees with curling smoke from a lonely chimney top, is a glad object, while the milky smell of gentle kine in the adjacent woods, led by the tinkle of old Brindle's, or Lop-horn's bell; and as he proceeds, the baying of a watch-dog, and as he goes still further, the crowing of a rooster and the cackle of hens, and perhaps the savory smell of roasting meat, whether wild or tame, "are as life from the dead."

We have a place in our memory, located in a central position in one of these large blocks of new townships, to the number of eighteen or twenty, which now constitutes a vast section of what at this time is considered the older parts of the Province. The tract we recall embraced a large bush-farming country, settled by a contribution from all the nationalities that have been enumerated, and more; for we remember Germans, French, Swiss, and Italians among them, as well as English, Scotch, and Irish.

For a good many years after the commencement of these settlements, the inhabitants of all denominations were principally dependent on the itinerant Methodist preachers for the word of life, excepting in one favored centre. These preachers were of what was then called the "American" section of Methodism, although the settlements were commenced during the somewhat rival operations of the "British Missionaries." The

former had been in the country since 1790, sent in by the apostolic Asbury. The particular block of townships we have in our mind's eye had received the promise of a "British Missionary," who was naturally desiderated by those who had been Methodists in the old country, scattered here and there throughout the settlements. But evangelizing measures, with a directory two thousand miles away, must be necessarily slow in their operations, and before they were ready to act, the ground was occupied.

The self-directing and self-sustaining indigenous-section of Methodism, with its ever watchful and prompt District Overseers, the Presiding Elders, was the first to have a representative on the ground referred to, thereby effectually forestalling the other section.

The circuit preachers on the adjacent circuits at "the front," had tapped the settlements at the most accessible points on their frontiers, where those preachers had received invitations; consequently, a fringe of preaching places along the margin of the new territory was the result. Next, a deputation of two Irish Methodists, from two separate neighborhoods, ten miles or so apart from each other "in the bush," went out to some religious gathering, probably a camp-meeting, in the older parts of the country, saw some of the local authorities in Provincial Methodism, and came back with the cheering assurance that "a praycher would be appointed all to thimsilves."

The discernment of Elder Case was shown in the agent selected for this pioneering work. This was one

Jacobus Stripp, who was the man that had the honor of organizing *Lake River Circuit*, which will come often to view in our future pages. He was a native of old England, which was evident from the use he made of his h's. It was usual for him to open his mission in any neighborhood by a sermon from a text, which as uttered from his organs, sounded thus: "High Ham 'ath sent me hunto you!" Yet, our gentle readers must not decide from this, that he was ignorant and illiterate: nay, he had received a good common school education, and knew "the three R's" thoroughly, especially the second, for he was a beautiful pensman. Further, he had been long a Methodist lay-preacher (it would be incorrect to say that he was a "*local*" one); had accumulated a large number of standard books, especially in Theology; and had been a diligent general reader. Besides, having been a subaltern officer in the British army, it is scarcely necessary to say, that he was trim and tidy in person and manners. Being a preacher, he dressed in conformable clerical garb—that is to say, when his means allowed him to do so. His fidelity to religion during a long term in the army, pointed him out as one likely to be an enduring missionary. For, having served with Wellington in the Peninsular Campaigns, he might perhaps have adopted the words of John Haime, "I have contended with three armies: the wicked English army, the French army, and an army of devils."

This, therefore, was the man to go among discharged soldiers and immigrants from the British Isles, while he knew how to adjust himself to the manners and

customs of the Canadians and the few Americans in the settlements; and at the same time, to look after, as in duty bound, the interests of the section of Methodism which had purchased him out of the army, and confided in him and honored him by "putting him into the priest's office," after which office and work, his large, glowing Christian heart, had yearned for many a year.

The happy arrangement which took place soon after (that is to say, in 1820,) between the American General Conference and the British Wesleyan Conference, by which the former were to withdraw their agents from Lower Canada, and the latter theirs from Upper Canada, obviated the necessity of taking so much care to meet old country preferences, as in the action above referred to—for twelve long years from that time—when a second British intervention in Canadian Methodist work was again preparing, as we shall see while floating down the stream of Canadian Methodist history.

The evangelistic work inaugurated by the cautious and discerning Case, was vigorously prosecuted by the energetic and pushing *Henry Ryan*, who succeeded the other in the Presiding Eldership of the District. The first of those celebrities was excellent in "counsel," the last was famous for "war."

CHAPTER II.

TWO LOCAL CELEBRITIES.

AMONG the settlers of Methodistic proclivities, in our new bush circuit, were two neighbors, three miles apart, from different countries, of very dissimilar constitutional make and adaptation to advance the work of God around them; but they were a unit in their wish to see that work go on, and in alacrity and perseverance in their endeavors to serve the good cause, each in his own particular way. These are the two men whose names stand upon our title-page: namely, FATHER MCROREY and 'SQUIRE FIRSTMAN.

They were nearly of one age, and both had rendered military service to their king; and both had been Methodists long years before coming to the "settlement." But here the resemblance ended: McRorey, although probably of Celtic lineage, was born in London, old England; Firstman was of Puritan stock, and born in New England—but coming to Canada in boyhood, he became thoroughly embued with British principles and feeling, and had commanded a militia company on the frontier during the war of 1812-15, often having been entrusted by his old Colonel to perform certain hazardous enterprises, in which said Colonel did not choose to risk his own venerable head, the

old gentleman's patriotism having been somewhat after the type of the American citizen, who said he would shed every drop of the blood in the veins of his wife's relations to uphold the Federal Union. McRorey had served in the regular army as a non-commissioned officer. He had been converted in the old country; and his religious character was moulded by the ministry of Bunting, Clarke, Dixon and Watson, then in the zenith of their strength and power. Firstman was converted in the wilds of Canada, in his youthful days; and his religious life had been nourished by the preaching of such men as Madden, Patty, Prindle, Puffer, and Whitehead. McRorey had preserved his religious life in the barrack-room; but Firstman had lost his religious enjoyment during the campaigning of the war period, and confessed himself a backslider. McRorey came to the Lake River Circuit in a state of heart to second the missionary; Firstman threw open his door to the first itinerant who crossed the border between the old and new settlements; and under the ministrations of an early pioneer, the gifted and gentlemanly Metcalf, he regained his lost enjoyments and rejoined the church. At first, these two men resided at Round Island, but shortly after Firstman removed to River Side, three miles away, where he farmed and erected mills.

These two men were the counterpart of each other religiously; but their distinctive excellencies combined made them most invaluable in the circuit in which they were office-bearers. McRorey was a model class-leader, Firstman was a born steward. The first did

the most, directly, for the spiritual interests of the circuit, the second did the most for its temporal interests, and helped the spiritual through the temporal. McRorey's was no house to lodge in; Firstman's was a complete "Methodist Tavern," and the "Headquarters" for the "Methodist Cavalry" for a wide region around. The wife of McRorey rather hindered than helped her husband; Mrs. Firstman, "did her husband good and not evil all the days of her life." The first of these women seldom furnished a meal for the itinerant, the other fed and waited on hundreds.

Her industry and skill placed her in the first class of housekeepers, the attainment of which position involves both genius and generalship of the highest order. The abundance on her table, the skill displayed in its cookery, and the taste in which it was served up, made the sight and savor of her dinner or supper table very appetizing; and the cordiality of the invitation to partake, extended to all who happened to be there (and a great many contrived to "happen" there at meal time), both from husband and wife, was equal to the sumptuousness of the repast. These casual guests, joined to the large family of children composing a baker's dozen, ranging from the baby in arms to the six-feet son, the hired men on the farm, in the mill, and from the lumber shanty, made the good housewife's labors very toilsome, and kept the generous-hearted 'Squire from becoming very rich, which, otherwise, he would have been.

The wilds around them were full of game, and the 'Squire knew well how to secure it, which earned for

him the title of "Mighty Hunter." His leaving home at any time, rifle in hand, with his hounds and a sumpter horse, beside the one he rode, was the unfailing earnest of the former being laden on his return with deer; and Mrs. F., like Rebecca of old, knew how "to make savory meat of the venison"—both fresh and dried—as all the preachers knew full well, and scores of others besides.

This residence was pleasantly situated on the banks of a sizable stream, clear and flowing, with an inexhaustible supply of water, fed by a concatenation of lakelets, which extended far up into the unsurveyed wilderness. Two several residences had accommodated the household, first and last, at "River Side," as it was called. The first one of logs and boards, constituting a patchwork of no less than three several structures in one, put up piece-meal as they were needed, (the third part having been built expressly for the accommodation of their preacher guests) making an edifice of a strangely composite character. Outwardly, it was not handsome, although in a certain sense roughly picturesque, just as a heap of rocks is so; but within, it was cozy and comfortable to a degree. In the course of years, this pioneer house gave place to a large stone building, with far more conveniences, but still homelike, if not homely.

Both in the old house and the new, as is still the case with many of our well-to-do rural inhabitants, the KITCHEN was the most considerable and favorite room. But then, you must not make everbody's kitchen its type: certainly not those small, dirty ones, redolent of

villainous smells. Nay, imagine a room large, lightsome, and airy, with a chalky floor, and well swept hearth (two inseparables from tidiness) beyond which, in the large open fire-place, which would take in a cordwood stick, glowed a cheerful fire of blazing logs which shed a gladsome light and genial warmth over the apartment. This was supplemented, in the new house, by a stove in the back part of the room in severe weather. There were inviting apartments, even in the old house, and still more in the new, in which select companies met for social chat; but the kitchen was the great assembly room, like the central court of an eastern establishment, the great reception room af a Spanish hostelry into which the traveller brings the beast which carries him, or the common hall of our old Saxon ancestors, the place of hospitality and of wassail, where the "Squire and wife," the "baker's dozen" of children, big and little, from the babe in arms to the six-feeted son, the hired men on the rear benches, the ever welcome preachers, visiting relatives of whom there was a numerous following, and frequent droppers-in from the neighborhood around, congregated in harmonious confusion.

Many of these latter were "persons saved from their sins, or desiring so to be," embracing, not unfrequently, a certain Brother Bursdale, one Solomon Grayley, Capt. Playright and lady, of whom more anon, Benjamin Bummer, and many others. Among the pious neighbors was the before mentioned Father McRorey and certain promising young members of his class, or those who were being helpfully influenced

by him. The presence of the young masculine ingredient was partly to be accounted for by the fact, that there were interesting young females, variously related to the household, ripening into womanhood, in every stage of the family's progress and history.

Many of the young men were embryo preachers, actual members of McRorey's class, or of neighboring classes, who sought his sympathy and counsel; for this warm-hearted man was noted for being the confidant and adviser of those who aspired to usefulness. Such young men naturally gathered around the circuit preacher when at "Head-quarters," as also, around any of the saddle-bag fraternity who, in their journeys to and fro, might chance, as often they did, to make this ever open hostelry their resting place.

But the presiding Elder's quarterly visitations, (or travelling chairmen, as they were called after a time) were seasons particularly attracting to the neophytes. With what eagerness would not the boys smitten with the "preaching fever" listen, open-mouthed as well as with "ears inclined," to the utterances of such men as Ryan, Case, P. Smith, Brown, Metcalf, Healy, and Wilkinson, to mention none who are still living, or to come no further down. The neighboring classes, especially McRorey's, were the primary schools where the elements were learned; and the 'Squire's kitchen was the Lecture Room where the prelictions of the Professors in "Brush University" were delivered. And, as in other seats of learning, many a "note" was taken if not on paper, yet certainly on mental tablets; and

many a "grind" was given by such men as Case, and Metcalf, and Wilkinson, to mention no others.

Some would have thought Metcalf was hypercritical. He was a purist in language and nicely accurate on all subjects; while he was, in a manner, Socratic in his method of teaching, making the student correct, or instruct himself. The laugh raised by the poor youth's confusion under those hectoring examinations, would cause him to remember and avoid the mistake detected ever afterwards.

McRorey was a model leader for his day; he had ready speeech, a prevailing gift in prayer; and he was a good singer, with a memory stored (not with jingling doggerel) but with the intensely beautiful and profoundly spiritual compositions, or selections, of the Wesleys. How grandly he would roll out, as occasion required,

"Come on my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill."

Or,—

"Come, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone.
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

Or further,—

"What now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?

To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire."

Besides the above, he had others less authorized, but scarcely less beautiful, the titles of which alone we have room for: such as "The Good Old Way;" the "Days of Grace;" the "Jewels of My Master;" and scores of similar ones.

Our leader was serious and devout, but genial and glowing, which made him very attracting, especially to young people. His piety was hopeful; and "the joy of the Lord was his strength." Without pretentious professions of entire sanctification, he no doubt possessed all the salvation the Gospel offers for our attainment. He was always on the mountain-top; and living in a day when responding and shouting were considered no indecorum in Methodist circles (and he made that day last his time out) his exultant spirit broke forth, ever and anon, in the great congregation, with the voice of triumph and rejoicing.

Having no children of his own, the paternal affection in him found exercise upon the members of his class, especially upon the younger ones. He always began his meetings at the appointed time, and he was too direct and lively to allow them to drag. "A word in season" had he for each, or "a psalm, a hymn, or a doctrine." He varied the exercises, and prevented hackneyed recitations by probing questions. He did not fail to scarify, if needed; but at the earliest moment in which it would be safe, he "poured in the oil and wine" of divine promise and encouragement. His efforts for the good of his members were not

confined to the class-room; but he was impelled by solicitude for their souls to see them as often as possible in their own houses. Absentees were early and always called on; and delinquents followed until restored, if that were possible. The roll was called over at the close of the meeting and the "class paper" (it was that at the first) or "class book" (which, in time, happily came in use) was carefully marked in the presence of the class. He broke in all his members to pray, and the more capable to meet the class, from time to time; and also to visit the sick or wandering, by first taking them along with himself, until they had learned and acquired courage to go by themselves.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that his class was kept up and kept together; and that continued drafts were made out of it, to supply other classes, for miles around, with leaders—classes which had not (as many seem not to have) vitality enough to give birth to a leader.

McRorey's offshoots often superadded an exhortation to the class, or public prayer meeting that accompanied it, which they held; and from exhorting, ere they were aware of it, they had really preached. We might enumerate a number of those who from his class, or through his influence, came in the long run to exercise the functions of the Christian ministry; such were, George Pond, Owen Davies, Alanson Firstman, Erasmus Piper, Robin Glenpool, Peter Pound, Thos. Walsh, and others. These, with several others, in after years, constituted that peculiar sort of collegiate

institution, already hinted at, which conducted its discussions, at first, in McRorey's shop and in the 'Squire's kitchen; but in the course of time at more distant places.

We have spoken of McRorey's shop, by which the reader is to understand, not a merchant shop, but a mechanic shop, for only a humble mechanic was he; and his business, too, conducted on a very limited scale. Observant reader, did you ever know a mechanic who sat down in a country village, or hamlet, to ever do more than barely keep the wolf from the door? He has the vexation, in many cases, of working up materials brought in by customers,—of taking his pay, (that is to say, if he gets it at all,) "in kind," by which is meant, in flour, potatoes, meat, &c.,—of giving long credit,—and, after all, having to go around among his customers, bag in hand, and collect and fetch it home himself, perhaps on his back. O, ye skin-flint farmers, whose houses and barns are full to repletion, why must you clutch and keep every cent of hard cash for yourselves, and turn off those who, in various ways, have served you, with your unmarketable produce; and force your tailor, shoemaker, and carpenter, to "bone-cart" that refuse to his hungry family? But I check my pen: I must be apostrophising a class, which, although they were once numerous, have long since, happily, gone to the shades. May the accumulations of ages cover their ashes, and prevent a resurrection until the final day, when I shall not envy them all the commendation and reward they will receive! Had not McRorey

drawn a small pension for military services, his resources would often have been scant indeed. Happily he could sing—

"Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above!"

CHAPTER III.

SOME OTHER THINGS ACCOUNTED FOR.

IT will appear, as we pass along, that several persons not yet mentioned, took part in the discussions we are about to narrate, some of whom are to be particularized without further delay. These were ministers or preachers not offshoots of McRorey's class, but such as were brought into relation to the place by having travelled Lake River Circuit, in which these transactions took place, or had laboured on adjacent circuits, or else came for the purpose of taking part in the quarterly meetings of the circuit, or upon the rare occasion of a camp-meeting.

For, as it respects the former, it was very customary in an early day for one, or more, preachers to accompany the Presiding Elder from their own adjacent circuit to enjoy the benefit of a quarterly meeting on some other circuit than their own. The services were varied and interesting; and there was something to be learned, and much to be enjoyed. The quarterly meeting business, embracing "appeals" from the decision of the circuit minister and committee in cases of discipline, and the routine transactions of the quarter, besides, once in a year, the examination and licensing of exhorters, and, in some cases, of local preachers also, and questions to be presented, discussed

and decided, making it very improving to those clerical visitors, before whom similar questions were liable, any day, to be brought.

But the quarterly meeting was noticeable principally as a great religious festival; there was the Saturday afternoon sermon, often preached by one of the visitors, followed by an exhortation, something (I will not say how wisely) which almost always succeeded a sermon, when there was a second public speaker to deliver it, who was often only a "local" or an exhorter; then followed the great Saturday-night quarterly prayer meeting, in which all the gifted men of the circuit and those of a similar character who had come from other circuits, took part, and several exhortations were delivered, as well as many prayers offered.

If souls were not converted and sanctified, there was disappointment. A little son of a Methodist would run to his father, on his return from quarterly meeting, with the inquiry, "Pa, how many were converted at the meeting?" supposing, as a matter of course, that some would be converted. The spirit of revival, which began in the prayer-meeting, usually flamed up afresh in the early Sunday morning Love-feast, when many of the most deeply devoted persons, old and young, male and female, those of short experience and those of long experience, from all parts of the circuit and beyond its boundaries, rose to give an account of what God had done for their souls. The Elder's sermon, at 11 o'clock A. M., on Sunday, was

usually appropriate and powerful; for these old campaigners generally wheeled out their heavy artillery for the great cannonade. Sundry stirring exhortations usually followed. Next, came the Lord's Supper, at which, it often happened, many were "overwhelmed" with the manifested presence and power of God, being "lost in wonder, love, and praise."

Not all who were raised up into the ministry on the circuit took part in the proceedings which are to be recorded in this book; nor even all that once travelled on the circuit, for some removed to a distance and never returned; neither do we present at once all that did take part in the course of years: furthermore, some who were raised there, after a few years, returned to "prophesy in their own country and among their own kin." Two, that now occur to the writer, who were so returned were Davies and A. Firstman. The first was born in the army, the son of "a devout soldier," who also himself retained a little of the regimental rigidity. He did not allow of disputing any regimental (*alias* connexional) order, but in carrying it out to the letter, if possible. He believed that Methodists should bow to the authority of the Bible, but then, he took it for granted that conferential decisions were embodiments of Bible truth and teaching, and therefore not to be questioned. The reader need not be surprised, therefore, if he is made the advocate and exponent of conservatism and stern administrative action. He had a fair, sound, well-balanced mind, which had been developed, first by military schooling; and then, through a favorable providence, by some measure of grammar-

school learning. His natural preaching gifts were good, albeit his tongue retained, for a long time, a little of the Cambrian burr inherited from his father.

Alanson Firstman was a son of the 'Squire of that name. He had a fine person, good voice for speaking and singing—good natural talents—better early opportunities than most of the preachers of that day—and was clerically authoritative in his bearing, both in the pulpit and the families of his charge. Had he improved his opportunities and cultivated his mind to the extent of which they were susceptible, and kept on in the efficient work of the ministry, indifferent to the calls of secular advantage, he would have made one of the most commanding and useful men of the body, and have been quite as well off for this world in the long run. We will not forestall his utterances; but as he was the son of our host, and, moreover, caught "the preaching fever" from connection with the black-coats at his father's house, there will be no wonder if he should often show himself in the meetings of the coterie brought to view.

Another who labored on Lake River Circuit at an early day, need not have his real name concealed, as he has passed away now for some years to his reward. Besides, he is otherwise pleasingly historic, and was marked by mind and manners, which gave him a striking individuality. We therefore make no apology for bringing forward the loveable JOHN BLACK as one of our *dramatis personæ*. If we can succeed in reproducing

him, so far as he is made to speak at all, the reader will find that his utterances were few, short, wise, but quaint, often laughter-provoking, yet always prudent and charitable.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INFORMAL BEGINNING.

TWO bachelors labored on Lake River Circuit several years earlier than Mr. Black. Or, more properly, a new mission was created the year of their arrival, made out of the whole northern range of preaching places belonging to the original circuit, which took the name of the river which formed the dividing line between the older, and newer fields of labor, namely, *Missipemoaning*, to which one of the bachelors was specially designated. When his name was read off, in the last act of the conferential drama for *Missipimoaning*, this portly gentleman, *standing* (as they all had to do) with meek and dignified solemnity to receive the twelvemonths' sentence, unconsciously whistled, loud enough to be heard over the assembly: as much as to say, "That is tremendous!" The name of this gentleman was Shubal Sauvity, while the name of his coadjutor, and preacher in charge of Lake River Circuit proper was called *Julius Regnor*.

But, after their arrival, there was an arrangement made between themselves, with the consent of the Presiding Elder, by which they should travel over the whole ground in concert, and "share and share alike," both in the small missionary grant and, perhaps, still smaller sum raised by the people. By this arrangement both possessed a claim for lodgings in "Head-

quarters" at River Side, when the round of the circuit was completed.

They were both very respectable, and clerical in appearance and bearing. Though bachelors, they were not boys. They came on the circuit between the time the Canada Annual Conference was organized, and the formation of an independent Methodist Church for Canada. Both had been members of the Genesee Annual Conference, to which the Canada Annual Conference succeeded; and both had a large acquaintance with American Methodist history and usages. Both were British born subjects: one a native of old Ireland; the other born in a British North American Province, and the son of a loyalist officer of the Revolutionary times. Sauvity was the older man and preacher; Regnor was the stronger minded and had the stronger will. The first managed the people by kindness and tact; the second awed and controlled both people and preachers, by his native authority and force of character; and, therefore, soon rose to office and connexional influence. He was sometimes blunt, and almost cruel; but honest was he, and so fearless, he could afford to be frank and candid.

A conversation, at an early period of these brethren's sojourn in the Lake-River-Missipemoaning country, which took place at the 'Squire's, will best present the times which had preceded the times which were then upon them—and furnishes the best introduction to other times, that were to ensue, of which we are to give an account.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY TIMES REPRODUCED.

THE two circuit preachers had been absent from "Headquarters," on one of their fortnightly rounds, and came back, as usual, on a Friday night, so as to secure one day's rest, for study, prayer, and bodily and mental preparation for the Sabbath. They had come from different points of the compass, but met in the wide lane which led down to River Side. Both of these gentlemen, fortunately, had some private resources, and were, therefore, better habited than most of the preachers of the times. They never wore homespun, which other preachers were often glad to wear, aye, and home-dyed as well. They were, furthermore, clothed in black, while many of their brethren were, like Jacob's flock, "ring-streaked, speckled, and spotted." In one thing they were made like unto their brethren, they wore the invariable broad-leafed grey hat; and in all remaining particulars, their habiliments were of the true orthodox itinerant-preacher character: there was the valise on the mail-pad in front, the saddle-bags across the seat of the saddle, and, when not required on their backs, their cloaks were mailed on behind. The umbrella, when not in use, was suspended from the pommel of the saddle. Their coats were of the traditional standing-

collared, single, round-breasted cut, and their nether extremities duly overalled, booted, and spurred.

Was there not a stir among the boys and hired men at the door, upon their arrival? Each one sprang forward to aid in cleaning, feeding, and bedding their mud-bespattered and weary horses, which had borne their riders through many a slough that day. And was there not a similar bustle inside the house among the feminine portion of the household to make the riders of those horses comfortable within? Cordial handshaking took place all around.

If the early itinerants had large circuits and small salaries, yet, whenever the circumstances of the entertainers would allow it, they were furnished with truly comfortable quarters. Their lively company, and instructive and profitable conversations had been looked forward to, and when they came they were treated like a kind of household gods. At the 'Squires, there had been a "prophet's room;" as we have seen, erected clear across the east end of the house, in the form of a "lean to," made of boards and scantling of which there were enow at the mill. This apartment was furnished with two large comfortable beds, each of which would hold two with comfort, and three on a pinch, making sleeping accomodations for four at least, a table, several chairs, and a stove, while there were "lashings" of wood to feed it with. The only undesirable about the room, if it could be called so, was that it did not communicate with any other apartment of the building—you had to enter it from out-doors. Thither the newly arrived

were always conducted around the house, to perform their ablutions, organize their toilet, and, (in those days of primitive simplicity and earnestness) perform their devotions; for a travelling preacher always sought retirement for prayer the first thing on going to a house, to invoke a blessing on himself and his sojourn in that family. This was as much a rule as another custom of that day, namely, that of holding every child by the hand until he or she had been affectionately and solemnly talked to about the interests of his soul, before leaving, always providing where the youngster, expecting the ordeal, did not run away and hide himself.

The writer knows the place, and the names of all the parties to the following episode: A newly appointed preacher, much desiderated by the leading members of a circuit, had arrived at the principal stopping-place, and had been shown to his room. A few moments after, a neighbouring member of the Church came in to inquire if there were any news from Conference. The host replied, "yes, we have got Brother Williams!" And rubbing his hands with delight, beckoning to the other, said, "Come, I will give you the first sight of our new preacher on his knees!" And leading his friend to a chink in the wall, said, "See! there he is!" The neighbour on looking through the crack, saw a travel-stained man on his knees, with a glowing face and uplifted hands engaged in earnest supplication.

In another case, the preacher's room was barely curtained off from the rest of the house; a hired girl, the only person in the house besides the newly-

arrived preacher, looking through the folds of the drapery, and beholding the devout man on his knees, engaged in earnest prayer, was "struck under conviction," as they phrased it in those days; and became very much troubled about her sinful soul, and never rested until she was happily converted to God.

The circuit preachers were not the only arrivals at the Squire's on the evening above referred to. It was the eve of the autumn quarterly meeting for that circuit, which was to hold its accustomed Saturday's doings the next day. Two young men, nominally exhorters, who sometimes tried to preach in a covert way, by "smuggling" a text, as it was called, had been in communication with the Presiding Elder, (cautious and non-committal on his part) which led them to expect that something decisive might be done by that functionary, which would issue in their being sent out on circuits.

They differed in age and size: one was a tall young man of twenty-six, dark complexioned; the other not much beyond twenty, medium in height and weight when grown, but not yet filled up, straight and trim, brown haired and florid. These are two of our quondam friends, erst of McRorey's class: the first was *George Pond*, the second was *Owen Davies*. Both yet dashed and diffident enough, especially the latter. The younger, through the thoughtful intervention of the Presiding Elder, had been placed where he had obtained a knowledge of the theory of English grammar; the other upon his examination, confessed he did not know the science of grammar, but "thought

he had an ear that could sense good language." Such thoughtful individual efforts, like that which gave Davies some grammar-school learning, was the nearest attempts to our present Institutes and Theological Schools, which the exigencies of the early days allowed.

The class-leader of these young men had also dropped in for an hour; as also a leader from that vicinity. He too was English, Yorkshire born, about the age of McRorey and the 'Squire, who like the first mentioned soon received the appellation of "Father." Firstman would have been called "Father" for many a long year, but he was "'Squire;" and about the only value of a title (a *doctorate* for instance) is to keep the *paternal* epithet off you, which when you once receive, you are thought to be an "old fogy," of course. He had more mind and reading than his brother leader, but less suavity and tact. *Bursdale*, for that was his name, could give the best of advice, but *McRorey* gave the best of examples. The first held on in the wake of the Church, with one short intermission, till the end of his days; the latter was never out of it a moment until he joined the Church triumphant. Good and worthy men were they both, but while Bursdale sometimes put himself in a litigant posture, McRorey constantly promoted peace. The latter would sometimes expostulate with the pastor, when he thought occasion required it; but the former often fiercely withstood him. Neither had a particle of fear: but Bursdale was sharply defiant, while McRorey was calmly bold. The one took ministerial enactments with confiding deference; but the other would often

challenge their decisions. And still oftener, he combatted the personal opinions of the ablest minister—not from any real desire to obstruct, but from his love of discussion (I will not say contradiction) in which he was no mean proficient, although his interlocutions were conducted in the broadest Yorkshire. Being very desirous to extort an assent to his opinions, he usually seated himself by the side of the interlocutor, closing each appeal with an emphatic "Eh!" and a punch in the ribs. It answered, however, a good purpose, to performing which the amiable and kind-hearted are reluctant, in ventilating those under-currents of explosive gas which otherwise might prove destructive; and in furnishing occasion for correcting erroneous surmises, which lead to contention and worse evils. Mr. Metcalf was almost the only preacher who had the courage to confront him, and inspired his confidence enough to satisfy his suspicions. Perhaps we ought also to include in this statement the Rev. Julius Regnor, for whom Mr. B., Englishmanlike, had great respect, because he had learned that he was a man of family; for, "what else should he be, seeing he was Colonel Regnor's son?"

We shall describe no more of the *dramatis personæ* of this evening's conversation and proceedings at this stage of our story. The ample supper of which all were invited to partake, prevented any immediate utterances, except of the most common-place character, spoken sententiously.

Just as the *elite* of the gathering were seated at the supper table in the best room, a footstep was heard

(scarcely heard) in the broad passage way between the older and newer parts of the house, the door of which usually stood open, except in cold weather; then a gentle tap at the room door which (before any of the family had time to answer the summons) was quietly opened, and a closely shaven, smiling face, unwrinkled though over forty, obtruded itself; and a pleasant voice, not without a dash of humor in the manner of utterance, inquired, "Is Methodist Tavern still kept in this place?" It was *Elder Case* himself,—Mrs. Firstman, rising, laughingly replied, "Yes, and at the old prices too!" After some bustle, the good Elder was settled in a prominent place at table, and the supper hour was somewhat prolonged. After the meal, and all were seated around the fire, this distinguished guest had sundry inquiries addressed to him, which led to a general conversation.

Brother Regnor, early in the evening, inquired of the Elder, "How long had he been in the ministry, and where were his first fields of labor?" To which he replied, "I have just completed my ministerial majority, having been exactly twenty-one years wandering to and fro. I joined the New York Conference, which sat at Ashgrove in that State, in 1805, and was appointed to the Bay Quinte Circuit, as the colleague of Henry Ryan, who came into the Province then for the first time."

"Have you spent all the time since then in Canada?" said one of the less informed about Canadian matters.

"All the time excepting six years, made up of

two several intervals; after I had been in Canada two years, I was appointed to the Ulster Circuit, New York, one year. Then I returned to Canada for another two years, the last one of which I introduced Methodism into the Thames country, and had a glorious revival. In 1810, I was appointed a Presiding Elder in the State of New York, in which State and office I remained until the close of the war, in 1815. At the Conference of that year, I was reappointed to Canada, and here I have remained ever since."

"All the time a Presiding Elder?" said the Squire.

"Yes, all the time."

Brother Sauvity wished to have his memory refreshed as to the length of time Methodism had been planted in Canada at the time of the Elder's first arrival in Canada, 1805.

"Just fifteen years," said the Elder, "if you count from the time when Wm. Losee came in, at his own instance, on the strength of his roving commission, in 1790."

"The first Methodist preachers in Canada, were from the United States, were they not?" said McRorey.

"Yes, from the New York Conference, so far as it can be said there was then any such Conference."

At this point, Brother Bursdale to show his discrimination, inquired, "But were theer not Wesleyan Missionaries from Hingland halso?"

"Yes, part of the time, since I first came into this country: a missionary first came to Quebec, in 1814, and they increased from one to several, occupying not

only Montreal and other places in Lower Canada, as well as Quebec, but Cornwall, Kingston, Niagara and York, with a large breadth of country adjacent to each of those towns, except the last named place, which was the last taken up in Upper Canada. But they were all removed from Upper Canada after the arrangement with the British Conference, entered into in 1820, excepting the missionary in the town of Kingston, who remained, and was left under the plea of serving the religious interests of the military at the Fort."

Here Davies, who though young possessed an inquiring mind, asked the Elder "If there was any *essential difference* between British and American Methodism?"

"They have, said he, no Bishops, or Presiding Elders, as we have; and, if I am rightly informed, they never ordain local preachers, as we do in certain cases."

"I know that to be the case," chimed in Pond; "for I never heard a word of Bishops, Presiding Elders, or of Local Deacons and Elders at home in Ireland, so I did'nt."

Elder Case, whose practice was to put forward younger men to do any work of which they were capable, instead of doing it in person, (a measure learned of Asbury himself) for the double purpose of developing their powers and saving himself, besides I suspect regarding it as more dignified, turned to "the preacher in charge," and said, "Brother Regnor, I wish you would answer the boys on that point."

Regnor, never doubtful of his ground, answered at

once as follows:—"None of the dissimilarities you mention involve essential principles: they are only administratory arrangements. A Presiding Elder is only an Elder, whose age and abilities warrant it, elevated to a jurisdiction over a certain district, for a limited time; it does not exceed that of a Wesleyan Chairman of District, except that he travels through his District. Some of the British Missionary Chairmen do that, under the name of Superintendents of Missions; and, in the early days of Episcopal Methodism in the States, the 'Elders' (the title *Presiding* had not yet been added) were stationed on particular circuits, or otherwise, according to circumstances.. As to Bishops, they are only life-long Presidents of Conference: the British President has the same powers and functions as the American Bishops, during his term of office, which is limited, while the other is life-long. And though the Bishop receives an ordination to his work, yet Mr. Wesley maintained that Bishops, Presbyters, or Elders, were one order. It was on that ground that Mr. Wesley, although only a Presbyter, presumed to ordain. At first he very much disapproved of his newly consecrated Superintendents assuming the title of 'Bishop.'"

Here Mr. Bursdale, who was really an acute man, interposed one of his objections, "Hif Bishops hare honly a sort of superior Helders, his hit not presumptious to give them anhother hordination."

Regnor, who was a little inclined to Methodist high churchism and did not ever like to concede anything to what he would have called "captiousness and cavil,"

would probably have defended the second ordination, on the ground of impressiveness and solemnity. But Mr. Sauvity, a differently constituted man, chanced to speak up, and said, "Although imposition of hands is an impressive form of institution, and might seem to befit the induction of a minister to a life-long occupancy of an *office* (be it only an office, and not an order) so onerous as that of the General Superintendency of the Methodist Connexion, as it was resorted to on minor occasions in apostolic times; yet I confess, for my own part, I have often thought that *ordination* to our Episcopacy was scarcely consistent with our teaching the parity of Elders and Bishops. And it seems to me that one of two things will yet come to pass: either the ordination will be omitted, or a *jure divino* claim of superiority for Bishops, as an order, over Elders, will be set up." *

Nothing further was then said on that point, and Mr. Regnor resumed the thread of his argument. "As to mere local preachers among us being in orders, while there are none such in British Methodism, many of ours received ordination as travelling preachers, and are only 'under location from want of health and family concerns,' as the old minutes phrased it. And further, as to the ordination of those

* It would seem as if a sudden flash of inspiration had illuminated this unpretending brother's mind, giving him an insight into futurity: Dr. Whedon, in the States, and several in Canadian Methodist circles, have set up the claim indicated for Bishops, while this has created a reaction in a greater number, demanding the omission of the ordination altogether.

who never expect to be in the full ministry, it is only what may be considered a variable measure of administration, employed as an expedient to meet an emergency, namely, the want of ordained travelling preachers; for in all cases, there has to be a recommendation from the Quarterly Conference of the circuits upon which these local preachers live, saying that the measure is necessary to supply the people with the ordinances, whose demands the circuit ministers are unable to meet. They cannot be ordained without an election by the Annual Conference, which is not based on the candidate's claim, but on the necessities of the work.

"The only essential principles of Methodism are three, and they are the same in British and American Methodism, and presumed to be also in all the off-shoots from both one and the other: namely, its *Distinctive Doctrines*, its *Peculiar Social Means of Grace*, and its *Itinerancy*, or its rotation of pastors sent by a central appointing power."

At this stage of the conversation, the 'Squire, who was a man of plain practical sense, and who knew the country well; and who, moreover, was a shrewd observer interposed: "But, Brother Regnor, you cannot deny that the Missionaries when in the country, did ridicule the idea of these 'trading, farming, blacksmithing ministers,' as they called them; and because they could not expect orders if English Methodism prevailed in the Province, was the very ground why local preachers were the most determined opponents of what has been called Missionary intrusion."

"You are entirely correct, 'Squire," rejoined Regnor, "yet that does not in the least invalidate my position; its being an expedient, and the wisdom of that expedient, are two very different matters. I know the desire for, and expectation of, ordination among our local preachers would seriously embarrass any attempt to consolidate the two types of Methodism in any place where they had both existed together. Our locals are tenacious of their chances for ordination, while the sentiment among the British brethren that a secular man cannot consistently take the ordination vow, which pledges him to give up the study of things 'carnal and worldly,' makes them as inexorable on the other side." *

"There is a good deal of weight in the British position," said the 'Squire.

"I frankly confess," continued Regnor, who was noted for his candor, unless you had chanced to ruffle

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* This, in our day, will constitute the principal difficulty in bringing the present M. E. Church of Canada into organic union with the other Methodist bodies; but if their locals had a spark of magnanimity, they would wave their chances of ordination for such a noble object. Besides, unless we assert the priesthood of all secular christians, what imaginable claim have they to ordination more than the leaders and Sunday School superintendents of all the Methodist bodies? They are just as secular, no more necessary to the Church, and, as a general rule, no better acquainted with divine things, nor any better qualified to teach them. Either, let all the members of our Church baptize and dispense the Lord's Supper, or else let all unite in scouting this absurd and embarrassing claim on the part of local preachers above all other lay officials.—ED.

his temper, in which case he was hot and positive, "there is force in their objection; and, privately, I am very much of the opinion of the Rev. Nathan Bangs, confidentially expressed to me, two conferences ago, that 'the admission of local preachers to ordination was a mistake,' which would work the connexion inconvenience and harm some day."

Elder Case here laid aside his taciturnity, and said, "Orders should only be given to those of the local brethren who have the means of supporting themselves without secular business: or who are so situated as to be wholly employed in public ministrations, such as local missions of some kind, or who are evangelistic revivalists."

"But, to say nought aboot hordination," chimed in the blunt old Yorkshire man, "there his a vast number of lawkal proichers hin this coountry, that har' not heven fit to porich itsel', let halone given the hordinances."

"That all comes," said the 'Squire. "of encouraging weak-minded men to think that their whims about preaching, a call from God, by allowing them to come forward and '*apply* for license to exhort or preach,' as it is called."

"Called to proich!" broke out the irrepressible Bursdale, "a vast of men har called to proich, but noybody his called to hear them hin Hingland, hit would be thowt very forward hand consayted for ha mon to *happly* hisself to go hon the Plan; the Superintender proicher his halways the one that proposes ha mon for a lawkal proicher; hor, at laste, one hof the raidan'

proichers. Whail that his done, no mon spakes a word aboot proichin'."

Brother Sauvity, who was prudent and pacific, thinking they were on ticklish ground, gradually turned the conversation, after remarking, that there was a great amount of ability and zeal in the local ranks, and a vast deal of good had been done by them, as a class, in which all concurred with readiness and delight. It did not prevent, however, some amusing stories being told of the sad discomfiture of ambitious men, who insisted on having a trial of their abilities in that particular line. One stuck fast, and laid the blame on his brethren for "not praying for him." Another, in the same predicament, frankly confessed the "wickedness" of his attempt. An old Dutchman, in such circumstances, broke out "Lort, here stanse an empty vessel."

A new question gave the conversation a weightier turn once more. Young Davies, wishing to get the thread of Canadian Methodist history clearly in his head, inquired of the Elder as follows:—"Down to what year, did our Provincial Circuits and laborers continue in connection with the New York Annual Conference?"

The Elder rejoined, "Until the session of 1809. The Genesee Annual Conference was organized in 1810; and forthwith, the Canada work stood connected with the new Conference."

"I know all that very well," interposed Brother Sauvity, "for I went out to travel within the bounds of that Conference, and in the Genesee country too,

only three years after its organization. However, the next Conference (the one of 1818) appointed me to Canada. My name stood for Ancaster, but the appointment did not stand. To favor Alpheus Davis, who was in delicate health, and at the Presiding Elder's request, I gave him Ancaster, and took his place at Detroit. The circuit, however, stood in connection with the Upper Canada 'Upper District,' and I made my journey to it through Canada from the Niagara River."

One of the young men said, "You went all the way on horseback, Brother Sauvity, I suppose?"

"Yes, there was no other way in those days; and a wearisome ride it was, it being in the heat of summer."

Brother Pond, as newly from the old country, desired to know "when the Genesee Conference itself ceased to extend its jurisdiction into Canada?"

"Why," said Regnor, "only two years ago last Conference, or in 1824, when the Canada Annual Conference was constituted, in Hallowell."

"Hand when you were aboot hit," injected Bursdale, "you howt to 'av' becoom han hindependent Canada Methodist Church; hand hif hold Helder Ryan 'ad 'ad his way, hit would 'av' been saw, too."

At this Regnor fired up: "Yes, with old Harry Ryan for Bishop, I suppose? No; we had not then numerical strength enough, lay or ministerial, for an independent connexion. And if we had possessed even these, we had not men of sufficient breadth of mind and solidity of character to govern wisely the Provincial Church when it was thus organized. I felt

this so strongly at the time, that I told some old country members, who were clamoring for 'separation' in York, at a meeting of the Society there, on the eve of the Hallowell Conference, in 1824, held in the presence of Bishop Hedding and Rev. Nathan Bangs, the Book Agent from New York, and nearly all the Western preachers on their way to Conference, that if they succeeded in severing our connexion with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, Canadian though I was, I would leave the Province altogether. I think now, however, by the time of the next General Conference, in 1828, we may be so far matured as to set up for ourselves, with their paternal permission."

"I am an Irishman, and was in the yeomanry at home in the ould country, but I would niver ax to be sipperated from our Yankee brithrin. Shure and wasn't Mr. Muckoff (the way the Irish pronounced *Medcalf*) a Yankee? And where was there iver a better man, nor a better praycher than he was? Shure and didn't he trudge on fut wid his saddle-bags acrass his showlder, through these wuds, and havin' a sore toe into the bargain? No, indade, I'd niver wish a better praycher than Yankee Muckoff."

This was uttered in a thundering voice by one who had come in quietly while the conversation was going on, and taken a back seat, but now he could restrain himself no longer.

This was no other than Brother Benjamin Bummer, usually known among his friends as "Big Ben." He was a native of Wexford, in which county he had been converted, along with many others, under the labors of

the Rev. Andrew Taylor, the Methodist preacher, who, more than once, had been taken out by the Irish rebels, in the rebellion of 1798, to be piked. But Ben, who was of massive proportions every way, and extraordinary strength, having also strong appetites and passions, after a time, fell away. His immigration to Canada led to his restoration from backsliding; the touching prayer of a pious lady, at the family altar, whose hospitality Benjamin was enjoying, as one of a survey party which lodged in her back-wood's residence for a night, was the means, under God, of re-awakening him and of restoring him to his forfeited peace. This coincided with Mr. Metcalf's great revival in those parts. He had already become what he himself called a "layder," and some years afterwards, a local preacher, continuing to be very laborious to a good old age. He received his death stroke on a return journey from one of his preaching excursions, and died "suddenly," but "safely."

The worst use he was ever known to make of his great strength and awe-inspiring presence, after his restoration, was to stand and hold the bridle of an itinerant's horse, while the preacher, from his animal's back, was addressing a sermon to a Roman Catholic mob of wild Irishmen, engaged upon certain Government works. Ben's voice sounded not unlike the taps of a big drum while he made the favorable utterance above quoted, in behalf of "Mr. Muckoff" and the "Yankee praychers" in general.

In striking contrast to this voice, in sound, was the piping one of "*Old Sister McDuff*" of Father Mc-

Rorey's class, which was heard in response to the sentiment he uttered :—

"Varra true; I ken weel the justness of a' Brither Bummer has said aboot Breether Meedcoff and the American preachers—Philander Smeeth, for eenstance, who was os braw a preacher os onny I eever heered in Scotland, forby Mr. Weesly himsel' (and I have heerd heem, and shaken hon's wi' heem too.) Yus, I wud as soon hear Smeeth and Meedcoff even os Volontine Ward and them we us'd to hav' in Glasco."

This self-invited guest (no, one of those included in the standing general invitation,) to the genial rays of the squire's kitchen fire, had been a member of the Wesleyan Society in Glasgow, from the latter days of John Wesley, till the time of her coming to Canada. She was a woman of a profound Christian experience, great gifts in speaking and in prayer, besides having a most melodious voice for singing—strong, silvery and sweet. She was as great a favorite with Mr. Metcalf as he was with her. Often did she thrill his soul, tuned to harmony, with the Revival Hymn :—

"Haste again, ye days of grace,
When assembled in one place,
Signs and wonder mark'd the hour;
All were filled and spake with power.

"Hands uplifted, eyes o'erflowed,
Hearts enlarged, self destroyed,
All things common now we prove;
All our common stock is love."

Often when the missionary came in from his weary bush tramps to where she was, after the first saluta-

tions were over, Metcalf would say, "Come, sister McDuff, give us that about 'hands and hearts,'" and the appeal was never in vain.

The warm endorsement of American Methodism touched a cord in the heart of *George Greengrass*, one of the mechanics at work on the Squire's mill, a native of "Varmyount," as he pronounced it, and modest though he was, he gave a demonstration then very common, when Methodists got excited with religious conversation, and the involuntary "Glory, Hallalujah!" broke from his lips, and met its echo instantly in the "Amen" from McRorey and Bummer.

George had been converted in early life, in his native State, by the instrumentality of the Methodists; but the wandering life of a mill-wright had been to his disadvantage, religiously, and he became a backslider.

Coming, however, to the settlement at the time his popular countryman, Metcalf, was instrumentally promoting the great revival so often referred to, he was restored to his former enjoyment; and, after some time, he became one of those peripatetic exhorting leaders who were wont to go out from this school of the prophets.

The spirit of exultation and shouting, kindled by the spark let fall by Greengrass, spread like fire in dry stubble, and would have been unseemly, but that sister McDuff struck the key-note of this exultant spiritual song, in which all the singers united :—

"O, Good Old Way, how sweet thou art,
May none of us from thee depart;

But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the Good Old Way."

The voices blending with sister McDuff's, were McRorey's, the Squire and wife's, with several of his family, such as Alanson, two daughters, and little Barney, crowned by the most melodious singer in the company, the good Elder himself, while Bummer's jerking accompaniments served to emphasize the emphatic parts, like the taps of a big drum.

A lively, not to say noisy, family prayer meeting closed and crowned the pleasures of the evening, during which some of the more excitable ones, not very much to the gratification of Brother Regnor, or Father Bursdall, "lost their strength," and fell on the floor. McRorey, young Davis, Alanson, and Big Ben were in their glory. The Squire was not noisy, but he could stand any amount of it, if he thought "God," in any good degree, "was in the whirlwind."

CHAPTER VII.

THE "QUARTERLY CONFERENCE" AS IT USED TO BE.

THE only church edifice in that early day, in the Lake River Circuit, was three miles distant from the Squire's, at Round Island, and that constructed of logs. There the quarterly meeting business and religious services were to be conducted. Thither all the lodgers at the *Hospitium* wended their way on Saturday, after an early dinner, to hear the sermon to be preached at two o'clock; and all that were "official members" of any kind to attend the transaction of the circuit business, which followed the sermon.

The Elder preached a short discourse, and called upon a preacher in charge of a neighboring circuit, the Transmorass, who had come over to pilot that functionary through the woods and swamps to his own circuit the following week, to exhort after sermon. For this particular duty, that preacher was pre-eminently adapted, being voluble, pathetic, and untrammelled with any notions of logical precision. Alternate smiles and tears, as well as shouts of triumph, attested his peculiar power. The fine mellow voice, discursive imagination, and impetuous emotions of bluff, honest *David Bluffen* specially qualified him for the exhorter's function. An observing, though rough

man of the world, who knew the three parties well, had said a few years before our present date, "If you would set Puffer to preach, Metcalf to pray, and David Bluffen to exhort, the world couldn't stand before them."

There was nothing remarkable in the routine business of the quarterly conference which followed it. It was composed of the presiding Elder, (in the chair,) the two circuit preachers, four or five local preachers, as many exhorters, all the leaders of the circuit who could get there, nearly all the seven stewards allowed by discipline. The money matters (save the mark,) were soon settled; each preacher received about *twenty dollars* as his quarter's pay—in cash. Wheat at SAM SIFTER'S MILL, and orders on stores, written with such hideous chirography, orthography, and syntax, that Bluffen facetiously, and not over reverently, said, "It would be no idolatry to worship them; for they were not the likeness of any thing above or beneath."

As the docket of "appeals" was light, and it did not chance to be the quarter for the renewal of licenses, (after constituting a new trustee board for a meeting-house to be built on the north side of the Missipemoaning, the preacher in charge nominating, and the members of the quarterly conference approving or negativing,) the presiding elder made a specialty of two particular subjects of consideration.

These were the newly instituted Indian mission work; and measures for arresting the progress of intemperance. The work among the natives had been

projected by the good Elder himself, in the face of unbelief and ridicule, about two or three years before, and the preceding conference had received the return of 104 Indian members. Already, Peter Jones, the first native preacher, was exerting his powers on whites and Indians. The necessity of prayer for the continuance and extension of the work was often brought before the quarterly conference, as also appeals were made for the means of supporting it; these were the first tentative efforts towards raising a missionary fund.

His essay to arrest intemperance consisted, as yet, only in getting the officials of the several circuits to pledge themselves to each other to have no "liquor" (it usually meant merely no *whisky*,) at their bees and raisings; and for the leaders and all of them, in their several neighborhoods, to persuade the members of their respective classes, and all they could influence, to act on the same principle. This was the inchoative beginning of that glorious temperance reformation which has done so much for Canada, although it has yet so much to do, both here, and in all lands. The Methodists were by far the most temperate people in the land. Wesley's general rule in prohibition of the "drinking of spirituous liquors, unless in cases of necessity," was supposed to commit his followers to abstinence; and with the more strict observers of disciplinary rule, it went a great way towards doing it. But the rule itself, by some manipulation after its first promulgation in America, had become materially changed. It stood originally, "Drunkenness, or the *buying, selling*, or drinking, spirituous liquors, unless in

cases of *extreme* necessity." This had come to read thus : "Drunkenness, or drink spirituous liquors, unless in cases of necessity." "*Buying*," "*selling*," and the qualifying word "*extreme*" added to "necessity," had been left out.

It is true, another part of discipline made it unlawful for a local preacher to "manufacture or sell," on pain of losing his office ; but a private member might keep a spirit store or tavern, without forfeiting his membership, provided there was nothing "disorderly done on the premises." They might sell as much as they liked, to be taken away to drink, and embroil and ruin the families and neighbourhoods whither it went, so long as there were no rows or noises adjacent to the spirit store or tavern where it was sold. True, the influence of the preachers, and the piety of the people themselves, prevented such liberty from degenerating into all the licentiousness and ruin it otherwise would have done.

Furthermore, the words "spirituous liquors," it is likely by the framer of the rule himself, was not intended to include anything but "ardent spirits," and not to prohibit the moderate use of vinous and malt liquors, especially the weaker kinds of them. Whether correct, or not, this opinion passed unchallenged until the rise of the Teetotal Soci .ties about the year 1832 or '33, so that a Methodist might go on educating his appetite for stimulants with the milder liquors, until nothing but the quintessence of spirits would do for him. And then, the use of it was made to fall under the provision of "necessity," a case for which was made out by the

drinkers being hot, or cold, or wet, or dry, under the influence of colic, relax, or some other ailment for which it was a specific almost universally prescribed. Yet, as the lighter liquors were hard to obtain, and ale was dearer than whiskey, unless in cases where the appetite had become imperative, the rule, as it then stood, had a very restraining effect. Nevertheless, there was a great deal of moderate drinking, if the words are not a contradiction of terms; and every now and then there was a lamentable instance of intoxication among the members of the Church, the community having not yet awoke to the fact, that a little, almost invariably, leads to much. There were more cases of discipline to be disposed of in the Church arising from this source, than from all other causes of offence put together.

Some of the circumstances accompanying the use of liquor would have been very ludicrous, if they had not been very sad. The 'Squire, in his days of backsliding, had, for a time, sold liquor, but happily escaped enthralment to their use, and never, after the good Elder's appeal, did he offer it as an article of hospitality in his house. Prior to that, even after his restoration and reunion with the Church, he had, in great moderation, complied with what was then considered a necessary act of courtesy, and offered his visitors the glass. Two worthy Irish "layders," having called one day on business, were shown into the best room, where the decanters and glasses stood on the table, and were invited to "help themselves." Some little time after their ensconcement, one of the females of the

family, going in on some errand, found the two worthy men, mellowed with a single glass apiece, relating their "expayriance" to each other, with tears running down their cheeks.

In another case, when a preacher who is yet to come to view, was laboring on the circuit, a certain member of the Church, who had not succeeded too well as a farmer, thought if he built a little nearer the "Corners," and commenced keeping tavern, he would make a living "aysier" and "accommodate the public too." His wife, a pious woman, knowing enough of his frail tendencies in a certain direction, opposed it with all her might; and the aforesaid circuit preacher, hearing of his intention, most earnestly expostulated with him on the danger he and his family would incur, and the evil the sale of liquors would do others. But he was unpersuadable. The only tavern at the "Corners" had been closed (closed because the innkeeper saw closing it was the only means of preserving his wife from becoming a hopeless sot), and our venturesome friend commenced operations. After he had become fairly settled in his new home and business, he had "a house warming;" a large number of friends and neighbors were there, and liquor constituted one of the elements for *warming* the house. All kept themselves within bounds, excepting the host himself, who became very much elevated; and his excitement took a decidedly religious direction; he was bound henceforth to war with the powers of darkness with all his might; and "if the divil would thin come up out of the cellar, he would fly upon him and tear him,

tear him all to payces." The discipline of the Church did not interdict his keeping a tavern, but it punished the drunkenness tavern-keeping induced. Poor Paddy Pict was brought to trial, and, in the issue, lost his standing in the Church; and the fear is to be entertained that he lost his soul as well. Alas, alas, poor Paddy Pict!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE QUARTERLY-MEETING, RELIGIOUS.

TWO "Saturday-night Prayer-meetings" were held in connection with our quarterly meeting—one in the Chapel at Round Island and the other in the School-house at River Side. Many prayers and several exhortations were delivered at each—many "got happy"—and "the shout of a King" was heard in each of the "camps." The Methodist householders in each of the neighborhoods had a plenitude of lodgers, and many a camp-bed, or "shakedown" was extemporized. Conversation on Saturday night was abridged; for the prayer-meeting continued late; and then all must be up for a seven o'clock breakfast, to reach the "Sunday-morning Love-feast," the doors of which were "opened at half-past eight and closed *positively* at nine."

No tickets were exacted or shown at the door, (printed ones could not always be obtained); but the two circuit preachers usually stood at the entrance, and canvassed the claims of all candidates for admission. The well-known members, with bonnets unmistakeably plain, passed readily enough; but woe to the high-flyers, doubtful characters, and expelled members, who had not exhibited the necessary conditions of "contrition, confession, and proper trial," for they

were inexorably turned away! The door was closed during the opening prayer, and opened for two or three minutes at its close, to admit those who might be at the door then, when the door was closed again, to be opened no more to any application until the love-feast was concluded.

The whole of the "hour and a half," to which the disciplinary authority restricted the love-feast, was filled up with the utterance of Christian experience. The presiding Elder, who conducted it, dropt a word of encouragement, now and then, to those who seemed to need it. A young boy, a son of the 'Squire, relating a thrilling experience, which moved the meeting to shouts and tears, Brother Case broke out, "Bless God, He is about to take all Brother Firstman's sons into the Gospel field." This referred to the fact, that the eldest son was an exhorter; the second, on the eve of going on a circuit; and now little Banaby, so serious and good, evinces unusual fluency and boldness in declaring what God had done for his soul. If any were too long and prosy, the Elder, (if not some one else,) started an enlivening verse, which he knew so well how to sing. A crazy sort of man connected with his experience an account of a vision in a barn, where he had gone to pray, in which the Enemy of God and man was the subject of manifestation,—"with teeth," said he, "as long as my finger;" but he was soon extinguished by the discreet Elder's timely interposition: "Tut, tut, tut," said he sharply, "No more of that."

Eleven o'clock arriving, "the doors were opened" for

public worship, to which succeeded the usual "fifteen minutes intermission before sermon;" during which, a large amount of cold chicken, bread and butter, and cheese, with fried cakes, (among those of American and Canadian origin,) appeared and disappeared almost as quickly.

You would have expected the Elder to appear as the preacher of the occasion, seeing it was supposed to be the proper work of the minister who filled that office; but no, it was the Rev. Julius Regnor, "the preacher in charge" of the circuit, who appeared in the pulpit. Mr. Case, unlike Mr. Ryan, was distrustful of his ability to interest and profit an audience at best; and about this time, and forward, he had so much care on his mind, and generalship to perform, that he did not expose his own life (that is to say, *reputation*,) in the ranks, any more than was absolutely unavoidable; but put forward younger men of improving talents and rising fame, to stand in the breach, whenever he could lay his hands on such. One of this kind was Julius Regnor, a man of great force of character, eloquent by bursts; and very studious, especially in sermon-making, based on the models of Sautin and Blair, sermon-writers much in vogue for eloquence in that age of the world, to the perusal and memorizing of which he gave his days and nights. How much, or how little, of some of his sermons were original, he was regarded about that time as a very eloquent preacher, and drew the *elite* of other denominations in great numbers to hear him. His text on this occasion was, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked

with us by the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?"

At the close of this sermon of his, striking as the contrast may have been thought, such was the custom of the times and the policy of the authorities, the two young men, Pond and Davies, about to be sent out as supplies under his direction, were set up by the presiding Elder at the close of this polished sermon, to exhort one after the other. Pond was measured and orderly, Davies was full of fire and flame.

The Lord's Supper followed the public service; then a hearty leave-taking, and the most of the assembled people wended their way to their distant homes. But some followed up the 'Squire and his retinue to the neighborhood of River Side, where there was to be another sermon and prayer-meeting in the evening.

This was rather unusual at that time; for in those days, hard as the preachers worked in general, they usually forbore preaching any where the Sunday night after quarterly meeting, and ruminated on what they had heard, seen, and felt, and discussed those topics in connection with the great festival. But on this occasion, Brother Bluffen was there, and they wished to utilize his visit, for, just then, he was considered very lively, and had considerable fame as a revivalist. He gave a unique and moving sermon, from the words of St. Paul, "Now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly," in which he drew largely on the sympathies of the new settlers, by illustrating his sub-

ject from the circumstances and needs of emigrants; the farewells on the one side of the ocean, and the welcomes, rejoicings, and rich inheritance on the other were made touching use of.

CHAPTER IX.

SUNDAY NIGHT AT RIVER SIDE.

THE service being ended, with a short exhortation and earnest prayer, the Sederunt of the Prophetic School began at the 'Squire's. One or two of the old country members asked the Elder, if he had not been too hard on the use of the "drink," in what he said in the Quarterly Conference.

"Shure," said one of them, "there could be no better min than the praychers in the owld country; such min as Mr. Clegg, Mr. Maine, Mr. Sturgeon, Mr. Strong, and Mr. Hadden, who used to lodge wance a fortnight in me father's house, so there couldn't; and not wan of them iver rayfused a glass of good whiskey punch after dinner, or when they went to bed at night, so they didn't."

"Yes," said the Rev. Shubal Sauvity, who was a native of Ireland, and knew a good deal of Irish Methodist affairs, although converted after he arrived in the States, "and a fearful risk they ran of becoming enslaved to the glass, as, at least, some of the Irish preachers found to their bitter cost. Take the case of poor 'Billy Lytle,' for an example, a giant for stature and strength, a man who boldly travelled in some of the most disturbed districts all through the rebellion

of '98, his sole defence his own right arm, and a large riding whip with its butt-end loaded with lead: a Boanerges too in his preaching, before his fall. Alas, alas, poor Billy."

Elder Case resumed at this point, "The example of drinking, by white professors, is a fearful stumbling to our Indian converts, who have no conception of drinking any quantity without drunkenness; and who certainly cannot take a little without taking much, if it is to be had. I will give you an example of their astonishment at their seeing a white professor drink; some of the Belleville Indians had occasion to pass up the country towards Cobourg, and I told them of a hospitable and well-to-do old Methodist at whose house they might stop, who would give them a night's lodgings and something to eat. When I met them again, I asked them if they had found the place, and if Brother so-and-so had used them well, they answered 'Yayze, but he drink whiskey.' 'Does he indeed?' 'Yayze, me see him!' as though it was an awful discovery. They probably had seen the old man take his morning or noon glass of grog, which I suspect he foolishly imagines necessary to keep up his strength."

The remark about the Indians led a gentleman in the company to observe, "That is a glorious work you are doing among the Indians, Elder."

"Say, rather," remarked Mr. Case, "a work which *God* has done by us his unworthy servants; a work so swift, and thorough, and extraordinary, as to partake almost a Pentecostal character; and I am persuaded it will go on, until all the Aborigines of this continent

are brought to Christ." There was no subject that would set the good Elder aglow like a reference to the conversion of the natives. He was usually cautious and restrained in his utterances, but he became sanguine to enthusiasm when the Indians were concerned.

But the person whose remark elicited the Elder's ardent expressions, deserves, along with his lady, a description in our portraiture of those times. This was *Captain Adolphus Playright.* He was of respectable Scotch-English parentage, had been well educated, and furnished with a commission in the army, in which he had served a number of years, and was placed on half-pay at the close of the war. He had lived up to his income and more, as most officers of the army do; but as he drew a large tract of wild land for his services, including a mill-site on the north branch of the Missipemoaning River, he was sanguine of success as a mill-owner. He sold, or mortgaged, his half-pay to procure capital to start with, and located his family in a small log-house, in the midst of a dark, towering forest, stretching away on all sides, on the bank of this roaring stream.

But milling was a business to which he was unused, and he soon became very much embarrassed for the means of getting on; debts, executions, duns, and bailiffs followed in the train. Neither he nor his wife could be expected to be adapted to such a situation. The lady had received a fashionable education, which did not include the knowledge of ordinary household economy, any where. He had been proud and haughty, and she had been vain and frivolous, if not

dashing and reckless; yet, both were personally interesting. He was tall and commanding; she also was tall and graceful in her carriage. Her complexion was not very clear, but her figure was fine, her movements agile, and her hands, feet and features all that aristocratic fastidiousness could require. In a word, they were the last people that you would have expected to become Methodists, such as Methodists were in that day. Amid the pressure of their worldly embarrassments, the Methodist revival began. They had heard the fame of Mr. Medcalf, the Methodist missionary—his beauty of person, gentility of manners, ease of elocution, and ability as a preacher, and they embraced an opportunity of hearing him; and were very much impressed—indeed, soon convinced and converted. And, when once they had tasted of the sweets of religion, they learned to relish the liveliness and fervor of Mr. Metcalf's less polished colleague, Brother Barnabas Driver, as also, the demonstrative, social meetings of the Methodists.

Both the Captain and his lady, in a very short time, became conspicuous in religious matters. He was gifted, zealous, and demonstrative, and soon began to preach as a local preacher; and, could he have satisfactorily answered the question asked of all candidates, "Are you in debt?" he would, no doubt, have been called into the itinerancy despite his numerous family. For marriage and children were not an insuperable hindrance to being received as a travelling preacher in those days. His wife also was active in religious meetings, whether ordinary or special; and

was gifted in speaking, prayer, and, perhaps, I might add, exhortation as well. Her mind underwent a complete revulsion, from frivolity to an absorbed, rapt sort of piety. There was not only the right of way opened for the supernatural, through her moral constitution, but, almost, for the visionary and fanatical also. She was a frequent subject of religious catalepsy. She read Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Fletcher, Bramwell, and others of that type, and soon professed to have entered into the state of grace attained to and taught by them.

She was solemn and devout, almost to asceticism. Her deep expirations, accompanied by a slight groan, and "the upward glancing of her eyes," showed the habitual prayerfulness of her spirit. She condemned "religious anecdotes," and was seldom seen to smile, much less laugh; but in lieu of merriment, she seemed to be the subject of unutterable spiritual happiness. She was much in prayer, had great faith, and held that it was "only the culpable lack of faith, which prevented the return of miracles to the Church."

Nevertheless, there were certain worldly conventionalities to which this worthy couple were not indifferent. Their taste had been cultivated by a polite education, and they well understood the conventional proprieties of refined society above referred to. These advantages rendered their company not unimproving to the young preachers, who had not enjoyed the same privileges: especially so was the society of the lady. The society of Messrs. Metcalf, Regnor, and a few of the more cultivated early preachers, was very much desiderated by

this lady. She was one of the most pronounced professors of the Methodist doctrine and experience of perfect love to be found at any time; and was characterized by that almost mysterious kind of phraseology, which distinguishes some who profess to be subjects of this higher state of grace, and who look with pity on those who are not versed in the nomenclature of the inner arcana of spiritual life.

A person of her solemn, not to say severe, cast of religious thought and feeling, was not likely to have much in common with brusque, hilarious David Bluffen, who was one of the company; and it was curious to see how the conversation veered from grave to gay, as the saintly sister, or the rollicking pioneer itinerant, swayed the course of remark. At one time, it was eddying around the depths of Christian experience; at another, it was diffusing itself over the picturesque scenes and comical occurrences of itinerant life.

Sister Playright inquired of Brother Bluffen, if he had yet experienced the inestimable blessing of perfect love: "he thought he must have felt it, for he had no feeling contrary to love, either to God or man, in his heart." She wished to know further, whether laughing was consistent with such a high state of grace? "He thought it must be consistent; for he found that the happier he was, the more he laughed." He once tried to give up being lively and laughing, and found he was losing all his religious enjoyment and desisted; and finally said, "they could not cure him of his merry temperament, unless they cut his head off."

Perhaps before we go further, some fuller account should be given of this antipodes to our solemn sister. He was as plain in dress as she, and that was as plain as need be; his drab, or snuff-colored, Quaker-cut coat and broad leafed hat, would have made him no ill impersonation of George Fox himself; yet the fineness of its texture, if it were possible to procure them fine (and even when made of home-spun, Bluffen's clothes seemed fine); and the gracefully curved lines of his round-breasted coat, and the tasteful turn-up to the sides and hind part of the pliable brim of his finely textured hat, gave these sober habiliments a jaunty appearance, he being always scrupulously neat and clean.

These matters, joined to the fact that his figure was erect and sprightly, while his full person, smoothing out the wrinkles from his clothes, made him very personable and presentable. The editor of these papers once met in Europe an effigy of Governor William Penn, and was immediately reminded of his friend, honest David Bluffen. But then, his prevailing humor and facetious conversation was anything but Quaker like. Besides, the contrast between his garb and his sayings and doings, made those sayings and doings all the more ludicrous. Imagine a person a little short of the medium height, whose breadth and rotundity made him look still shorter than he was, with a large handsome face, a laughing, mischievous eye, straight and trim, strong to a degree, and so wiry and springy, that he could vault on his horse's back, with the slight pressure of his hand on the saddle, or jump over a

gate without touching it at all; I say, recall these and you have some idea of his person, and find some reason for his exuberant spirits, and some excuse for his sallies. He was mischievous and full of practical jokes before he became religious; and lively, loving, zealous, and religiously hilarious after his conversion. He never was a methodical preacher, but so pathetic and arousing as to give him great power over an audience. Smiles and tears chased each other over his hearer's faces, like sunshine and shade on a warm showery day. Sympathizing with the sorrowful, powerful in prayer, arousing to the conscience in preaching, industrious in his pastoral habits, he, in the early years of his ministry, especially, excelled in two qualities not always united—facility in gathering members to the Church, and success in retaining them. Circuits always rose under him. And as to "foraging," he could live, and live well too, where men of more calibre would starve. It would be amusing to relate some of his exploits in that line.

At a fitting moment, when the conversation had taken a mellowing, if not solemnizing, turn, the good Elder struck up, in his own melodious tones, his favorite hymn, in which Bluffen's deep undulating voice assisted, while all the other tuneful voices—tenor, treble, bass, and whatever other parts there are in music, chimed in. And, surely, the following lines, with the rest of that deeply devotional hymn, were never more touchingly rendered:

"Come, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;

My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee,
With thee, all night, I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day!"

Then there followed a season of "wrestling" prayer in earnest. Case was pleading and pitiful; Bluffin was alternately tender and confident; Sauvity rose from a subdued manner, to bursts of eloquent supplication; Regnor, when warmed, seemed as though he would "take the kingdom by storm;" and, to mention no more, Sister Playright was rapt and ecstatic, her prayer contained more claiming than asking, more praise than prayer; and ended in her being "overwhelmed."

CHAPTER X.

THE EVE OF A GREAT EVENT: LOOKING BEHIND AND BEFORE.

THREE years have rolled around, since the last interview at the 'Squire's. Much of interest has transpired in Canadian Methodism at large, and some things of the same character, on Lake River Circuit. Those which relate to the connexion have been largely pleasing, and partly painful; and perhaps, some things dubious. Some of these connexional matters, it may be, we ought to have gone into a little more in detail.

The work among the Indians had gone on in a glorious manner. The number of native christians had increased, from one hundred and four to nine hundred and fifteen. Jones, Sunday, Jacobs, Doxtater, and several others, had begun to evince incipient preaching talent, some of them of a powerful kind. And the general membership in the church had increased, from six thousand eight hundred and seventy-five to nine thousand six hundred and seventy-eight.

But matters of a painful, or dubious character had also occurred. Elder Ryan had never returned to the regular circuit work, much less to the Presiding Eldership. He had fallen into some disfavor with

the Bishops; and was not nearly so influential with the Conference as he used to be. Many of the old-fashioned members, however, clung to him. During the Conference year—1824–25—he was a "missionary to the Chippewa and Grand River Falls, and the new and destitute settlements in those parts." This meant, all the settlements along the Grand River, from Chippewa village to where Elora now flourishes. The next year, 1825–27, he travelled up and down the country, holding revival meetings in several places, which were pronounced a great success. But, singularly enough, wherever he had been, a feeling of distrust and discontent towards the Conference, in the form of an under current, began to prevail; and certain agitating missives, in the form of hand-bills, were scattered among the societies.

Coincidently with these things, the Regnor brothers, three in number, arose into influence and power, but that power, as yet, was exercised in concert with Elder Case. Each possessed a distinctive talent of his own. *Julius* was supposed to possess great resolution and skill as on ecclesastical ruler. At the very next Conference after the last meeting at River Side, recorded, he displaced, or succeeded the venerable Thomas Madden, as Presiding Elder over one-half the Provincial work. His elder brother, *Chrysostom*, who had not been so long in the travelling ministry as the first mentioned, had in six years developed great powers of argumentation and eloquence, and great executive energy, to say no more. But his powers of persuasion and of swaying an audience, were almost

exceeding belief to those who never heard him beating down opposers with cutting sarcasm, and raising up "the bruised reeds" with the tenderness of a weeping mother.

The youngest of the three brothers, *Justin*, however, "exceeded them all." Fully equal, in the writer's humble opinion, to Chrysostom as an orator, in his own way; and equal to Julius as an administrator, if he had chosen to be one; he developed and displayed another talent, without which their influence would have been incomplete, and, humanly speaking, the connexion would have been without an advocate and defender; namely, a capacity like his great namesake, *for writing apologies*.

His first attempts of this kind were anonymous. They embraced a defence of the Methodists against the accusations of a certain ecclesastical dignitary, made first in a public sermon, and then as a witness before a committee of the British House of Commons in England. These anonomously published defences thrilled the connexion and country from end to end. Some blamed the writer, more praised him, and all were anxious to know who he was. At length it leaked out that it was *Young Justin Regnor*, the Methodist Preacher.

Having crossed the Rubicon, it was too late to turn back; but having drawn his sword and thrown away the cabbard, he advanced from the defensive to the aggressive, especially, as he was encouraged by the real general in the Canadian Methodist camp, Elder Case, albeit, that general was pretty generally con-

cealed in his tent. He, although "keeping out of the line of shot," did all he could to encourage and supply with munitions of war those who were "jeopardizing their lives in the high places of the field."

The monopoly of one seventh of the landed property of the Province, with sundry other perquisites, being in the hands of the original aggressors in this conflict, was the Malakoff, which the young hero sought to storm, and around which the battle raged for years. No doubt the assailants of this fortress had justice on their side, and they ultimately won a capitulation; but the terms of capitulation were such, that the besieged, after all, secured the lion's share. And as all good things are not without their alloy, it is doubtful whether this war spirit was not somewhat adverse to the Church's spirituality, and led to political alliances and complications from which it was hard for the connexion to disentangle itself, in after years.

One of the immediate incidental evils of these alliances was, that it gave our enemies, outside, occasion to say, unjustly enough it is true, that the Methodists were disloyal; and furnished the poor, mistaken old gentleman, who was agitating the connexion with means to increase the discontent within the Church.

The Conference of 1827, was eventful, on two accounts: first, for the withdrawal of the once influential, but now dissatisfied member of that body just referred to, the Rev. Henry Ryan; and secondly, the action which was taken relative to the peaceable separation, organically, of Canadian Methodism from

the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

The facts relating to the first subject may be thus briefly summarized, from the MS. Minutes of the Conference for that year: an anonymous circular had been widely dispersed throughout the Connexion charging the Conference with several matters of wrong doing, but particularly with ill-treatment of Mr. Ryan; and he himself was suspected of the authorship and circulation. When his character came up, in the usual course of examination, a motion was pressed to oblige him to say, whether he were connected with the allegations or not; but it was overruled, on the principle, that "no man was bound to criminate himself." A committee was appointed to take the accusations of the circular into consideration, "with power to call for persons and papers, and to report thereon." None of the "Reports," or "Minutes of Evidence" are in the MS. Journals of Conference, and the fyles of the detached papers of that period are lost, hence no *particulars* can be reported. An arrest of Mr. R.'s character grew out of the inquiry; but, after being before the conference at several successive sederunts it was "dismissed," by resolution.

The case seems to have been very fairly considered; the Rev. Mr. Richardson was appointed Secretary of the proceedings; and Mr. Metcalf appointed to conduct the matter on behalf of the Conference. But some were dissatisfied after the resolution for "dismissing" the case had passed; and one in the majority, the next morning, moved a resolution for

"reconsidering" the case, which carried. Upon the passing of this resolution, Mr. Ryan requested to withdraw; and, upon resolution, was permitted to do so, and was returned "withdrawn" in the published Minutes.

At that Conference, a decision was come to, to ask the American General Conference, to be held the ensuing May (1828), for a peaceable separation of the Canadian part of the Church, to stand in fraternal correspondence with the parent body. Delegates were chosen, instructed to seek that result. The General Conference considered they could not divide the Church, but they could withdraw their jurisdiction from British territory, and allow the Canadian brethren to set up for themselves, which was done.

There were no conditions asked, or pledges given as to the form of Church polity the Canadian part of the Connexion should adopt; but there was an implied, or tacit understanding that the Presbyterial-Episcopacy, which had existed from 1784, would continue to exist in the Independent Church in Canada. And they consented that one of their Bishops should be permitted to consecrate one for Canada, when elected.

Things were in this *statu quo*, when the Sederunt took place which we are about to describe. But before we proceed to give the details of these circumstances, it will be best to allow the reader to rest himself, and make a separate chapter of them.

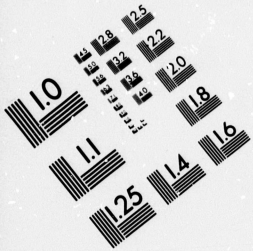
CHAPTER XI.

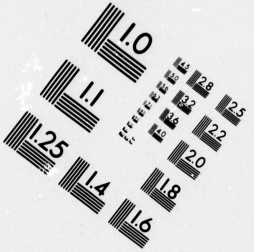
THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED: DISCUSSIONS OF THE COMING EVENT.

THE meeting, looked forward to at the close of the last chapter, began in Father McRorey's shop, and adjourned to the Squire's before it was finished. It was on this wise: The Rev. William Welchman, a bachelor, who had been in the work eight years, having been whirled from Long Point to Ottawa River; and had traversed the country from the Lakes and the St. Lawrence, to the extreme northern settlements, both east and west, was now on his way out from the Missipemoaning Circuit, where he had been travelling during the last twelve months; and as he was acquainted with the Lake River Circuit, having labored on it the year before that, he halted at Round Island, on his way to the famous Earnestown Conference.

Eight years was then considered to be a long time in the itinerancy, as ten, fifteen or twenty years, at most, were sufficient to break down an ordinary constitution; and thus, to either force a man to "locate," or to place himself on the superannuated list.

As Mr. Welchman must stop in the village long enough to rest and feed his weary, hungry horse, so will he take the opportunity of seeing and conversing





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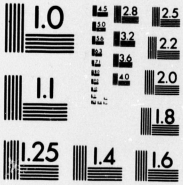

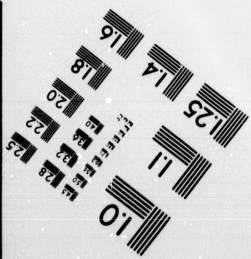

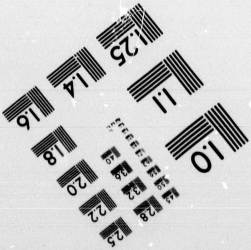

with the friend and acquaintance of all the travelling preachers who ever came into those parts.

He came in accoutred as we once saw him, when he was changing from one circuit to another, which he expected to do that year also. His strong, good mare (he was a capital judge of horseflesh) heavily laden with a large linen bag across the animal's loins, containing all his bachelor traps; his well-filled leather saddle-bags across the saddle; and a large valise, upon the top of which was strapped his cloak and umbrella, was buckled to the mail-pad on the horse's withers. These, with the compact, heavy little man perched on the top, gave "Nancy" no inconsiderable load. He unloaded his faithful beast at an inn, and ordered her "hay and a gallon of oats, in half-an-hour thereafter."

Pending the mare's process of devouring these, he walked over to McRorey's shop. The reader will gather, that he had labored two years before on what was then the Lake-River-Missipemoaning Circuit, the two branches being worked together; and Capt. Playright, a Presiding Elder's supply, was his colleague. The year immediately preceding the date to which our incidents belong, the Missipemoaning was a separate charge, and Brother Welchman had labored thereon very much to the people's satisfaction.

At McRorey's shop he met a brother preacher, the incumbent of the Lake River Circuit. This was no other than our *quondam* friend, Owen Davies, an outgrowth of the Circuit itself. Davies' father had become deceased, and this, his eldest son, had certain filial obligations to discharge to his widowed mother,

and fraternal (almost *paternal*) ones to the younger members of his family. This rendered it desirable for him to receive an appointment near them, if possible. Knowing that he would be acceptable to his early friends in that Circuit, the Presiding Elder had advised the Bishop to send him back "into his own country, and among his own kin." His reception proved an exception to the general rule that "prophets are without honor" in such circumstances; and he succeeded fairly well. His laboriousness and fervor of spirit made up for any lack in his yet but partially devoloped mind and talents. An old Irish leader told the writer, that "You couldn't hare him spakin' long without feelin' your hert warum towards him."

After their first salutations, they were joined by another person not yet introduced to the reader. This was a noted and influential member of Father McRorey's class, in fact, his right hand man, also one of the stewards of the Circuit. This was no other than Mr. Solomon Grayly, a man strong, sizable, and courageous as well. He was a good deal older than he seemed, and had been a trooper in disturbed times in Ireland, his native country. He had a slight lame ness in one hip, which might have been from a bullet wound, or something else, which gave him a slight halt in his gait. He was still active, however, and could train a horse to perform the feat, and afterwards ride him over the roughest corduroys of that new country, without stumbling—striking the tops of the logs, with unerring precision and a clinking noise,

at every stride. His horse was handled with rein and the never-dispensed-with dragoon spurs.

But Brother Grayly thought he could ride a Theological Pegasus, as well as his sinister, wall-eyed, tricky horse, "*Dick*." Our friend had been long a Methodist, and meant to be loyal to Methodist theology; but then, according to the custom of his native country, while he had listened to the Methodist preacher, in a farmer's kitchen, once a fortnight, on a week day evening, he had also sat every Sunday morning under the Rev. Knox Farrel, the Established Church parson; who, although decidedly Evangelical, like most of the Evangelicals in that church, was a thorough Calvinist; from whose preaching Mr. Grayly's theological opinions received an unmistakable Calvinistic tinge—a tinge, however, which, ultimately, wore off in Canada. But, on his first arrival in the Province, he was inclined to charge the "American preachers," as he termed them, with Pelagian tendencies.

He was a man of some means; had seen a good deal of life, in his way of it; and was farmer, wheelwright, and horse farrier all in one. These things, with a little constitutional tendency that way, gave him somewhat the air of self-opinionateness and importance. He was a man who had very good control of himself: for, although he had an Irishman's courage, he had not an Irishman's precipitancy. Therefore, when he heard any theological discussion being held, he would usually listen, with his eyes partially closed, for a time, while a smirk of self-satisfaction sat upon his countenance, and with an occasional shake of the head, if not

a leer of scorn from time to time, as if he felt like saying, "I could set you all right in that matter, if I chose." If appealed to he gave his opinion, or rather *fiat*, with *ex cathedra* authoritativeness, which was sometimes a little amusing.

He had no noticeable brogue, but a peculiar sort of lisp, or tendency to give, in some cases, one consonant sound for another: this, with a habit of grappling with the largest words, the pronounciation of which he did not always know, sometimes made the result a little trying to the risibles of well-informed listeners. But the result for his reputation was quite different with the less-informed; for they listened with gaping wonder at his "words of learned length and thundering sound."

With "Brother McRorey" he was always an oracle. Grayly conceded to the leader the meed of superior piety; but McRorey accorded to the steward superior knowledge and wisdom. Grayly took the strongly Calvinistic view of faith, or "faif," as his organs pronounced it; and this was one day the subject of conversation. Mr. G. was led to put in his demurrer to the many distinctions made by preachers with regard to faith—such as "traditional," "historic," "saving faith," and so on. He maintained there was "but one kind of faith." McRorey feeling the subject required a little more elucidation for his own satisfaction, turned his meek and confiding-looking oval face towards his intellectual superior, asked with docility and expectancy, as follows: "Brother Grayly, what sort of faith would you call that, which the

devils have, when it is said, 'They believe and tremble?'"

The answer to the question was awaited with open-mouthed anticipation. It was evidently a poser to the hair-splitting theologian himself; yet, affecting not to hesitate, he answered off-hand, although not without some stammering: "Why, why, I, I would call it—I would call it, *Dammin' Faif.*" This was said with a slight chuckle, as much as to say, "That is final, and incontrovertable." It did not occur, however, to the good old man, that if there was such a thing as *saving faith*, which he was always extolling, this definition of his, descriptive of the devil's faith, was scarcely consistent with his position of there being "*only one kind of faif.*" But we have wandered, and return from a too long episode.

On this occasion, coming in and looking on those present, and seeing the Rev. Mr. Welchman, he soon began to banter him about his proceedings in the Missipemoaning Circuit, where there was a large Scotch element yet unsupplied with their own Presbyterian ministry, who, though many of them did not become members of the Methodist Church, were much attached to the ministry of "Muster Wulchman," as they termed him. For, being of a metaphysical cast of mind, he had contrived to preach Arminianism, so that they could scarcely distinguish it from Calvinism; and where they could discern such a difference, he made Arminianism appear the more Scriptural and reasonable of the two. And what appears to have Scripture and reason on its side, will always enlist a Scotchman's

respect. They had gathered up a load of wheat, and taken it to the nearest market, to procure "Mustur Wulchman some braw claise."

"Brother Welchman," said Grayly, "Brother Slashly," (an English-Scotch local preacher, of some learning and great cleverness) "Brother Slashly tells me, that while you thought you were converting the Scotch Presbyterians, they were converting you all the time."

"How is that, Brother Grayly?" said Welchman.

"Why, have you not been administering the Lord's Supper without using our Liturgy? And giving it to the communicants in a sitting posture, instead of kneeling?"

Welchman replied, "that is partly true and partly not; and as far as I did deviate from our usual form, it was all according to discipline. I did use the essential part of the Liturgy, the prayer of consecration, although I used it from memory without reading it; and it would be more impressive, if we knew how to disuse the book in all of our sacramental services. I combined extempore prayer with the service, which the discipline allows us to do. A word as to the sitting posture, our discipline gives the candidate the choice of position; whether sitting, standing, or kneeling. It is only in one neighborhood in the circuit where we have allowed any departure from the usual mode, and our sacramental occasions there have been quite as impressive as any. You were a Methodist in the Old Country: Do you not know that our Wesleyan brethren of Britain dispense the supper in Scotland after the Presbyterian form, which would not be acceptable to

them in any other? To vary in these external matters, when scruples demand it, is the true genius of Methodism, which is principally concerned to maintain the vitals of religion."

Grayly answered, "I think myself there are several things in our Connexion which might be changed with advantage; and I hope that this Conference you are going to attend, and which they say is to organize a church for Canada, will provide for some things which are not quite as they ought to be."

"What are they, Brother Grayly?" responded Welchman.

"Why, I think the lay members of the Church should have a greater share in the proceedings of the Connexion than they have at present, and I am told some of Elder Ryan's friends are advocating lay-delegation in the Conference, just as they have among the Primitive Wesleyans, or Cloanites in Ireland."

"I have heard something about that," said Welchman, "it is a wave of the lay-delegation storm from the States, which is now pretty well set at rest in that country. But as long as the British and American Conferences do not adopt it, an infant Connexion such as ours will be, would not like to take the initiative in such a matter, for fear we might be denounced as illegitimate altogether. But I have lately learned through my Presiding Elder, on the strength of a private letter to him, that the Regnor brothers have a scheme on foot of some new element in our constitution, that while it will not appear so ultra as lay-delegation in the Conference, will as effectually

guarantee lay rights and interests. I do not know precisely the intended working of the measure, but it is to give the Quarterly Conferences of the Connexion some check on General Conference legislation, in all matters which affect the interests of the laity."

Young Davies here spoke up and said, "Brother Welchman, do you know does anyone contemplate moving for that other change, agitated in the United States affecting the influence of the generality of the preachers by limiting the prerogative of the Bishop: that is to say, the appointment of the Presiding Elders by Conference election, instead of the Bishop's choice as it now is.

Welchman replied, "A letter from one of the preachers, near York, informs me, that also is under consideration; and that a medium course is contemplated in that matter, as well as the other question we were speaking of, but I cannot give particulars."

"Who will you be likely to have for Bishop?" said McRorey. "You could not get a better man than Elder Case."

"Case would answer the best of any one we have among ourselves," said Welchman.

"'E his not 'alf as desarvin' hof hit has hold Helder Ryan," said Bursdale, who had just entered the door, outside of which he had been listening to the conversation for some minutes.

He was accompanied by the 'Squire, who chanced to be in the village on business, and whose dispassionate good sense led him to make the following utterance: "The rivalry between the two old Elders (that is,

the fact that other men seem to pit them against each other) is the very reason why neither of them should be appointed to that high office, both having friends and partizans. If it were not for that, I would say, by all means make a Bishop of Elder Case. As to making a Bishop of Elder Ryan, that is now out of the question, he having withdrawn at the last Conference; and, from the way he is going on, I am afraid he will not soon return. Only for the remembrance of the old rivalry, Elder Case's long services entitle him, and his good temper, seriousness, and dignity qualify him for the position. The only other preacher remaining, who is likely to be thought of at all, Father Whitehead, though he would command respect for his intelligence and genteel manners, is a superanuate, has an impediment in his speech, and has never had any chance to display administrative qualities, having never been even a Presiding Elder. Case is an administrator; and is so viewed by intelligent outsiders. I am told Archdeacon Stewart, of Kingston, a shrewd man, has said 'The Methodists should elect Elder Case for their Bishop.' But if they pass these old men by, it would be unseemly and hazardous to appoint one of the young ones."

At this stage of the conversation, young Alanson Firstman, who had been out travelling the whole of the preceding year on the Cornwallis circuit, under the Presiding Elder, but had run out to see his parents before Conference, had ridden up to the door; and bending downwards from his horse's back, looked in, and asked, if his father were there, McRorey's shop

being at that time, a very likely place to find a stray Methodist. Hearing his voice, all rushed out, and gave him a cordial greeting.

The 'Squire now lifted his shrill voice and said, "Come, brethren, all of you, and finish this conversation at my place. It is too late now, brother Welchman, to go on your journey to-day; besides, wife says, there are some of your traps at our place ever since last year. And as to you, Brother Davies, you, at any rate, didn't mean to start for Conference to-day. You will have a chance to ask Alanson how he has been getting on in his new circuit. There is no feed for your horses in the village unless you buy it; but there is plenty of hay in my barn, and any kind of grain you like at the mill; or, if you prefer it, you can have your horses out on good pasture. Come!"

Upon a short consultation, the preachers decided to go. The lay brethren also received an invitation to "drop in during the evening," when their business or work was over; which most of them promised to "try" to do. All were soon in their saddles, and on the road to River Side: the two Firstman's, father and son, and the two preachers, Welchman and Davies—the two young men riding in front, and the two seniors behind.

Just as they had cleared the village and had come to the turn westward to the 'Squire's from the Missipemoaning Road, they saw another equestrian bearing down upon them from the east, who beckoned to them to stop. And who should it turn out to be but genial, hearty George Pond?

He had been out in the work two years at least, the

last of them on the Jockland Circuit. He had been just now visiting the old homestead and his relatives in the neighborhood; and was riding over to see his old friend and fellow-countryman, Grayly, when he espied the cavalcade. The members of the troop now insisted he should go with them. He made some faint show of resistance, alleging he "must see Grayly;" but when they told him that that friend was almost sure to be with them before they broke up, he yielded himself a not very unwilling captive; and was borne off, as it turned out, to spend the night at River Side.

Their arrival made a great bustle in that hospitable "lodging place for wayfaring men." The time would fail to describe the mother's joy at meeting her long-absent son, the sisters' pride at seeing their showy brother, and the more boisterous demonstrations of the lesser ones at Alanson's return. It was also a great treat for the three young preachers, who had gone into the work from that Circuit. Two or three years before, they had sung the following together, with quivering lips and moistened eyes:—

"When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire;
Oft shall wearied love retire;
Oft shall death and sorrow reign;
Ere we three shall meet again."

But they had "met again," and now they can and do sing, with glowing hearts and faces:

"Saviour of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,

Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in Thy name."

But their young joy found extempore modes of expressing itself: and stories of hardships, adventures, comical scenes, ups and downs, things touching and things inspiring, followed in heterogeneous confusion and until a late hour.

Alanson, having been the last to try the vicissitudes of the itinerancy, was the first to be questioned.

"What is the size of the Cornwallis Circuit at the present time?" asked Pond, who had preceded him there as junior preacher, only the year before.

"We have enlarged it a good deal since your time," replied the other; "it extends from Provost to Cornwallis on the River, and from the River to the streams which run into the Francofluvia, embracing, in length, the breadth of five townships; and in its greatest width, the depth of two townships—that is to say, it is about fifty miles long, and twenty-four or five miles broad. It is now a six weeks' Circuit. Except at the Meeting-house, where we preach every Sunday, we are each once in six weeks in each place, which gives the people, in all the neighborhoods, except the one I mentioned, fortnightly preaching."

"You have then a third laborer on the circuit,' said Welchman: "Who is he?"

The preacher from Cornwallis resumed, "*Abner Throwdart* is the man."

"I am not surprised to hear it," said Davies, "he gave promise of usfulness, when I travelled with Brother Metcalf in the region where the family of

Throwdart resides. His eldest brother, *Woodman*, if he had obeyed an early call, would have been out in the field years ago; and the next younger, *Didymus*, is both gifted and zealous. The brothers are not brilliant but they are a strong-minded lot of fellows, I can tell you, and they will be sure to wear bright, and become like polished steel."

"That applies to Abner," resumed Alanson: "he is timid and bashfully awkward, but he has plenty of ideas and words as well, and, as he is very studious, he is sure to make his mark after some years. He was on the point of being married to one of the old German-Irish stock, which planted Methodism in New York and Canada; but he and she have agreed to postpone their marriage till he has passed through his probation."

"You had some American preachers from the States at your frontier camp meeting, I believe?" said one of the brethren in the rear. "How did you like them?"

"O, very well indeed, but they were not all *Americans:* one of them was an out and out Yorkshire man. His Yorkshire is so broad that he calls page, "poige," faith, "fith," preach, "proich," and the like. But he is a workman for all that: rich in Scriptural matter, fertile in invention as a sermonizer, and calm and able in delivery. He is at first sight a very forbidding man; large and shapely enough, but very dark skined, with a projecting forehead and beetling brows, almost concealing his small dark eyes, a heavy, homely unreadable countenance, and pock-marked also, rather neg-

lectful of his person, withal; he, however, is impressive from the opening sentences and fires up tremendously as he goes on. His voice is so strong and heavy that he never has to strain it, so that it is agreeable to hear; and in his private conversation, all the repulsiveness of his first appearance vanishes. Although he is no laugher, he is the most irresistably provoking to laughter of any man I know.

"He told us a story of one of his stopping places. It seems the wife of a Brother Brooks, a well-to-do class leader, was an oddity, and never offered the Circuit preachers, in their visits to the neighborhood, either food or lodging; and they always had to travel further on for refreshment. Bro. Bevitt, for that is his name, was forewarned at his first round on the Circuit; and it was no very good news to him as an Englishman, which nationality have a proverbial fondness for their stomachs. He never says much, but he simply remarked, '*I'll get something to eat, I'll let them see.*' His account of it was as follows:—I rode up to the door and knocked. A squeaking voice said, 'Come in.' 'Is this where Brother Brooks, the class leader, lives?' 'Ya'as,' in the same squeaking voice. 'Well, I'm Brother Bevitt, have you a stable?' 'Ya-as.' 'Tell the boy to take my horse to the stable, rub him down, give him hay, and after a little while give him water, and then oats.' 'Ya-as, here boy, take Brother Bevitt's horse to the stable and give him hay, oats, and water.' 'Sister Brooks, what have you good to eat?' Here commenced a long list of the very best edibles. 'Then,' said I, "go and

cook me some of everything you have got, for I am hungry.' 'Ya-as, Brother Bevitt.' She did as I bid her, and as she had promised, cooked it well, and I never had a better dinner. After dinner was over, I sat down by the fire, and asked her, 'Sister Brooks, have you a pipe and tobacco?' 'Ya-as.' 'Will you give me both, I want a smoke.' After I had smoked awhile, I felt very comfortable, and said, 'Sister Brooks!' 'What is it, Brother Bevitt?' I am told that you never offer the preachers anything to eat. Is it so?' 'I didn't know they wanted anything!' 'Well, I will, for I am an Englishman, and like plenty to eat. And I mean to come here when I like, stay as long as I like, and have plenty for myself and my horse, while I am here.' 'You'll be very welcome, Brother Bevitt.' After that her first question after entering the house was, "Brother Bevitt, *are you hungry?*'

"But the best part of the joke is to come; Mr. Bevitt became so great a favorite, that Sister Brooks insisted on his bringing Mrs. Bevitt to see her, he did so, and she was treated with great kindness; and before leaving Mrs. Brooks led her into the garden, and told her she thought 'Brother Bevitt the purtiest man she ever seen.' When Bevitt came to that part of the story, he laughed outright, for he makes a sport of his own ugly looks.

"He has been a local preacher since he was eighteen, and must have studied hard all that relates to sermon-making. He is travelling in the Genesee Conference under the Presiding Elder, not having

united with the Conference. There are several things in the States he does not like; and I shall not be surprised if he apply to our Canada Conference for admission. One thing he does not like there, is the pother they make about immersion. He says he would prefer being a 'Quoiker,' who satisfies himself with the *thing signified by his baptism*, to those who so far forget the spiritual character of the Christian dispensation as to exclude those whom 'Christ has received,' from the Lord's table, because they have not been put under water.

"He would have been eligible to receive elder's orders, in consideration of the long time he had been a local preacher, but he declined it, for fear he might be asked to immerse some one. He can be pretty blunt and sarcastic towards pragmatical pretentiousness, if he likes. A Baptist Elder within his Circuit had proselytized some of the Methodists, and with the boastfulness which characterizes some of that ilk, called after the Methodist preacher as he was passing, 'Ho! Brother Bevitt, I've been doing you the favor of washing some of your sheep.' Bevitt a little crusty at the loss of members, albeit he did not think them first-class, and disgusted at the impertinence of the purloiner, gruffly replied, without scarcely deigning to turn his head, 'P'raps yo'll foind out yo'av been scrubbin' soam of moi *hoags!*'"

The brethren resumed their talk about the Cornwallis Circuit.

Welchman spoke up, "Alanson, Bluffen is your preacher in charge, is he not?"

"Yes, and a jolly good fellow he is, too; and pushes the work with all his might."

Here they discussed another Circuit. Davies, turning to Pond, said familiarly, "Well, George, how are you getting on among the Irish immigrants of the Jockland Circuit? All well and smooth, I hope?"

"All right," rejoined the other, "only this wet summer has made the roads, which are always more or less miry, almost impassable.

The 'Squire, who had been a pilot of parties of distinguished explorers through that region, when it was new, and understood the nature of the country thoroughly, here became interested, and said, "It is the muddiest country I was ever in; and I suspect your lodgings are not very good, after your hard day's travel is performed?"

"Indeed, you are right, 'Squire, but the people do their best," replied their preacher; "the good woman of the house will often put the 'praycher' in their best bed along with her husband, and make a 'shake-down' in the opposite corner for herself and the 'childer.'"

"It is well," remarked Welchman, "if she does not have to put one or two of the latter into the foot of your bed, as I have often had it done to me, in more Circuits than one."

"That is nothing," said Davies; "it is only the other night, that I lodged where there was a large family in a one-roomed house, in which there were two beds, one in each of the two corners of the house farthest from the fire. The mother and two daughters

occupied one; and the father, son, and myself, the other one—while the entire floor, between the two beds, was occupied with a 'camp-bed,' and filled with little children, God bless them!"

"By the bye, George," said Davies, as if suddenly recollecting something, "George, they tell me you are getting soft on that young brunette—a mere girl—that step-daughter of Captain Wilson's; but I couldn't believe it, she is so young and giddy."

"Come, come!" said Pond, half jocular and half indignant. "Come, come, Master Owen, don't you talk irreverently of that lady; she is my wife!"

"Wife? Why, you are not married are you?"

"Yes, married a fortnight ago."

"Why, man, what were you thinking about? You are not yet through your probation; they will be hauling you up, at the Conference."

"Let them haul away," said Pond, defiantly, "I have broken no rule; there is no time fixed when a preacher is to be married.* Of course, I can claim no support until I am a member of the Conference, which I hope to be one year from now."

"You have just saved your distance, then," said Welchman, "if what I hear is true, that the leading influences of the Connexion, Elder Case in particular, are agreeing to recommend the enactment of a rule in our prospective organization, that any preacher marrying while on trial, shall be dropped in silence; a very

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* He was right, there was no rule forbidding a probationer to marry, as yet.

wise and a very necessary piece of ecclesiastical economy, in my humble opinion."

"You can very well afford to say that, Brother Welchman," said Pond, "seeing your own probation is passed."

Then turning to Davies, he said, "You were down on me, Master Owen, for getting married. You yourself will be married as soon as you are through your probation, I'll be bound."

"*Me*, Brother Pond?" said Davies.

"Yes, *you*. What about that plump, personable, comfortable-looking, pious *Maria Wrong*, of the township of Blank; that girl with the maternal sort of tone in her voice, like the subdued *cluck* of a motherly hen, who nursed you through that severe fit of sickness, you had while on that Circuit? If you are not engaged to her, you ought to be, if it were for nothing else but out of gratitude—that is to say, if she will have you; and I suppose she would, if you plead hard enough, for I think she is very pitiful."

"Talk of falling in love," said Pond, heated with his theme, "There is young Alanson, who has only been travelling about a year and a half; I'll be bound, that he has a sweetheart already—most likely on the Cornwallis Circuit. If he has not already done it, I would advise him to speak in time for that little, tidy, black-eyed, dark-haired daughter of old John Bailiff, by his first wife, who has been brought up by her aunt, that old retired Presiding Elder, Sawright's wife, who have no children of their own. Besides being cultivated, respectable and pious, she will stand a chance to have

what the Scotch about here call a *tocher*, from two several sources, something which a poverty-stricken Methodist preacher should not reject, no matter how fond he may be of singing,—

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor, wayfaring man."

To all this badinage Alanson made no reply, but looked a little something between shame and pride, while his mother furtively sought to read his countenance.

Welchman here interrupted Pond in his revelations of prospective marriages, in the following somewhat severe style: "It is a shame for you boys to be entangling yourselves with matrimonial engagements so early. Here am I, thirty-three years of age, and although I have travelled eight years I am as free to-day as the first day I went out to travel. There is not a circuit I have travelled on but I might have been married to some fine young woman if I had chosen."

"Then you ought to have chosen," chimed in the Mrs. Firstman, "and it would have been better for you to-day: a wife would have taught you lessons you need to learn, but which no one else will ever be interested enough in your welfare to take the pains to teach you."

Perhaps he thought she had observed reasons in him for what she said, and he made no reply.

The announcement of an appetizing supper stopped all mouths figuratively and literally for a time.

Singing followed. Alanson was a splendid singer

and he had to give specimens of the new pieces and tunes he had learned in his absence. Brother Welchman also sung his favorite, which he often gave as a solo in the pulpit, "The Weary Pilgrim's Consolation," with its sweet refrain,

"Jesus, Jesus is my portion,
Love as boundless as the ocean."

The Scriptures and prayer succeeded to this, and all parties retired for the night, with the purpose of rising early to allow the weary, wayfaring men to "head off" for the Conference. There were preachers enough to fill comfortably all the beds in the Prophet's Room. But though they retired, it was not to sleep until "the wee sma' 'ours." For stories of odd adventures; grave or tender incidents; texts, sermons, preaching, good times, and hard times in delivering the word; books; and discussions held, personal and public, (for every brother had to "club" his way in those days) occupied their thoughts and tongues till far on in the night.

CHAPTER XII.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A LONG PROCEEDING.

IN the morning, notwithstanding the late hours of the preceding night, they were up and off betimes, riding two and two, and adding to the cavalcade every half day, or so, until they reached the Conference, which took them nearly a week.

They knew the country well: that is to say, they knew where the good stopping places were—where to "bate" and where "to stop over night"—as also how to distribute themselves, so that some of the hostelries should not "be eased, while others were burdened, but that there should be equality." At night, they usually agreed on the place of *rendezvous* for the next day.

There was prayer in every family where any one or two of them called; and usually preaching every night by some of the brethren. You must not suppose a day's ride was very long; not often over thirty miles. Their horses were heavily laden, and some might have to traverse the Province nearly from end to end before they reached their fields of labor for the next twelve months, and they felt the importance of keeping their noble animals in travelling trim. Hence they usually arrived in time to circulate word that one of the

preachers on his way to Conference would preach in such a chapel, school-house, or private residence.

Each preacher usually aired his eloquence in turn: so that they had a chance of hearing and profiting by each other. There was preaching as diversified as the respective talents of the several brethren. There were the expository,—the argumentative, to the borders of the polemical,—and the hortatory styles of preaching.

They took the "back road" to Conference, as being the nearest, although by no means the smoothest.

Firstman took the travelling company, or at least some of them, to sundry families of relatives of his on the road. Davies took some of his choice friends to the mother's house of a certain young lady, who was referred to a page or two back, and they were kindly and comfortably entertained. Two young people in the company endeavored to seem as though there was nothing special between them, but they could not quite accomplish it.

The cavalcade called by the way on old Doctor Haystack, one of those primitive physicians, most of them from the States, perhaps not very regularly educated, who had contrived to get a license from the Board of Medical Examiners, who in that day authenticated all the physicians of the country; through whose hands, furthermore, it was not very hard to pass, for the good and sufficient reason, that some of its members were not very profound, and doctors were very much wanted throughout the country. Those extemporized physicians, although they may have been rather profuse in the prescription of barks, and

calomel, and jalap, learned a great deal, after killing a few people; and as they were shrewd and discerning men, were better qualified than any one else in the country to advise people in extremity. Two or three things may be said in their favor; they usually remained with their patients and watched the effect of their medicine; they were good nurses at least, and were not above taking hints from the wise old goodies, always found in a sick room, who looked important and talked knowingly of "yarbs," and "surups," and such like.

Some of these doctors were irreligious and some were infidels, but a large number were God-fearing men; and they, as they had not many intelligent associates, loved the company of the preachers who traversed the country, who were found to be men of reading and thought at least. On both sides, their several vocabularies of technical terms, were unsparingly drawn upon; and "exordium," "corallary," and "peroration," mingled with "phlebotomy," "cathartic," and "vesication."

The preachers often lodged with those hospitable sons of Esculapius, who, moreover, always prescribed in cases of need for the black coats gratis. Such a kind-hearted physician was Dr. H., who was truly serious, religious, and helpeful to the cause in all respects. He had furnished Davies with a horse upon his first going into the itinerant field, and it was natural for them to be mutually glad to meet.

The troop also all rode up together to the commodious house of Captain Burch. He was not a

brother, but was called by the Methodists "Brother-in-law Burch." He was not a member of the Church, but his excellent lady was. He was one of those men who might sit as models of Mercien's men of "Natural Goodness:" amiable, truthful, moral, calm, dignified, quiet, large-hearted, always at public worship, a liberal supporter of the cause, and a cordial welcomer of the travelling preachers, whom he was always glad to see, and whose company he very much enjoyed, yet who felt he was "not good enough to join the church." Good or bad, it would have been a good bargain to have exchanged half a dozen of some in the church for this one outsider. He began with a captaincy in the militia, but although he was promoted in due order to a higher rank, in common parlance, he was still "Captain," and he was too meek to be exacting on the subject. A large personable man was he, not unlike Bishop Hedding, when in middle life.

At Regiopolis, the cavalcade was swelled by such distinguished accessions as Metcalf, and Healy, and Presiding Elders Case and Smith, and even Bishop Hedding, while yet others augmented the retinue before the historic, if not classic, "Earnestown Meeting House" was reached, with its glorious surroundings of Palatine homesteads.

It is no part of our province, or intention, to give a literal and detailed history of the eventful Conference of 1828 at Earnestown. If the reader desires authentic and full particulars, are they not written in the Published Minutes, Playter's History, and the

Itinerant's Memorial, otherwise called Case and his Contemporaries? Consult them.

It is enough for us to say, that after the hand-shaking, embracing, shoulder-slapping, among the ardent brotherhood assembled, had subsided, one of the reverend Bishops of the general church, with which Upper Canada Methodism had been identified until that time, the venerable Elijah Hedding by name, opened the Conference in the usual form, calling for the reading of the roll, and the election of a Secretary.

After which the usual routine business was transacted: characters were examined—candidates were received—and probationers passed on another degree, held back, or put back for some fault, as the case demanded, or graduated to deacons, or elders' orders.

One item of extraordinary business was transacted: a resolution was passed, resolving themselves into a Convention for the organization of an Independent Canadian Methodist Church. At this, the Bishop essayed to vacate the chair, as having no further jurisdiction; but he was urged to retain it, and aid the Canada preachers in completing the business they had undertaken, which he consented to do.

What was done, will come out in the course of a conversation, the particulars of which we have yet to give.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NEW PREACHER BUT THE OLD GOSPEL.

AFTER the preachers had been absent from Lake River Circuit about three or four weeks, the Methodist people at Round-Island, River Side, Bothersom's Corners, Sifter's Mill, Richey's Falls, Windfall, Burntland, and other places in that region, began to be very anxious to hear from the Conference. To appreciate their dearth of intelligence the reader must ignore the existence of railroads, daily mails, daily papers, or indeed any paper whatever that dealt in Methodist news, and telegraph offices; and place himself back in the age of weekly papers and mails, and few of them; private, for public conveyances, and slow at that; and ninepence (15 cents) for each several bit of paper transmitted through the mail: he will then have some conception of the slowness with which intelligence travelled from one part of the country to another.

True, Alanson Firstman had written to his friends from Regiopolis on his way to Conference; but then it had taken a week to come to Round Island post-office; then there must needs be a delay of a day or two before its seal was broken at River Side. And when it was opened, it contained nothing but the incidents of the journey to the place where it was dated, and the

news relative to the relations of the family, seen or heard from; and of no special interest to any outside of the family-connexion, who might chance to get some snatches of its often-read contents.

Indeed, there was no time for a letter, after the real business of the Conference was completed, to transmit information with the facilities then in existence, before a courier direct from the Conference might reach there. Nay, the preachers themselves did not know with any kind of certainty, where they or their brethren were to be the next twelve months, until their names were read off in the very last act of the drama, for Forest Circuit, or Swampland Mission, or some other place equally uninviting.

Round Island was the point of ingress to the Lake River country. It was on the main road to Missipemoaning and all the back regions. McRorey's shop, although it furnished no accommodations for man and beast, was usually the place where an incoming preacher was directed to call for information on his way to "Head-Quarters" and elsewhere in the circuit. It was also the trysting, or lounging place for all the Methodist influences from the country around, when they came into market, to mill, or the shop, as the case might be, to call to make inquiries, and talk over whatever might be transpiring in the Methodist world, or the Church at large.

On about the 13th or 14th of October, 1828, sundry of the above mentioned influences chanced to be in "the shop" of Brother McRorey, inquiring if he had received any news from the Conference.

There was the 'Squire, Brother Bursdale, Solomon Grayly, Didymus Pond, a worthy brother of George Pond, and a local preacher, Johannis Johnson, an intelligent and pleasant Methodist from England, who was long the Recording Steward of the circuit, and several others, who will be mentioned if need require. Their common solicitude was "news from the Conference." The two Englishmen present resorted to the sedative influence of their pipes, which the others were happily not in the habit of using.

At length, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, their attention was drawn to a gentleman on horseback, or more strictly speaking, mounted on a smart, wiry, showy, little bay mare, with the usual accompaniments of valise and saddle-bags. It beginning, at this time in the autumn, to be a little cool—night and mornings, his gracefully cut cloak was on his person, instead of being on the mail pad, and was worn jauntily by him, who was straight and showy. He dismounted, tied his steed to a post, and entered the room. As he was a stranger, no one took any liberties with him, for his personal appearance was such as to command respect. He was a little above the medium height, but being lithe and slender, he seemed taller. His head was small and round, but well poised on a long, straight neck, and covered with jet black hair, rather closely cut. His features were regular and delicate, and his cheeks showed the "native white and red." His carriage was free and graceful, and if his hands and feet had not been a trifle beyond the aristocratic size, he would have been pronounced fault-

lessly genteel looking. Despite a marked peculiarity of air and utterance, he soon placed them at their ease.

"I see from the sign over the door, this is Mr. McRorey's shop?" (making the while, a graceful bow, with hat in hand.) "My name is *John Black*, I'm a native of Gorey, County of Wexford, Old Ireland. Some years ago, I landed on the shores of Canada; and I said, Lord, if thou hast anything for me to do, here's John. In 1823, Elder Ryan called me out and set me to help our beloved Brother Williams on the Cornwall circuit, in the time of the great revival. Since then, I have travelled in the Goulburne circuit among my countrymen. Next, I went to Cobourg among the stylish Methodists there, who would call you *brother* in the lovefeast, but *mister* if they met you on the road. The last two years I have been on the noble Toronto circuit. And the Conference which has just risen, has sent me to spend this Conference year wid you. Hope we will have good times, brethren —good times!"

Then he gave the extended hand to every one of the company, attended by his unfailing bow, and quick and kindly inquiries about each person's country, residence, employment, and number in family. And he could have remembered them, and made them all occasions of prayer at the next season of social devotion.

Then, with a shrewd perception of their desire for news, and in conformity with his usual custom of anticipating inquiries, he said in his laconic way:—

"Fine Conference, brethren! Have set up for ourselves, and have adopted the name of 'Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada.' Have elected Rev. Wilbur Fish, M. A., for our Bishop. He is to have associated with him an 'Advisory Committee,' elected by ballot, to recommend the choice of Presiding Elders. You laymen have now a hand in all legislation, affecting lay and financial interests: two-thirds of all the Quarterly Conferences in the Connexion must give their consent, before any new measure on such matters can become law. Each class has more concern in the appointment of its leader now; for the preacher in charge cannot appoint a leader to any class 'contrary to its wishes.'"

Mr. Johnson, the only drawback to whose general appearance of cultivation was, that he invariably gave his aspirates the reverse position to the one they ought to have occupied, observed: "Mr. Black, I wonder that you, han hold country Methodist, did not hoppose the American idea of ha Bishop hon British soil."

"British soil, British soil! Did not Mr. Wesley himself appoint Bishops for America? And, sir, did we not get that form of Methodism from the States? The Methodist Bishops are noble men, noble men, Sir! I wish you could see Bishop George and Bishop Hedding, sir. When I came to Canada, in 1818, the British Missionaries were on the ground, and I joined Mr. Pope's Society, out on the majestic St. Lawrence; but when the arrangement was made between the two Conferences, and the Missionaries withdrew from

Upper Canada, in 1820, or '21, I did not, like some of his flock, wander away on the commons, but went at once into the Canadian fold. And it becomes me to be as humble as a little child, and not innovate on the form of Methodism where I have found a home, sir."

"But," said Mr. Bursdale, "you 'av honly one Coonference? What do you do for a General Coonference, that tha heelect delegates to, once hin hevery four years hin the Staetes?"

"No, we can have no delegated General Conference yet; but, until we have more than one Annual Conference to elect them, our General Conference, which is to meet like theirs, once in four years, will consist of 'all the travelling Elders, who have travelled the four years last past.' These are likely to be the wisest and most experienced men of the Connexion."

After these statements, no one was much inclined to criticize the doings of Conference. In fact, Mr. Black was always so loyal to the authorities of the Connexion, and so obligingly condescending among the people, that his Circuits were never liable to be the theatres of agitation.

After an understanding with the 'Squire, that he should ride up to River Side for supper and lodging, Brother Johnson was allowed to bear the stranger away to his home in the village for dinner, where he was smilingly received by the Scotch-Presbyterian mistress of the family. Two or three country brethren followed.

After dinner, Mr. Johnson, while solacing himself

with a pipe, said, "Mr. Black, har' you married?"

To this question he replied by singing his favorite solo :—

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

"I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear,
For mine I humbly claim;
Better than daughters, or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus's name."

Big Ben Bummer was one of those who accepted Mr. Johnson's invitation to share the preacher's dinner and company, and gave the appropriate big drum tap at each emphatic turn of the tune. Prayer followed, in which the newly-arrived mentioned the names, families, and secular or spiritual interests of all he had met with or heard of, since coming into the circuit, a few hours before. A dish of talk about "Ould Ireland" with Brother Bummer filled up the afternoon until it was time to set out for the 'Squire's, on the way to which he was overtaken by his late fellow traveller, Owen Davies, who had lingered over the previous night at a certain place in the township of Blank; as also Alanson Firstman, who had tarried at an uncle's in the township of Catley, where he had awaited the arrival of Brother Davies by appointment.

Precious was the company of a brother through the long stretches of bush without human habitations, which the preachers had often to pass in those days. Davies was returning, to pick up his traps on his late circuit, and to pass on to the Jockland circuit, which G. Pond was vacating for the "Boytown" circuit, who had come in with them also, but turned his horse's head towards the paternal homestead. A. Firstman was appointed to the Missipemoaning circuit, and had, of course, if had had no friends to visit, to pass over the Lake River Circuit, in getting to his own.

Arriving at the 'Squire's, it was only a few minutes before Brother Black had the baby on his knee, and all the little ones around him, with whom he continued a great favorite as long as he remained on the circuit. When the company had got finally seated for the evening around the fire, which began to be agreeable of nights, then Conference and Connexional matters were resumed. The 'Squire kindly asked "what position his old friend and frequent lodger, Elder Ryan, occupied."

"Alas," said Mr. Black, "he is just where his withdrawal, last Conference, placed him; outside the church."

"Oh, that's a pity. Was he not at the Conference?"

Davies replied in behalf of the Conference.

"Yes, he sent in a letter, accompanied by petitions from a number of his friends, proposing an outside arbitration between him and the Conference. The

Rev. W. Chamberlayn, A. Prindle, W. Brown, and J. Richardson, were appointed a committee, of whom he chose two, the Conference two, and they a fifth, (Ezra Healy,) to take the proposals into consideration and report thereon. Their report was adverse to the outside arbitration. A motion carried, offering him the privilege of making further proposals in writing. His final proposal was literally as follows, for I took a copy of it :—'If the Conference will rescind that vote, which was the cause of my withdrawing, I will give them a pledge in writing that I will agitate nothing among the people respecting former difficulties, provided they will give me a written pledge, that their members shall not with impunity attack my character.' The exact resolution of the Conference I also copied; it was this :—'The Conference cannot accede to the above proposal.' Thus, the old gentleman's case was dismissed from the Conference."

"I am not a very wise man," said Black, "and must hope the Conference wiser than I am; but I felt to wish they might have stepped down a little to humor the poor old man's foible, and thus open some way for his return."

"There was nothing to hinder his return," said Davies, who began to develope his characteristic loyalty to the Conference and its doings, "there was nothing to hinder his return; the Bishop told him when he withdrew, that there was 'nothing against his character.' If he had asked to be allowed to return, without stipulating conditions, the recollection of their old love to him, would have caused their hearts to

go out towards him anew, notwithstanding the uneasiness he has been creating for several years."

"I learned," said Alanson, "from some of the older ministers, that the old Elder is disappointed at the separation from the States, and the organization of a Canadian Church; as he was fully persuaded that those who are now at the helm would not have sought for such a separation; or the American General Conference would not have consented to it, or that they would not have withdrawn their jurisdiction, if it had been sought; in which case, he would have appealed to British feeling to aid him in forming a party."

"Has he no friends in the Conference?" said the 'Squire.

"I hope we are all his friends;" said Mr. Black, "and for my part, I cannot forget old times. Besides, I observed at the Conference, that several have a very strong sympathy for him; his old friends Whitehead and Jackson, for instance; and among younger ones, Bluffen, Atwood, and others."

"His not Mr. Fisk han Hamerican, that you 'ave helected Bishop," said Mr. Bursdale, who had come in and joined in the conversation some time before.

"He is," replied Mr. Black, "but he is said to have a great admiration for British institutions."

"I should have thought," said the 'Squire, "that Nathan Bangs, who was converted and performed his first labors in Canada, would have been a more likely candidate."

"He was the first thought of, but he discouraged it, and recommended the choice of his friend Fisk."

"If he refuses," asked one of the company, "what can you do?"

"There is provision in the constitution," said Davies, "for calling a special meeting of the General Conference, which alone has the power of electing a Bishop."

"You have regular meetings of the General Conference only once in four years, I suppose?" said the 'Squire.

"Yes," rejoined Davies, "but the time appointed for the first regular one is in 1830, only two years from now."

Brother Black, who could not sit long in one place, and who wearied of any very long discussion of one subject, here arose and walked the room, twirling his watch-key the while, and singing the "Apostate's Lament." It did not, however, have the solemnizing effect he perhaps anticipated; for certain peculiarities in his manner of singing it, sometimes moved the risibles of some of the tasteful singers in the company, while he moaned out—

"O that I were some burd or a beast,
O that I were a stork, or an owl;
O that I were some lofty tree,
And the winds around me howl."

At head-quarters he found the "Plan of the Circuit," something as different from what you understand by a "Circuit Plan" at this time as any thing you can

imagine. Fancy a ruled sheet of paper the columns headed as follow, and in the order:

Preaching Places	Day of Week	Hour	Dist'ce	Leader	Lod'gs	Rem'ks

From this plan, he found that the following evening, being Thursday, was the fortnightly turn for the School-House in that neighborhood.

Couriers were sent around to announce that the "New Preacher" would preach at "early candle-lighting," and the house was comfortably filled. He opened with an appropriate hymn impressively, but peculiarly read:

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

This was followed by a truly characteristic prayer for the people, of whom he had obtained knowledge by rambling among them through the day, (for he was a diligent visitor, and easily introduced himself) for himself, and the brethren in the pulpit with him. Next, another short hymn, and he introduced himself as follows: "A new preacher, brethren, but the old Gospel! You have often been addressed from the words of the Psalmist—the Prophet—or the Apostle, but I am not agoing to address you from any of these; I will preach to you to-night from the words of a *Fallen Spirit.* You will find my text in Acts xvi., 17.: 'These are the servants of the Most High God, which show unto us the way of salvation.'" A great deal followed by way

of introduction about witches and fortune-tellers, in which many people "in Old Ireland" believed, where he showed, in his own peculiar way, man's need of salvation—the salvation provided—the need of being shown this method of salvation, and the appointment of human instruments to do it. After announcing his plan, he informed his congregation that he would be short, in order to make way "for their late worthy preacher, Brother Davies, to exhort," and that Brother Alanson Firstman would pray; and he hoped they would have "good time, a good time."

It was "a good time," for though his very unusual manner was something to be got used to before you could perfectly relish it, like acquiring a new appetite, his unmistakable piety, simplicity, and originality soon won all hearts. He was not what you would call a revival preacher, yet he was very successful in keeping a flock together, and in building up a charge.

The only thing noticeable in his history connected with this circuit was, that immediately before leaving for another circuit, he took a step which prevented his singing "The Pilgrim's Lot" with the same propriety he used to. His smoothly shaven face looked young, but, as he had some recollection of the troubles of '98, it was evident that, if he ever intended to marry, it was time he should take some measures in that direction. Joined to this, a blooming young widow, pious, gifted, and notable as a house-keeper, the respectability of whose friends in Ireland he thoroughly knew, had "a cottage in the wilderness," and on that circuit if he had none, and if he had "no babes to hold him here,"

she had an interesting little daughter, to whom the preacher became greatly attached. No wonder, therefore, that when his name was read off at the close of the next Conference, for the neighboring Missipemoaning Circuit, he should have turned to his friend Davies, who was *standing*, (by his side,) like himself, to receive his *sentence;* no wonder, we say, that he seized him by the arm and said, in his quick, eager manner, "I'LL TAKE THE WIDOW! I'll take the widow!"

CHAPTER XV.

NEW EVENTS, AND NEW MEN.

TWO years passed since the last recorded meeting at River Side. Mr. Black has completed his year on Lake River Circuit, "taken the widow," and performed a year's service on the Missipemoaning.

Davies has spent one on the Jockland, and one on Frontier Circuit, where he fulfilled Brother Pond's prediction about Maria Wrong, who upon trial turned out all right.

Alanson has filled up his year on Missipemoaning, and another he has spent back among his friends on the Lake River Circuit, whence he went out into the field. In this particular, he has passed through the same experience as Davies.

These two years we say have passed, and these brethren, and all the other members of the Conference have met at Regiopolis Annual Conference, and have received their appointments. The *statu quo*, and some of the station will be understood from the following short note from A. Firstman to his friends at River Side :—

"REGIOPOLIS, August 24, 1830.

"DEAR PARENTS,—Instead of going out to Conference by the Back Road ; I pushed straight out to the

Great River, and went up the Front Road. Consequently, I saw none of our relations by the way, excepting uncle Virgil. It was livelier and more cheerful the way I went. Brother Black joined me at Round Island, and we picked up several of our old friends by the way, such as Welchman and Davies, besides several grave old ministers, such as Waldron, Healy, and Madden.

"Bishop Hedding is here on a visit, and performed the ordinations on Sunday; but Elder Case, of course, occupies the chair as the legal Superintendent, *pro tem.* I perceive, however, that he keeps the Bishop by his side, and is very glad to avail himself of his suggestions in any case of perplexity. I imagine that our young Conference, with its new-born energy, will require to be kept a little in check.

"The stations are all but decided, although there is a good deal of unfinished business, which we are to adjourn to Belleville to close up, it being the place fixed for the first General Conference to meet, according to the decision of the Earnestown Conference, two years ago; and all the travelling Elders have to be there, who constitute a large part, and, of course, the most influential men in our Annual Conference. As I am now a member of the latter, having received deacon's orders last Sunday, I go there also.

"I give you below the stations on the circuits adjoining to Lake River, in which you will feel interested:—

Transmorass (Circuit,) E. H———, and a young Irishman, (who will travel under the Presiding Elder,) whom they call *Jeremiah Brogan*, said to be promising.

Missipemoaning.—Carlos Bush; Jockland, Baptist Bombas, a new man in our region.

"I am sent myself, away beyond Missipemoaning, to the *Wild Woods Mission*, a new creation.

"*River Side* has a stranger appointed to it, whom I never saw, and who was not at Regiopolis, although, they tell me, he has travelled on three several circuits. He is, I believe, a very young man, and said to look much younger than he is—like a beardless boy. Let us hope he may be able to manage the circuit, with all the cases of difficulty which seem to spring up so frequently of late years.

"His name is *William Warble*. He has been travelling the last year with Brother Bluffen, who calls him "Willie," and 'Little Will.' Perhaps I shall see him at Belleville. Bluffen tells me he has written to him to put his Jinny before his waggon, and bring his Betty, (his wife,) down to Belleville on his way to his circuit.

"If I meet him there, I will drop you a line by him, as I intend to go down to Cornwallis Circuit before I return home *en route* to my mission.

"I hope Brothers Alton and George, and Brethren Dydimus Pond and Playright are trying to keep up the Sunday appointments (?)

"Love to all at home.

"Your affectionate son,

"ALANSON."

On a Thursday afternoon, about the 15th of September, ominously bright (for all the early part of the day had been dark and lowering) the family stood at the wide door of the passage-way (it scarcely deserved to be dignified with the name of *hall*) of the "Old House," at River Side, the "New House" being still in the future: I say the 'Squire's "family," or rather a representation of them, consisting of father, mother, Hephzy, the only daughter who had come up to woman's estate, Lucinda, yet a school girl, and four or five younger ones of both sexes, were either in

the passage-way, the door or grouped around the door, enjoying the glories of the western sun, for it faced north-west, when a man on horseback was seen on the crest of the hill in the lane which commanded a view of the house and mill, together with the river.

He was in preacher garb and accoutrements: a pair of moleskin overalls covered a pair of corduroy trousers, made for every day service; a single-breasted, parson-gray coat, but with turned down collar, not rounded away below, but notched instead, a kind of cross between the "daddy coat" and the dress coat, which cross, young men about that time largely adopted, as a compromise between a fashionable coat and the Quaker cut which had been considered the orthodox preacher's coat since the days of John Wesley.

If any one wants to have an ocular representation of the kind of coat I am trying to describe (the compromise coat I mean) let him examine the portrait of the eloquent John Summerfield, and he will see how neat and sightly they were. The stranger had, young as he was, the broad-leafed gray hat on his head. He was mounted on a sleek, strong, low, long-bodied bay mare, said to be one of the Dutch type of horses, with valise in front, saddle bag across the saddle, and his fear-nought great-coat strapped on behind, while his umbrella, like a pistol in holster, dangled from the saddle pommel.

A fat little girl, about three years of age, with her flaxen hair hanging around her plump little shoulders, toddled on her thick fat legs up the lane to meet, what she thought to be her brother; the stranger

reached down and took hold of one of her two little cushion-like hands extended upwards, and drew her up on the saddle before him, and imprinted a kiss on her cheek. He was not afraid to kiss little ones; except in whose case, he had never touched any woman's lips but his mother's since he was born, as he had never had a sister to kiss!

The tall figure of the 'Squire approached him, extended his hand, and said, "This is our new preacher, I suppose?"

"Ye-es, a substitute for a preacher, sir; you will have a good deal to bear with in me, and you must put up with me the best way you can."

"Come, alight! This is my wife; this is Hephzibah, my daughter; this Lucinda," then came the names of the younger children.

The two sons at home and some stout growing boys were absent. The preacher was told that he was welcome "a thousand times"—that that was his home while on the circuit—and he was shown the way to the "Prophet's Room," and the plan of the circuit handed to him, in the hand-writing of his predecessor, Alanson Firstman.

The column for "Remarks," contained nothing very noticeable excepting in connection with one "Lodging Place," there was this, "N.B.—Be not dismayed at the *roughness* of 'Squire Richer: he is very kind at the bottom," albeit this 'Squire Richer was a *character* in his way, who possibly may come to view among our portraitures.

The preacher, according to previous intimation, was

the bearer of a letter from Alanson to his sister, with the contents of which Warble became acquainted long after. It was to this effect:—

"BROCTON, Sept. 13, 1830.

"DEAR HEPHZY,—This will be be given you by the hand of your newly appointed preacher, who I think will not fascinate you very much, with his high, round shoulders, short neck, and hat with leaf so broad that it nearly drowns him. Nevertheless, you will see he has a fair, fresh young countenance, when he takes off his hat. You will probably never get very well acquainted with him, for he is bashful in the society of ladies, a little hard of hearing, and with his nose forever stuck in a book. He was studying Lord Kaims' Elements of Criticism, by my side in the wagon all the way from Belleville to G——.

"*Apropos* of this; I left old Boxer in pasture at G——— on the way up, and passed up in a boat to Regiopolis. I went to Belleville by a similar conveyance. But during my stay in the latter place, I got the chance of purchasing a rockaway cheap, and I bought it. Brother Warble having his horse at Belleville, a noble animal for saddle or harness, was easily persuaded to put her before my covered carriage; we put our traps inside, and rode together to where I had left my horse; when I put Boxer into the shafts, and allowed Brother Warble to take to his mare's back again, although he gave certain significant indications, that he would like to retain his place under the awning, and lead his mare behind; but I thought it too much of a good thing. He chose not to turn north at the Bessytown meeting-house, but to come on with me to see this village, where we are stopping to-night. He leaves for Lake River in the morning; but I will go on down as far as *Father Sawrite's, where I have*

some little matters to attend to. I shall probably be home next week, some time. Good-bye!

"BROTHER ALANSON.

"P. S.—I preached once, and Brother W. twice in our journey here.

"A. F."

Our hero was very much pleased to have a *home.* He had not had one on any one of the three several Circuits he had travelled: no place in particular where he might go when his work was done, or to rest himself when he was tired; no place where to leave his clothes to be washed and mended, such matters being left to accident; but here he had all the *desiderata* required. And the place, furthermore, was so quiet and so tidy. All were kind, and all connected with the family seemed to fulfil the conditions of Methodist strictness and plainness.

If there was any exception to the last item, it was Hephzy, perhaps; and yet Warble could hardly say in what particular she was wanting in Christian plainness and simplicity in dress. She wore nothing but a buff-colored gingham dress; her flaxen hair was waved into no curls; but then, she was so straight, slender, sylph-like, and gliding in her movements, that the plainest articles of dress on her person seemed showy.

But worst of all, she wore two very tiny ear-drops, evidently of pure gold and shiny. That was a violation of Scripture and the Discipline, both of which prohibited "the wearing of gold."

Then, if we may be allowed to anticipate, the next Sunday afternoon, when she came into the service at

Round Island, whither she had ridden down (for she was a fearless and elegant rider) habited in her tight-fitting, but flowing skirted riding habit, and jaunty looking bonnet—without bows, feathers, or artificials, it is true—but with ribbons so gently puffed and composed of such well contrasted colors, he saw it was not the solemn Quaker scoop, nor yet the modestly flared, open cottage bonnet, and thought, somehow, that her appearance was hardly Methodistical. Yet he would scarcely like to have seen it changed, the whole was so well-fitting and comfortable, and so pleasant a vision for the eye to rest upon—so different from those nondescript feathery hats, which might as well be carried on a ten feet pole over the shoulder as where they are, so far as comfort and symmetry are concerned.

When he became a little better acquainted with her, he felt it his duty as her pastor, to expostulate a little with her about her ear-rings: at which time he received the following plea:—She was always her father's favorite; at one time "when she was a very little, little girl," he went to Montreal for goods and brought these home to his little daughter; her ears were pierced, and she wore the rings until she became converted, a few years before our present date. She was immersed in Lake River, and having heard the *General Rules* read, which prohibit "the wearing of gold," she had laid them aside until some little affection of the eyes formed the excuse, if not the reason, for resuming them. She never wore them *both* at a time after this conversation. Sometimes a single tiny drop glistened

through her blonde locks. A certain engagement, entered into a year later, induced her to forego them altogether; and we never learned that her eyes ever severely suffered from giving them up.

So much for Hephzy, except that we might say, that from about this time, she became so much the subject of approval and speculation on the part of unmarried preachers, that because of the occurrence of her name in that notable passage in the prophet (Isaiah lxii., 4,) they came to call the neighborhood of River Side—"THE LAND OF BEULAH."

We have given a paragraph or two which may perhaps interest the ladies, if no others, and now turn to matters of more indispensable value.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW OFFICIAL, BUT AN OLD FRIEND.

THE first quarterly meeting of this Conference year for Lake River Circuit was a time of great enjoyment at River Side.

The Presiding Elder was new to the District and new to the office, although thirteen years a travelling preacher, which was then thought to be a long time in the ministry; but he was not new to the Circuit and to the 'Squire's hospitable board and cheerful hearthstone: he was no other than the pious, gentlemanly, able, and lovable *Franklin Metcalf*. He was then a widower, and his native exuberance of spirits was somewhat suppressed by his recent bereavement of the estimable Irish lady who had been the companion of his joys and sorrows, a person who had been well known in that region.

Besides the preacher on the Circuit, the following laborers on neighboring Circuits had come to meet the new Presiding Elder, and enjoy the quarterly meeting; these were the Rev. Carlos Bush, Baptist Bombas, and young Jeremiah Brogan. A short description of each may be desirable:

The first, *Carlos Bush*, was a Canadian. He had been converted young, and soon began to exhort; and being lively and tender in his mode of address,

and able to utter words with volubility, whether significant or not, his unsophisticated neighbors thought him "terrible smart," and speculated on the probability of his "producing a dreadful great man." And as the demand for laborers was great, he had been taken out on a Circuit, full eight or ten years before our present date—at first, for one or two years, under a Presiding Elder, and then received on trial. But strangers had not the partial view of his capabilities that his relatives and neighbors entertained.

Canada had afforded him but an imperfect English education. He did not pronounce correctly, he could not spell, and his Syntax was equally at fault. He was in the habit of using such contractions as the following, then very common among the country population of Canada: *grandfather* was "granfer;" and the question "What sort of a preacher is he?" would be "What fer a preacher is he?"

Next, his mode of analyzing was fertile to the extent of making distinctions where there was no difference. In preaching from the words of Scripture—"Walk in the light as He is in the light," he "discovered" (a word often used by raw preachers in that day) he "discovered" that the "light" spoken of comprised—

1. *The Light of Nature.*
2. *The Light of Conscience.*
3. *The Light of the Spirit.*
4. *The Light of Experience.*
5. *The Light of Revelation;* and
6. *The Light of the Scriptures.*

"WALKING" in that light included,—

1. *Motion.* "And sometimes a man makes a *motion* and his wife *seconds* it"—good in itself but scarcely deducible from the motion implied in walking. So also,
2. *Walking implied movement.*
3. *And it implied Progress.*

With some, he had been well received and made useful, but his deficiencies kept him on trial so long, that his practiced farmer's eye discovered a good lot of land in one of his circuits to be had cheaply; and that same eye also discovered a comely farmer's daughter. The result was, he "located," took up the lot of land, and took to himself Miss Philips to aid him in bringing the comforts of a farmstead around him. During the years of retirement, he had been active as a local preacher, and learned a good many things adapted to develope his mind, and to prevent his repeating the mistakes of early years.

God had set him free from domestic entanglements by removing his wife. He was called out a year under the Presiding Elder, and now proposed as a single man, and placed in the last year of his probation. And though he was only on trial, yet he had obtained deacon's orders as one more than four years a local preacher, which gave him a *prestige* he would not have had as an unordained probationer. This was one of the adaptabilities of the Episcopal *regime*, and one of the contrivances of that day, to give certain preachers an influence and to furnish people with

sacramental opportunities which otherwise they would not have had.

The ordination of such a brother, given while in the local ranks, made his administration of the ordinances as valid as if he had first travelled four years; and though but newly coming out, he entered on his circuit with all the *prestige* of one in the full ministry—performing baptisms, assisting the Elder at the sacrament, and celebrating marriages. For about this time, the Methodist clergy, in common with all dissenters, obtained the right of legally solemnizing matrimony; thanks, in a good part, to the trenchant pen of Justin Regnor. Yea, this ordination gave its recipient influence in other circuits than his own. Thus, Brother Warble, who entered the Conference in full connexion the next year along with Brother Bush, was fain to procure him to come over into his circuit, to dispense baptism, in remote parts of his field of labor, too distant for the mothers to take their babies to the quarterly meetings, where vast numbers of little ones were usually dedicated to God by the Presiding Elder, and where the wail of infants was often heard making it "a place of weepers." This brother worked his circuit very efficiently during the year of which we write.

The *Rev. Baptist Bombas*, who has been mentioned as one of the company at River Side enjoying the company of Mr. Metcalf, was also in deacon's orders, but not ordained like the other mentioned, as a *local* minister, but a *travelling* minister, to which status he had graduated by a slow process; he had been nearly

two years under the Presiding Elder's direction, and three under the Conference, after having been received on trial.

Willie Warble had heard him exhort, in the absence of a regular minister, full ten years before, in the meeting-house where Warble's mother worshipped. At that time Mr. Bombas was dressed in a coat of "bottle green" color, cut however in the orthodox preacher style, and he had the bearing and *empressment* of a preacher.

He was a character in his way: clerical in his manners, and leaving the odor of sanctity in the families where he sojourned—serious in his conversation and authoritative in the pulpit. And many of the guileless would say, he was a "larnt man, and used beautiful language."

His subject was always propounded in pretended logical form, and he always used the longest and most pretentious words to be found. His diction and style of speaking were after the model of the preacher, who, in assigning the reason why he intended to be brief, remarked, "I have an evil in my physical organization, and must therefore avoid prolixity, and study compenderosity." Or it was after that other preacher (these are real facts) who announccd for his text, "We are the circumcision, who worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh;" and then said, "We have four things in this text, which I shall endeavor to present before you, namely: 1stly. An Evangelical Appellative: 'We are the circumcision.' 2ndly. We have Fruity of Unctu-

osity: 'Worship God in the Spirit.' 3rdly. Divine Exhilaration: 'Rejoice in Christ Jesus;' and 4thly. Excision of Corporality: 'No confidence in the flesh.'"

Some might think that these violations of simplicity and good taste, would neutralize the truth expressed in such pompous phrase. Such, however, should remember that as they became earnest, they fell into more natural forms of expression. And even with these blemishes remaining, where the truth is taught in the spirit of the Master, they cannot restrict the blessing which God Himself gives to the word. As an example of our position, Brother Bombas was more successful that year on his Circuit than almost any other preacher on the District; and the people within his field of labor witnessed such a revival as they had not seen for many years before, if indeed they had ever enjoyed such a one before.

The two men already described were over thirty, if indeed the last mentioned were not nearer forty; the other preachers in the company were very young. The reader has already received some inkling of Brother Warble, then a little past twenty-one years of age. The next to be described, barely mentioned before, was perhaps a few months younger.

This latter was *Jeremiah Brogan*, whom his intimate friends, mostly in his absence, with the kindliest feelings and from no feeling of disrespect, but because of his youthfulness and vivacity (albeit he was sometimes somewhat of a wag) familiarly designated as "Jerry Brogan."

He and Warble had a good many things in com-

mon, with some dissimilarities. Neither of them was quite up to manhood, if you take years and physical development into account; but Brogan had a better physique, yet in the long run showed scarcely a better constitution. He had a comfortable and perhaps indulged boyhood; Warble had experienced a hard one. Brogan was a native of Ireland, and his accent was a rich Doric; Warble was an Irishman's son, but born in British North America, and showed some Canadianism in his talk. Brogan spoke somewhat pretentiously (a national tendency) of the history, rank, and means of his family and friends, sporting besides a family coat of arms; Warble, on the contrary, made no secret of the poverty and meanness of his. Brogan, although free and communicative in general, spoke of some things with a significantly mysterious air and toss of the head; Warble was transparent and detailed to the borders of simplicity. The former had been the better grounded in the elements of education; but the latter had cultivated some knowledge of Latin and Greek. Warble was the more practiced as a preacher, having exercised his gifts in that way for approaching three years, while Brogan had just entered on his first Circuit. Both, for that day, and considering their youth, were esteemed quite above mediocrity as preachers. Both had read extensively, for their age and opportunities, but each perhaps having pursued a course peculiar to himself: Brogan began to show his characteristic divergence towards theology; Warble evinced his tendency towards literature. Brogan was a fearless controversialist; Warble kept out of contro-

versy all he possibly could. The former fought his battles with the tongue; the latter preferred settling such difficulties with the pen. In one respect, they resembled each other—they were regarded in social life as "good company:" that is, free, voluble, and vivacious talkers, and possessing the ability to raise a frequent laugh. Brogan did it by genuine Irish wit, and readiness at repartee: Warble by a natural humor and quaintness of expression. Brogan was frequently incisive as it respected others; but Warble often committed the mistake of raising a laugh at his own expense, by telling stories of his own mishaps and blunders. Brogan magnified the greater matters of his work; but Warble wore himself out by a slavish attention to its details. Brogan held himself up, and was careful where he lodged; Warble went "through all the families in order," accepting nearly every invitation, and often suffered like a dog—cold, smoky, dirty houses—squalling children—cheerless sleeping conditions in winter, and almost no possibility of sleeping in summer, from the ingress of several sorts of not-to-be-named invaders, were his frequent sorrowful experience. Brogan awed the people by his claims, Warble won them by his condescensions. They were both earnest and impressive in their manner of preaching. Brogan the oftener, however, drew tears, as he often wept himself; and Warble often produced a smile, or an exultant religious laugh. But enough respecting the boys (for only boys were they,) at present.

It will be surmised, that a gentleman with a mind

and manner such as we described Mr. Metcalf to possess on an early page, would find plenty to correct in the opinions and mode of uttering them of brethren such as we have described: older men with poor early advantages, and young ones, who had not yet made full use of the better advantages which they enjoyed.

Brother Bombas, having used the word "ponderosity," was asked "What kind of a ponderous thing that was?"

Brother Bush, in a late exhortation, having spoken of "man" as "the most noblest part of creation," was told that "therefore, man must be something more than a creature."

A young brother in reading the verse, "Barbarian, Scythian, &c.," pronouncing the second word "*Skithian*," was asked "what kind of a formidable being that was?"

An Irish brother saying his mare was "a good hand to walk," was asked "if she walked on her hands?"

Sister Firstman here created a diversion which produced a change of base in the circle around the fire, by giving the burning logs a furious punching with the ironwood handspike, used as a poker, which obliged them to sit further back, thus enlarging the circle; after which, the conversation took a weightier turn.

The 'Squire was anxious to know of Elder Metcalf, he being the only minister present who was a member of that body, what business had been transacted at the late General Conference. He was answered, that

"there were but two measures of any importance: one was executive, the other legislative. The executive measure was the election of a Bishop to serve in the place of the Rev. Wilbur Fisk, who had declined the office."

"Whom did you elect in his place?" said the 'Squire.

"The Rev. Nathan Bangs, who had been first asked in an unofficial way, but declined. Now he is formally invited, but, of course, we have not yet received his final answer." *

The 'Squire resumed, "What was your measure of legislation?"

"Oh, nothing affecting the people's rights or privileges, or we should have to bring it before the Quarterly Conferences, but relating to the composition of the General Conference: Our first draft of constitution made that ecclesiastical Court to consist of 'all the travelling Elders, who had travelled the four years last past;' now the *legal* rendering of that form of expression, debarred from membership in that body all our *Superannuated Elders*, as they were not *literally* travelling preachers, although they were *technically* so. It could not have been the design of the framers of the constitution to exclude these experienced men. Hence it was necessary to make the wording more explicit for their sakes. And the reading above mentioned excluded another class; namely, those travelling Elders, that were in the efficient ranks, who may have

* His answer declined the honor of the office.—ED.

been 'located' any part of the four years preceding the General Conference session, although now restored. To reach both of these cases, the constitution was so altered as to read, 'All travelling Elders.' This was submitted to the Annual Conference, and received the concurrence of the required majority. It is now law, and will be embodied in the next printed edition of the Discipline.* The General Conference is now, therefore, composed of 'all the travelling Elders,' whether superannuated, or recently re-installed in the travelling connexion, as well as those continuously connected with the effective work for the last four years."

"Well," said the 'Squire, "I think that was wise and just; for, on the interpretation of which the first draft was susceptible, you would have lost the counsel and weight of several of your best men."

Brother Warble, accosting the Elder said, "Brother Metcalf, have the kindness to inform our host what the Conference has done relative to a Seminary of learning; he wished to know, and I am not so well informed as you are about it; besides, I had not heard whether the rival offers and claims of the several places bidding for its location among them, had been adjusted or not. Which of those three places, Kingston, Belleville, or Cobourg, will be likely to get it?"

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* A good deal of misunderstanding would have been avoided, if there had been another edition of the Discipline printed before the Conference of 1832, but there was not.

The Elder responded, "I have not much more to tell the 'Squire, than what he and you knew before. I think the Committee will, if it has not done so already, decide in favor of Cobourg, as being the most central in the Province. Also it has been determined to canvass the connexion and country at once for subscriptions. I understand that the Rev. John Beatty is to be released from his circuit work to act as Agent for the Institution.

Warble, who was always inclined to look on the amusing side of everything, after remarking that "a good many of our homespun Canadian people look upon the enterprise with a good deal of fear, lest in some way a 'Ciminary' was agoing to spoil our simplicity. An old sister said to me, 'I'm afeared, the Methodist Church will all go to ruination by runnin' after sich things. The starched up families 'ill be sending on their boys and gals there, and they'll become more stuck up than th'are now, and that's bad enough. And the next thing'ill be, there'ill be no one allowed to preach, no matter how loud his call, onless he's edecated. I've often hearn my father say (my father was a Quaker), I've hearn him say about these edecated, or college bred ministers, that they proved the truth of what our Lord sed to the Phayrisees, 'Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when ye have him made, he is two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves.' But I said, (continued Warble), 'Mammy, your father did not surely think that a proselyte meant an educated minister?' 'Sartin, what else does it mean?' 'Why, a convert,

or one brought over to a party.' 'Wall, izzent that the same thing? Wasent them Phayriseees jist like these Church of England clargymen and larned Pristbeteren ministers that comes from them Univarsayties over in the Old Country?' As there was no answering such argumentation, I gave up the contest, and the old lady went off with flying colors!"

After a hearty laugh all round, young Brogan here very sensibly remarked, "It is very strange that Methodists, above any people in the world, should be frightened at any attempt to promote or diffuse higher education, in view of the fact that the revival we call Methodism originated in a University, and its founder, John Wesley, was one of the foremost scholars of his day—a Fellow of Lincoln College and moderator of the debates conducted in Latin."

"I urged my old friend with those considerations," said Warble, "but she said, 'What if they was larned? They throwed away all their larnin', for the sake of gettin' people convarted.' It was in vain for me to say, that their learning enabled them to get people converted all the easier, by making things plain, for she thought 'Ef a man didn't throw away his larnin' he would be usin' great high-flown words that nobody couldn't understand.'"

As the Elder was among them, and he a man of enlarged intelligence and discernment, it was agreed that each one should propound any subject in which he found difficulty, and many inquiries were accordingly made. But they mostly related to the management of cases of discipline, as three out of the preachers

present were in charge of circuits, although but little experienced, and it was a day when judicial inquiries were far more common in the Church than at the present time.

This arose from various causes, such as the childishness of society itself, which led them to attach importance to little things; and there was also the want of that sense of dignity, which blunted their perceptions to the disgracefulness of litigation; but the causes for the frequency of these cases of discipline were principally two, arising from very dissimilar sources—*scrupulosity* and *laxity*.

The Church at that time was conscientious to scrupulosity about matters distinctive of the denomination, which narrowed the path a Methodist was expected to walk in: such as those which related to dress and what are called fashionable gayeties, which at that time were carried to as great an excess of rigidity as they are now, alas, tending towards laxity and worldly conformity. The desire to keep the Church pure, prevented any winking at a peccadillo, even in the case of the young, and led them to "prefer a charge," which no one could now be found to take up. Besides, frequent cases of discipline gave the people, proportionately, ten times as great a knowledge of the discipline of the church as now prevails. This, then, was one cause.

Another was *laxity* in a matter, in which, although it is still much too prevalent among members of the church, yet, thank God, professors of religion go on much safer ground than they did at that time. We refer

to the frequent, if not habitual, use of intoxicating drink. So long as a person was not seen disguised with liquor no evil was thought to have been done, and no danger was apprehended. But, alas, the danger of tampering with the evil was ever and anon transpiring. Every now and then some brother's flagrant fall called for the exercise of church discipline; and the greater part of those who were dismembered, were cut off for this cause. Expulsions were open, and involved disgrace; and no one would incur the disgrace who could prevent it. Consequently, a study of the law ecclesiastical, made many persons so expert, that it was almost impossible to so conduct a case but what they would non-suit you, or quash proceedings some other way. And as appeals were liable to be made every quarter to the Quarterly Conference, with the Elder to hear the appeal, "preachers in charge" were anxious to become so learned in the law as to prevent any complaint for mal-administration being sustained against them. Hence the inquiries for the Elder's critical judgment. But the cases proposed and solved at this sederunt were not of sufficient consequence to be registered.

The conversation took rather a doctrinal if not speculative direction. Young Warble wished to know if he were liable to ecclesiastical censure for performing the rite of baptism in a case of extreme necessity, not being in orders.

"What were the circumstances?" said the Elder.

"One of our members in an extreme part of the circuit (at least ten miles from an ordained minister of

any denomination,) and thirty or forty from any ordained minister of our own, had a dying infant, which they did not want to have pass out of the world without baptism, and urged me, as their minister, to perform the rite, and I did."

"Upon what ground do you justify yourself?"

"Upon the ground of these following considerations: I believed myself a minister truly in God's account, commissioned by Him to do a much greater work than baptize, namely, to preach the Gospel. I disclaimed authority to do it by the lower commission of the *Methodist Church*, but did it on the higher one, of God's call. I did not record it in the Baptismal Register, and thereby make our church answerable for it, I took all the responsibility on myself."

"But how are you to be satisfied of your call from God to preach itself, until your probation was ended, and the church had proved the evidence sufficient to give you authentication as a preacher?"

"My trial is to satisfy the Methodist Church of my call; my experience of comfort and success in preaching, was sufficient to satisfy myself. Then, further, if I were only a layman, I thought I committed no act of guilty intrusion in venturing to baptize the child under the circumstances; for as far as my knowledge and recollection of apostolic times and early church history are concerned, I thought that I discovered that any one who was qualified to lead another to the faith of a disciple, was considered authorized to give him the mark of a disciple. Besides, that both the Church of England and the Church of Rome allow, of

lay baptism in such cases, subject, however, to clerical baptism afterwards, in case of surviving. I had received baptism, and thought I might give it in an extreme case."

Here Brogan spoke up, "Elder, in the event of living, would you require that child to be re-baptized?"

"I should *require* nothing about it; our Church leaves a good deal in the matter of baptism to the choice of the recipient, and, by consequence, the choice of his representatives or sponsors."

But Brogan, who was very acute, returned to the charge, "Would you *consent* to re-baptize one baptized in that way, if requested?" *

* Some may say, "Where is the use of recording such speculative inquiries, unless, to unsettle, as they can never be of any practical interest?" Not so fast: The writer of this note was once on a charge, which had been supplied by an excellent and able local preacher, now for many years in the ministry, who was employed—indeed brought out of England by them—to serve a colony of Methodists from the Old Country. He preached to them a year or two, or more, and baptized many of their children, and his Steward duly recorded the baptisms. Years after the place had been taken in charge by the Conference, the same Steward showed the book to the Rev. Dr. Stinson, Superintendent of Missions, and President of the Conference. Something like the following passed between them:—*Steward*, "All these baptisms were performed by Mr. F——— before ordination, and they were never re-baptized. What shall I do with them?" *Dr. Stinson*, with the good sense which characterized him, lowering his voice, replied, "Say nothing about them." My own opinion is, that these baptisms, performed in that emergency by that gifted preacher and holy man, although he had received no commission from ecclesiastical Courts, were as valid in God's account, as any in the world.—ED.

"I should like to make up my mind before I answer that."

A lay-brother present said, "Whence was the urgency for the baptism of the dying child at all; was it necessary to the child's salvation; and if not, what good does baptism do a child?"

"You might as well ask," said the Elder, "what good does baptism do an adult? you would find one about as hard to answer as the other."

Here Warble resumed, "I did not baptize the child, as necessary to its salvation, (for I believe the child already in a saved state); but gave it baptism to satisfy the parents' scruples; and because I thought that where the thing signified was already possessed, (and Christ says, 'of such is the Kingdom of God,') it, at least, was not wrong to give it the sign,"

"If your mode of defending yourself for dispensing baptism while not ordained be correct, on the ground that you yourself had no personal scruple, and that you did not subject the Methodist Church to any responsibility on account of it, then a minister who had no scruple, might re-baptize a person baptized in infancy by sprinkling, if that person questioned the validity of his baptism, provided the minister did it privately, or without making the Methodist Church answerable for his doing. Does not such a logical conclusion frighten you?" said the Presiding Elder.

"It does not," said the young man, "but if its propriety were allowed by the Church; it would relieve both me and others from embarrassment. That baptism is an ordinance to be administered

but once, (as the rite of initiation into the Church,) I fully grant; but the thing is to have people satisfied that they are baptized. Now there are scores who have been converted under our ministry, and prefer the doctrines and institutions of Methodism to any other branch of the Christian Church, with the one exception of baptism; their early training, the *prima facie* argument for adult immersion from a superficial view of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles; together with something aquatic in the very natural instincts of some people, render it apparently impossible for many to conceive of baptism under any other conditions than adult immersion. Now as baptism is confessedly a secondary matter, where is the evil of allowing a minister of ours to satisfy such a person's conscience by immersing him, and thus save to the Church a worthy person, who is a thorough Methodist in all respects but one? I am a decided Pædo-baptist for my own part, but there is so much to be said on the other side, that I do not wonder at those who are not what I am. Besides, there is nothing so likely to cure a person of hydropathic tendencies as putting him under water. There is a section of Methodism which gives a minister his option to comply with such demands, if he personally have no scruples; I refer to the United Brethren in Christ, founded by the friend of Asbury, the devoted Otterbien.

"There is another aspect of the subject; if a person come and demand baptism, without telling us whether

or not he had received infant baptism, are we bound to inquire about it, Elder Metcalf?"

"That is indeed another view of the subject, which I would require to think over before I formed an opinion; and I should not like to give it, when it was formed," said he.

"Well," resumed Warble, "our mutual friend Rogers informed me, that Elder Case told him, (perhaps in confidence,) that he was the instrument of a great revival in the United States, the subjects of which loved him and preferred Methodism to any thing else, but the immersionists were trying to get them all. This determined him, right or wrong, to make no inquiries; but he dispensed the ordinance to all applicants who were truly serious and had faith in Christ, provided they did not tell him point blank that that they had been baptized before."

"Did Elder Case really say he pursued that course?" said Mr. Metcalf, "I would not have thought it."

"I shall not prosecute you, but I would advise you to be cautious what you say, and still more what you do. I am free to confess, however, that baptisms were repeated, under certain circumstances, in patristic times; and that the ordinance in some quarters in our day is magnified out of all due proportion."

As there seemed to be a desire for further elucidations of these positions, the Elder proceeded, "Baptism and all the other outward forms and ordinances are undoubtedly secondary to the promotion and maintenance of spiritual life, which they are doubtless, if worthily used,

a means of aiding: our Lord fixed no particular form, or mode of celebrating his own Supper, nor specified the precise frequency with which it should recur, but simply said, 'As *often* as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.' St. Paul asserted that Christ sent him not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel."

"When I became converted, and felt the power of religion, the pother that my good mother who was a Baptist, kept up about immersion, so disgusted me with the prominence many gave to things outward and secondary, that I did not submit to baptism in any form, not only till after I had joined the church, but till after I had been preaching for a whole year."

"And here let me remark, that it comports with the genius and history of Methodism, to place forms and ceremonies secondary to conversion and holiness without which no one shall see the Lord: At first, the only organization Methodism had was a society union; and persons might belong to that society and partake of the sacraments in different churches and various forms, and some, who were of Quaker principles, doubtless partook of them nowhere.

"And after the strong demand of the people for the ordinances from the hands of their own ministers, who had been the instruments of their conversion, and in whom they confided, led to the organization of the Methodist Society and connexion into a church proper, tolerance was shown in relation to the ordinances. Provision was made for the baptism of infant children, yet no provision was made for discipling and

censuring those who scrupled to have them baptized; attendance on the Supper of the Lord was enjoined as one of the General Rules; yet I never heard of any one being disciplined for absence from the Lord's table, if he were exemplary in all other respects; and as to the form of this ordinance, although it invited the participants to take that holy sacrament to their comfort, and to make their humble confession to Almighty God *meekly kneeling upon their knees*, yet provided that if any scrupled the posture of kneeling, he might select any other posture he preferred, and the minister was authorized, or required, to dispense it to him in that form."

At this point, Brother Bursdale, who had been present nearly from the first, but who, for once, had been remarkably abstinent from caviling, spoke up; "Broother Meedcalf, Hi ham surprised hat your presumption, hin preaching the Goospel a whowl year, han you hunbaptaized! you howt to 'av' been stopped whail you was baptaized. Whohever 'eard of such a think has han hunbaptaized proicher? Eh!

While he was making this utterance, Metcalf faced around, throwing one leg over the other, with his two hands grasping the upper knee, see-sawing a little the while, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, as was his want in his playful controversies; and when the sentence was closed, he responded, in his usual Socratic method, "Brother Bursdale, by whom were the twelve apostles and the seventy disciples who preached, first among the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and afterwards throughout all the world—

by whom, I ask, where they baptized? Or were they *ever* baptized?"

"Hoi don't hexactly knaw, per'aps by John the Baptist."

"There is no evidence of that—two of them had been disciples of John, but some of them certainly had not."

"But maight not Chraist 'imself 'ave baptized them?"

"He might, if it had pleased his inscrutable wisdom; but his most intimate friend and companion, John, the beloved disciple, said, 'Jesus himself baptized not but his disciples.' And if all the apostles and the seventy had received John's or the baptism of repentance itself, that was not the Christian baptism, that is to say, the baptism which is in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. That the two several baptisms were different and distinct you will be convinced, if you read attentively the 19th chapter of Acts, in which we learn that the twelve disciples at Ephesus, who had received only the baptism of John, were afterwards 'baptized in the name of Jesus.' With that baptism alone, for a long time before he was baptized in the name of Jesus, Apollos, and eloquent men, 'taught the way of the Lord.' I did not mean to say more, but as you have magnified baptism into disproportionate importance, I will further remark: I believe in the significancy of and value of water baptism—I believe in the validity of infant baptism, and wish our dear people would understandingly and solemnly affirm their parental

obligations, by having the name of the Lord called upon their children, and I am persuaded a blessing would follow it. Yet, I cannot but admit the weight of the words of those who take the position, that baptism has not the significancy and necessity in a Christian country where all in some way profess the name of Jesus, that it had in apostolic times, or has now in places where a sharp line of distinction is required between the visible church and surrounding heathenism. Also, the Quaker opinion is plausible, that where the thing signified is realized, there is no need of the sign. Yet, it is best not to make ourselves wiser than God: the commission to "go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,' or to 'teach (disciple) all nations,' is connected with the promise, 'Lo, I am with you always *even unto the end of the world*,' thus perpetuating the *ordinance* as well as the *word*, to the end of time. The same is true of the Lord's Supper: we are to do it 'often,' and in doing it, we are to 'show the Lord's death *till he come.*'".

The subject was changed by a remark from Captain Playright, who was there, but had taken no part in the conversation, who said "Brother Metcalf the unity of our Canadian Methodism has been broken since you and I met?"

"Yes, Brother, dear Father Ryan has drawn off; Mr. James Jackson has gone with him; and about a year ago, they held a convention and organized a Church and a Conference."

"In what respects do they differ from the old church?"

"I can't say in every particular, for I have not been inquisitive, and certainly not meddlesome with them —for my maxim in all cases doubtful to me, is this, to 'let them alone;' so as not to hinder any good that is doing, nor participate in any evil which, by possibility, may be going forward. But to your question, as to the difference between them and us. We are called the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, they call themselves the 'Canadian Wesleyan Church;' our Conference is composed of ministers alone, our clerical legislation being only checked by the Quarterly Conference veto, while they have one layman in the Conference for every preacher travelling on the circuit from which they come; besides, they have yielded to that old agitation of the local preachers, and, instead of our District Conference for local preachers, they have given each local preacher, of a certain number of years standing, a seat in the Annual Conference."

Here the Captain interrupted, "I am sorry that my order of men, the local preachers, who have effected so much good, must every now and then produce so much disturbance by an agitation about their rights and privileges."

"It will do for you to say that, Brother Playright, and not me: all, however, are not disturbers; and I am persuaded that the best qualified and most laborious local preachers are the least likely to litigate their claims. But I have not yet fully answered your

question: they keep up the distinction between *deacon* and *elder* as we do, but they have annual Presidents instead of Bishops; and they have Chairmen of Districts instead of Presiding Elders. There are some further points of difference: they have, I believe, abolished the probation for membership, and take persons into the church at once, upon profession of conversion; and they have done away with closed doors at love feasts, allowing any person who chooses to enter. In this last particular, I suspect we shall ere long be like them; and what they have done by direct enactment, we will come to by deterioration."

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE SCHOOL TAKING ORGANIC SHAPE.

IT was at this Quarterly Meeting, that the deliberations at the 'Squire's took something like an organic form.

1. It was agreed that those then present, and those who had heretofore taken part in the dicussions should be considered as constituting the original association, which was to be called the SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.

2. That any Methodist, or Methodist Preacher who chanced to be present might take part in the deliberations, and be considered a member.

3. That as far as any chairman was necessary, the Presiding Elder, when present, and in his absence the oldest minister on hand, should moderate the discussions.

4. *That no brother should be liable to impeachment for any utterances of his during discussion, however heretical they may seem*, it being supposed that all that was said and done was merely to eliminate truth and for the discovery of error.

5. That Brother William Warble, shall, so far as a secretary may be needed, be authorized and enjoined to make a note of any points which have been under discussion; and if called for, produce the same.

Warble, who was appointed in this rather informal and almost tacit manner, made all the entries that were ever registered of the sayings and doings of this *nondescript*, and, as it afterwards turned out to be, *migratory association.* And it was from the blurred and soiled papers of humble William, (written at first in a clumsy hand, and with indifferent orthography—two defects which he afterwards somewhat amended, although the latter continued a besetting sin until the last) that the present editor has made and published this digest of the proceedings and surroundings of the "School of the Prophets."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MATTERS PERSONAL TO THE SECRETARY.

MR. WARBLE remained two years on the Lake River Circuit, something then very unusual for a single man to do. A married man, unless an Indian misssionary, could not then remain longer than two years, according to Discipline.

This unusually long stay in the Lake River Circuit, begot a great attachment to the Firstman family, with whom he enjoyed almost the first really comfortable home he had ever had in his life, which led in the issue to still more intimate and endeared ties. Mrs. F. washed and mended his clothes; and made and presented him with fine woolen under-garments, the first time he had been indulged with that luxury during his toilsome and suffering itinerancy. The first two winters had been passed through without them, and the first three his journeys were performed on horse-back, a mode of conveyance which necessitated him to turn out into the deep snow for all passing teams, and these were mostly ox-teams, the delay and suffering consequent was often very trying. These unpleasantnesses, joined to cold and otherwise uncomfortable quarters, in most cases, rendered his return to River Side a pleasing subject of anticipation and enjoyment.

Three several housekeepers on this circuit gave him his first accurate conceptions of what constituted good and sensible housekeeping, the conclusions to which he came having been set down by him, and transferred by the Editor to this *resume* of matters relating to him and the times :—

The language held by Warble on the subject was this: "Slatterliness and dirt are abominable in a housekeeper; and it is almost equally intolerable to be forever in a muddle in pretending to keep clean. But the good housekeeper is the happy medium between these two extremes. I had examples of each class on the Lake River Circuit.

"The representative of the dowdy class I shall mention, was *Mrs. Slush.* She claimed to be of a good family, had respectable connexions at a distance, and was more intelligent and cultivated than most of her neighbours. Nevertheless, the sight and smell of her house was offensive—there was want of ventilation, and want of cleanliness. Dirt on the floor, dirt on their persons, dirt every where. And what was supposed to be clean was in disorder—furniture out of place, and clothes scattered about. But one instance will tell better than any general description: I went there to lodge at nightfall, and ate my supper off a stained, dirty table cloth, which nearly took away all appetite for the food which was not otherwise particularly provocative of appetite; when I went to bed, I found that table cloth, made a little dirtier by the meal, on the bed for an under-sheet; that I hoped was the end of my connexion with it, but no, in the

morning when I required a towel, that cloth was thrown across a chair-back near the wash basin to serve that purpose.

"The antipodes to Mrs. Slush, was *Mrs. Scrub*, who lived hard by, and often, with a sneer on her face, scouted Mrs. Slush among the rest of her mucky neighbors. Mrs. Slush was Irish, Mrs. Scrub was a Yorkshire English woman. There were no offensive sights or savors in her house, which you must wipe your feet a great many times, if not actually take off your shoes, to be permitted to enter, unless you put down among offensive sights, the frequent derangement of furniture for the purpose of cleaning it. Comfort there was none in the house; for her best chairs were not to be used, but all must sit on a long bench. Her delf and china looked inviting, and all her drinking vessels, but then, no one was allowed to use them, and all the family and visitors were forced to drink out of a tin cup without a handle, scoured, it is true, to an excess of brightness. Every thing was scoured, from the pudding stick to the well pole, including the broom handle. Her voice had become so broken by scolding her poor hen-pecked husband and her underling son, (I believe she had only one child,) that its utterance was a sound between a scream and the squall of a setting hen. Her husband, like an underling rooster, kept a safe distance from the broomstick, by ducking his head about in the out-houses: and her son early took refuge in matrimony, and made a comfortable home of his own. She never allowed herself more clothes than a chemise, bodice, and petti-

coat, that her bare, well tanned arms might ever be ready for work. The preacher used to go there for rest, but it was denied him. She kept a clatter that prevented quiet, to say nothing of sleep, till 12 o'clock at night; when, if the hapless lodger should by dint of weariness, have fallen asleep, he was aroused again by Mrs. Scrub performing her devotions at the full pitch of her dissonant voice for an hour. Her prayer was more like a furious scold than anything else. When that was over, if you could command sleep again, you might be permitted to do so till four o'clock in the morning, when the stirring racket and ear-splitting bawling recommenced for another eighteen hours. Now this is only an exaggerated instance of which there are many examples where housekeepers carry their notions of cleanliness and exactitude to such a pitch of insanity, that their house enslaves them; and they either enslave their families, or banish them—it is well if it is not to the saloon and to perdition.

"Mrs. Firstman was a happy medium between these two: always industrious, but never frantic about her work—gently urging her helps and leading the way, but never scolding—she knew how to make her house inviting to her visitors and neighbors, and she knew how to sit down and enjoy its comforts with them. So much for housekeeping."

Joined to the other grounds of attachment to the Firstman family there was Hephzibah, for whom Warble felt a respect from the first; next esteem; and afterwards a more kindly and tender feeling. It was no case of "love at first sight" although he was

naturally susceptible enough, and there was enough in her person and manner to impress those susceptibilities; yet, it so happened, that he was not so impressed all at once. But he was led to observe the confidence her parents reposed in her, especially her father, to whom she was a trusted counsellor; next, the good sense and kindness displayed towards her younger brothers and sisters, over whom she exercised a mildly authoritative influence for good; and beyond all that, he observed that her piety, although not ostentatious and demonstrative, was deeply principled and abiding. Thus did mutual affection grow until, when he left the circuit, there was an understanding, that at a proper time, he would return and claim her for a help-meet for him.

And this was probably a very merciful intervention of Providence in his behalf. He was only a very young man when the whole was matured; she was six months younger, it was true, but that means, as women mature in mind and body much earlier than men, that she was a few years the senior in point of sense. He was noticeably open-hearted, even to unthriftiness; while she was prudent, economical, and saving. He knew nothing of household affairs; she was, from the first, a first-class housekeeper. But we must await further developments until they get to keeping house.

Brother Warble's two years on that circuit were regarded by his brethren as successful ones. The first year there was a net gain of *fifty-two* members, the second of *twenty*, making *seventy-two* in all. These

were partly the fruits of the ordinary ministrations; for a preacher at that time expected some fruit of every sermon, and an ingathering of members during every 'round' on his circuit—but the increase was largely the result of two several camp-meetings, one held each year; for camp-meetings were almost the only "special effort" of those times—protracted meetings were not known, and "four-days meetings" were things heard of as existing at a distance, about the last of his time in that region.

The first of the two camp-meetings was the first in that part of the country, and held near the village of Round Island, announced without the knowledge and consent of the Presiding Elder.

The good Elder, although rebuking the neophyte's precipitancy came to his aid, and brought other laborers with him; and the blessed results justified the wisdom of the measure. It was the means of opening a certain Scotch neighborhood to Methodism, in which a barnfull of that nationality were converted in one evening.

The second camp-meeting took place a year later, on the line between the Lake River and Missipemoaning Circuits, the preacher and the people of which united in the meeting. The place and scenes were picturesque, and the services powerful. Here was to be seen Elder Metcalf, Ezra Healy, Carlos Bush, Jeremiah Brogan, Alanson Firstman and several other preachers; Sister Playright was "lost in wonder, love, and praise," while Father McRorey and Benjamin Bummer were in their glory. The last mentioned

was utilized by Brother Warble, by being set to exhort whenever the prayer-meetings became so noisy that no other voice could be heard above the din. When Benjamin's drum-like call had somewhat restored order out of confusion, a new departure was made, and, for some time, sustained in a more orderly manner. And experience proved in that case, as well as in earthly warfare, that the most orderly arrangement and prosecution of the plan of battle was the most efficient and victorious in the end.

The preacher on the Missipemoaning Circuit, with whom Brother Warble formed an intimate and life-long friendship—a friendship so intimate that they were wont to be called "Jonathan and David"—was a contribution of the United States, along with so many other lands, to the ministerial staff of Canada Methodism. His name was *Simeon Symonds*, a native of New England, an *alumnus* of Wilberham Academy, and one who, like several others who began among the Indians, was turned over to the regular circuit work.

He was pure, pleasant, industrious, modest, but faithful. One who had been tossed from one extreme of the work to the other during the short three years he had been in it; spent a nice patrimony in its prosecution; and died at his post about twenty years after. A beautiful character was Simeon Symonds.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONFAB ON THE EVE OF A GREAT ADVENTURE.

IT was now near the celebrated Conference of 1832; and the preachers in their several districts, and sections of districts, whose several outlets were the secondary thoroughfares which converged in the great primary ones leading up and down the country, which must be travelled in going to the Conference, whether held east or west, which it was alternately, were collecting like birds of passage in the autumn of the year, which assemble, plume their wings, and prepare for their "annual visits o'er the globe, another spring to hail."

The Presiding Elder was returning from his last northern tour; and there followed in his wake Jeremiah Brogan, from the Wild-Woods Mission, and Simeon Symonds from the Missipemoaning Circuit; while Carlos Bush from Jockland, Alanson Firstman from Hulton, and Clarke Rubric from Boytown, came in at a side-road.

They had crossed Chain River at Cromwell's Ferry, and soon found themselves in the Transmorass Circuit. There they fell in with its only circuit preacher, Darius Rogers, and William Warble, who had left his circuit one Sabbath in advance to assist Brother Rogers in a field meeting, the second great speciality

resorted to in those days to arouse the community and promote revivals.

Directly in their line of march, within the bounds of that circuit, there was a shrewd old supernumerary, once an influential preacher in the active work, who had retired really for want of health; yet, now he had regained his health, was too much entangled with secular matters and his large family to return to circuit labors again. He had taken up a farm, superadded a merchant's shop, and was put in commission of the peace; and, had he possessed a little more zeal for God, he might have been a great deal more useful in that local sphere than he was.

This was *Steward Butler*, a man of more than ordinary intellect, considerable attainments, slow, argumentative, able, and, in his own way, eloquent, as a preacher. A man of good judgment, inviolably good temper, and possessing a quaint, sly laughter-provoking humor, which made him very amusing to his friends.

When together, he and Elder Metcalf were engaged in frequent badinage with each other, which, from the way it was conducted, was a fine intellectual exercise. Although out of the work, he was still very much attached to the travelling fraternity, and greatly interested in the doings of the Conference. On the road, the Elder ordered a halt, and after a short deliberation, it was decided to *rendezvous* at the hospitable hostelry of this quondam itinerant.

Brethren Firstman and Warble, who decided to out-billet themselves at "Uncle Virgil's," (a relative of

the former, in whom the latter also began to feel a sort of family interest, and who lived hard by Brother Butler's,) agreed to ride in advance of the cavalcade, and notify the hostelry of the coming of the King's servants. This they did, as they passed, and prepared to return and join their brethren there; for it was decided, before they separated, to extemporize an extraordinary meeting of the Prophets' School, in the presence of Brother Butler, and for the benefit of at least two new members who had never taken part in the deliberations as yet.

When the two prospective brothers in-law, Firstman and Warble, joined the larger party after dinner, or about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, they found the cloth removed and the members arranged around the room. Metcalf was tacitly recognized as the head, and Warble very informally sidled along to the end of the table and put his pencil and paper in requisition, as he saw occasion, it having been settled before his arrival that Brother Butler would give himself a half-holiday and join them, on condition that they would remain over night, with the promise, on his part, that he would accompany them himself to the Conference in the morning.

It might be well to describe the two brethren new to the reader, as they, on this occasion, took a leading part in the conversation, I refer to *Clark Rubric* and *Darius Rogers*. They were of the same standing in the Conference, and both youngish married men. Both tall, sizable persons, Rubric was very handsome,

and Rogers not unhandsome; and both were deeply principled, good men.

But beyond what we have noticed, no two orthodox Methodist preachers could be more dissimilar: Rubric was Irish, Rogers Canadian; the former had more learning, the latter more shrewdness and penetration. Rogers' elementary training was defective, although he had labored hard to remedy it; Rubric had had the elements well instilled into his mind, and a good measure of classical learning besides, indeed, he was the most classical in the company. Rogers' voice and manner were not commanding; but, as he had mind and pathos, he made himself felt, and almost always was the instrument of revivals on his circuit—there was one in progress that hour as the fruit of his labors—although his pertinacity about carrying his point in little things often undid all the good he had done. Rubric had a good voice, almost too noticeably so, was commanding and almost awe-inspiring in the pulpit, was zealous and earnest, although he did not much move his audiences; he was a diligent pastor, although he did not effect a great deal; and was kind and affable, in a patronizing way, but had very high notions of clerical authority and dignity.

If there were any leanings in these two men from the *via media* of Methodistic orthodoxy, Rogers' would be in the direction of Quakerism; and Rubric's would be in the direction of High Church Ritualism. He had good extemporaneous gifts, but he left no line of our liturgical services unread. These several characteristics and tendencies will throw some light on

the part they each took in the afternoon's conversation.

Rubric opened the ball by saying, "This is good news we are getting, brethren, from York of the probability of a union between ourselves and our fathers and brethren in Britain."

"What news is that?" said one of the less informed.

"Why, the Rev. Robert Alder, agent of the Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London, has been sent out to make inquiries where Missions can be planted in this Province; and in his exploring tour, he has been lately in York, accompanied by the Revs. John Hick, of Montreal, and John P. Hetherington, of Kingston, as also the newly appointed Missionary to St. Claire River, Rev. Thomas Turner. They preached in the District School-house and in our chapel, on Sunday, June the 24th. Our Missionary Board, consisting mostly of laymen residing in that town, have invited Mr. Alder to remain until the meeting of our Conference, to see if some arrangement cannot be made by which we may labor in concert, without rivalry and division. I am told that our stationed preacher in York, Julius Regnor, is favorable; and it is plain that our Editor, Justin Regnor, is so, from the *animus* of his editorials."

At this point, Rogers, who was not passionate, but a determined opponent of anything he did not like, spoke out, "This is a pretty tale, surely! What brings those men into this Province at all? Can we not take care of the religious interests of the people within our own proper boundaries without their assistance? Was

it not arranged at the Conference of 1820, that we should divide the land between us, like Abraham and Lot? Was not the Methodist Episcopal Church to confine her labors to Upper Canada; and were not the agents of the British Conference to be restricted to Lower Canada? We have not violated our part of the convention, why must they violate their part? Have they not proclaimed that Wesleyan Methodism is one the world over? Why do they not act on the principle by abstaining from poaching on our preserve?"

Rubric replied, "The convention referred to was made by the British brethren with the M. E. Church of the *United States*, but we have gone out from under her jurisdiction, and cannot claim the benefit of that compact; albeit, it was never fully acted on, their Missionary being continued till the present in Kingston."

"Yes," said Rogers, with a sneer, "under the plea of looking after the Wesleyan soldiery in the garrison, as though we were too disloyal to be entrusted with it! Yes, and as an entrance wedge to enter the country again. I know the soldiers to like our services better than theirs."

"You are too uncharitable, Brother Rogers," said Butler, "we got as much of their ground as they got of ours: if they retained Kingston, we retained the north side of the Ottawa River, which is in Lower Canada."

"I know all about that matter," retorted Rogers. "The cases are not parallel, they occupy a town in

which we had, and do have ministrations; but with regard to the Ottawa country, we supply settlements, which they neglected to provide for."

Young Brogan, who was very intelligent, here remarked, "I thought the American General Conference of 1828 was to instruct its delegates to the British Conference to secure for us in our independent state the continuance of the arrangement about the supply of the two Provinces of Canada made with them; and did not our newly organized General Conference that same autumn appoint a committee, consisting, of Case, Richardson, and George Ryerson, to open fraternal relations with the parent body, and to claim the continuance of the relation? Was it not so, Brother Metcalf?"

"It is true," responded the Elder, "that we appointed the committee; but, like a good many other things relegated to committees, it received its quietus: they never performed the duty imposed upon them. Instead of that, our Editor wrote to some one of the authorities of the British Connexion, but as it was unofficial on both sides, it came to nothing."

"Just so," said Butler, "and there are two or three other things which give palliation to their proceedings: Peter Jones has been sent over to England, to beg for our Indian Missions, thereby confessing that we ourselves cannot supply the country without their help. Then again, I suspect our Provincial Government, or governing clique, have contrived to possess the minds of the authorities of the British Connexion with the idea, that the indigenous Methodists are acting very

un-Britishly. Their inheriting John Wesley's loyalty to Church and King, which, with their abstaining from political inquiries and discussions, lands them in the most obstinate Toryism, and makes them easily susceptible to any misrepresentations of that kind. Then, we cannot deny, but that our rightful contention for our religious rights and privileges, and our opposition to the would-be Established Church's clutching one-seventh of the landed property of this land, has almost unavoidably drawn our organ into mere political discussions also, and allied us as a body to the Reform party in the country, whom the clique find it very convenient to charge with 'disloyalty,' and whose disloyalty our British brethren may very easily be brought to believe. That Dr. Strachan and the Family Compact has had a hand in it, is augured from Messrs. Alder and Hetherington preaching in one of the District School-houses, which the would-be Established Church claim as part and parcel of their patrimony."

"That is rich," interrupted Rogers, "Dr. Strachan encouraging Methodism! Surely the Millenium is near: 'the lion and the lamb are lying down together!' Can any body believe, that the Doctor believes any more in their Methodism than he does in ours? Or that he encourages them on any other principle than to neutralize our influence? Perhaps to encourage them, he will throw them a scrap of the prey, as he has to the Ryanites, that he may devour the whole carcass, or 'the lion's share.' It is most surprising that two of the Regnors have lent themselves to this business. I am not so much surprised that

Julius should do it; but that *Justin* has, I will not believe until I am obliged to."

"It is just there, Brother Rogers, that you are mistaken," said Metcalf, who knew the brothers well. "In all their novel movements they have made, *Justin* is the originator, and commits the others to the matter; next, comes *Julius* and rates him soundly for his precipitancy, and a quarrel is the result, which issues in Julius being brought over; then the two have Chrysostom to bring into temper, who storms, and threatens, and sulks, but, in the end, falls in with them—perhaps on the principle of Adams' concurrence in his wife's transgression, according to Milton, to sink or swim together; and by the time the measure is brought before Conference, they are a unit in relation to it."

"What is likely to be the effect of the measure on the minds of our people, if it shall carry, brethren?" asked Mr. Metcalf of the brethren. "Begin there at the extreme east and travel this way."

"In Hulton," said Firstman, "they have scarcely waked up to the question; but if the Conference itself come to a unanimous conclusion, there will be no dissatisfaction among them, I think."

"Boytown is all right," said Rubric. "Most of our people are old country folks; and many of them Wesleyans while there: so that they will rather be pleased than otherwise."

Brogan said, "All who are Methodists in my Circuit are old country by natural birth, and many of

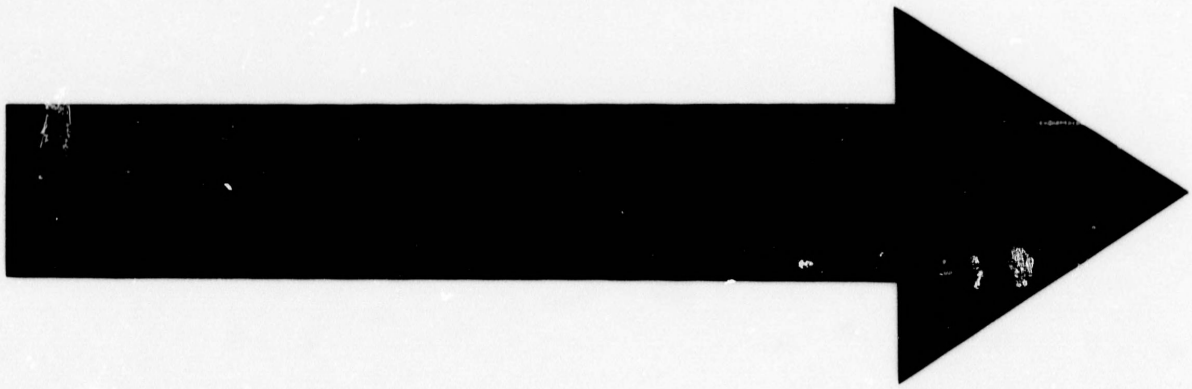
them by spiritual birth also, and, like myself, will rejoice in the arrangement."

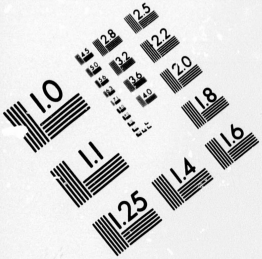
Symonds, though an American, confessed his flock, who were mostly from some part of the old country, would be well enough pleased with an arrangement which would restore in any measnre their early religious relationships; and he himself would go for any thing which would be thought by the majority to answer best.

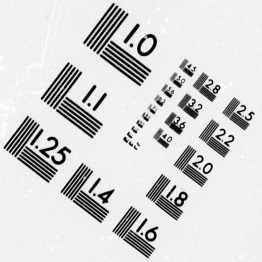
Warble's people were mostly old country, who perhaps would be rather pleased than otherwise; and those who were not, would give no opposition. As for himself, he liked old country Methodism on its proper ground, but he could not help feeling that we were being carried into it through fear of having our Societies divided. There they had built a chapel and planted a Missionary in the town where he was brought up; and organized a Society in rivalry to the one of which he was first a member, some of the members of which had been lured away. Yet he would go in for union, sooner than have such a state of things extended and perpetuated.

Rogers thought his Canadian people, who were the larger proportion on the circuit, would regard the measure as distasteful, and the same class would feel the same every where; and as they were the majority in the older parts of the Province, it would work us a great deal of trouble. Nor could he blame them much, if they did make trouble about it.

Butler thought that the fearful ones should cheer up; we had always regarded the British Connexion,







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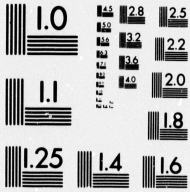

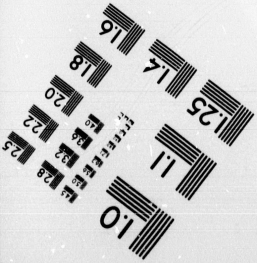

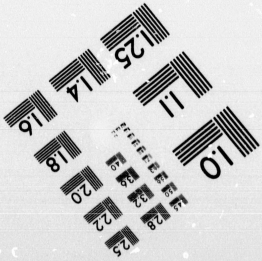

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not only as legitimately Methodistic, but "the mother of us all." It was, therefore, rather indecent to oppose a union with such; and, perhaps, it was Providential that we had never secured a Bishop, and that our people had never become much indoctrinated in Episcopacy, there never having been a Canadian Bishop. We should wait and follow the openings of Providence in the matter.

Upon this, the subject was dismissed, and the brethren relieved the strain upon their minds by turning to current matters, not of such weighty importance.

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CHAPTER XX.

A FEW THINGS ABOUT HOLLOWELL CONFERENCE.

AFTER the confab at Brother Butler's, the School of the Prophets no longer kept all together, but wended their way to the Conference in twos and threes, and by such roads as suited their several tastes and individual intentions and objects. Warble and his friend Symonds kept together, spending one Sabbath, and preaching in the Brussels Circuit, where a great camp-meeting had been held, conducted mostly by local preachers, under the direction of the two brethren travelling the circuit, which had lasted several weeks, and ended in the conversion of a vast number of souls.

These two ministers were too much absorbed in the work of saving souls to start for the Conference for several days, and did not arrive till near its close, to hear debates and discussions very dissimilar to the devout employ in which they had been engaged.

That was a worthy close of a year of labor which issued throughout the Province, in adding of between three and four thousand souls to the Church, no evidence that Canadian Methodism was effete, when the British branch proposed to supplement it.

The two young brethren from contiguous circuits in the bush, received a billet together, but rather distant

from the village, yet with a very kind family of the old fashioned Methodist type, the ancient head of which entertained them with accounts of Lossee, Dunham, Sawyer, and many others of the early pioneers; but his greatest favorite seemed to be "*Elder Jewell*," whose singing he much admired, and which he endevored to reproduce for the delectation of the young guests.

There were several caucussings at this Conference among juniors—while the famous Committee of Nine were in deliberation; and then when the scheme of Union was reported, embracing the "relinquishment" of Episcopacy for an Annual Presidency, the adoption of the English usage relative to the introduction of candidates into the ministry, which comprised giving up one of the two ordinations, and the lengthening the probation to four years. So, also, prior to the call of the Annual Conference to vote the necessary consent for the General Conference to do away with the Episcopacy, there were caucussings.

The most of the young men felt a pang at giving up the distinctive features of the system in which they had been trained; but, when they saw that the changes involved the sacrifice of no principle, that none of the multitudes of private and official members of the Church, who were present and allowed to witness the deliberations, objected, and that whatever change there might be made, in carrying out the measure, affecting the "rights and privileges" of any besides the Conference, would have to be submitted to the several Quarterly Conferences, and receive the concur-

rence of the Disciplinary majority of those courts, they were all ultimately and rather easily talked into the propriety of giving whatever sanction it was in their power to give, or withhold.

It is not the intention of the Editor of those papers to go into a history of the Hallowell Conference, that not being embraced in his plan; but if any person wishes to have a calm and consecutive account of the proceedings of that important Synod, he may have his desires gratified, by turning to the III. Vol. of CASE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES, beginning at page 355, and reading to the close of page 365.

We merely give so much of its routine business as relates to the brethren with whom the reader has become acquainted, or may yet be likely to know something of.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME OF THE STATIONS—THE FATE OF OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

THE Rev. Mr. Metcalf was transferred from his late district to one far at the west; and he was succeeded by the *Rev. Blake Vernon*, a younger man and minister, and one entirely new to the office, but one always a favorite with the Acting-General Superintendent, Elder Case. This new Presiding Elder had the responsibility of having in his charge the *Rev. Chrysostom Regnor*, whose four years' term in the Presiding Eldership, in another district, had just closed, who was sent to one of the frontier towns in this district as stationed preacher. This last mentioned gentleman was considered the ablest pulpit man at that time in the connection. The circuits around Lake River were thus provided for:—*Symonds* was changed from *Missipemoaning* to *Wildwoods;* and *Brogan* brought from the latter to supply the former. *Alanson Firstman* remained at *Hulton*, but had the charge also of *Boytown;* and had for his assistant *Levius Larmer*, a young man, who had travelled one year, stout, strong, zealous, boisterous, but with more advantages than most, and who both promised and accomplished considerable. Brother Firstman had some time before this taken to him-

self, as a wife, the young lady so earnestly recommended by Brother Pond. *Brother Welshman*, two years married, was brought from the frontier to *Jockland*. *Brother Rogers* was taken from *Transmorass* Circuit to solicit subscriptions for the projected Academy, and *Brother Abner Throwdart* brought a long distance to take his place.

Poor *Will Warble* burst into tears when the General Superintendent said to him, "Willie, all the way to *Francofluvia* Circuit," for he was sorely grieved because he had hoped to be nearer some person and place, which the reader may guess. His place was supplied on *Lake River* by an old friend and schoolmate, a young man a few months younger than himself, but of the same standing in Conference, although he had not labored quite so long. A person of more advantages in early life, and more refinement; but whether he or his friend were the better preacher, would have depended on the taste of the person whose opinion was asked. We are referring to *Patrick Hamilton*, who may, perhaps, figure somewhat in our story.

CHAPTER XXII.

A LETTER FROM WARBLE TO HEPHZIBAH.

"ST. PETER'S, FRANCOFLUVIA CIRCUIT,
"Sept. 1st, 1832.

DEAR HEPHZY,

I certainly received my *dis*appointment at the late Conference. I had fondly hoped, that, in view of my slender health, and two years in the bush, that I would have received an appointment at the frontier within a day's ride of you; instead of that, here I am, hemmed in by swamps, so that it would be impossible to *ride* out, in summer time, to your place short of a week's travel; but I must not complain.

"My horse was tied to the fence, and I started to my circuit the moment the Conference rose. Poor Symonds and I rode together, until our roads diverged, and we could remain together no longer. It was a tender parting. You would no doubt see him on the way to his distant mission, for I extorted a promise from him to call and spend a night at River Side. He no doubt told you how near our ferry boat came being swamped while crossing the Bay Quinte?

"*Apropos* of Simeon, I did not find time to write you by his hand; but shall I confess it; I wrote by him to another lady! (Come now, don't be jealous!) Well, to relieve your mind of further suspense, Brother Symonds is desirous of changing his situation in life. He has seen a little of our mutual friend and your confidant, *Miss Annie Laurie*, and heard more of her respectable connexions in Montreal, her good

education, pleasing manners, and simple-hearted piety, and asked of me a letter of introduction, which I gave with pleasure, and said all I could to him and her to help it on; and you must do the same if it comes in your way. I should like to see them go together, they seem well adopted to each other. He is dapper in person, and she is *petite;* he is up to thirty, and she is fully twenty-six. Her parents cannot give her much, but he has a competency of private means. He has American suavity, and she has Scotch geniality.

"But, oh, I am afraid he is applying too late. I suspect, that her boarding at old Capt. Sterling's, while teaching the school in this section, has led to an understanding between her and young Charley, which I should greatly regret to find true, for her sake, at least. He is much her junior, a rollicking young sprout, who is never likely to be anything but a farmer, and she is not adapted for a farmer's wife. I had always marked her out as a 'clergy reserve,' and I should be sorry if she passed into other hands.

"You will perhaps scold me when I tell you I have parted with *Cantering Dick.* He was a noble fellow, in his way—showy, strong, 'sure-footed' to an astonishing degree, and sure to fetch me out of any and every hole that had a bottom to it at all. By the way, I had meant to trust him to fetch me out of one without a bottom. When our craft was so full of water as to be on the point of settling down, I reined 'Dick' close to the gunwale of the scow, with all my paraphernalia on his back, and stood upon that elevation, keeping myself out of water, ready to vault into the saddle in the last extremity, and I have no doubt he would have swam out with me. Fortunately, the boat's grounding near the shore, enabled us to ride out without swimming. But 'Dick' had two faults; or rather, one fault and one infirmity: he was almost un-

catchable, when let loose, without a hobble; and then, so rough under the saddle, unless you galloped him all the while, which is a gait not very seemly for a preacher, that he shook me to pieces. I therefore changed with Brother Welchman, for a tall, spotted young mare, very fast and agreeable under the saddle, which I call 'Pussy.' But then I have to give him twenty dollars 'to boot,' and that, some of my friends think, is more than he should have asked me.

"This is a peculiar Circuit, easy, and yet hard: there are only about twenty appointments for each of us in the four weeks—five a week; but then, to reach them, we have to travel three or four hundred miles, riding through long stretches of French settlements, with the people of which we can have no intercourse, crossing the rivers with which it is intersected by ferries almost wholly. The people are very hospitable and kind, a number being of American origin, whose habits of living are quite agreeable; but then I have no one central home, as I had at River Side, where I can go and rest and study; no, but my home is pretty much 'where night overtakes me.' And often at nightfall I feel lonely enough, and think of a cheerful fire, and of dear ones that I could name. Fortunately, my dear senior colleague and his precious wife are a solace to me. You doubtless know that Brother and Sister Black are the persons I refer to.

"I do not wish to alarm you, but the cholera, which we hope is passing away, has not only decimated, but almost depopulated some neighborhoods. I trust I am prepared to meet God; and I have taken precautions to be ready for other emergencies. As I am among strangers, many of whom cannot understand English, I have written out a statement of my name and relations—what I possess, and how I want it disposed of in the event of sudden death. I hope there will be enough to bury me, and to leave the residuum

of a few dollars for my dear widowed mother. I have devised my watch, as a keep-sake, for my dearest Hephzy, it is all I have to bequeath. I hope for the best, although I provide for the worst.

"Should God spare us both, I trust, that when the frost bridges the streams and swamps, giving us sixty miles of travelling on the ice, and glazes all the roads with beaten snow, I will be able to slip up in one of the berlins, or carioles, they use in this part of the country, and see you all; and hold one of the old-fashioned confabs with the coterie around the old kitchen fire once more.

"You will think it strange that I am talking of ice and snow early in September; but you need not be surprised if I say, that it sniffs of winter already in these hyperborean regions. When I and my fellow-traveller reached the brow of the range of hills overlooking the valley of this great river, on the evening of the 23rd of August, a frosty blast, sweeping over the wide plain below, in saddening contrast to the sweltering heat in which we had rode across the Highland settlements, through which we had to travel in reaching this region, met us in the face, and made my heart sink within me. There was a heavy frost that night, which arrested all further growth, and the ripening of the crops, and has tinged the forests with autumn hues—beautiful, but the hectic flush indicative of early dissolution.

"But I am getting melancholy. I must check 'the gloomy thoughts that rise,' and hopefully look forward across the Jordan of Death to the 'sweet fields which stand dressed in living green, and never-withering flowers.' I wish I could hear your own sweet voice and the choir in the old hive sing that animating hymn once more.

* * * * * *

"Yours, ————

"WILLIE.

"P. S.—I forgot to congratulate you on the polished young preacher appointed to Lake River. His cultivated manners, pleasing address, soft voice, diffusive style, and declamatory method of treating his subjects, attributes which ladies at least admire in a preacher, will be a pleasing change from your late incumbent's rusticity and awkwardness, dissonant tones, severe style, and expository method. I may be more original, but he is more *recherche;* I may study harder, but he reads more. He swallows books by the tome.—W. W."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOTHER MEETING OF OLD AND NEW FRIENDS.

BROTHER WARBLE'S hope, expressed to Hephzy, of seeing his old friends at River Side was realized about the middle of January, 1833. He and his quaint but lovable senior colleague on the Francofluvia Circuit had given themselves after the watch-nights were over (they held them on both Christmas and New Year's Eve in those days) with some other indispensable matters, a vacation with a view to visiting Lake River Circuit, one in which they both had reason for feeling a special interest, one for retrospective considerations and the other for prospective ones.

Warble's appointments, the Sabbath before leaving, lay at the extremity of their circuit, pointing in the direction of their intended journey. As his senior had a long day's travel from his last Sunday's work before he could overtake him, Warble had arranged to spend a day in pioneering; or more properly in satisfying a long expressed desire for a Methodist sermon at a place about twenty miles beyond their circuit boundaries. This was a spot called Wolfe's Point on the great Francofluvia River. The place had long wished for preaching, but besides the great extent of the circuit already, the supply of the place would en-

tail an additional journey of forty miles. This, furthermore, could only be performed with his horse while the ice was good in winter, there then being no land road, and the water conveyance was uncertain.

But now, having to pass that way, he sent on an appointment for Monday night, and adddressed an attentive congregation in the house of Mr. Wolf, by whom he was hospitably entertained. He preached with liberty and power from the words of Paul, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

A good impression was made, and, as he afterwards learned, a young Scotchman, classically educated, and brother of a learned Reverend author in the Mother Country, was awakened and led to Christ as the result of that service. Had the nearest Methodist Society been more accessible, he would have united with it; and if he had, he would have probably became one of the preachers, for he has been for a great many years a minister in another branch of the Church of Christ. Dilly-dallying lost a populous section of country to Methodism, and gave others a footing, who have quite forestalled any efforts of ours in that region. There were great difficulties in the way, but with a little more push, they might have been overcome.

The two colleagues joined company, and the younger one took part of his senior's family, and the snowy, cold journey of sixty miles ice travelling, and all the rest of it, was accomplished, but the details are not of sufficient interest to detain the reader. The senior brother's goal was attained first, and Brother

Warble went on alone to River Side, where he arrived on Friday night, after five days floundering in the snow.

To give him a chance of seeing his old friends, without travelling all over the circuit, a "Temporary Quarterly Meeting" had been announced for the following Saturday and Sunday by the preacher on that circuit.

Now, be it known unto the reader, that by this strange designation was meant, a meeting in all respects like another quarterly meeting, only it was not one of the four, the Presiding Elder did not conduct it, and the usual quarterly official business was not attended to. And this one lacked another element: the Lord's Supper could not be held, the preachers although both eligible to ordination, for want of a Bishop, had not been ordained, although Warble himself had travelled no less than five years and a half. They had, however, the usual Saturday night prayer meeting, Sunday morning lovefeast, and Sunday forenoon sermon. The two sermons were preached by Warble, as also one at Round Island on Sunday night.

It was not till Monday night that the full conclave assembled. Symonds came on foot from Wildwoods Mission, (he had thought best to work his field of labor without a horse,) to visit his friend Brogan on the Missipemoaning Circuit, and the two drove over together on Monday to River Side. Black, who had preached at the other extremity of the circuit, drove up with his fine, hearty, excellent wife; and several

others dropped in, who may, or may not come to view.

The Marriage Act had lately come into force, and Brother Black had within a few days performed the rite for the first time, with which he felt not a little tickled; and offered his services to any of the younger brethren, who had matrimonial negotiations in a state of sufficient forwardness to need them. This, of course, gave rise to some laughter, and not a little banter among the exuberant spirited young men released from their usual care and toil, and rendered still more hilarious by meeting their young friends. As to Black, although he laughed but little, he provoked a great deal; his manner of expression, and the very sight of him would create a merry titter on the part of those who knew him.

The 'Squire, in a graver tone, expressed his great satisfaction at the Marriage Act having received the Royal assent. It was "altered times," he said, "since Brother Metcalf's marriage to that beautiful Irish lady he had wooed and won in these settlements. Mr. M—— did not want to be married by a magistrate; his friend and admirer, Mr. Gong, the Presbyterian minister, could marry none, unless one at least of the parties was a member of his own congregation, such was then the state of the law; and Mr. Metcalf was too spirited to resort to those who denied the validity of the Methodist ministry, and claimed all other clerical rights in the country. The result was he and his bride, with their company, had to take a journey of seventy or eighty miles, some distance within the terri-

tory of the United States, to be married by a minister of his own Church—a journey which was impeded and delayed by storms for more than a week."

All the young brethren congratulated themselves that they were still single; as they could now be married by a minister of their own Church, and according to a ritual they approved.

Here the conversation received a turn by Brother Brogan asking their host as follows, "Squire, you speak of the Rev. Mr. Gong's friendship for Mr. Metcalf, and, therefore, implied liberality; those of his denomination, or at least the Kirk section of them, are not equally liberal. The Rev. Mr. McAlpin, the newly-appointed Kirk minister from Scotland to Glen-Rocky, whose people were supplied with the Word and ordinances ever since the plantation of the settlement by the Methodists, has commenced a series of the most ultra-Calvinistic sermons, accompanied by very uncharitable allusions to us, evidently to neutralize what he supposes our erroneous teaching. He produced an impression against us at first. But as we occupy the same house on the Tenth Line, on alternate Sabbaths, it has so turned out as to greatly increase my congregations. The Scotch are fond of Theological discussions; and when I arrive in the neighborhood on the Saturday evening, I learn his last Sunday's text and mode of treating it. That is enough to suggest a text and line of argument which presents an array of truths adapted to counteract his extreme positions. This I do without making any reference to him. They all, even the

young people, understand it, and have become greatly interested in the fusilade, in which all the candid ones admit he is getting the worst of it. He is very slow in his compositions, and feels that he is placed at a disadvantage. The consequence is he has lost his temper, and said some very illiberal things to our disadvantage. On which account I have addressed a challenge to him to discuss the points at issue,"—[here Brogan produced a copy of the letter]—"but so far, he has not been pleased to accept it." *

Said Hamilton, "Brother Brogan, you like Theology, and that too, in its controversial aspect, I perceive?"

"Yes, Watson's Institutes and Fletcher's Checks to Antinomianism are the delight of my soul; I give my days and nights to them and kindred authors."

"I am afraid," said Warble, "that I do not like Theology so well as a preacher should; and as to sermon reading, unless one of special interest, I cannot endure it. Of course I have carefully read Watson, Fletcher, Wesley's Sermons, and similar works; but I must confess that my *eager reading* is Biography, History, and Literature, especially our Methodist

* Discussion is not pleasant, and usually, not desirable,—but sometimes it issues in good results. This reverend gentleman became convinced, that much might be said on the Methodist side of the question; and, from first becoming charitable, he was lead to entertain a profound respect for the character and work of Methodist ministers, and made inquiries of them on the subject of holiness, with all the docility of a child. Next he embraced our Evangelical Arminianism, and finally died within the enclosure of the Methodist Church, leaving his family warm adherents and liberal supporters of the cause.

authors who fall under these categories. But I believe Brother Hamilton there is still wider in his range of reading than I am: Are you not, my old chum?"

"You are right; finding them on the circuit, I have read through the whole of Stackhouse's voluminous History of the Bible since Conference, and I am now far on in my way through the numerous works of Edmund Burke. By the bye, Brethren, I am inclined to think from the arguments used by Burke, that our lately acquired hostility to Government Aid for Religion, has not as much foundation as we have presumed on. Burke shows that if a whole nation favor the Christian religion, why may they not support that religion by an Act of a Parliament in which the people are represented, without any contravention of the principle, that he who feeds a flock should eat of the milk of the flock.

"I have often thought the same," said the 'Squire, "and that we are too ultra in spurning Government Aid for Religion under all circumstances, even for Education, because that education is somehow connected with a Church."

"You are right, 'Squire," chimed in the Irish voice of Brogan. "Such extreme views are no part of the original testimony of Methodism. Methodism was not a dissent, a disruption from the Establishment, but a revival which out-grew the Church. Its early adherents were nominal members of the Church of England; and Wesley himself claimed to be a minister of the Church of England to the last, albeit, he disregarded some of her regulations. And, although

he admitted that a church establishment was a purely *human* institution; he did not say it was necessarily an *evil* institution."

Warble, who was slow to depart from any of the acknowledged principles of the body, observed, "Although Brother Hamilton's theory from Burke may seem plausible, it can never be realized in practice, as our Christian world is constituted. Our Christianity is divided, and what some hold to be true and lawful, others hold to be erroneous and fatal. How then, can you get a whole nation or province agreed as to what should be supported by the State? And although you may fix on one, which might receive the suffrages of the majority, will you have the State support their clergy and institutions, and neglect all the rest? And if you say, let provision be made for the support of the minor sects also, then you will cause the State to support both truth and error at the same time. You cannot fix on any scheme which can provide for supporting discordant sects by the State, without confusion and inconsistency. Then, if you leave it open to be dealt with by the Executive, according to the merits of such particular denominations, you open the flood gates of chicanery and corruption. The simple and best way is to leave all religious denominations to support their own clergy."

"Yes," said Hamilton, "but what of the benevolent agencies of the Church: Missions to the Aborigines are not merely for the promotion of religion, which, if done by us, necessarily includes the propagation of our religious opinions, but they are largely

educational and civilizing. This is a debt our Government owes to the Indians, but all attempts of mere Civil Governments have only aggravated the evils sought to be corrected; but experience has proved, that the Christian Church can perform this work efficiently. Where then is the evil, (nay it is *meritorious*) —where is the evil of the Government making any denomination that has been successful in this work, the almoner of its charity, or its agent for the accomplishment of these much needed domestic and educational enterprises? Our Wesleyan brethren have received money in the colonies for this work, which they accepted on the ground that it is a subscription, as much as that of many a philanthropic man of the world, who wishes to see pagan nations elevated, but does not care a whit about the theology you teach. And the same remarks will apply to education work through the denominations for the benefit of community at large."

"The trouble is," said Symonds, whose characteristic modesty had kept him silent till now, "the trouble is, that there is no system in this Province for receiving this aid without compromising the freedom and independence of the Church receiving it. In the United States, it is all arranged on a certain scale, fixed by Legislative enactment; the Legislature has voted certain amounts of public money for the benefit of the Aborigines and for higher education; any community that will perform a certain amount of work in either of these departments, will receive a certain amount of money. All the Methodists have to do over there, is

to furnish evidence to the authorities of the work done, and they receive a proportionate amount of the public funds without any trammeling effect on the denomination itself."

"I could have no objection to any arrangement of that kind," said Warble, "but after all, we have said and done in this country on the subbject of religious grants, we could not participate in them, even if such an arrangement were made, without seeming to stultify ourselves. We would lay ourselves open to the scoffs of the community for our inconsistency, and many of our oldest friends would be highly dissatisfied."

"Why then," said the 'Squire, "do not our oldest friends furnish the means to the missionary treasury to answer the piteous calls for aid to the Indians in the interior and the far North-West? And will the Methodists furnish the necessary funds to erect and endow the Academy for which Brother Rogers and another are now canvassing the country? I think you will find, after they have done all they can do, that the Institution will need the aid of the Government, from any money which may be at its disposal, for the promotion of higher education. The benefits are not to be confined to the denomination, but will be in favor of the whole community. What imaginable reason is there, therefore, why that Institution should not receive public assistance? It would be a becoming and salutary premium on private enterprise."

"The greatest trouble will be with the political party which has aided us in successfully fighting the battle of our religious rights. So long as we go with them

in every thing, they will speak well of us, but the moment we venture to hold back in any particular, they will denounce and destroy us if they can; it is characteristic of politicians."

Said Hamilton, "We need not fear anything being accepted by us, as the party in power will never offer us any thing. But I should not be surprised to find they have offered the British Wesleyan Missionary authorities something already to commence operations among the Indians; and if they have or do, it will be a matter in which the Canada Conference cannot interfere, even if the Union should be consummated. One of the preliminary articles makes them responsible for the sum required to carry on the missions, and that they will have to furnish whether the Government give, or do not give. What we raise will be merely auxiliary to their fund."

Many were the lighter subjects discussed at that meeting, and stories told, but we cannot give many of them in detail for want of space. Warble took occasion to ask Symonds how he had sped in his suit with Miss Laurie, but it had turned out as Warble had feared, Symonds was too late, the lady was pre-engaged. Thus one who would have been a becoming wife for a minister, entered on the duties of a farmer's wife, for which she was not well adapted; and an angel-minded young lady, who would have been led heavenward by such a companion as Symonds, was compelled to sojourn with one who had no comprehension of her spiritual aspirations; but who, uninten-

tionally perhaps, fettered her to earth-born cares and interests.

Hamilton confided to his early friend the severance of an early engagement, which he regretted, and which wrought him much sorrow in the long run; and expressed his hope to Warble that nothing would occur to produce an interruption of his understood engagement.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONTACT OF KINDRED MINDS ON A JOURNEY.

COINCIDENTALLY with Warble's visit to Lake River Circuit, circumstances took place which led to his transfer from the Francofluvia Circuit to the Boytown.

The last-named Circuit had been united (or *re*-united, for they were originally one) to the Hulton Circuit at the preceding Conference, under the name of *Boytown* alone. The Rev. Alanson Firstman had been the incumbent of Hulton the year before, where he still resided, and Boytown had had a married preacher to itself, to support as best it could; for in those days there were no Contingent or Missionary Funds to spend on such cases. And now, as to this year, it was thought, as a matter of economy, that it would be best to let Brother Firstman reside where he was, inasmuch as he was paying no rent, old Father Grimm, a rough but generous man, having given up his upstair apartments to him; and furnish him a single man as a colleague, who could reside in Boytown and attend to the special pastoral work in that place. The young man was *Levius Larmer*. The married man's claim for quarterage was $200 and the young man's $100; and as the claim for board, horse-keeping, and travelling expenses, were then usually very low, and

the first two items usually paid in kind, it was making things easy for the Circuit.

But Boytown had a few men, who initiated a system of strife and debate, which cursed that ground, we might say, almost for generations. These men had no objections to receive Brother Firstman's labors, but they stood on the ground, although their side of the river was about two to one as to work, membership, and means, that they were to do nothing but support the single man. This led the preacher in charge, who was always calm but always inflexible, to use disciplinarian means to coerce them. That was resisted, and a painful turmoil was the result,—albeit seven-eighths of the membership knew that the stand of those two men was unjust.

The Presiding Elder, to save the interests of Methodism from utter ruin by two contentious men, restricted Mr. Firstman to the Hulton side of the Francofluvia, thus throwing him wholly on them for support, and obliging that people to do a third more in the way of contribution than they had expected at the beginning of the year; and ordered Mr. Warble to transfer himself to Boytown, to take charge of the ground on the south side of the River as a separate circuit. And Mr. Larmer was dispatched to Francofluvia Circuit to take his place. Such adjustments a Presiding Elder could make in those days, if he had the advice and concurrence of two neighboring ministers. The official and his advisers thought the action, however hard on some, was necessary to prevent two turbulent men from ruining the cause.

The Conference and preachers had the name of possessing great power; but as they were wholly and directly dependent on the people for supplies, those who held the purse-strings and had social influence, contrived usually to have things their own way, and an evil way it was in too many cases.

[Perhaps this would be as good a place as any to present one of the questions, which it is one object of this work to discuss. The love of power is native to the human heart, although some desire it more than others; also, the possession and exercise of power has a tendency to foster the love of it, and the desire to keep it, if not to enlarge its possession, as a general rule. Therefore, it is absurd and unreasonable to charge one class or order of men with the desire for power rather than another. It has been fashionable in some quarters to charge ministers, ("clergy," "ecclesiastics," or "priests," as they have been called,) with an undue love of power more than laymen. The truth is, they all love it alike, not that they desire to make an ill use of it at all times; they all persuade themselves, that the use they intend to make of it is good; and in some cases the intended use is good. It is not always a merit to let power pass out of our hands, or to neglect to secure that measure of it which is legitimate and useful in any particular case. Take the case of parents for an illustration. Sometimes a large measure of power has been beneficially exercised, and so long as it is in wise and good hands, its possession is for good. Thus, the power of the Methodist ministers, or preachers at first was great, and a great bless-

ing: They were self-sacrificing, holy men, who restricted themselves to small allowances, and for those allowances they were dependent on the people they ruled, while they pushed on the work with all their might. It was not strange, therefore, if they thought their power necessary to the efficient accomplishment of their good enterprise; and it was. And for a long time, both in England and America, it was wielded with moderation and for the good of the people alone. Complaints against its manner of exercise were at length made, from time to time, and checks on ministerial authority invented; and gradually a large measure of power was transferred to lay-official courts, or acquired by them; and as far as they have come into the possession of power, they have showed quite as great a tenacity of that power, as the preachers themselves; and we incline to the opinion, that they have shown a much greater tenacity. And it has sometimes been felt to be more intolerable; in as much as that almost all the lay courts are self-constituted; and are responsible to no one, and dependent on no one, as were the preachers.

How can you bring public opinion in a Circuit to bear on a local preacher's meeting, or a quarterly official meeting? The rank and file of the membership have no means of controlling them, nor have the ministerial Conferences themselves. The official boards have means of influencing the private membership, but as a general thing, the private members, if left to themselves, confide more in the ministers than they do in the lay officials. As a general rule, the lay

official courts mean well and do well, and matters go on harmoniously in ordinary; but when these bodies come under the domination of a few dictatorial men their tyranny is unbearable. A one-man tyranny may be got rid of in many ways, or starved into moderation; but there is no touching the few-men tyranny, where, as has been the case with our Church Courts, they are self-constituted and irresponsible. It has been so great in some Circuits as to overtop both preachers and people for years. We could easily give the names and places of Official Boards which have had this no very enviable reputation in our Wesleyan history for long periods.

And we wot of a large and laborious section of Methodism, which has persuaded itself that it is the most popularized system of church government in the world, (and on a superficial view, it seems so to others) having such an overwhelming preponderance of laymen in District Meetings and Conference, in which body there is really no popular government after all, as there is also no pastoral government, but an astounding system of oligarchies. The quarterly meetings are all self-constituted—no popular element, no single member, can enter them from the ranks of the private membership without the election of these Courts themselves. Then, they decide who shall compose the District Meetings, and those District Meetings who shall compose the Conference, and all the delegates, both to the one and the other, must go from out their own self-constituted ranks. These Courts are in no wise responsible, so far as we can see, to the people

below them, or the Conference above them; and as they must be largely composed of men of narrow views, bound together by this bond of mutual self-appointment—["You vote for me, and I for you"]—it would be a miracle, if they did not perpetrate many arbitrary and cruel acts. It is true, these Courts may perhaps keep each other in check—that is, they are afraid of each other—but it is only to prevent the growth of connexional public opinion and connexional progress. Such a system must necessarily be one of mutual suspicion and espionage. No wonder, therefore, with a vast number of individuals both among clergy and laity desirous of co-operating for the unification of Colonial Methodism, nothing can be done in such a populous body towards its accomplishment. A purely *pastoral government*, where the pastors are dependent directly on the people for support; or a pure democracy, where there is fair representation from the people, must be vastly freer than a government by a congeries of close, irresponsible corporations. It must be that an earnest spirit of piety is the reason why such a system does not come to a dead-lock altogether. We write thus plainly to prevent people deceiving themselves by a plausible delusion.

The reader must not misunderstand the editor of these papers. He has no sympathy with the reaching after that degree of pastoral power, which seeks to originate and control all that is done. Such an effort to establish pastoral authority, deservedly overreaches itself; for while it gives official influence, it destroys moral influence. Neither is the editor dissatisfied

with the lay elements which have been introduced into the largest Methodist body of these Provinces, in connection with the late unifying measures. Only he thinks that in some respects they have not gone far enough; and in others, they have not been so wisely applied as they might have been.

He is of the humble opinion, that the measure of the Australian connexion, in introducing laymen into the Annual Conferences, as well as the General Conference and District Meetings, should be imitated. He would say, keep the "Society Representatives" in the Quarterly Official Meeting, if the majority think best (for a large official board is rather desirable than otherwise); but instead of the Stewards being appointed by the Quarterly Meeting on the nomination of the chair, let the whole mass of membership elect these men who handle their money, in any form they prefer to elect them. Fix as a standard, that the Stewards shall be matured, law-abiding members of the Church, and of sufficient financial ability and business capacity to transact the matters to which they have to attend; and if the people have elected any who does not come up to this standard, give the pastor the right of voiding the election, and of throwing the matter back on them for a second choice. If this were done annually, and a circuit not restricted to a certain number of Stewards, for which there is no imaginable reason, there would be little, if any, need of Society Representatives besides the Stewards themselves.

Then, as to the other members of the Quarterly Official Meeting, let the leaders be appointed by the

Superintendent, with the concurrence of their respective classes. Leaders share and represent his pastoral authority and work, and their classes are those principally interested in their qualifications for the functions they have to experience. As to local preachers and exhorters, their choice and authentication from year to year, might safely be left with the Superintendent and Quarterly Official Meeting as thus constituted.]

But we must now return to the thread of our narrative. In the interregnum between one preacher's removal and the arrival of another, several arrangements had been made by the Society at Boytown, under the management of the leading litigant, which they had no disciplinary authority to make; but Mr. Warble ignored the irregularity, and took things as he found them. Taking the reins in his own hands for the balance of the year, and quietly exercising his pastoral authority without brandishing it over their heads, he succeeded in calming the irritation, and directing the minds of the members into that pious course of well-doing which should characterize the members of a Church, and which is the only effectual means of building it up, and of enlarging its boundaries. Towards the close of the Conference year, the fruits of patient continuance in well-doing appeared in the out-breaking of a gracious revival, which issued in the salvation of many souls in all parts of the circuit.

So much for preliminaries, we come now to the incidents and discussions of the journey indicated by the title of this chapter. Mr. Warble had to make a

long journey before the sleighing should break up to the circuit from which he had been removed, to fetch away his luggage up to his new place of labor. Besides what he had on his back, all could be brought—books, clothes and all, in one medium-sized hair-covered trunk, and in a valise, excepting the saddle and bridle, which were stowed away in the back part of the cutter, while his trunk was bestowed in front.

Besides, the reader must be informed, that two rode in the cutter, and his companion furthermore being a very large man: this was his Presiding Elder, the *Rev. Blake Vernon.* This officer had attended the Boytown quarterly meeting, and had to go down to the Francofluvia quarterly meeting. They agreed to make the journey together: Brother Warble furnished the cutter adapted to the single-roads and the shaft horse; the Elder's tall, smart mare was placed in front; but as they were not provided with the necessary sort of reins to guide both horses, each man drove his own horse.

They had about three days' journey to perform each way, mostly on the frozen surface of the river. The snow on a level was about four feet deep, but the top of the road, from the packing on of drift snow, could not have been less than seven, or ten feet from the ice. It therefore resembled a very high, narrow turnpike. Another peculiarity of this road was, it was wrought up into a succession of hills and hollows, by the singular construction of the French sleds, or *traineaux*, which were principally in use in that part of the country. These made the journey laborious, if

not perilous, at best, but there was another source of constant peril, and frequent misadventures. Miles of loaded sleds were being met ever and anon; for all the merchandise for hundreds of miles up into the lumbering country was conveyed in this manner.

There was not more than one driver to every two sleds, and sometimes to every three. Moreover, whether the driver was with them or not, the horses drawing these loads never gave any part of the road on meeting a conveyance; but a lighter vehicle was rudely thrust out of the track; and to turn out, was almost always to roll down to the foot of the "turnpike," and usually to turn over, if not bottom-side up, involving the necessity, before being righted again, of unharnessing the horses in whole or part. How often exactly such encounters happened in this journey, this deponent would not undertake to say with precision, but certainly too often for comfort, although the affair was sometimes provocative of laughter. Yet it was upon the whole a very agreeable and profitable journey. The Elder was a much older man than his companion, and had had three or four years more experience in the itinerancy than he. Besides, he was much better educated and informed in general matters than the average of the preachers of that day. He was condescending and communicative withal, and many were the subjects of ministerial and connexional interest discussed during this wintry journey. The junior was as yet not a very hearty approver of the projected Union; the senior was one of its cordial supporters

from the first, and helped to indoctrinate his younger companion.

The Elder was a native of York State, where he had received his earliest Methodist training, under such men as Heman Bangs, Daniel Ostander, Laben Clake, Peter P. Sanford, George Coles, and others of the same stamp, to talk of whom and to describe the characteristics of their ministry constituted one of the pleasures of the journey. Then to classify our own Canadian ministry was another. They were divided by Mr. Vernon into four classes. The first class, according to him, consisted of only two men, alike in pre-eminence, but dissimilar in the style of their talents: these were *Chrysostom Regnor* and *Mr. Metcalf*. The first excelled in eloquence, the second in elegance. One took bolder flights, but the other was more accurate. One had the more natural talent, the other the better attainments.

Julius and Justin Regnor, Vernon, Highland, Bevitt, Clarke, and a few others were put in a second class.

According to him, Davies, Firstman, Hamilton, Brogan, Warble, &c., some of whom certainly have since been in the second rank at least, were yet considered in the third class.

I am unwilling to say who all were placed in the fourth class, the great receptacle of odds and ends; only it is remembered, that one who was classified with these, afterwards proved himself not only one of the best men of the body, but of superior intellect. The endeavor to give a person his true

classification is not always a very easy task; the gifts and peculiar excellencies of men are so diverse, that few can strike an accurate balance between their excellencies and defects. And perhaps the attempt is as unwise as it is often unjust; the better way is to await the decision of the Judge of All the Earth.

A more sensible occupation of our two travellers was that of reading and discussing a book. Neither of them, at that time, had much acquaintance with Latin or Greek; all the way, therefore, they had of becoming acquainted with the writers of classic antiquity was through the medium of translations. These they had not always the means of buying, certainly it was so with Warble. His method was usually to read all the books of value which he found in his circuit; and he embraced the opportunity of reading them at once upon their discovery, for fear he might not meet with them again.

On this principle, he read in a very zigzag way, and some very curious kind of books. He had heard of Homer's Illiad, and he had met with Pope's Homer, and borrowed it; and he and his Presiding Elder were fain to read it through in this journey, which they did in the private houses and taverns in which they stopped and in the sleigh itself, "taking turns," when one reader became weary, or hoarse. The "blind old bard's" descriptions enraptured them, and were suggestive of many a remark of one to the other. By the way, to read a book in concert between two, is one of the best methods of mastering it.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHADOWS ACROSS THE PATHWAY.

IT had been understood by all the parties concerned, that there should be a wedding at River Side just before the next Conference—after which Brother Warble having labored four years in connection with the Conference, besides nearly two other years under the Presiding Elder, he would be entitled to a disciplinary allowance for a wife, if he chose to take one.

So far as his own means and resources were concerned, it was an act of temerity for him perhaps to have projected marriage at the best; but joined to that, a series of losses and extra expenses had fallen to his lot during the Conference year we are describing, which, added to losses connected with that very precarious kind of property, horses, for two years previously, threw him into straits and perplexities. The state of the case will be best explained by the following letter, written in a fit of despondency to one very dear to him:—

"*To Miss Hephzibah Firstman,*

"River Side, Round Island, P. O.

"MY DEAREST HEPHZY,

"I begin to feel that I have done you a very great injustice.

"I was a foolish young man to engage your affections and to extort a promise of marriage from you to me at any rate—wandering, ill-paid Methodist itinerant that I am. Then, oft-repeated losses prove that I am either a poor manager, or else very unfortunate. This year I have had a series of mischances. I have received but little from either of my two several Circuits. My removal to this one has occasioned the expense of about $45.00 for equipage that was provided in my first Circuit. My promising mare, for which I gave my horse and will have to pay $20.00 besides, proved with foal and unable to travel. I changed her for a high-priced one, with a great name as a traveller, which died in a few weeks, out of hand. I am now horseless and owe about *fifty dollars*. To procure the one and pay the other, will take a great deal more than I can save out of my meagre allowances, let me use all the economy I can, without incurring the expense of housekeeping.

"Marriage, therefore, during the next year is out of the question; and I have not the face to ask you to wait another year for so worthless a person. This sad letter, therefore, is to set you free from all obligations to me. If you meet any opportunity of a comfortable settlement in life, do not feel any restrictions from accepting it on my account. I may grudge the happy man the possession of a prize so dear, but I will never claim you,—although I will likely ever after prosecute my earthly journey alone. But should you remain single until my circumstances will decently justify the offer of my hand, you may be sure of receiving the proffer.

"But, in the present state of things, it will only torture us both for me to make my projected visit to River Side on my way to the next Conference. I must give the dear scenes of so much exquisite enjoyment the go-by until more favorable circumstances dawn on my sad heart.

"Please show this to your dear, honored parents; and give my kind regards to all the precious family. Assure them all of my inviolable attachment. For you may all rest assured that I am not vacillating in my affections, or ungrateful, if I am imprudent and unfortunate.

"Adieu! my never-to-be-forgotten, once-claimed, but now relinquished, precious Miss Firstman! I shall ever bear your image in my riven heart.

"Your sorrowful friend and well-wisher,

"WILLIAM WARBLE.

"Boytown, June, 1833."

The manner in which this unexpected letter was received, and the character of the young lady, will appear from the following extract from a note from Miss Firstman to Warble:—

"*To the Rev. William Warble,*

"Boytown.

"DEAR BROTHER WARBLE,

"We are all very sorry for your losses and sorrows. Father had heard of the loss of your horse, by a letter from Brother Alanson; and he had arranged to provide you with a horse. There is the colt out of the mare we bought from Johnny Black, foaled when you first came on this circuit. He has grown to be a nice young horse, very well adapted to the saddle or cutter. Father says you are welcome to him, if you will accept him.

"And whatever happens, you had better not keep your purpose of defrauding us of a visit, on your way to Conference. All the family have calculated very much upon it. Whatever the relation we hold to each other, we shall want very much to see you.

[Hear followed the usual family news and local gossip.]

"Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain your affectionate and sympathizing friend in the Lord,

HEPHZIBAH FIRSTMAN."

The reader will perhaps easily surmise, that Brother Warble did not keep away from River Side. He did go there again; and when once there, matters were viewed in a less gloomy light. He did put the saddle on the colt and ride him away. And in a few months after he did drive away with a still more precious freight; but we must not anticipate.

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CHAPTER XXVI

NEWS SENSATIONAL FROM NEW YORK.

THE Conference year, 1832-33, had closed prosperously with the connexion at large. A net gain of over a thousand members had been added to the several societies; only a third as many, however, as had been added the year before that; but still it was a result which called for thanksgiving. But it had been especially prosperous to the brethren and their circuits who have come to view in our humble narrative. Warble had just consummated his long correspondence by marrying Hephzibah Firstman.

Symonds and Brogan, in their journey to Conference from their back-lying fields of labor, had arranged to stop a few days at River Side to meet with Brother Hamilton, the incumbent of Lake River Circuit, and to pay their respects to Warble and his bride. For the lady was destined to remain at home for another four or five months, until the sleighing should furnish facilities for removal to her husband's next year's appointment. We may say, in passing, that the exigencies of the itinerancy with them did not allow this young couple more than a fortnight, all put together, in each other's company during the first four months of their married life.

That there was much talk and discussion among these four active-minded young preachers and their four sage old friends—McRorey, Grayley, Bursdale, and the 'Squire during this happy season of relaxation at River Side, will be easily imagined. Some of the discussions were pregnant enough with meaning; but a good part of it was too hilarous for record.

It is true, they were on the eve of the notable Conference of 1833, to be held in the Capital of the Province, where the Union negotiations were to be consummated; but discussion on that subject had spent itself; and, so far as was then known, the connexion, lay and clerical, had settled itself down in an acceptance of the expected situation. Indeed, all was apparent harmony and hope.

The "news" to which reference is made in the title of the chapter, was received further on in their journey towards the Conference. The young brethren had left Round Island—crossed Cromwell's Ferry into the Transmorass Circuit—and spent the Sabbath in a retired country neighborhood, the guests of some very special friends of Brother Brogan, including an able and influential local preacher and his excellent and talented wife with their promising housefull of children; two of them, Brogan and Warble, each favoring the neighborhood with a sermon in the adjacent school-house.

From there, they had a day's ride out to the main water communication, where they meant to leave their horses, and, for once in their lives, treat themselves to a ride to Conference, for the rest of the way, on a steam boat.

The last place of *rendezvous*, before leaving the Transmorass Circuit, was Butler's Corners, where there was a confluence of roads converging from various places on the frontier into the great thoroughfare leading to Round Island and the back country. Here was a post-office kept by the ex-circuit preacher, the Rev. Steward Butler, or if you choose to view him as farmer, shop-keeper, post-master, and magistrate, you might call him, Steward Butler, Esq. This was a sort of centre of information, where the scattered rays of intelligence converged.

Here the young preachers, Symonds, Brogan, Hamilton, and Warble, met the devoted circuit preacher, *Abner Throwdart*, who had counted a net gain of about fifty souls during the year then closing. These, with Mr. Butler, Sister Butler, and "Uncle Virgil," and "Aunt Priscilla," hard by, constituted a very formidable conclave, when once fairly organized.

The event which gave character to their discussions was the arrival of the *Christian Guardian* from York, which had been about a week on its journey, and bringing news of still more remote dates from New York. The New York advices were to the effect, that the Representative of the Canada Conference had returned from England, and with him the prospective President of the Canada Conference, appointed by the British Conference, as also a Superintendent for the Missions, which were to be accounted henceforth to them.

But in care of the Rev. George Marsden there was another arrival, not anticipated by the general public.

This was a petite young lady of genteel connections, fine accomplishments, and sincere piety, although not of the Methodist denomination. By appointment, (the news said,) she had been met in New York, by a dusky stranger from Canada, who led her to the hymenial altar, where they had been solemnly married by the Venerable Doctor Bangs.

It was Othello and Desdemona over again, so far as the contrast of personal appearance and antecedents were concerned. She was from the refined circles of Lambeth, near London, while he was erst of the Ojibway Indians, who from time immemorial wandered the dense, dark forests on the banks of Ontario and its tributary streams from the northward. These were *Kakewahquonaby*, native missionary of the Canada Conference, and *Miss Eliza Fields* of Old England.

The whole is explained when we say, that, two years before he had been in Great Britain begging for our Aboriginal missions; and, besides being the guest of George IV., had been her father's guest. She had heard him tell the story of his savage days, his conversion, and missionary hardships, on the missionary platform, and in snatches. Like Othello he had told it all consecutively over to her. She no doubt thought it

"Wondrous pitiful."

And finally commiserated him so much as to consent to share his labors, and joys, and sorrows in his far-off native land.

The recent voyage, meeting, and marriage in New

York was the result of the negotiations. The negotiations were not without obstructions from friends, and delays, which constitute a plot that would make the fortune of any first-class novelist (say some George Elliott) who might see fit to appropriate the facts, and give them the embellishments of which they are so susceptible.

The arrival of this news at Butler's Corners constituted a first-class sensation to the unsophisticated company assembled, mostly conversant as they were with the even tenor of rural, if not back-woods, life. It produced surprise, wonder, approval, disapproval, and an outgush of exclamations and remarks as diversified as the persons who made them.

Most wondered at a fine lady's taste in marrying an Indian. The unmarried young preachers had their conceptions wondrously heightened of their matrimonial chances, if they only bided their time, and played their cards well. They became very exacting in their demands for beauty, rank, accomplishments, age, and wealth itself. In the meatime, it lead off into a very animated and long-continued discussion as to the necessary characteristics of a good wife for a Methodist itinerant. If we could produce all that was said, *pro* and *con*, by Brogan with his Irish vivacity, Aunt Priscilla with her oddity, Uncle Virgil with its homeliness, Symonds with his Yankee shrewdness, Butler with his sly humor, and Throwdart with his quiet, good sense, it would be very amusing; but then, it would take more room than we have to afford. Warble said but little, as he had so recently given his own estimate

of what a minister's wife should be, in the choice which he had so lately ratified.

At first, there was a good deal of badinage and balderdash—a good many extravagant things uttered —and a good deal said that was not meant; but at length, good sense prevailed, and the unanimous conclusion, if fairly written out and recorded, amounted to this :—

Get a wife from a family of a good honest name; if she is accomplished all the better; but, at least, let her be a person of good natural sense, for an itinerant fool would be deplorable; let her be unmistakably pious, if possible, and the more heavenly minded she is, the better; but she must be a person of a sweet amiable temper naturally, so that if she should decline in religion, her husband would still have a tolerable life with her; as to beauty or comeliness, that was taken as a matter of course, seeing it would be settled by the choice of the only person concerned, the husband, who would naturally esteem all the prominent features to be so many beauty-spots: an ability to pray and speak a word for God was thought to be desirable, but it was concluded, that gifts were not grace, and that grace was better than gifts; as to the matter of dress, she must not be so highflying as to stumble the staid old Sisters in the Church, or as to encourage the flittergibs, who will take license for all kinds of frippery from any indication that way in the preacher's wife; but then, it was thought, she should be neat in her attire, for the sake of its comeliness and for the sake of example; finally, next to good temper, and

above all other accomplishments, it was concluded that a circuit preacher's wife would need to know *domestic economy;* how to milk the cow, if they were so fortunate as to own one—to make the butter and bread, both of them good, for what is worse than spoiled bread and butter—cure, so as to keep from spoiling, those extraordinary influxes of flesh-meat in the preacher's larder, which characterized the "killing time." It was thought a clean, cozy, quiet, well kept home, and a kindly greeting when he returned from his Circuit, had more to do with the preacher's preaching good sermons and laboring efficiently than almost anything else. When the summary was made up, Warble thought that all the excellencies which had received the imprimatur of the conclave centred in his Hephzy; and after a long time for reflection, the Editor thinks he was correct.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A REVIEW OF MATTERS AFTER THE "UNION."

ABOUT three weeks after the last sederunt, at the house of Mr. Butler, there was a somewhat numerous gathering of members of the coterie at the the 'Squire's, at River Side.

There was Alanson, on a visit home, before moving to his new circuit, Hamilton, who was reappointed to Lake River, Brogan on his way back to Missipemoaning for another year, and Warble for a very brief sojourn with his new wife and friends, before his entrance on another term at Boytown. Symonds was not there, having tarried at his frontier circuit, where he was to be the colleague of Alanson Firstman. Warble had met his wife, paying a sort of valedictory visit to her father's relatives, about forty miles from River Side, whither she had gone on horseback. So that the two had the delectable pleasure of riding "cheek by jowl" together back to the parental home. Equestrianism had the ascendency over carriages in those days.

The notable unifying Conference had come and gone, the four leading seniors of the neighborhood, McRorey, Grayley, Bursdale, and the 'Squire, had naturally a good many inquiries to make and have them solved relative to the recent doings of the

Conference, and the then present and prospective status of the Connexion. This session, therefore, constituted a sort of "Committee of Review."

Bursdale wished to "knaw hif the union with the Henglish Conference was raily haccomplished."

"It is," said Hamilton, "fixed, I hope, like the laws of the Medes and Persians."

All the old country friends expressed themselves as greatly pleased, and no one expressed any displeasure.

McRorey wished to know if "the religious services of the Conference had been happy."

Warble assured him they had been, especially on Sunday, when the English Representative preached with great unction, in the morning. A lively prayer meeting followed the sermon on Sunday evening, where many were seeking perfect love under the management of the blind Evangelist, the devoted John Long; and some were "overwhelmed with the power."

The 'Squire wished to know if there were "any dissentients among the members of the Conference themselves, relative to the union as a whole."

His son answered, "No, father, they were very unanimous on nearly all the details. There were some discussions and demurs about some of these, and two aged men, Fathers Whitehead and Gatchel, seemed opposed altogether to our merging ourselves in the British Connexion. But when good James Richardson, a very influential man in the Conference, who had not such a cordial approval of some of the details as some of his brethren, saw that they were all

carried by large majorities, stood up and urged perfect unanimity on the final vote for the whole measure. And the vote was really unanimous; for although Mr. Gatchel did not vote for it, he absented himself, and did not vote at all. Mr. Whitehead made a show of voting against it; he did it, however, in a way which showed he did not wish to have it recorded; and the chairman, Elder Case, pronounced the whole measure 'carried unanimously.'"

Brother Grayley wished to know if there were any modifications of the preliminaries sent to the British Conference, made by that body, and finally agreed on. All the brethren agreed there were none of any account; and as far as there were any, they were rather in the interests of the Canada side than otherwise.

The 'Squire wished to know if there was to be no submission of the matter to the members of the Church for their approval.

His son-in-law answered, that all the changes proposed which the Constitution of the General Conference required to be submitted to the Quarterly Conferences, were those which related to the Local Preachers, such as substituting a Local Preacher's Meeting in each Circuit, instead of the District Conference, which locals themselves complained of as impracticable to work; and some changes relative to the method of bringing Local Preachers to trial, which are altogether in their favor, giving a Local Preacher the privilege of choosing half the jury by which he is tried, which is a privilege neither minister nor member

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enjoys but themselves; and these changes do not become law until they receive the approval of the prescribed majority of all the Quarterly Conferences. Of course, it is understood, that no one becoming a Local Preacher in the future will be eligible for ordination.

The publication of the new discipline is suspended until the return is made by each Presiding Elder of the state of the vote on this question in the Quarterly Conferences in his district.

Father McRorey asked, "What was now to be the name of the Church?" And was answered, "*Wesleyan Methodist Church* instead of *Episcopal Methodist Church*."

Father Bursdale wished to "knaw of the praychers how they loiked the Henglish President?"

"He is everything that is good," replied Warble, who felt the deepest veneration for him. "He is bland, but grave—urbane, but condescending in manner—very able and unctious as a preacher, and subduing and powerful in prayer. There is only one thing to regret about him; namely, that he has to return to England so soon. His manners in and out of the pulpit are so Christ-like and winning, that I think if he could have stayed and travelled through the rest of the Province after the Conference, as he did through some parts before the Conference, it would have gone a long way to assimilate and weld the two connexions. The sight of him is adapted to allay any fears of spiritual loss to the Canadian Church from a closer union with our British brethren."

"You had a great many ordinations, I perceive," said Mr. Grayley.

"Yes," said Hamilton, "there were *twenty-one* brethren received into full connexion at different times, for some years past, some of whom were in deacon's orders, but who could go no further for the want of a Bishop to ordain; these received full ministerial orders, as did *six* others who were received into full connexion this year. Among the former were Brother Alanson, myself, and Brother Warble; and among the latter, Brother Brogan."

"Yo have got rid," said Bursdale, "of the distinction between daycons and helders."

"Yes," said Warble, "but the greater implies the less."

"His not Mr. Marsden's hordination has good has a Bishop's ?"

"Yes, at any rate; but we ascertained that he is a true Methodist Episcopos, Dr. Coke having given him, before starting for India in 1813, letters of Episcopal ordination, to preserve the succession, in case such orders should ever be required. And this piece of information did a great deal to reconcile the stickler's for ordination by Bishops in the Conference to the present ordinations."

Said Brogan, "It is a matter of small account; our brethren in the States have to acknowledge that there is a Presbyterial-Episcopacy; and if we are to be ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery hereafter, it may as well be done at once."

"As to that," said the 'Squire, who knew the senti-

ments of the Methodist people in the country well, both those of American and those of European origin, "the great bulk of the members of our Church care not a fig whether we are Episcopal or not. If you can manage the matter so as not to offend the local preachers, there will be no demur to the Union." And so thought they all.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

THE truth is, the first year after the UNION opened under promising auspices. There had been no observable revolt, so far, and no section or interest of the Church had declared against it. The Rev. Joseph Gatchel's name, (the dissident who constituted the germ of reputed indentity out of which the reconstructed M. E. Church was evolved,) still stood on the Minutes as a Superannuated Minister of the now WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH; and being well and active, he travelled largely through the Connexion, assisting at revival meetings, for which his lively manner and hortatory talents adapted him. And, according to the custom of the times, he took up collections, in the still visibly united connexion, towards his own claims as a Superannuated minister of the body, which he duly acknowledged to the proper authorities of the Conference, and received what was behind from the same authorities, making it exactly the same sum as the other superannuates received, there not being then any graduation of allowances according to the time a preacher had labored.

And had it not been for politics and the question of

"Government Grants to Religious Bodies," the dissatisfaction with the UNION would have been small indeed: the love for Episcopacy, and even the interest in Local Preachers' Ordination, a much stronger word to conjure with, would never have had sufficient force to make a division.

We wish to close this first series at a sunny spot, and will not anticipate future troubles, whatever we may do in a future work. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Our readers will probably be expecting some account of the after-career of the persons with whom they have been made acquainted by this book. Whoever goes to River Side and Round Island, will not find the dear old men, Firstman, Bursdale, Grayley, and McRorey. Nor is Big Ben's drum-like voice any more heard on earth. They all lived to a good old age, but they died —died well, in the Church, and at their respective posts of duty.

We are sorry to say that Sister Playright's tendency to enthusiasm laid her open to the attack of a fanatical epidemic, which ended her connection with Methodism far on in life. Her husband's connection also, still further on, was *nominally dissolved*, by a series of untoward things; in which, although he was censured, he had this writer's sympathy. He preached to the last, and bore himself the christian gentleman and man of energetic enterprise to a great age, when he died suddenly and almost alone. Alas, that we have to say, that the same epidemic to which we have referred, swept away two of the 'Squire's noble sons, the oldest

and youngest. But enough of the family remained adherents of the good cause to constitute the nucleus of another series of stories. Alanson is in sequestered retirement.

As to the after life (and death in some cases) of the *preachers* who have figured in our book, *Symonds* was the first single brother to follow Warble's example. He wrote his friend during the year our story ends, of his intention of taking to himself *Miss Sarah Sharp*, a preacher's sister, as a wife. He said in his letter, "she is not pretty, but then she is so good." Their future history showed that they were the complements of each other: if Simeon had too much placidity, she had energy and vim enough to make up for it. They are both gone, and gone well.

Hamilton and *Brogan* were the next to "depart this life," as they termed a passage out of single-blessedness. The latter married a *Miss Grace Burch*, cultivated and well connected. The former, for reasons upon which I will not dwell, went into secular life, and probably did right. He proved himself, all through, a truly Christian gentleman, succeeded in business and became conspicuous in public life. He now represents Her Majesty in an important office. He fills the pulpit when needed, aids the Church in her operations, and had the honor to serve in our first General Conference. Brogan is nominally superannuated, but makes his theological lore and talents valuable to the Church.

Along with Symonds, Rogers, Welchman, Butler, Healy, Bluffen, Pond, Black, and Metcalf, are in

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heaven; *Chrysostom Regnor's* plaintive, pleading voice is hushed in death. His brother *Julius* is "in age and feebleness extreme." But (wonder of a man!) *Justin's* tongue and pen are still active, and doubtless his brain. *Blake Vernon* is still valuable in the counsels of the Church. The same may be said of *Davies*—both very influential. And we may say ditto of *Abner Throwdart.* Clarke Rubrick has been for some years a church parson.

Perhaps Warble, the Secretary of the Association, requires a somewhat longer notice. He has never been considered by himself, or any one else, to be faultless. He often says, "I never was very good, but I have been a hard worker." He has been often blamed for making things so hard for himself, and hard for those who succeeded him in his circuits; but he felt that he had to render in quantity what his services lacked in quality. Although not absolutely without success, he has almost all his life had to mourn that he accomplished so little. Being very willing to work, he has been almost everybody's slave. Any specialties he has had the honor of being invited to perform, has "not been because Jack was the best horse, but because he was the easiest caught." He has not made his services hard to secure, therefore they have been lightly esteemed. He has not been pretentious and assuming, therefore, many have acted as though his claims might be lightly set aside, and his rights invaded with impunity. He has found many people, to be like the spaniel, which fawns the most on those who kick him oftenest and hardest. He has not ac-

cumulated wealth; for the good reason that he has received but little, and has been but poorly skilled in keeping and husbanding that little. Being thought to be a humble man, Stewards and Committees have made him but humble appropriations. They took him to be so etherial as to need little material good. He has had an Oliver Goldsmith weakness for giving away to worthless applicants: his judgment usually suggested prudence, but his charitable and sympathetic feelings overcame his judgment. His wastefulness on designing knaves of what himself, his family, and worthier objects should have had, has been a sin before God; but it is to be hoped, as this "failing leaned to virtue's side," that while the compassionate recording angel registered each successive fault, he may have let fall a tear which blotted out the entry, so that it cannot be deciphered. Certain bodily infirmities, want of dignity, and want of capacity, have prevented his filling the highest positions in the gifts of his brethren, albeit he has not been by constitution indifferent to such expressions of confidence. As to the people, he has always been a liberal interpreter of Methodist law, and the steady supporter of all measures for advancing *lay influence* in the connexion; but he has always found, that the laity give the greatest honor to those who hold them most in check, and who merely make a merit of necessity, taking credit for a progressive measure when it can no longer be withheld, and who vault into the saddle and take the management of the new steed when he is harnessed.

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Warble has all his ministerial life endeavored to keep our original disciplinary rule about the circulation of our connexional books; and of late years, circumstances have obliged him to do the same with some of his own productions, which have been designed to advance the interests of the Methodist connexion; but neither by one nor the other, first or last, has he much more than saved himself, and, in some cases, he has not been refunded. The pertinacity of book canvassers and book venders is a standing jest and scorn; but, if his own experience is any guide, they must be far oftener sinned against than sinning. Always excepting the noble few, to be found everywhere, who not only act justly but generously, it is his deliberate opinion, which he records for the information of mankind and the benefit of posterity, that while there is no class of men who do more to extend general knowledge, there is no class of dealers treated so shabbily and so meanly defrauded of their lawful claims.

There are Methodists who have become rich since the transactions, who owe him considerable sums for nearly half a century; and his case is not singular. He has rightful claim to a large amount, in sums ranging from fifty cents to fifty dollars, scattered from Dan to Beersheba. He has not recorded this to gratify spleen or to excite commiseration, but to put the saddle on the right horse. He thinks some one ought to have the moral courage to fling back the calumny, and to say, that many of those who make

themselves merry with colporteurs, have very likely de frauded them. *

Warble has a modest competency: and, if he never "learned to abound," he has "learned contentedly to be abased." God in mercy has spared Hephzy to him, to whom it is principally due that he has even a competency. He is certain she will go to heaven, and he is not without hope of crawling in there himself. In the meantime, he is striving to serve the good cause, by stopping one gap and another, (and in a way peculiar to himself,) although having to pay the discount now levied on people for being old.

END OF THE FIRST SERIES.

N. B.—There are yet half a dozen of the preachers raised up out of Father McRorey's class, who have been nothing more than named. Whether they shall be the pivots on which any other stories will be made to turn, or not, will very much depend on the estimate entertained of this, as expressed by its sale.—EDITOR.

* There is an accomplished and literary lady, brought up in genteel life, long the companion of a Canadian minister, who filled a position in our Canadian work, which only he himself could have filled, who having forfeited by a mistaken second marriage her claims to connexional support, endeavored to supplement her slender resources by circulating her own and her deceased husband's works, both of them unique and valuable, who has lost incalculable sums by persons taking her books to "examine them," and never sending her the price, or returning her property, as promised; and her delicacy of feeling has kept her from securing her own. We do not disclose her name or residence; and she is totally innocent of our reference to her case. But if this should meet the eyes of any of those delinquents, they will surely send her her own, with interest, if they have any consciences left.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following tract, which has been in circulation several months in a separate form, it has been thought, would furnish an appropriate sequel to the didactic parts of the story told; as it embraces a categorical embodiment of the teachings of the book as to the true *animus* and essentials of Methodism.

A

HUMBLE OVERTURE

FOR

METHODIST UNIFICATION

IN THE

DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY

JOHN CARROLL.

"A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle." PROVERBS xviii. 19.

TORONTO:
BURRAGE & MAGURN.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE dead-lock now existing to the further progress of unification among the Methodists of Canada, appears to be on the principle of "one is afraid, and the other dare not." Men in office have their good standing with their respective denominations to preserve, and they are afraid of committing the body to something which their backers will not approve. In which case, if some unofficial man would propound a plan, which would embrace the concessions to be made on all sides, in mere outline, it would be something to start from. This proposal few will be willing to make, for fear of losing *prestige* or something else.

Now, I have neither office nor *prestige* to lose; and feeling a profound interest in Canadian Methodism, with the central body of which I have stood associated for more than fifty years—eschewing the invitations of three successive generations of disruptionists. The present *brochure* will be considered venturesome by my friends, but I cheerfuly take the venture. I have reason to know that former proposals did good to the cause of unity, though perhaps not to myself.

In the modifications of our own system proposed, I am sure I have the majority of members and ministers

on my side, if they are not over-awed by the rigid conservatives, whose tenacity supplies the place of numbers. But I implore them to consider the case with an enlightened consideration of all the circumstances, and to beware lest they prevent at this crisis the accomplishment of unification forever. Some may think that my disapproval of some pet theories are rather bluntly expressed, but I think by this time they ought to be convinced that I am neither partial nor unkind.

I have mentioned several things as matters of personal preference, which may be relegated to the category of minor details, and accepted or not as in no wise vital to the general character of the scheme. Many things in the organization when first launched would doubtless be modified in the process of legislation from four years to four years.

Inviting the prayers of all the friends of unity, "that we all may be one," I remain, with love to all concerned,

THE AUTHOR.

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A HUMBLE OVERTURE, &c.

METHODIST DIVISIONS A DISGRACE AND A CAUSE OF FEEBLENESS.

THE many divisions in Methodism are nothing to its credit, showing that those who bear the name have set too little store by unity, which they have so often severed for very trifling considerations. If this pettish tendency to interrupt communion on trivial grounds marked the infancy of our denomination, it is time that we had "put away childish things," in this particular; and that we now cultivate the dignity of denominational manhood. If we do not, we shall find ourselves outstripped by a sister denomination, which has recently composed the differences between almost as many sections of Presbyterianism as there are of Methodism.

NONE OF OUR ORIGINAL PRINCIPLES CONFLICT WITH COMPROMISE.

Looking back on the original testimony and character of Methodism, which all sections of it profess to revere, there is really no principle involved that need keep us apart. Methodism was not the result of declaring for or against Church establishments, for it pronounced an Establishment from the first, "a merely

human institution;" it did not declare for or against Presbyterialism, or Episcopacy, for its Presbyterial section in England holds fraternal relations with its Presbyterio-Episcopal Sister in the United States, and its ordinations and ministerial *status* are reciprocally regarded as on a par. *Connexionalism*, however, is a characteristic of Methodism under every name and aspect which its many sections have assumed or preserved.

There are only three features essential to Methodism, and these have been retained by all; namely, its *peculiar doctrines*, or its *manner* of emphasizing the doctrine of assurance, or the witness of the Spirit, and the possibility of the "perfecting" of that "holiness," "without which no man shall see God;" certain *prudential means of grace of a social character*, such as the class and fellowship meeting, and the love-feast; and the *itinerancy*, or the *united, rotating, itinerant pastorate*, including a central appointing power. Methodism is a *revival*—it means *conversion;* and the preaching of the above-mentioned doctrines, and the maintenance of a ministry detached from local ties, and the frequent assembling together above referred to are necessary to conserve that revivial and to promote conversions, or to the "spread of scriptural holiness over the land." If these essentials are preserved, other things may be modified according to circumstances; for it has been a principle in Methodism from the first, that no exact system of Church order is taught in the New Testament.

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THE CHANGES PROPOSED ARE NO "CONCESSION."

To adopt a useful feature by one section from another, or in forming a union with another, cannot be called a "concession." And, after the experience of eighty-five years in Canada, and the experiments which have been tried, I believe we could compile a better system of Methodism than is exemplified in any one section of it now upon earth, a system which would give all reasonable consideration to the laity, combined with efficiency to the administration of the pastorate; and a system which would afford becoming liberty to local courts, in all matters not infringing on connexional authority and unity, and yet would provide for a thorough central authority and supervision, which the exigencies and energy of a Connexion require.

LAY RIGHTS.

With these general principles laid down, I come to the details of their application. As to the *first* of these, a proper consideration to the laity, they should share in all the counsels of the Church, excepting what refers strictly to the work which is peculiarly a minister's and to the character of ministers, which, so long as the laity are tried by a jury of their own peers, should be canvassed by ministers alone, not prohibiting charges to be preferred by laymen, of course. Personally, I do not attach so much importance to this particular as some, for I would be quite as willing to be tried by laymen as ministers, in expectation of quite as just or lenient a verdict; but the majority of all the ministers in the older branches of Methodism do not

feel as I do, and regard this point as vital. And it would be unjust and unreasonable to wrest the prerogative from them, so long as they continue to exercise it with the fidelity they have done in the past, especially as they only, in contradistinction from the laity, are subject to an annual examination of character. If all the lay-members of District Meetings and Conferences had the following questions asked about themselves, there would be some reason in making the enquiry reciprocal: namely, "Is there anything against his moral and religious character? Does he believe our doctrines, and obey our discipline, especially in the matter of reading the Scriptures, maintaining family and private prayer, observing the Lord's Supper, and fasting or abstinence? Has he been punctual in attending all the society meetings, especially prayer and class meetings? Is he equitable in all his business transactions?"

LAYMEN IN THE DISTRICT MEETINGS AND ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

But this one matter of character conceded, I think it is very unwise in the ministry, whether it be to further unify the denomination or not, to withstand the claim of a seat to laymen in the District Meeting and the Annual Conference, which is only the District Meeting on a larger scale, on all the questions propounded, [as to the District Meeting] from question "FIFTH," page 40 of the Discipline of the M. C. OF CANADA, to the end, on page 49, except such as may be construed to relate to the character and qualifica-

tions of ministers; and, [as to the Annual Conference] all from question 3rd, Discipline, page 32, to question 19, on the following page, excepting question 12, 13, and 14. I do not stop to argue the propriety of this, as it is a necessary concession from the largest body in order to the adhesion of nearly all the others; and I know of no reason from Scripture, or practical utility, against the lay participation indicated. The Wesleyans of Australia have adopted it, and it is now before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in U. S., for adoption.

When I hear any reasons urged against this article, it will be time enough to answer them, which, I presume to say, will be no very difficult task. With these qualifications, I would most readily concur in the manifesto of the Primitive Methodist Conference, that "that there shall be an equal number of Laymen to Ministers in all our Church courts."

But I do not think it would be wise or well to allow "all business meetings to elect their own chairman." If it be simply some committee for a temporary object, that would follow of course; or if it were a connexional one and the disciplinary chairman unable to attend; but for District Meetings, Quarterly Official Meetings, Leaders' and Stewards' Meetings, and Trustee Meetings, to be able to set aside the Chairman or Superintendent, is to empower them to sin against connexional unity, and to carry a district or circuit out of the body which it is the very design of connexionalism to prevent. Such an act is as much disrespectful to the *laymen* in the court above, which ap-

pointed the presiding officer, as it is to the *clergymen* in that body.

CHAIRMEN OF CHURCH BOARDS TO BE MINISTERS.

As to *secular* men being eligible to preside in Conference, whether Annual or General, it is incongruous. Can you expect a man to handle the deliberations of an ecclesiastical body and to decide questions of Church order, the bent of whose mind has been to the "study of things carnal and secular," in preference to one who has spent years in familiar intercourse with such matters? As well might you depute one of these clerics to go and conduct the commercial transactions of that secular candidate. Again, is it seemly that a gentleman, whose business posters are at that moment on the fence, should be presiding over the deliberations of a grave ecclesiastical body? Would it not shock the sense of propriety of ten thousand, where it would gratify the preference of one? It cannot be hoped that this will ever be conceded. I believe I would go farther than almost any other one of the oldest body for organic unity, but I would never concur in that. It is suicidal to the Church itself, to wish to deprive ministers from performing the very functions for which they have been trained and are qualified.

NOMINATIONS IN THE QUARTERLY OFFICIAL MEETINGS.

As to "Circuit Quarterly Meetings nominating their own officials," I am free to admit that leading influences in older Methodist bodies have pushed the claim of pastoral nomination so far and with such a

tenacity as has rather impaired pastoral influence, while it was hoped to add to pastoral authority. But then, both the clergy and the laity of the Church should be represented in these official appointments. And this is the ground for pastoral nomination: its advocates say, not without show of propriety, "I *nominate*, you *elect*." By this mutual veto on each other, they must be forced to accord in the end. It will not do to say, "The ministers may *vote* in the Quarterly or Circuit Meeting as well as the lay officials; yes, but being outnumbered ten to one, they are sure to be out-voted. I think the principle of this joint action, or mutual veto, is correct, but we have unfortunately reversed the Scriptural order: the Apostles said, (Acts vi. 3,) "*Look ye out* among you honest men, of good report, and full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom *we may appoint*." Our Discipline should first fix the standard of qualification, then let the laity choose men corresponding with this description, and let the pastorate have the right of finally authorizing, or vetoing, if they have cause to believe an individual unworthy; but, of course, at the same time being responsible as they are in all other respects to the judiciary of the Church themselves.

I hold some peculiar opinions myself about the powers of these local or circuit courts, and the way they have exercised their powers in times past. Let the stickler for lay-suffrage remember that those quarterly meeting elections are no election by the general laity of the Church, but it is the election of lay-officials of one another—the doing of a close corporation,

answerable to no one, but often over-topping the ministry and rank and file of the Church at the same moment. Talk of priestly tyranny; I have seen more intolerable tyranny enacted by a few local courts that I could particularize than all the ministers I ever knew. I believe the true analogy would be, let the whole society elect the Stewards who handle their money once a year, and no Society "Representative" would be needed.* Let the pastor appoint the Leaders, with the concurrence of their several classes; and let these, with the local preachers, exhorters, S. School Superintendents, and Representatives of Trustee Boards, as at the present appointed, constitute the Quarterly Official Meeting. The stewards would represent the financial interests of the membership, and the Leaders would be at once the sharers of the ministers' pastoral work and authority, and yet the representatives of their several classes as well.

METHOD FOR CALLING AN ARBITRARY CHAIRMAN TO ACCOUNT.

I think that what the demanders for electing the chairman of Church-meetings seek to prevent is the right of a clerical chairman to refuse putting a vote, or his adjourning a meeting at his own will. There is no doubt that some tyrannical things have been done by arbitrary men, (and all the enactments in the world will not prevent some men being arbitrary when they get into office—it is their nature,) especially when

* I do not, however, object to the continuance of this feature; large official meetings are desirable.

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goaded on by dangerous and turbulent levellers. These two extremes create all the trouble; but their conduct on both sides works the cure of the mischief; people get weary of it and put it down. Now this power of a chairman complained of is practically possessed by the chairman of all bodies; but both theirs and ours are amenable for their acts, and they ought to be. If a chairman of a meeting sees that a resolution is unconstitutional, he should refuse to put it; but if his ruling is reported to be in conflict with the rights of the laity, there should be a court for trying the question, in which the laity should compose a moiety of the members. If a chairman refuse to put a motion which conflicts with connexional authority and unity, he deserves respect and commendation; but if he does it barely out of stupid adherence to his own preferences in matters unessential, he deserves to be arraigned and deprived of his office.

CONCESSION TO THE EPISCOPALS.

The preference and wishes of the Episcopal type of Methodism deserve to be considered in a plan for unification, and the introduction of some of its characteristics would be not a concession merely, but real elements of strength, energy, and usefulness.

THE EPISCOPAL OFFICE.

First, then, as to the Episcopal office itself: The change in the original Canada Conference from a permanent Episcopacy to that of an annual Presidency arose from no dissatisfaction with the Episcopacy, but on the principle of compromise for peace sake, the

same which is now being urged. All that remain of the ministers and members who were connected with the Church before 1832, have no prejudice, but pleasant memories of that form of Methodism. It is true, there is a large infusion in the present "Methodist Church of Canada" who either came from non-Episcopal Methodist bodies in England since 1832, or were brought into the Church during this period, and all of those bodies of that type in this country, contracting parties to the Union, can not be expected to have any proclivities for Episcopacy, and may even have prejudices against it, whose preferences will require concession. Besides, the views of the Eastern Conferences deserve to be considered, which have not been trained in notions at all leading to Episcopacy. Yet even those, I would venture to say, if they went to reside in the neighboring republic, would feel no scruples in uniting, because of its Episcopacy, with the prominent Methodist body in that country.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS.

But even supposing our Episcopal friends will have to surrender something for union in that particular, the essential of Episcopacy may be preserved and a real element of good secured. The very short experiment in the newly-united body of a President of General Conference, without any general supervision of an authoritative kind, should have convinced us that the contrivance is an anomaly and an instance of connexional weakness and incompleteness. A General Superintendency, presiding in the Annual Conferences,

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would give a homogenity, a unity, and an energy to the united body, which we need not expect to have in our present disjointed mode of operation. But the General Superintendency may be secured without the form of a separate ordination, or a life-long incumbency of office. An election from General Conference to General Conference, or for the space of four years, provided successful administrators were eligible to re-election, would secure all the benefits of oversight, without the danger of confounding an *office* with an *order*. You could keep the efficient, or get rid of the inefficient, which you cannot do with a life-long Episcopacy.* If our Episcopal brethren will yield the consecration, which is absurd in a mere Presbyterial overseer, we shall be able, I hope, to secure the General Superintendency in the united body.

A MODIFIED PRESIDING ELDERSHIP.

If we have Travelling General Overseers, we may get rid of the expense of Presiding Elders, or Travelling Chairmen—unless in the case of missionary ground, where I would have the Annual Conference empowered to relieve the chairmen of districts from the care of particular charges, and to instruct them to travel constantly throughout their respective districts; in which case, they might be called Presiding Elders,—indeed, in either case, in my humble opinion, it is a more expressive name than chairman.

* The Preachers' meeting of Boston have, within a few days, memorialized the General Conference, now sitting in Baltimore, to dispense with the *ordination* of Bishops.—ED.

THE DIACONATE, OR HALF-ORDINATION.

The restoration of the diaconate, or the giving of a probationer the half-ordination, empowering him to baptize and marry, and to assist the Elder at the Sacrament, at the end of two years' well endured probation, with a seat in the Annual Conference, would, while it seems like a concession to our Episcopal brethren, be a valuable administrative arrangement in itself, for which I could furnish something like Wesleyan precedents and many reasons for its probable usefulness. [The precedents to which I refer, are the ordination of young men, before their probation has expired, "for special purposes;" and the appointment of some of the more advanced probationers, by election of District Meeting without ordination at all, to assist the ministers in dispensing the ordinances, as was practiced in former years, upon emergency, in the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Districts, so I was informed.]

A MERE OUTLINE.

Now all these proposals could be amplified, illustrated and argued or defended at much greater length, if I did not think that a mere outline exhibition of my plan, besides being simplest, is best at this stage of proceedings. When I find any part to be misunderstood or challenged, it will be time enough to explain or defend.

COMPROMISES ABOUT EQUAL.

According to the scheme which I have sketched above there would be concession and compromise

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about equally exercised on all sides: the present Methodist Church of Canada would be conceding lay co-operation to a much greater extent than now in the District Meeting, and the same in the Annual Conference in lieu of its present mixed-committee system; the Primitive Methodist would be giving up one-half of their lay-delegates; and all those bodies which have full lay-delegation at present would be surrendering several things to pastoral authority and ministerial prerogative which ministers do not enjoy among them now. I do not say anything about our Episcopal brethren surrendering the matter of lay-delegation in the Annual as well as General Conference, for they have it under consideration; but our brethren of the Evangelical Association, if they came into the measure, would be surrendering that which they have not yet conceded to the laity—a lay representation in Conference; and the Episcopal Methodists would be surrendering their Bishops, proper, for General Superintendents, elected for a term of four years; and they would be giving up their travelling Presiding Elders, unless in rare cases, as a temporary expedient for supervising the newer parts of the work, more likely to be supplied with a younger and less experienced ministry. The diaconate, perhaps, might not be much cared for one way or another on any side; but all the other bodies besides themselves would be adopting what they have not been much—or lately—used to, a General Supervision instead of an Annual and Local Presidency.

ORDINATION OF LOCAL PREACHERS.

Let those who are now ordained, exercise their functions, if called for; but ordain no more secular men.

*** If any considerable number of Methodists in any locality, upon the perusal of it, approve of this scheme, let them call an unofficial meeting and express their approval. This might be done in sections, by those of the several bodies apart; or done by a mass meeting of all sorts of Methodists together. This will give an impetus to the union movement, and show the state of public opinion.

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AND ITS

REMARKABLE ANSWERS.

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BY REV. WM. W. PATTON, D.D.

This work covers ground occupied by no other book. Its theme is one of **absorbing interest** to the Christian, and it is believed that a perusal of its pages will not fail to deeply interest **all classes of people**. It will confound, if not convince, the sceptic, strengthen the faith of Believers, and awaken to earnest thought the Impenitent.

The author has given, in **popular form**, both the facts and the philosophy of the subject. It is written for the **people**, yet it assumes that they are neither children nor fools, but desire *an intelligent discussion of a fundamental question.* The heads of the chapters, herewith, will serve to show how thoroughly the subject has been handled by the author.

It will be observed that about **one-third** of the book is devoted to the **nature, characteristics, methods and conditions of Prayer**, and the remaining **two-thirds** to **Striking Cases of Answers to Prayer**, for all variety of objects. The cases quoted are largely original, and have been furnished the author from **trustworthy sources**, and in most instances the sources are given. These have been culled from a much larger number that were supplied to the author expressly for this work, but which had to be omitted for want of space. They are arranged carefully in distinct Chapters, to illustrate the success of prayer for *different objects*, and are accompanied by explanatory and critical remarks. It is a book which every Pastor will welcome, as helpful to the progress of piety in his church, and which will encourage the Christian to ask and expect greater blessings for himself and for others.

CONTENTS.

Chapter I. Prayer characteristic of Piety.—II. What true Prayer is.—III. Why Prayer prevails.—IV. The method of the answer.—V. Conditions of success in Prayer.—VI. The Prayer of Faith.—VII. Sceptical assaults on Prayer.—VIII. Bible-answers to Prayer—Old Testament.—IX. Bible-answers to Prayer—New Testament.—X. Prayer for the supply of temporal wants (commenced).—XI. Prayer for the supply of temporal wants (concluded).—XII. Prayer for physical healing (commenced).—XIII. Prayer for physical healing (concluded).—XIV. Prayer for sanctifying grace.—XV. Prayer to overcome physical habit.—XVI. Prayer for individual conversions.—XVII. Parental Prayers.—XVIII. Prayer for ministers, churches and revivals.—XIX. Prayer for charitable institutions.—XX. Review of facts in conclusion. 403 pages.

The Rev. JOHN POTTS gives the following opinion of this book.

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"Those who habitually 'bow before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ' will feel especially encouraged to expect large blessings, as they learn of the remarkable answers recorded on the pages of this book.

"JOHN POTTS.

"METROPOLITAN CHURCH PARSONAGE,
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Printed in ordinary type and page, it would make **Twenty Volumes**, worth not less than $5 each, or $100 for the entire work.

It contains nearly 150,000 articles, all prepared with great care, by the most able authors, each specially qualified for his particular part.

An article in the *National Quarterly*, edited by Ed. I. Sears, LL.D., gives the views of that able and scholarly reviewer and critic upon this work.

He begins with remarking that he had received not less than fifty letters within the year, asking his opinion of Zell's Popular Encyclopedia.

From a prejudice against the word "**popular**," as too often used in this country, the Doctor confesses that, **before examining** it, his faith in the new Encylopedia was very slight. After a careful examination, he speaks of it, with unqualified commendation, as follows:

"'Blessed,' he says, quoting Swift, 'are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.' If we are not blessed, we are at least agreeably surprised. The prefix **popular**, as generally used in this country, is not appropriate in this **present** instance, but in the sense of **instructive** and **useful** to **all classes** of the **people** who have any taste for the acquisition of knowlgdge, or any desire for extending the sphere of their intelligence; and, in this sense, we know no similar work to which it may be more justly applied. In other words, the new Encyclopedia is not the crude, shallow, slip-shod, self-contradictory sort of performance which so many of our authors and compilers seem to regard as only suitable for the people, and the only kind that ought to be called **popular**. It is a work which, while it must prove attractive, as well as useful, to those who have received only the most elementary education, cannot fail to recommend

itself, also, to the most highly educated, even to possessors of good libraries, for the large amount of information, in general, well digested and accurate, which it embraces on multiform subjects, including the whole circle of the Arts and Sciences.

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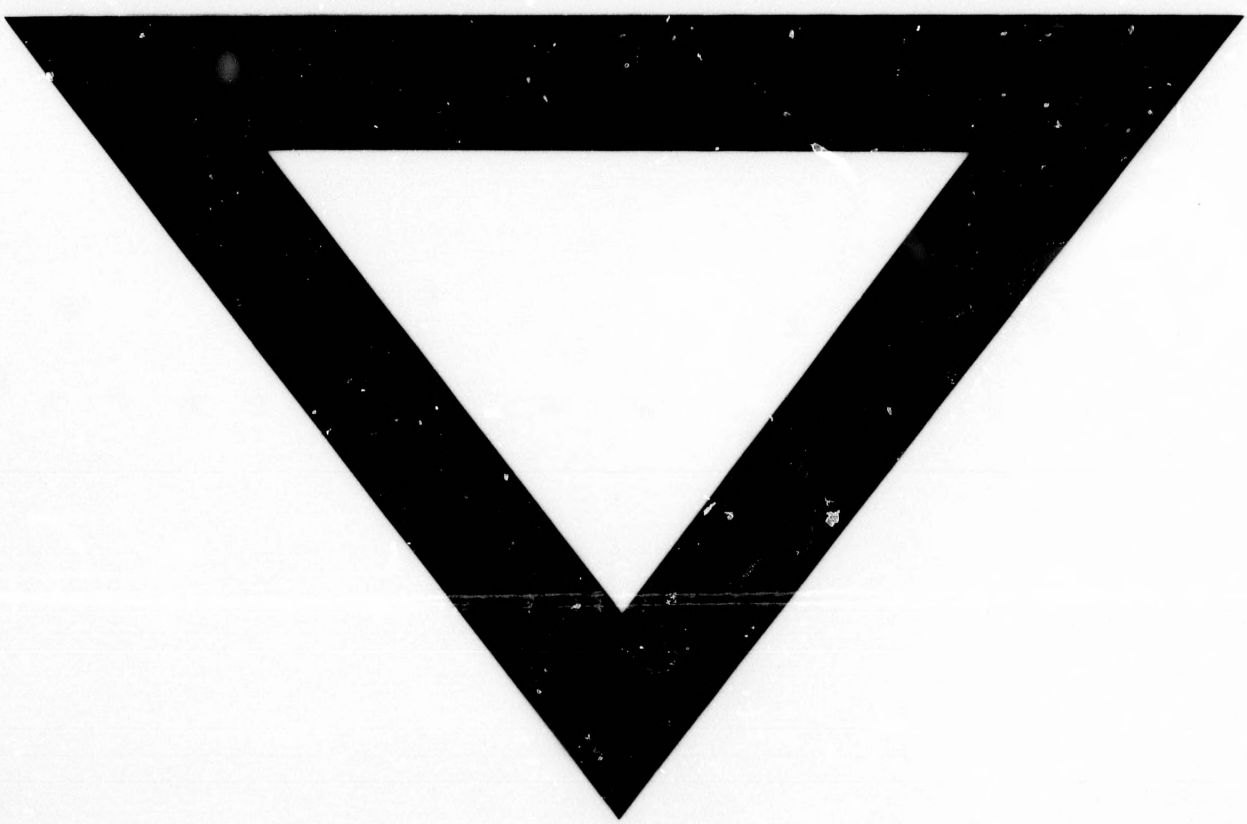
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