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# LIFE AND LABOURS

OF THE

REV. WM. McCLURE,

*FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS A MINISTER*

OF THE

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

CHIEFLY AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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EDITED BY

REV. DAVID SAVAGE.  
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## PREFACE.

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THE Conference of which the writer was a member, requested him during its sittings in June, 1871, to prepare the present Memorial Volume. His way at first seemed closed against accepting this duty. The ordinary claims of a pastoral charge on his hands, and more than its ordinary cares upon his heart, a state of health far from robust, inexperience in literary work,—all suggested a respectful declinature of the proffered trust. But it was not so to be. The urgency of his brethren; some facilities also for the prosecution of the work, not readily accessible to others, these, with other considerations, overruled his reluctance to the task. Nor does he now regret such compliance. The toil of the undertaking, whose wearing pressure may only be known from actual experience, has not been always or altogether uncongenial; sometimes, indeed, it has been found in the highest sense improving.

The extent of material available for autobiographical purposes has prescribed for the preparation of this work

the duties, chiefly, of editorship. With this idea in view, and a redundancy of resources at hand for its fulfilment, foreign matter—whether his own or that of others, has been sparingly introduced. The only departure from this rule, and that an unavoidable one, will be met with in the fourth chapter.

It was at one time thought that the compass of the book would admit of the insertion of an Appendix, giving samples of Mr. McClure's condensed and extended manuscript sermons, &c. Instead of this, it has been judged better to wait; and if the present volume should be received with favour, it may in time be followed by another in the form of "Remains," to consist of selections from unpublished papers on science, essays, lectures, sermons, striking narratives, &c., for furnishing which a vast amount of material is available.

To the Rev. J. H. Robinson, of London, England, for his kindness in procuring the valuable portrait which accompanies the memoir, the thanks of the editor are hereby respectfully tendered.

This book is given to the public in the belief that its circulation will be accompanied by the blessing of Almighty God, whom it hath pleased in an hour that we looked not for to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, and who, in these pages, "being dead yet speaketh."

DAVID SAVAGE.

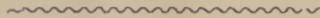
TORONTO, February, 1872.

# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN MCCLURE, BY HIS SON, THE REV. WILLIAM MCCLURE.....	1
CHAPTER II.	
EARLY LIFE—CONVERSION—CALL TO THE MINISTRY..	23
CHAPTER III.	
MARRIAGE—ENTERS THE NEW ITINERANCY—FIRST CIRCUIT.....	51
CHAPTER IV.	
THE IRISH MISSION OF THE METHODIST NEW CON- NEXION.....	69
CHAPTER V.	
APPOINTMENT TO LISBURN—BANGOR—DUBLIN.....	89
CHAPTER VI.	
RETURN TO BANGOR—LISBURN—TOUR IN SCOTLAND — APPOINTMENT TO LURGAN—DOUNPATRICK— BELFAST.....	144
CHAPTER VII.	
REMOVAL TO CANADA—TORONTO—LONDON—HAMIL- TON—MONTREAL.....	190

	PAGE
CHAPTER VIII.	
APPOINTMENT TO THEOLOGICAL TUTORSHIP—RETURN TO TORONTO—MRS. HANNAH MCCLURE'S DEATH —GALT—COLLECTING TOUR—RETURN TO HAM- ILTON—SECOND MARRIAGE.....	243
CHAPTER IX.	
SUPERANNUATION—BEREAVEMENT AGAIN—SUB-EDI- TORSHIP—AURORA—RETURN TO MONTREAL— TORONTO—DEATH.....	301





## CHAPTER I.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN M'CLURE, BY HIS SON,  
THE REV. W. M'CLURE.

THE following notes found amongst the papers of the worthy son of so worthy a sire, the editor has not felt himself at liberty more fully to abridge. They appear to have been originally prepared for the use of the late Rev. P. J. Wright, in compiling the biographical notices, furnished by him for the Jubilee Volume of the Methodist New Connexion. It was, of course, impossible that justice could be done to material so valuable in the limited space available for such a purpose, where in one chapter of a book of but modest dimensions no less than twenty memoirs are consecutively introduced.

An acknowledgement from the pen of the Rev. W. Baggaly to Mr. McClure, which the editor has met with,

would also indicate an intention on Mr. B's part to have at one time used these sketches for publication. The present, however, it would seem, is their first appearance in print. They will be found at once a touching tribute of filial respect and affection, a valuable contribution to the annals of religious biography, and historically well deserving the attention of the student of the times of which they treat.

It is considered preferable that an ancestral notice charged with an interest so fresh and well sustained throughout, should appear in an introductory relation to the body of the memoir rather than risk its consignment to the generally slighted pages of an "appendix."

BELFAST, August, 1847.

John McClure was born in 1778, in Malone, parish of Belfast about one mile from the town of Belfast. His parents were poor but industrious and respected; they belonged to the Presbyterian Church; his father was a very shrewd, observing man, and brought up his family in the observance of the precepts of the moral law, but true religion was little thought of, seldom spoken of, and still less understood in the circle in which they and their neighbours moved.

In the year 1793, the Methodist preachers visited and preached the gospel of salvation in Milltown,—where we still have a class, and neat little chapel. The distance of this place from where my father resided was about two miles. The strange things said of, and done by these wild, unmanageable people were much talked of, and under mingled feelings of fear and curiosity, my father with some of his companions ventured to go and see for themselves. 'They were singing a hymn when we entered' says one of his company who still lives, and from whose lips I have

the facts, 'the place of preaching was a corn-kiln, and so novel, so devout, so sweet was the place, the people, the hymn and tune, that my heart was made a willing, a complete captive, and this was your father's state as decidedly as my own—so that we resolved this people shall be my people, and their God shall be mine, and thank God I am as resolved in this now as I was then, and have been ever since.' The regular and devout attendance of several young men from Malone led the preachers to wish for an opening for the preaching of the word in Malone. They stated their wish one evening after preaching; a farmer present immediately offered his barn, it was accepted, and the attendance was very encouraging. After some time it was proposed one evening, after preaching, to form a class. Forty-five persons bade the preacher—Mr. Wood—put down their names. Some of them never came back again, but forty of them met regularly for a long time; many of them finished well, and a few are still on the way to heaven. This class was formed on the 31st December, 1794. John McClure was among the very first to get down his name on this occasion.

Up to this important turning point in his history, my father was a universal favourite where he dwelt; he was richly endowed by nature, in person tall, well formed, very active, took the lead generally in pitching quoits, leaping, and especially in dancing, for which last exercise, he often told me, his desire was so strong, that for some time after he gave it up publicly he took opportunities, when alone, to indulge in this folly. He had a very engaging countenance, in which was mingled much of sweetness with nobility; he had an eye full of tenderness, courage and decision; his hair was fair; his voice was in singing, clear, sweet, correct, ascending as high as B, descending to B, without losing its fullness, and without any extra effort; in speaking it was clear, strong, and commanding. His memory was very remarkable for its clearness, order, and retentiveness, hence his power to charm in singing; and, in telling a story, he could make his audi-

tors weep, or laugh, or tremble with terror, just as the humour took him. His natural dispositions were marked by great gentleness, kindness, tenderness, and generosity, he abhorred falsehood, profanity, and indecency, while with a great readiness to oblige and help, he had an inventive mechanical mind, with a hand remarkably capable of carrying into effect the suggestions of his genius.

In his fourteenth year he put himself to learn the weaving business, the difficulties of which he very soon mastered, and was able to support himself with ease and considerable comfort; he told me frequently he could earn ten shillings in the day, and have time plenty for amusement or improvement in the evening. 'These,' said he, 'were among my happiest days of life, free from care, full of health, blessed with kind friends, daily acquiring useful knowledge, and in many ways useful to many people.' He lost both his parents about this time, and a sister, the only other surviving child, who was older than himself, got into good employment, and so left him perfectly free to use his leisure, and his means as he pleased. That he used both to good purpose will soon appear.

When he became a member of the Methodist society, he gave himself fully up to God, and was speedily drawn by the cords of love to the cross of Jesus, where he received a free, satisfying assurance of his pardon and adoption into sonship with God, and until that heart ceased to beat forever, it was wrapped with these cords and triumphed in this blessed assurance. In his darkest hours—and many a dark one he had—his soul was still in the peace and love of God. A few weeks after joining his class he was called upon by the leader to pray; his remarkable gifts soon became known and fully appreciated; he assisted at prayer meetings and was called on to address the people. In doing so he possessed from the first, complete control over his audience, and most of his meetings were scenes still remembered and cherished in the hearts of the few who survive. Here many were awakened,

many comforted, and not a few were born again. John McClure's services were now in great request, crowds attended his meetings. God greatly honoured him, while his growing piety, and increasing intelligence preserved him from the numerous temptations to pride, vanity, and sensuality, which met him everywhere; it has often been said of him that he was the only person who was ignorant of his rare talents, usefulness and influence; the circuit preachers were very fond of him, lending him their books, and encouraging him to improve himself, in doing which he was most diligent. He put himself under the care of a good teacher, attending his school in the evening when his work was done. He was very fond of arithmetic, and soon mastering the primary rules, so combined them with mental calculation, as, by a system of his own, to work out difficult questions most accurately with the aid of a very few figures, and although often requested to write down his system for the use of others, he never appears to have done so.

In the spring of 1796, he was put on the local preachers' plan for the Belfast circuit, and during that and the next year, by the wish of the circuit preachers and leaders' meetings, he took the round of the circuit, several times, with good effect and great acceptance everywhere. In the autumn of 1797, his name, with his own consent, was put on the list of young men recommended by the circuit to the district meeting, and by them to Conference as suitable persons to be taken out to travel; and the late Rev. Charles Mayne, who was then stationed in Belfast, told me that there was no doubt of his being taken out on the very first occasion for an additional preacher. Mr. Mayne was much attached to my father, had him frequently with him in his lodgings, gave him the use of all his books, and to the end of his life (I was at his funeral in Dublin, 1839) retained his regard for his person and his talents, bitterly lamenting that ever he left a people who so cordially loved him, and so fully appreciated his talents as a preacher of the gospel.

In 1797, the Methodist societies in Ireland were in

several places agitated about the very same questions which led to the formation of the New Itinerancy in England; evidently without any knowledge of each other's proceedings for some time, for Mr. William Black, of Lisburn, said to me on one occasion that the people here would have separated whether the English brethren did so or not. These differences led to the expulsion from the Wesleyan society, on Lisburn circuit, of thirty-two leaders. Against this decision they appealed to the Conference, sitting in Dublin, 1798, but the Conference confirmed the resolution of expulsion, with the addendum, *that they be not received again into the Society, until God give them repentance.* Of course, as they were guilty of no breach of the law of God, or the gospel of Jesus Christ, their sole fault was the exercise of private judgment, and in that exercise claiming for themselves, and the Church of Christ, a boon the world now execrates the American Union for not yielding to their downtrodden slaves. Our poor brethren had no alternative left them, but to associate for mutual aid, and with God's name and help, seek to establish and extend those privileges to which their hearts so fondly clung. Pursuing this object they established meetings in their own houses, and in other places as doors opened; and God was with them, for while many ridiculed, condemned, and slandered these good men, misconstruing all their sayings and doings, many on the other hand commended, honoured and encouraged them.

They soon painfully felt the inconvenience and loss they were under, in consequence of not having a preacher of their own, who could appreciate their principles, and who possessed talent and courage to state and defend them. This at first, however, seemed a desideratum quite beyond their reach. In their difficulty, as aforetime, they unitedly drew near to God, for counsel, and hope and help. The events above named were much noised abroad; and, as at that time this unhappy island was in a state of great excitement and general insurrection, the spirit of party politics was invoked against the outcasts. Some

Christian ministers who knew full well the *spell of titles*, designated them *Facobins*, denouncing them as disaffected to His Majesty's government in these isles. By reason of this, these men were narrowly watched, and their persons put into no small danger. Owing to these representations, nearly four years afterwards, my father had a very narrow escape for his life. Two soldiers at that time in Lisburn, where my father lived, watched their opportunity to enter a little parlour behind the shop, in the corner of which at a window my father was sitting alone reading; these ruffians without any warning drew their side-arms—bayonets—and rushed upon him. Happily he recognized their intentions in time to spring to his feet, and seize the chair on which he had been sitting, and, by superior activity and strength, defended himself until he reached the door leading from the room into the kitchen, through which, with difficulty, he escaped into the yard, when the soldiers immediately made their way into the street again by the shop, as they had entered. On the evening of the same day an officer of the regiment called on my father and strongly urged him to point out the men, who with their comrades were then drawn up in the market square, opposite the door, stating that he would give him the most ample satisfaction, by having them tried by court-martial immediately, and shot. Such satisfaction was no way congenial to my father's heart, and he positively refused it.

But to return to the narrative; the expelled leaders—most of whom knew my father personally, all of them by character,—very soon heard that John McClure had on more than one occasion taken their side, and strongly expressed his sympathy for them and their cause. They met, talked the matter over and deputed two brethren of their own number to wait on John, and if they found him well disposed, to bring him along with them to Mr. Hugh Murray's where they all engaged to meet on an appointed evening, and if John came they would have preaching. William Black, who told these interesting facts to me, was

one of the deputation, as he had been previously well acquainted with John: 'We found him at his room (says Mr. B.,) as busy as a nailer. We stated our business to him, he heard us patiently, encouraged us to go on, and readily accompanied us to Mr. Murray's, where we met the brethren, and your father preached to us, and a large congregation in the kitchen. Oh it was a blessed season. Jesus met us there. We were encouraged and comforted. He consented to be our preacher. Thus commenced our cause in Ireland. His text that evening was Psalm 72nd, part of the 16th verse—'There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.' Thus was my father brought forward to devote all his time and energy in preaching the gospel, among the New Connexion Methodists, for the discharge of which duty he was eminently qualified both by nature, and grace; and in doing which he took supreme delight. He understood gospel doctrines and gospel liberty thoroughly; he burned to make others wise unto salvation, and into this blessed work he threw every energy of both mind and body—all of which powers were soon to be severely tested, by toil, by unkindness, by anxiety and by poverty, the combined effects of which greatly retarded his usefulness, early laid him aside from public labours, and soon gave him in the grave what man denied him here.

So soon as it became known that John McClure had espoused the cause of the expelled, a host rose to change his mind and bring him back again, most of whom sincerely loved him, and were actuated by the very best motives; and every motive which could be urged *was* urged, friendship, worldly interest, gratitude, the love and authority of the Church where he had enjoyed so much respect and comfort, and where God had rendered him so useful. He was even offered an immediate appointment to a Circuit if he would consent to abandon his colleagues; still he remained inflexible, and these appliances only served to make him examine his position the

more, and the more he examined the more firmly he maintained himself. Then slander, anathema, poverty, shame, odious party names, and private or public opposition, all tried their powers ; and while they inflicted deep anguish of soul, especially when he thought on the quarter from which they issued, they only confirmed him more and more in the righteousness of his cause. No man would meet him (though frequently solicited) to discuss the questions at issue, either on the platform or through the press. These annoyances were not allowed to interrupt his diligence in the ministry ; and his reputation, as an able minister of the Word, spread far and wide, while the Lord gave him many seals to his ministry.

In 1796, when holding meetings in the Falls of Belfast, he got acquainted with Sarah Trelford, daughter of William Trelford, in the neighbourhood of whose farm the meetings were held, and at whose house the labourers were often entertained. She was a young woman of decided piety, sound good sense, engaging manners, also, in her figure, tall and handsome. The attachment became mutual very soon, and on Monday, May 4th, 1800. they were married in the Parish Church of Belfast, my mother's family all being members of that Church. In mind and manners Sarah was every way worthy of John, and both admirably calculated to bless mankind in the situation they occupied.

In this year some friends in Dublin induced my father to go to that city in order to raise the flag of liberty on behalf of those who felt themselves oppressed. Having obtained the consent of the friends in the North among whom he laboured, he went up to Dublin, leaving my mother in Lisburn. He was accompanied by Mr. Wm. Johnston, an Englishman, from Manchester, engaged in the muslin business, and residing in Lisburn : he was one of the thirty-two who were expelled the old body, and was much respected by the people. They went up to Dublin, sometime in August. Mr. Johnston returned in a short time to Lisburn, leaving my father to do the best

he could, and certainly it seems to have been uphill work. In a letter to my mother, dated Dublin, November 13th, 1800, he says, 'Since Brother Johnston left this city I have been trying the strength of the people here, to see how you and I might be provided for. I find them weak though willing—this I wished to try to the bottom before you came up, for I cannot think of having you tossed about from place to place as you are and have been ever since we were joined together. When I spoke to the people, one said, 'You may be a day at my place,' another said the same. I said, 'This I could submit to for myself, but cannot submit to for my wife.' One brother said 'I have a room for you, if I could get the people out of it,' to this I replied 'You may not get them out for a year to come, therefore that will not do for the present.' Another said, 'We will take a room;' I said 'See that you are able to do so, besides we will want what other preachers and their wives have: a weekly support, our quarterage, and so on; now' said I, 'cast up all these things, and count the cost.' They did so and found they were not able; then said I, 'Do not expect me to stay for I will not consent. I cannot be exiled from my wife much longer.' Rather than lose his services, the people made an effort, and my mother went up to Dublin, and continued there till the spring of 1801, when they were obliged from want of the necessaries of life to return to Lisburn; not, however, until he had gathered a good congregation, and formed a society, that kept together, amidst reproach, and difficulty, when they had no preacher for years, except those whom God raised up among themselves. I find in a memorandum book of my father's, the following entry, 'On Sunday the 7th of September, 1800, I opened the first meeting for worship, in the Weaver's Hall, Dublin (I mean the first meeting that was held there in the name of God, and the New Connexion.) He states that Mr. Johnston, whom he met in Newry, paid his coach fare (16s. *od.*.) up to Dublin from that place.

On the return of my parents to the North of Ireland, my father entered on his usual labours; my mother had no fixed abode, but stopped short seasons with friends, who were extremely kind and soon became warmly attached to her; in the month of August, Jane, her first child was born; at which time my mother was staying at her mother's. It now became necessary to alter their manner of proceedings; and as no certain adequate support could be obtained from the people, and my father could not think of relinquishing his post as a preacher, it was finally resolved to open a shop in the town of Lisburn, which my mother could conduct with such aid as my father could command from his other duties; it was hoped by this means to secure a comfortable support for the family, lessen the burthen to the societies, free my father's mind from anxiety, and leave him more at liberty to labour successfully for God; accordingly, in 1802, a house was taken in the Market Square, Lisburn, and business commenced in the grocery and hardware. For a time all things went on prosperously in business, and my father's labours were remarkably owned of God, in the salvation of men.— These labours were unceasing, notwithstanding the continual efforts made by *old* friends to misrepresent and hinder; so that much precious time was lost, and much pain inflicted, by his constantly having to publicly explain his principles, and rebut calumnies. Both by letter and from house to house, he came into collision with parties, who should have been helping instead of hindering the work of God. Some of my father's letters to those parties now lie before me, and are painful mementoes of times passed, to return (I hope) no more forever.

I find, on referring to my father's notes of plans and texts for the years 1799 and 1800, that he preached at that time in Bangor, Ballywoolly, Newtownards, Belfast, Knockbracken, Lisburn, Milltown, Broomhedge, Balmers Quarry, Kircreeeny, Maze, Moorside, Kilwarlin, Half-town, Magheragal, Moyrusk, Grove, Broughmore, Ballymecash, Hugh Murray's or Cairnban, Priesthill; in all of

which places the fruits of his labours remain unto this day, while much has been gathered home to the garner above. While this was his regular circuit, he not unfrequently sought out places where God was not known through a gospel ministry ; and was favoured with many tokens of divine favour, and great kindness from the people, though not without some rudeness on the part of ignorant, bigoted people, one instance of which it may be well to state here. On going to preach at Knockbracken, near Newtownbreda, several young men gave annoyance during the service, but my father's eye restrained them a good deal till the service was over, but when he left the place to go home, they commenced an attack upon him, and pelted him heartily with turf, which they procured from the good man's stack in whose house he had preached : having received no resistance they promised the next preacher who visited them a similar compliment. The news of the whole affair was soon known in Newtownbreda, in which place some persons resided who respected and resolved to protect the preachers. At the time appointed the preacher passed through the village on his way to Knockbracken ; on seeing him, a very strong, daring man—a nailmaker—quitted his work, and, calling on a number of his fellow tradesmen, they put on their coats, put their hammers in their pockets, following the preacher, and on arriving at the place took their seats in different places in the apartment. When prayer was ended, and the preacher was proceeding with his discourse, the party, who had mustered strong, to have a fine piece of fun, commenced their proceedings by suddenly pinching a young woman, who started up with a scream, at which a loud laugh was set up ; instantly the nailers with their unwashed faces, stood up, and deliberately drew their hammers, raising them with resolute looks, over the peoples heads ; their chief declared with a loud voice, that the first person who gave any annoyance to the assembly, he would bury his hammer in the skull of him. 'We are all ready,' added the rest. 'Now, boys,' said the preacher, 'keep quiet and we'll do you no harm.' And quiet as mice they did keep,

nor did they ever offer any violence to the preaching of the Word in that place afterward.

In September, 1803, my father was put to great trouble and expense. Having been drawn to serve in the Corps of Reserve, or Militia, he, after great difficulty and cost, procured a substitute, but often have I heard him complain of the ill treatment he met with, from interested parties in this matter. All those parties are long since gone to their final account, and, sure I am, none ever prayed more sincerely for their salvation than the man they so deeply injured.

The time of my parents' sojourn in Lisburn, formed evidently the happiest years in their short journey together. Business for some time got on well, friends were very kind, my father's mind was in a comparatively comfortable state about support for his family, and while his labours were most abundant in the Lord's vineyard, seals to his ministry were many. Indeed every one who knew him loved him, crowds flocked to hear him, and to this hour the seasons of divine power and love which accompanied his ministry, are remembered and spoken of with great delight by the few who still remain of that generation, many of whom have told me of them, and of their being there born again.

In 1806, my parents removed from Lisburn to Belfast, and opened a shop in 57 Barrack street, hoping to succeed better in the latter town; my father's constantly being out travellings left my mother to struggle with difficulties which were above her strength, and she hoped in Belfast to have more of the presence and aid of her father and family, in the management of her little business. She began, too, to feel it very hard that my father's best days and whole time, should be consumed among a people who however worthy in many respects, did not (or could not?) give him and his family anything approaching to a support. My mother's family were of a similar view in the matter, and were forward to proffer considerable aid in establishing them in a business, which with my father's

abilities could not fail to give a respectable maintenance. But my father's mind was quite fixed to continue as long as he could in the prosecution of the great work of saving souls, in which he continued eminently successful.

Perhaps a few extracts from a journal written by my father, the next year, may be useful in this place. It is an account of his journeyings from leaving Belfast, to his return again to his family:—

“October 5th, 1807.

“Left home, came to Drumbridge, (4 miles,) held a meeting at 7 o'clock, and published for that day fortnight; slept at Mr. Richard Allen's; was very ill in the morning. Went on to Lisburn (4 miles), got worse; took some medicine and took a horse for Donaclony, (12 miles); was obliged to stop at Moira (Mr. Hugh Murray's) and took my bed; continued very ill most part of the night, took laudanum and castor oil, was better in the morning and set off for Portadown (9 miles), called at Donaclony to tell them the reason of my absence; thence went on, stopped at Wm. Wright's, Ballyburn, very wet night, had a good company; next day rode through Richhill and Armagh, to Ballylough Mill, from thence to Blackwater Town; held a meeting at John Trotter's, with a good company and some freedom of speech; met with Captain John Loyd Anderson—a popular local preacher.' (Then follows an account of this man's expulsion from the old Society by the Conference in Dublin, after he had been justified by the leaders' meeting on his own circuit.) 'He has now left them (the Wesleyans) and formed a class in his own house, has opened his house for the preachers of the New Connexion, and several have joined him. Lord support thou them, that they may stand fast in the truth of the Gospel. (Next day) went over the bridge into the County Tyrone, saw at a distance the village of Benburb, saw a new popish chapel in Glenfegal.—Friday at Belaghy, in Widow Mulholland's, company small, some alive; thence into Blackwater town, called at Brother Saunderson's, then went to Clenmair, at Benjamin Newtown's, large company, life and power of God present, gave a general exhortation, felt much life, Brother Saunderson exhorted, and three persons prayed.

“11th December—At Richhill, put up some notices for meeting at 7 c'clock; spent part of the day with Mrs. Gibson,

wife of Mr. G., Evangelical minister of Richhill; met a young man of that Society named Cooke, both he and Gibson came to preaching; had a good company at 7 o'clock, Mr. McF—, formerly parish priest, now insane, came to the meeting, and began speaking; he was prevailed upon to desist, until I had done; he then asked me for my commission, I told him I would not confess to him, so we parted. 12th December—Left Richhill, called at Portadown; met Wm. Wright, and George Gamble; called at Warrenstown, thence to Blackscull, had a large company; spoke from Psalm xlv., 5 v., had some liberty and life; received a letter from Bro. Burke to attend at Priesthill, at 11 o'clock on Sabbath for the Lord's Supper, set off early on Sabbath morning to Priesthill; called on my way at Wm. Coburn's; took breakfast there, thence to Priesthill; had but few people,—only three tables,—on account of the badness of the roads few women could come, we had a very comfortable meeting; I then went into Lisburn, Mr. Brothers preached from 'One thing is needful.' On Monday 14th,—Set off early for Belfast, found all the family in health.' \* \*

My father continued most laboriously plodding on his way of anxiety and usefulness, with his family residing in Belfast struggling under increasing pecuniary difficulties up to the year 1813, when he found it absolutely impossible to keep in the public field any longer, he therefore with a heart full of bitterness, and amid the tears of many friends, gave in his resignation as a travelling preacher. He immediately took a situation from Victor Coats, Esq., proprietor of the Lagan Foundry, with a salary of sixty guineas per annum, and in a few months removed his family to the Lagan village for mutual convenience. Mr. Coats was long and well acquainted with my mother and her family, and was much attached to my father whom he always treated as a friend. He fitted up a large and commodious loft, in the village, for my father to preach to the people in, and himself and family attended regularly my father's ministry there. A large amount of influence for good was soon brought to bear on the people, God made much seed grow. Very soon, however, my mother's health began to yield to the hand of disease. Her present habitation proved damp, and in many ways uncomfortable; it

was necessary to leave the place and return to Belfast ; this state of things was attended with much expense. Removals and declining strength injured the finances of the family. Indeed it was deep and increasing embarrassments which forced my father to quit Itinerating. Things soon got to a crisis, some small bills became due, without means to meet them, and on the morning 'of 17th August, 1814, I was committed to Downpatrick jail, by Edward Hill, of Belfast, for £26 2s. 7d. ; was removed by *habeas* to the Four Courts Marchelsea, Dublin, 22nd November, and discharged 5th of January, 1815, by Judge Day.' The above short entry is almost all my father put down in his journal of the gloomiest five months of his life. On the night of the sixteenth of August my dear parents had bowed with their family at the throne of grace, invoking divine succour in their trouble, and commending each other to God. Little did they suppose this to be their last earthly interview, yet so it proved ; my father was up at half-past four o'clock in the morning, to open the works at half-past five o'clock. Before breakfast he was a prisoner, and hurried off to a jail twenty miles distant.

Before this my mother's health was very precarious, this stroke smote her to the earth, the cloud of black sorrow from this until she slept in death was never lifted from her face ; she and a faithful servant (Eliza Catherwood), who would not leave her, took a small house, and supported themselves and the family by their needles. I often see (in memory) my poor mother supported by pillows in bed, with her large, expressive eyes, her pale, anxious face, often bathed in tears, and her long, wasted fingers, plying from morning till midnight, her needle, to gain a scanty pittance. Some friends it was true, were kind, but, alas ! even kindness has its *thorns* ; and I used to wonder why my mother wept, after the visit of a *friend*. On the 1st of January, 1815, at three o'clock in the morning, death interposed for her relief, and gently sealed up every fountain of her sorrow ; my father got the sad intel-

ligence the next day while still a prisoner in the City of Dublin. I take the following extracts from letters written during this affliction. My mother writes to my father thus :—

“ I hope I feel better, I must say it is for your sake alone, and my childrens' that life is desirable, my death would increase your cares, it never was my wish to be a means of doing so ; but you know, my dear, if that good God, who has done so much for you, would in mercy take me from this evil to come, He could still be the orphan's shield, and out of the very ashes of your Isaac would bring you superior *aid* : however, it is my hope that you and I will live, and live together to see better days.”

“ DOWNPATRICK,

“ (Saturday,) September 24th, 1814.

“ DEAR SARAH,—Would it please God to restore health to you, my confinement would sit light on my heart, but while I see daily before my mind's eye, the cheek once like the rose in bloom now pale and wan; and those eyes that used to greet me home, sparkling with strong affection, now sinking in their sockets, and inviting death to come and close them forever, that they may weep no more, and then that bosom accustomed to heave with strong affection to me and my children, now sunk, hollow or heaving with pain ; I start back and exclaim : Undertake for me, oh Lord, for I am indeed oppressed ; great God support my soul, yielding to fear. Yet, when I see others, and hear their tales of woe, I check my complaint, and pray for patience, yet cannot help feeling the weight of those strong titles to affection and cares of—husband and father. But what can a husband, or father, do, situated like me? What but hope, and pray, and wait for the salvation of God, who alone can deliver out of our troubles.

“ But what faith will remove the mountains, that have fallen on our devoted heads? Yet still there is a something points to the future, and bids me hope in God, and whispers that we may yet praise *Him* who is long-suffering and good to his ungrateful creatures : such, no doubt, we have been in too many instances, and what can we do now, but confess, forsake and pray to Him whose mercy is over all His works. Would to God I could comfort or relieve you, my dear Sarah, and the poor children ; but here ends my power for the present ; when

the dark night will end, and the prospect brighten, He only knows who knows all things, therefore, after all, we must leave the matter in His hands,

“ ‘Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He will direct our wandering feet,  
He will prepare our way.’ ”

“ I am much as usual in my health. Farewell, Heaven support you.

“ JOHN McCLURE.”

My father remained a few weeks in Dublin after his release from prison, and on obtaining a situation through John Prince, Esq., in the Farming Implement Factory, Summer Hill, Dublin, at fifty-two guineas a year, and some other advantages, he visited Belfast to settle his children, five in number; he left the three youngest with my grandmother, and returned to Dublin with the other two, and immediately entered on the duties of his new situation. Nor did my dear father idle his time in the vineyard of the Lord. He was the mainspring of a Society comprising about thirty members, who met once a week (on a week evening,) in the house of Mr. Prince for reading the Scriptures, inquiring into their meaning, relating mutual experiences of Divine truth, and for singing and prayer. On the table was placed a box, into which each member put a weekly contribution, for the relief of distressed debtors, in the city prisons. The distribution of the funds was chiefly entrusted to my father, who knew what was in the heart of a prisoner and captive, and he frequently took me along with him, on those errands of mercy. His visits were made on the Sabbath unless in extraordinary circumstances. I can never forget those scenes of misery and the gratitude of many who were by this means comforted and kept from perishing. There was also in the same house, 90 Summer Hill, a fellowship meeting, on the Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. It was well attended and extraordinary displays of the Divine power

were frequent there, in which my own soul was often a participator.

Soon this room became too small, and then the Tailors' Hall, Back lane, was occupied until my father's death. It was filled to overflowing, and an excellent society formed who were much alive to God. Here my father preached every Sunday evening. Love Feasts, fellowship meetings, classes, and Lord's Suppers, were held in the mornings. He also preached occasionally in Ringsend, and other places contiguous to the city. He soon became extensively known, and deeply respected, and some offers of more lucrative situations were made to him, which he uniformly refused, lest his usefulness should be lessened. He evidently longed to be fully engaged in preaching the gospel again, and had he survived a year longer, his heart's desire would have been gained; but a wise God, who doeth all things well, interposing in this, removed him, just on the eve of great changes, from all his sorrows, and all his cares.

By a letter dated Glasgow, 26th November, 1816, written by Mr. Samuel Wilson, in the name of the Leaders and Stewards of the Methodist New Connexion at that time in Glasgow, number of members—ninety, my father is urged to go to Glasgow, 'in a regular way,' through the consent and appointment of the Annual Committee. Mr. Wilson knew my father, having sat under his ministry at Priest Hill, in Ireland. What answer my father sent I do not, at present, know. For some time past he was very desirous of going to the United States of America, where he had many friends, very dear to him, and nothing but the want of means kept him and family in this country. He was an enthusiastic admirer of her free institutions, but a thorough hater of her slave-holding; and at length his friends, in Philadelphia, resolved to have him among them.

In a letter written by Mr. John Wright, son of the late James Wright, of Moyrusk, near Broomhedge, and dated, Philadelphia, 30th November, 1816, my father is informed

on behalf of a number of friends, that ample provision is made for himself and family, also that by the very first vessel for that city from Belfast, his and family's passage was taken, etc., etc. This opening of God's providence, with an escape from a situation where his means were incompetent to support his family, he would have most gladly embraced had all other providences allowed; but, alas! it was too late when the letter arrived. My father was in his usual health and vigour, viz.: January 8th, 1817; after mature consideration he resolved, if possible, to go, and intimated his intention to friends who were glad of an opening, so likely to give him easy circumstances, and occupy all his energies in promoting the Redeemer's glory. The very prospect of this filled his soul with more than usual animation and comfort. The future at last seemed to brighten, and after so long a gloom, it was most refreshing.

March was a cold harsh season, and I noticed my father more than usually affected by it; he had no cough, but often complained of cold; sometimes he would fall back into his lowness of spirits; and in the company of his two, poor children, would kneel down and pour out his soul's sorrows in prayers, and tears, and strong crying to God, or, sitting in silence brooding over his woes, would find occasional relief to a bursting heart, by shedding many tears; or, rising from his seat, would pace the room in deep thought, singing with great feeling, the hymn,

‘Oh thou to whose all searching sight,  
The darkness shineth as the light,’ etc.

Many a time he would stop suddenly, look on my sister and myself, and burst into tears.

April's brightening, lengthening days seemed to do him much service, and expecting the vessel to arrive in the beginning of May, he was busy in his plans of preparing to go to Philadelphia. His friends at Belfast were daily looking for the expected ship, when about the 2nd

or 3rd of May, the palate of my father's mouth became swollen, so that he swallowed with pain and difficulty; medical advice was sought immediately; he became weak and feverish, with frequent burning pain in the region of his heart; all these symptoms rapidly increased; on the 8th or 9th day, he seemed relieved, and the hope of recovery was indulged for a day by both physicians and himself. But these hopes were soon dissipated by the return, with increasing violence, of all the old symptoms, and the addition of a distracting pain in his head. From this time he could swallow nothing, the fire in the region of his heart was intolerable; they tried to relieve it by a succession of cloths saturated in cold water, and laid on his breast. For several days his torture of body was most agonizing, but God was with him. On the evening of the 12th, his torture began to give way, and he had some intervals of ease that night and the next day. On the evening of the 13th, his soul seemed seized upon by strong temptation, which increased as the night advanced; he became very restless, asked to be changed from place to place in the room, would look with unutterable anguish in the face of his waiting friends; and then up to heaven; and raising his clasped hands, would sigh or utter a moan, and seem to give all up in despair. Oh that mournful night is still vividly present to my memory, I still follow the wanderings of that agonized look; it fell on me, many a time. Before midnight the cloud suddenly fled, and his sky remained unclouded, until three o'clock in the morning, when he ceased to breathe; after twelve o'clock his great difficulty of speaking ceased, and he said many things most comforting to those around; he told them of his sore conflict with Satan, and of his glorious triumph through the blood of the Lamb. As life was just seemingly in its last flicker, some thought him dead, and all considered him incapable of speaking, when Mr. Prince, anxious to catch another sentiment from lips which had often dropped words of peace into his ear, said, 'John, if thou art still sensible, though no longer

able to speak, tell us by a motion of the hand, if all is still well with thee.' My father's eyes immediately were opened, and looking upwards, he raised his arm, saying very distinctly, 'Yes, all is well. My heart is bound by the cords of love.' His arm fell suddenly; his eyes closed, and, smiling as if some dear friend had met him, he ceased to breathe. The physicians not understanding the cause of his death, examined his head and chest after death. He was buried on Friday, May 16th, 1817, in Old George's Churchyard, Dublin, in his 39th year.





## CHAPTER II.

EARLY LIFE—CONVERSION—CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

**W**HO shall say to what extent the dark and painful tragedy which the foregoing chapter records, and in which the father was so conspicuous and terrible a sufferer, may have contributed to mould the character of the son, tingeing the current of his after-life, and leaving its impress upon his whole subsequent career. Whilst none that knew the subject of this memoir will challenge the statement that cheerfulness was an influential element in his character, yet to those who knew him best how perceptible and marked was the adjustment of his temperament to the *minor* strains in the solemn "Psalm of Life." That his spirit was keenly sensitive to the influence of what is saddening and depressing in the chequered experiences of this earthly pilgrimage of ours, and that his nature was possessed of a

more than ordinary aptitude—in great part, no doubt, from such training—for accommodating itself to suffering and distress around him, will be known to a large circle of the readers of this book.

Some natures seem to be singled out for sorrow. “An other dieth in the bitterness of his soul and never eateth with pleasure.” The explanation of this is to be sought on principles which, in their character and bearings, can only be known through that “inspiration of the Almighty which giveth understanding.” Then do we learn that “by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of their spirit.”

“And so we whisper as God will,  
And in his mighty hand hold still.”

Many and sore were the sorrows of orphanage which the stricken boy must be made to feel. We weep with him in his distress. And yet his father's God was with him. The God of the covenant whose pledge of faithfulness concerns not only his people, but also “their seed after them.”

Cradled in adversity, the joys of childhood were not altogether denied the lad. Fitful but none the less *sunny*, gleams of true pleasure shot at times athwart his path. It would be of an earlier stage in the experiences of his boyhood than that to which the close of the last chapter introduces us that our subject as late in life as November, 1867, wrote thus:—

There is a little stream of clear spring water, along

whose pebbly bed and verdant sides I used more than 50 years ago to paddle and wander, chasing the little trout, gathering the sweet wild flowers, reclining amid their fragrant blossoms, or, in the proper season, stringing the wild strawberry on the 'windlestraws' *alias* 'trawnew,' or staining my hands and face, as well as my collar and ruffles, with the abundant juicy blackberry. Overhead in fathomless azure, the skylark, himself unseen, poured forth his flood of melody, while in bush and brake, on every hand, the redbreast and goldfinch and linnet mingled their morn and eve song with the bolder notes of blackbird and thrush.

Sweet memories of innocence and childhood, how deeply graven on a heart, now cold and seared, isolated and wayworn, yet, still beneath these accumulated incrustations, vivid as ever, stand out in my heart of hearts, those scenes and sounds and companions; time, as the brooklet's stream, only deepening the old channel and rendering its meanderings the more easily traced.

The little babbling brook now teems with associations unknown to early thought, 'the auld gray stane,' with lichen spotted face, peeping from the bank, the ivy covered ruins of 'the haunted house,' the strangely curved and knotty and twisted fairy-thorn, and that mysterious opening in the rock of the huge mountain's side, from which flowed ever, winter and summer, day and night, the waters of the brook unchanged in temperature or in quantity by revolving seasons or variable temperatures without. Very small indeed, but flowing, ever flowing, bearing in its clear crystal flood life for myriads of plants and flowers and fruits; crowds of happy finny folk feeding and frolicking in every nook. The panting herd and weary steed, cooled and refreshed by its waters, seek repose beneath its shadowing banks; and many a thrifty hospitable housewife blesses the unfailing stream or boasts of its sweet soft waters, unequalled for their adaptation to kine, to washtub and teapot. And often have we children wondered how it could be possible that,

having traversed through miles of fields and gardens, supplying on its way tens of thousands of claimants on its bounties, it was really a far deeper and wider stream where it poured its waters into the dark, muddy, deep 'Blackwater' than when it issued from the rock.

There is nothing pretentious about the origin of the stream, 'no form or comeliness that we should desire it.' Yet it is the source of life and beauty and comfort to multitudes, age after age, ever flowing, never failing; to me, at least, an emblem and remembrancer of the 'Rock of ages,' a rock dear to me in childhood, and dearer, far dearer to me now. And then this little brook was quite unconscious of its value to the world, all its force was bent on making progress, noiseless when the path was smooth and sunny, gurgling and bubbling and clamorous when pebbles and boulders impeded the onward path; when rocks or high mounds stood in its path, it mined and burrowed, the pent up water accumulating power, until the rock was tunneled and the mound passed by; in summer the luxurious foliage on the banks kept the solar rays from evaporating its precious treasure; in winter it was 'too busy to freeze,' and although giving, ever-giving rich supplies to myriads of waiting mouths, from its cradle in its mountain rock to its grave in the Blackwater it increased its stores instead of exhausting them, and then emptied all its increased treasures into the dark deep stream, silently but surely augmenting the volume and brightness and force of the large river.

When the high bank cast its shadow over the surface of this humble brook, and long before we heard of Daguerre, it was my delight to gaze down upon the clearly defined picture of myself, and guess at the depth of the 'plumb hole' by the intensity of the picture. Now far away from the cherished spot, I look anxiously down into memory's page, anxious to find some likeness in myself to the brook so clearly delineated there. Does not my higher life spring from "the rock?" Has that life sped onward like this little stream? if like it in feebleness, has

my path been marked with blessing to others? or has aridity and death marked that pathway? O what saith the recording angel? Has my spiritual life, 'the living water,' retained its holy temperature, shadowed in days of fierce temptation by the 'fruits of the spirit,' and prevented by ceaseless communion 'with God from freezing in those winter days when 'the love of many waxes cold,' and shall my exit from time into eternity be in volume such as thine—sweet brook? and when away from earth shall any retrace in memory and press that image to their heart with as sweet and true a love as I now do thee?

Dear bubbling, unpretentious brook, farewell; thy pure silver thread is all sunlit to me, thy banks are always emerald and gold, thou art associated with 'the friends that once smiled on my childhood,' but like me, they walk thy banks no more. Still be thou an emblem to me of 'that river above,' where so many dear and holy ones walk amid waving palms and songs of triumph, until rejoined once more by

'W.'

The Rev. Jas. Argue, a minister of the Methodist New Connexion, at present stationed in Boston, England, who was one of Mr. McClure's earliest ministerial colleagues in Ireland, and between whom there subsisted a life-long and most ardent friendship, states that 'Two of the children, William and another, were in Dublin when their father died.' But how long they continued in Dublin after this event does not transpire. Sufficiently long, however, the editor has learned, to demonstrate the Christian willinghood of John McClure's Dublin friends to look to the interests of the charge he had left on their hands. It is stated indeed that but for representations which

were forwarded to Dublin, urging the transference of these children to the care of their mother's relatives in the north—representations which the facts of the case by no means justified—the orphans would have been provided for where they were. William, at the time of his father's death, was not quite fourteen years old, having been born, as far as can be ascertained, in or near Lisburn, in the month of June, 1803. The narrative of his life from this point is thus taken up by himself:—

After a narrow escape from shipwreck, on my return to Belfast, I was bound to a tradesman of that town, one of the most profane and blasphemous swearers I ever heard. His journeymen were not his equals in swearing, though they often tried to be, but they far excelled him in the most abominable depravity. I tried to laugh at their obscenities and mouth their oaths, but horrors would seize me, and hell would seem near to swallow me up. I was put to work far above my strength, sworn at, and knocked down by my master in his passion. Sometimes the men would pity me and curse the tyrant. I was a slave to cruel men, my life a burden. When I remembered my father's house and love, I wept bitterly.

They tried to lead me into drunkenness and obscene company. My escapes were marvellous; yet, I often wished I had no sense of guilt or shame, that like them my iniquity might be indulged without any remorse. I wished for the nature of a dog. And, but for an interposing Providence, I would have got my wish, and more—first a dog, then a devil.

My chains were suddenly broken, and in this wise did God work. One evening, without any previous intimation that my honesty was suspected, I was taken before the chief Magistrate, charged with dishonesty. My bondsmen were sent for, the charge written down, my statement heard and considered. The Magistrate, who knew my father well,

dismissed the case, and said, 'if he has learned to purloin or steal, it must have been in your house, for he did not learn it in his father's.' I begged not to be sent back, giving some reasons. My indentures with the bonds were given up by order of the magistrate, and I 'escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler.'

Bent most determinedly on obtaining the knowledge of a trade, but not wishing my first, I found it impossible, not having any means to provide the necessary tools for the trade I preferred. I now resolved on going to sea. A good opportunity soon presented itself. A ship-of-the-line, 80 guns, put into the Lough in want of men and boys. I was ready and rejoiced. Boats were to be up to Belfast on a specified morning to take off hands. I set off from my dear grandmother's, never to return, as I thought, without telling her my intentions, knowing I could not have her consent; and was on the pier at the appointed hour. Something had delayed the boats beyond their time. It was Sabbath morning; a number of rude, blaspheming men were on the pier; I was ashamed to be seen in their company, and walked up Waring street, watching for the boat, and longing to be away. I met in this short walk two good men, J. W., and A. A., old respected friends of my venerated father. I tried to pass unseen. They recognized and stopped me, and made many kind enquiries about my welfare. Most carefully did I conceal my purposes from them. J. W. said, 'I met Mr. Livingston the other day, and he was most anxious to see you; he resides in Bangor, and you ought to go and see him.'

I now passed back to the pier—no boat yet, walked away a little distance and stood alone waiting. J. Livingston's name had called up happy days of childhood, when he used to call at our house. Mother and father loved him and often talked of him. He had toiled in concert with my father in preaching the gospel among the people. Faces beaming with love, words of heavenly kindness, songs of praise and sounds of prayer now crowded around

me. My heart was like to break with deep distress at the contrast between that and this. I longed for death, but feared to die. Weeping now came over me ; nor did I restrain it, it was relief to my soul. I moved into Tomb street to hide my emotion. My man-of-war enterprize filled me with shame and disgust at myself, and my resolution was at once taken to beg my bread rather than enter the service of my country in such a hell of wickedness as war ships then were. For this change of purpose so mysteriously wrought in my mind by the spirit of God, I to this hour sing Hallelujah !

The succeeding Sabbath morning, I was on my way to Bangor, to see Mr. Livingston. It was a walk of thirteen miles, Irish. I did not hurry, for the day, the fields, the scenery, were very beautiful. The first person I recognized was James Halliday, known to me by seeing him in my father's house, but I did not make myself known; for I was ashamed. I was weary, and hungry, and an orphan, and such an acquaintance is seldom welcomed. Then Mr. Livingston might regard me as others, and treat me very differently, now that I was a wanderer, from what he would if my father yet lived. My mind became greatly distressed. I repented coming to Bangor at all, resolved not to call on any one, but to set off early in the morning for Belfast. Alone and unknown to any there I sat me down under the shade of the trees. It was the lovely month of June ; the air breathed balm ; every one seemed happy and intent on enjoyment ; but my heart felt no joy, no hope, no friendship, no home.

The hour for evening preaching came on. On enquiry of persons passing, I found the place, the hour, and the preacher's name—Joseph Livingston. Now, thought I, Mr. L. shall be seen and heard by me, this is all that is wanted, no one will know me, then off in the morning. Among the first to enter the chapel, my seat was taken close to the wall, where I could hear and see well. The congregation was large, sermon very striking and instructive ; for the hour my sorrows were forgot. Service over,

my position prevented me getting out as my wish was with the first; I was kept closely jammed in by parties between me and the aisle, who waited to speak to the preacher. When they spoke to him and passed on, Mr. L. stood still; he looked very earnestly at me, at once recognized the son of John McClure, seized me affectionately by the hand, then turning round introduced me to Mrs. L., James Halliday, P. Neil, John Niblock, old Bob Neil, and others of the blessed men of that dear church, with several holy women, all of whom are now in heaven.

Mr. Halliday had me to his hospitable home, and before I left Bangor, I had a trade, many dear friends, a good report, a good education, a personal interest in Christ, a wife of God's own choosing, and a well attested call to preach the gospel.

We do not wonder, and shall be less inclined to wonder as we proceed, that in after life Mr. McClure would write of Bangor in such impassioned strains as the following:—

There is one spot on earth around which more sacred memories crowd than any other on earth, to me; for there, when an orphan and a stranger, 'they took me in' to a happy home and undying friendship. There the sacred love of Jesus was first revealed to my despairing eye and broken heart.—'Her very rocks are dear to me.' Here I first entered the vineyard of the Lord, as a feeble labourer, in the dawn of life, and began to taste the luxury of doing good. Here have my eyes witnessed more satisfying instances of faith's wonderful victories in afflictions, troubles, and the hour of death, than in any other place on earth. 'Her very dust is precious' to me, for here are more graves in one churchyard known to me, whose present tenants were once my companions, my counsellors, my loving and loved ones, who, if it were possible, would have plucked out their eyes for my sake, whose characters were those of 'Israelites indeed,' and

over whose graves I could write, without one single misgiving, 'They sleep in Jesus.'

Dear old Bangor! my feet may never press thy pleasant shores and pathways again, nor my voice be ever again heard in those courts of the Lord's house so endeared to my fond memory, nor may my eye, or ear, or heart ever again be permitted to share the holy sympathy of thy sons and daughters, and little ones in their deep agonies, or transporting joys, or every day toils; and, if ever I did return, how changed would all seem, because of the absence of her who, ever by my side, was both Aaron and Hur to me in the day of conflict, the Mary and Martha of my home, the Jonathan of my bosom. Still I may and do revisit those verdant paths of my early transports, memory, and hope, my only, yet my cherished, holy, undying companions; one clothes the past with all its sunny scenery, and dear happy society and conversations, the other lifts the gloomy curtains of the grave, opening up the glorious land where everlasting beauty clothes every object, and all my cherished loving ones at home, in their long-sought rest, await my coming home—thrice blessed home; nor sin, nor grief shall ever enter there.

William McClure's memorable visit to Bangor, on which such momentous issues were balanced, and so graphically stated in the sketch above given, took place in the spring of 1819, nearly two years after his father's death. Mr. Halliday found employment for the waif with his son-in-law, Mr. James Graham, baker, to whom William was duly apprenticed, to complete his knowledge of the business he had begun to learn in Belfast.

And now it was that "under the ministry of Mr. Livingston he was convinced of sin, and taking his Bible in his hand, he retired to the sea-shore, and among the 'grey old rocks' that surround the coast of Bangor, he wrestled

in prayer, like Jacob, and found mercy, the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, a blessing which he enjoyed and held fast until his death. He engaged in holding prayer meetings, met regularly in class, gave attention to reading, had a retentive memory, and soon got his mind well stored with religious knowledge, and was qualified for usefulness."—So writes his old friend Mr. Argue.

Of his associations with the Lord's work and people at this time, we have the following interesting testimonies from his own pen :

In this happy little Church of God we were united, busy, earnest. In the country we kept up three classes, and three prayer meetings every Sabbath—distances from the town, two to five miles ; and five week night preachings every fortnight. In the town we had two Sabbath morning classes, at seven o'clock, preaching at eleven, a large, well sustained, and very efficient Sunday School at two o'clock, then at seven preaching again. Our dear old Church had an earthen floor, the roof unceiled, neither fire place nor stove ; yet, it was usually well attended in the morning, and crowded in the evening, and ever the presence chamber of the Lord. Here was preaching on Monday evening, and prayer meeting every other evening save Saturday. In addition to this there was a week-night class, and preaching and prayer meeting at each extremity of the town. In summer time we had outdoor preaching—now on the Kinnegar, the favourite promenade of the bathers who spent their summer months at sea-bathing ; now on the quay, the loitering place in their leisure hours of the brave and generous seamen : now on the fisherhill, the residence of the hardy fisherman and his family, and now on the forerow, on that convenient open space by the forge of poor Peter Mateer—peace to his memory—where for many years he was wont

to try his skill at shoeing horses and cart-wheels. Here, many a congregation of hard-working skilful weavers and their families, have hearkened most attentively to the words of salvation. The Rev. John Lyons, now feeble and grey-headed, was neither feeble nor fearful in those days, but bold as a lion in the work of the Lord. His picture has faded in none of its fresh tints from memory's pages, but there he still stands a noble figure, tall, well-built, straight as a rush, with book in hand, black velvet cap on head, benevolence beaming in every feature, the earnest eye swimming in tears of love for perishing sinners.

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After my happy union with the Lord Jesus, and with His Church, my enquiry was changed from "what shall I do to be saved," to, what shall I do to express my love, and be useful in the household of faith;—and the willing mind never asks either question in vain. My own wish was to live and labor among the people who knew me so well, and were so willing to bear with my imperfect services. Some of my most judicious friends said again and again, 'now settle your mind upon it, and cultivate both heart and mind for it, for you are certainly called to preach the gospel.' My own convictions of personal unfitness for a charge so holy, and onerous, caused me to shrink from such a public office, so I continued to meet classes, teach in Sabbath Schools, hold religious services among the poor in village and country, and preach occasionally, hoping this was my happy field for life.

Previous to my entry into married life, my friends, James Halliday and James Graham, (of blessed memory to me,) aided and directed me in commencing business for myself in Newtownards, and things were very prosperous and encouraging, so that in one year, my obligations were paid up, my house neatly furnished, and my business and character established. My mind was much gratified and my home a gate of heaven. One day Mr. Livingston, after enquiring affectionately about my affairs and expressing

his satisfaction, added with solemn emphasis, 'William, you should be preaching the Gospel. My sun kept bright, my doors of usefulness among the poor and in the Church kept opening and widening, and I said, 'this is my right place, my providential path.' Business still increased, and I began occasionally to omit, in my hurry after business, my closet devotions, and sometimes prayer and reading in the family. My reasons for this were worldly-wise, very plausible, but unsound, and, to my own heart, unsatisfactory. Alexander Donaldson was our minister, at that time, and was an able and acceptable preacher, and, although peculiar and blunt in his manner, a more honest man and truer friend never lived; —'the memory of the just is blessed.' Mr. D. always took a deep interest in me, and faithful were his counsels, welcome his reproofs, and earnest were his prayers.

Just now my health suddenly and unexpectedly gave way. My trembling soul for twelve weeks stood in total darkness, both feet in the cold waters of the Jordan. My friends expected me to die every day, and, oh, horrible, I felt I must be damned. To this day, my soul shudders at the remembrance of that protracted, terrible agony. I loathed myself even more than I dreaded the fire unquenchable. But my secret was kept in my own bosom, for I dared not make known the failure of my hope in God, lest those I loved should write the hateful word, 'hypocrite,' on my memory, or, lest through my want of faith in God, my dying testimony should be a slander on the name and character of Jesus.

Dear men of God visited and spoke words to me both affectionate and sound, and poured out their full hearts in earnest supplications. I felt and acknowledged their love, and fully acquiesced in all they said; yet my soul lay underneath a mountain that moved not, and in gloom too thick for a single ray of hope to pierce. All was given up as lost by me, and praise, reading and prayer was the pouring out of vinegar on my scarified flesh. When evening came, my waiting soul expected her sen-

tence of damnation before the day dawned and the morning brought me no better hope.

Contrary to all expectation, my health began to rally on the thirteenth week, and in a short time my strength would allow me to sit up for a little time each day. But, alas, my poor body was nearly useless, my eyes could barely tell me when it was day or night. I heard nothing distinctly, nor in its natural tones; smell was gone, so was taste, and I could not stand one moment without support. O, how dreary and dismal were those cheerless days; even my own voice when at length it became audible terrified me. Jane Blane, who kept my house and store, tended me with great care and tenderness, and Mr. James Graham, dear and blessed is his memory to me, hardly ever missed one day all this time, without coming from Bangor, four miles, to visit me and direct my business. At length one lovely Sabbath morning, when the family were all gone to Church, I stole out unseen to a romantic glen, about a quarter of a mile from my residence, weeping as I went along; deep was the gloom of my blighted soul. A favourite nook was reached with much difficulty; breathless, I sat down on the old gray stone; over my head the wild rose waved its graceful wreaths, covered with new blown flowers sparkling with dew drops, the old thorn, through whose gnarled branches the rose tree had climbed for support and light, was covered with a profusion of odorous blossoms; all around my seat, rich tufts of the wild primrose held up their delicate cups to my view, and close up to where I sat, and all along that primrose bank, the modest blue eye of the sweet scented violet peeped out at me from the verdant, luxuriant moss, and leaves and grass. A little below me, the 'wimpling burnie' tinked unceasingly its dulcet sound as it sped joyously on its way to the ocean. Up, down, and above on the opposite side of the glen, every hawthorn bore its sheet of bloom, the abounding furze waved their spicy ample crowns crowded with the yellow bloom, "unprofitably gay," and wher-

ever the green sod was visible, the primrose, and daisy, and dandelion vied with each other, in this beautiful temple of God, in sending up their pure incense, mingled with that of the rose, the hawthorn, and violet, and bluer hyacinth, from this sun-lit altar into the bosom of the holy blessed God. A golden wren had its domestic endearment in a cranny of the rock just beside me, to the peace of which every power, of song, and muscle, and feather, was devoted ; and the dear familiar redbreast, engrossed with similar enjoyments, watched while he sang for the peeping worm which he instantly bore away to his dear ones at home. On the thorn or furze sat the linnet, and sang to his dear patient mate sweet notes peculiarly his own. High up on the tall ash tree's top spray the noble thrush poured forth a bold anthem to God, while in fitful strains down in the deep brake the blackbird's mellow verses rang ; then up, up, far out of sight, the numerous voices of the sky-larks, perched on unwearied wings, poured down upon me whole floods of sweetest music. I listened, gazed and inhaled the heavenly odours, then bared my bald head to bathe it in this sea of sounds and balm. O never will the intense physical pleasure of that hour pass from my memory, or when called up, fail to awaken my gratitude to God, for just then, as if by some magic spell, my spoiled, fractured senses were all restored to me, and nature poured in upon me through these opened gates a tide of pleasure such as never bathed my soul before nor since. My dark spirit, for the first time for months, became penetrated with such clear views of Christ crucified for me, of the mercy that had snatched my soul from certain ruin, and of my present interest in Jesus' blood, that when the time came that I must go home, or else by my absence alarm my family, I was very sorry ; my wish was to stay there, to die there, where every sound, and scent, and form and feeling was a way for His Holy Spirit to carry something of heaven and of Jesus to my rescued and enraptured soul.

My health rapidly rallied after this morning, and when

my hair grew it was fine as silk and white as flax, but it soon regained its raven dress. It gets white now again, alas, never on earth to change as aforesaid.

As I reviewed my business which had suffered much during my illness, although I set about repairing my losses, Mr. Livingston's words stuck like arrows in my soul: "William, you should be preaching the Gospel."

Some of those very interesting experiences and incidents belonging to this, Mr. McClure's first and longest term of residence in Bangor, and which were first given to the public in his *Autumnal Gleanings*,—papers contributed by him to the *Evangelical Witness*, during the years 1860-1, are, at the risk of interrupting somewhat the flow of the biography here introduced.

To return to the Zion of my young heart's warm affections, where love ruled and bound us in holy unity, where labour was sweet rest, and where the lips and hearts of many saved ones blessed and encouraged my dear brethren in their work, for they had the confidence of the virtuous public, and the respect of even the profane. Few days or nights passed without bringing some messages from the sick or dying, who sigh for the visits and counsels or prayers of their pious brethren. When evil tidings from the "greedy sea" arrived—alas these came too frequently,—who could so well or so kindly convey the awful news to the poor widow and her now fatherless children as he who is known at home and abroad to be a man of prayer.

Hearken! The winter has set in earlier than usual. The weather hazy, stormy and cold; many families in Bangor were anxiously watching those dark clouds as they scudded rapidly over sea and land, for the fall fleet of merchant ships was on its homeward way, and although its arrival was longed for, it was, in such weather, dreaded too. For many a gallant ship, after battling safely the dangers of

the stormy ocean's utmost power, had fallen among the rocks, and her brave men had perished with her.

I had been out most of the day visiting among the people. The wives and mothers of the seamen homeward bound talked anxiously and freely to me of their many hopes and fears. The "Word" and prayer seemed to their trembling hearts as the covering of an angel's pinion over ships at sea and families at home.

"When torn in the bosom by sorrow and care,  
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like prayer;  
It seizes, soothes, softens, subdues yet sustains,  
Gives vigour to hope and puts passion in chains.  
Prayer, sweet prayer!  
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like prayer."

That night was pitchy dark. The driving rain came along in torrents. Many a cottage lost its thatch, and many a family its rest that night. How heavily the wind sighed and moaned among the tortured trees with a power more than usual. As I passed home by a near pathway across some pasture fields, the voice of the tempest, as it swept across the close-cropped surface of the ground, made a noise among the weeds and grass stems around me as shrill as the scream of a locomotive whistle. On my having regained the public road, I found a sailor, who, under the shelter of a rock, most anxiously stood watching the clouds and foaming waters.

"Ye shud be at hame, sir, and no out here sic a nicht as this," said he.

"I wish all our friends were at home, or as near home as I am, Archy."

"Mony a yin out the nicht will never see hame ony mair," he replied, in a tone of deep tenderness.

"This wind would blow a ship out of the water, it is so powerful," said I.

"Its *under* the water ye nae doubt mean, sir, for no ship could weather sic a gale as we hae and hae had this hale afternoon, and nae bit sign o' ony change yet."

To have said good night would have been ill in keeping, so passing on, my peaceful home was soon reached, and then my comfortable resting-place, where sleep's balmy breath soon sealed up my senses in forgetfulness. Many an eye, however, as restless and anxious as poor Archy's, kept vigils along the coast, and in Bangor, that night.

As morning's grey dawn pushed back the darkness from the Lough and Channel, many straining eyes wandered over those muddy, foaming waters, and scrutinized every bay and rock with painful anxiousness. One sail only was visible. It was a bark, trying to beat up the channel under close-reefed topsails, and signals of distress out. The north-east tempest still continued to drive the sea most furiously into the landing-places and along the rocky shore. True courage, and pity for those in the sinking ship, waited impatiently for the receding tide to lull even a little the fury of the wind and waves. After several attempts, and at no small risk of life, a boat was got free of the breakers, and six brave men, strong of arm and skilful with the oar, were tossing like a feather in their well-proved yawl amid the angry waters. The mothers of those in that boat, whose fever of heart had dried up the fountains of their tears, with hands firmly clasped, anguish-stricken features and downcast eyes knelt them among the numerous tufts of the sweet sea-pinks which were clustered in every rocky chink down to the very sea mark. And so did they prayerfully cling to the knees of that Jesus of the stormy lake of Genessaret, who, still they felt, "commands the winds and the seas and they obey him." Ever and anon, as some dangerous billow would leap up apparently to swallow the toiling boatmen, the hardiest of those on shore and most familiar with the dangers of the sea would instinctively cry out, "See ye that? Isn't that awfu'. They maun be swampt. The gude Lord alone look to and save them." As the rowers got out to sea they became less and less visible to us on shore; more than half the time quite invisible—concealed beneath the waves or covered by the clouds of drifting

spray. But now they have gained the ship's side and are on board, and our terrible anguish of that hour finds relief in floods of briny tears.

By this fresh accession of hands the leaking ship was kept afloat, and safely got into good anchorage off Grey Point, where every necessary aid arrived in good time from Belfast, and our brave boatmen of Bangor, having saved the ship, returned in safety to their homes and rejoicing families. It was evening before they moored their yawl, and, though they assumed cheerfulness, yet deep sadness was seated on every brow, and those manly fellows sought each by stealth to gain their homes unseen, for they were the bearers of heavy tidings.

It was late that night that a messenger from two of these good men called on me to go to their house. On my entering they told me the sad story which they all wished me to carry to the afflicted ones.

"Ye maun gang," they said, "to poor Mrs. N——, and tell her the sad news as weel's ye can, Mr. McClure, for if yin o' us wad gang it wad be her death, sir, besides, I could na stan' it mysel'. Auch, sir, how could we bear her cries and the greetin' o' the puir weans? An' then, what cud ony o' us say to gie her comfort, the puir body? But we ken full weel, ye can say every thing the troubled heart can need to hear. Now dinna refuse, sir, if ye please; its painfu' wark for ye, we ken that, but its God's wark, sir, and you'll have His reward. And, O, gang soon, sir, else some unca' body will get the win' o' the thing, and she'll hear it, an't will jist kill her at the once, and, auch, auch, what will become o' the puir childer?"

I wept at their tender, earnest importunity. We all wept—who could refrain? Even the little children, forgetting their play, gathered round their daddy's knees and mine, then looking into our faces they wept with us.

And now we sought of God in prayer some relief to our swelling hearts, and for a heavenly preparation of the unconscious Mrs. N——'s heart for her heavy shock, for

the blessed Jesus only can comfort the mourner and bind the broken-hearted. But Jesus *can* bind ; blessed be His name.

As I passed toward the house of Mrs. N——, the next morning, to fulfil my melancholy mission, I could recognize in the sad glances of some of her neighbours, as they “bade me the time o’ day,” that they were already aware of my sad errand. On entering the dwelling-place of the good, unsuspecting woman, and taking my seat by the tidy hearth, she asked me if I was poorly, and said, “Ye dinna look so weel as usual,” and hoped, so kindly, that nothing serious ailed me: we were soon talking of the storm, and of the trouble it would no doubt bring to many a poor seaman’s family. “The Lord comfort the bereft,” she said, in accents of great tenderness. “We should feel for one another in their trouble,” said I, “for who knows what loss these stormy winds may bring upon themselves.” “The sea,” said she, “is a dangerous, slavish way o’ makin’ aff life, yet some men maun be seamen ; its often I wish my man had saved just as much as wad keep him at hame for the future,” then with a deep sigh she added, “but wha may hae their ain way in sic things ; he is a kind, gude man to me, and loves his family mair than his ain ease an’ life, and, O, I wish—but we need nae be wishin’, just like the weans, for what we hae nae, and when we get it just lay it aside and go on wishin’ for some other thing ; the Lord make me thankfu’ and content wi’ the mony guid things he gies me.”

“But should we not be as thankful to God for what he takes away from us as for what he gives to us?” said I. “He must be as kind in the one case as in the other.”

“If we loved Him as we ought we would,” said she, “for He is as kind and guid in His takings as in His givings, but still,” she added, with a look of deep sadness, “few seem to be sae wise as to like it sae weel.”

“You have no doubt but that your kind husband was a gift to you from above,” said I, “and you often gave God thanks for this ; and you should be trying to be able,

through His divine grace, to thank him in a spirit of prayerful submission if God's stormy winds should come for him some day."

"That is quite true, sir," said she, "mony and mony a warm, kind heart the sea has swallowed down. But I wad sae like to see him hame to me yince mair, for I have had fearfu' bodings during that last storm. I thought that, frae the time he sailed frae St. Johns, he maun hae been near the coast that night; but I dare nae think much about it, for my heart just flees like a frightened bird, as it a'ways dis when my James is at sea onywhere in sic weather." Then, resting her hands and work upon her lap, she looked steadily in my face, and said so anxiously, "I am afraid you are not well, you look so pale, sir."

"My heart is sore vexed, and my trouble is but small compared to the sorrow of others; but 'sorrow springs not from the dust,' and why grieve at God's will?"

"Well, its very wrong to do so," said she, "but it takes something mair than we hae by nature in us to keep rebellion down; yet you make me very anxious, sir; tell me what has happened to sae trouble you."

After a pause, for a moment of prayer for help, during which she bent forward with a look of intense anxiety,—“you no doubt heard of the bark out in the channel, in distress yesterday morning,” said I. “Weel, and what then? sure they got her safe to good moorings,” said she eagerly.

“Why, her sails were carried away by the tempest,” said I, “and two men who were aloft, taking in a reef, went over with the sail and spar, and were lost. One was an apprentice and the other was a married man.”

“The Lord hae pity on and comfort his poor wife,” said she, while her eyes brimmed over with tears of true-hearted sympathy.

“What would *you* do, woman,” said I, “if it was your son or husband that was lost?” She started, changed colour, now deadly pale, then unnaturally flushed, and said,

“What *could* I do, sir, but just bow me down amang the dust and—.” Here her voice faltered, and the terrible suspicion of her loss seemed to paralyze her heart. “Now,” said I, “is the time for you to trust in, and to prove the power and the love of God, because ‘the *widow* and the *fatherless* may trust in Him.’”

“Am I then a *widow*, and are my children fatherless to-day, and my dear, *dear* James awa frae me *forever*?” said she. “We may speak *næ mair* to yin another; and I hae *sae* much to say, and he never tired to hear me speak; and then the *caul*, *caul* waves—maun they be my *darling’s* grave?”

Completely overcome, she sank back upon her chair, and sobbed and groaned in the depth of her tempest of agony. I waited a few minutes until her agitated feelings would rally from the shock, and she became a little calm. Her dark, expressive eyes were wide open, glazed and motionless, and she looked so wild. Taking her at length gently by the hand, and pronouncing her Christian name, “*Mary*,” she turned her head and looked up at me. “I want you to come to a *friend* who is waiting for us just now,” said I.

“Wha is it?” she asked.

“The Lord Jesus Christ,” said I; “he waits for you, woman, and has come to be to you a Husband in the place of your now lost James.”

Now, pressing my hand, she said, so earnestly, “Do take me to my dear Saviour, for my heart will break. O, hae pity, Lord, on me and mine!”

“Jesus *is come*, even here now, and *both* to pity and to save,” said I.

We knelt down at Jesus’s feet in prayer, and while so engaged, again and again, with a most piteous cry, she would say, “O my James! my James! my dear, dear James! you are gone frae me, forever gone! O my husband, dear, kindest o’ men! O, my Jamesdear!”

Soon, however, she found relief from the maddening fever of her brain; sobs and tears followed the first wild

emotion, and the Holy Spirit sent His rays of sweet light through the gloom of this thundercloud, revealing to her Christ Jesus, "touched" with tenderest sympathies toward the afflicted one,—and He never comes empty handed to any one. And now as He lifted to her lips His cup of consolation, with a calm and altered tone of voice she said, "O how merciful, my Saviour, on this black morning to come with help to one sae very worthless, sae weak, sae sinfu', sae sair afflicted, the puir sinner's only friend! O, help me, Lord, to be patient, and no to rebel, and no to be foolish. I hae naebody noo but Thee, my Saviour! and O, what wad I do this day, but for Thee my God?"

When we rose from our knees, two or three of the kind neighbours, who had been drawn to the door by hearing her bitter and loud lamentations, where they had silently paused until prayer was closed, now ventured into the house; the poor widow wept, the neighbours wept, I wept—who could refrain? But for some minutes we uttered not a word. I now rose from my seat to leave this house of sorrow, and from a gushing heart repeated some of the precious words which my Saviour had once spoken to the troubled in heart. She pressed my hand affectionately, saying. "Ah, dinna be lang, sir, te ye come back to see and speak to me, for my puir heart is sair, sair this day!"

Scenes like this are, not unfrequent along this rocky coast, and where so many of the people are engaged in ships. "These see His wonders in the deep," or sinking beneath the mighty tempest as lead in the ocean wave, leave broken hearts and destitute families, to feel the pinchings of poverty, and find their only refuge to be God.

And often have I been thus the trembling messenger of painful tidings, but *oftener far* of good tidings to "the broken-hearted."

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Among my early religious friends in Bangor was old Bob Neill; he was also one of the first among them to

pass away from the church militant to the church triumphant. He was full of days and of faith, familiar with severe and frequent conflicts ; his songs and triumphs were proportionately frequent and glorious. Deep and sound in his Christian experience, he loved to realize the perfection of the Christian armour by engaging in conflicts demanding all his energies, and bringing sword, and helmet, and shield, and breastplate into full use. I don't mean to say he courted temptation, or was a captious, turbulent man, quite the reverse ; but I do mean to say no Goliath ever turned his feet aside, or made his heart quail, he fought a good fight and finished life well.

Bob was a joiner by trade, and a good one too ; his manners were in some things rather singular, making him what we call "an odd body." Naturally shrewd and observant of events and of character, his opinions were valuable, his judgment reliable. Oh, but he loved and was well acquainted with his Bible, and used its arrows with wonderful precision in "wounding the hearts of the King's enemies," and then how dexterously he could tap this "tree of life," and with its gushing balm strengthen the feeble-minded, or heal the broken-hearted. In this I only testify what I have known. To his tenderness and skilfulness my personal obligations are many.

Next to his Bible, Bunyan and Peden and "the Scots Worthies" were his familiar spirits ; and his wonderful readiness to open up with clearness passages of Holy Scripture, to retort with scathing force on adversaries, to reprove sin, and encourage the timid and anxious, was the admiration of all who knew him. The saint in times of suffering and affliction, the sick or dying sinner had each a mine of wealth in Bob, and the devil had a terrible adversary. Few scoffers (and we had some bold ones in B.) would venture within the range of his artillery ; and if they did, why they were sure to go limping all their life after. His manner in prayer, or "gift of prayer," was peculiarly his own ; it was broken, sententious, earnestly

impetuous, very definite, full of heaven's best poetry and of calm faith in Jesus.

He was fond of dreams ; skilful in separating the chaff from the wheat, and could see a finger post or pick up a gold coin on the same pathway where others had trod on and passed it by, or at cross roads, where his neighbours stood helpless and bewildered. Delighting in similitudes, oh how he would range with "hind's feet" among those "mountains of myrrh," when in company with a kindred spirit.

My dear father Bob was in the habit, when alone, of thinking aloud, or speaking to his own thoughts as if they were persons—(a rather dangerous habit just now in Carolina the *free!!!*) I was so greatly benefitted in my search after truth by Bob, and found him so patient and loving with me, that I often sought his company. Having leisure one day, I walked up to his workshop in the Croft to have some profitable talk. On reaching the door, to which his back was turned, I found he was mortising window sashes, and heard him busy in an earnest conversation. Pausing a moment, lest my entering should disturb him and his company,—I could see no one with him ; just then he said, with force and deliberation, "You are a liar!" This startled me somewhat ; my conscience was earnestly asked by me, Does he say this to me ? am I the —— ? Before I had time to say a word, he stamped with his foot on the ground, and vehemently exclaimed, "You are a liar ! ye'll get nae ither answer frae me to the day o' my death !" Just then his eye caught sight of me, when, reaching out his hand, he gave me a cordial shake and a welcome. On my asking to whom he was speaking, he replied, "To the old leeing devil, to be sure," and adding, "his impudence is awfu' ; he has just now been whispering into my ear, 'Bob, ye are deceivin' yoursel', yes, and ither folk as weel ; your heart, mun, was never changed by the grace o' God ; it's a wind, mun ; yir auld heart is telling ye a pack o' stuff about regeneration ; why, you are just the same man ye ever war, only you can

manage to skin things over and mak' them look nice.'” Then with a look of triumphant indignation, he continued, “ The black auld beast has telt me that same story a thousand times before ; aye, an' troubled me often and sair in this very thing. At first I used to reason wi' him ; but I'm wiser now, for the devil stops at naething if ye only just let him talk wi' ye ; but nae man should ever attempt to reason wi' the fether o' a' lies ; for what can ony body mak' o' a liar ? So for years past, whenever he speaks to me, I at once make him to understand that I *ken wha's there*, and as soon as he sees he's found out, he's aff like an ill-meanin' beast wi' his tail amang his feet.”

We now sat down together, and had a long, profitable conversation about temptation, its nature, danger and importance, and I at least was made less ignorant of Satan's devices, and more deeply impressed than ever with the necessity of building my eternal hopes on a rock. The storm must come, and it beats against both the house on the sand and the house on the rock, but with very different results. The sand sinks, the rock never. So said, and still says, my heart ; the storm or flood never yet made any soul to perish, but a bad foundation has done, does now, and ever must.

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Without any marks of more than ordinary mental prowess, and of most unobtrusive manners, James Halliday was a man universally loved and trusted ; so gentlemanly, so interested in every good work, so gratified in seeing others happy, and so ready on all occasions not merely to wish his neighbour well, but equally so to share his table or his purse with the needy, or give his whole influence and effort to bless mankind. Nor would you ever hear a boast, nay, even a mention, from his own lips, of his deeds of love. “ Other lips must praise,” else James's deeds were forever hid ; for

“ Thine was by stealth to wipe away misery's tear,”

His house was the home of the man of God before the death of John Wesley, and the longed-for resting place and pleasant home of our preachers seven years before I was born. From the evening I was taken into his house my orphanage was over, for James, and Mary his sainted wife, were father and mother to me. He died when I was stationed in Dublin; his end was more than peace, and many that day wept with me over our own and the Church's bereavement. His firm attachment to the New Connexion Church was often well tested, and he "came forth as gold." One time of trial I may perhaps usefully name here. James H. was for many years an elder in the Presbyterian Church—for in those days we could only have Methodist preaching on Sunday evenings, and glad when we could have it then in Bangor; we were all regular members and hearers either of the Episcopal or Presbyterian Churches. A rent had taken place in the Presbyterian Church on the question of the soundness of the faith of the minister; he was not definite in his explanations, and a second congregation was formed. Mr. Halliday went over with the new or orthodox party. We Methodist folks were much troubled; one minister said to be an Arian, or something like it, the other a good man, but a most earnest out-and-out Calvinist; so we resolved to separate from both, and to have our own preacher, morning and evening each Sabbath, in our own church. Mr. H., anxious to see the new Presbyterian Church established, attended with us only on Sabbath evening. He was admonished; assured us of unabated love to Methodism, but wanted to do a double amount of good by holding on to both, at least for a season. A crisis came, and he was true to conscience. The sacrament was administered in both places on the same evening. Mr. H. first tried to prevent this, then staid away from ours. The society was called to consider the matter; our rules and doctrines were read over, and Mr. H. was requested to decide on being only one of two things—Methodist or Presbyterian. He refused to change his present relation to the latter,

and on a vote being taken he was declared no longer a member of the Methodist Church. This action was painful to all present ; to none more so than to Mr. H. His class book was given up, and the meeting appointed me to take charge of his class, which met on Sabbath morning in his own parlour. After this, solemn silence prevailed for a few moments. Mr. H. sat thoughtful, then became deeply moved, for he was sore vexed ; then wiping away his tears he said, "So you have put me out, brethren? Well, thank God for Methodism, it keeps no sinner out. I won't stay out, but come back again *on trial*." Then turning round to me, he said, "William, put my name down as one on trial." It was done, and he was ours with thanks for strict discipline ever after.





### CHAPTER III.

#### MARRIAGE—ENTERS THE NEW ITINERANCY—FIRST CIRCUIT.

**O**N the fourth of August, 1827, Mr. McClure was married to Miss Hannah J. M. Glynn.

With this young lady he had met some three years previously at Bangor. She was at that time an inmate of the family of Lord Dufferin, who was staying temporarily at Ballyleady, County Down. In the strikingly interesting obituary notices of his wife furnished by the sorrowing husband in several successive numbers of the *Evangelical Witness* for 1860, and from which we are reluctantly compelled, for want of space, to withhold further quotations, Mr. McClure says :—

The Methodist New Connexion having no morning service on the Sabbath, I was a regular attendant in the parish church of Bangor. Here I first met with Miss

G., and that attachment was formed which after the close of three years' acquaintance, led to our marriage. Why or how my heart was first drawn to a young lady of whose name, character, or history I knew nothing, I could never tell. Or why, when my first note was received by her, and she, equally ignorant of me, was led to reply in a Christian, yet not forbidding, spirit, and how, as acquaintance advanced, mutual confidence and love increased, not only up to our wedding day, but every day since, I stop not here to enquire. The matter was of God, who, from the very outset, kept away from both every base or sordid or merely secular object. We sincerely sought each the other from God, and in humble submission to his will. And I at least was gratefully disappointed to find in her so suitable a companion in worldly matters,—so pure, confiding, and loving a woman and wife,—and so humble, solid, decided, high-principled, and uniformly devoted a Christian.

Our marriage took place at the residence of Mr. James Halliday, of Bangor, who with his excellent wife had for years acted by me the part of parents, and whose praise in our beloved Zion there will not die out in one generation.

The subjoined fragment, in the handwriting of Miss Glynn, found amongst Mr. McClure's fyles, the editor may perhaps now venture to give to other eyes than those for which it was originally intended. The date, it will be observed, is a few months previous to their marriage :—

“ March 8th, 1827.

“ O Lord, my Redeemer and my God, let thy mercies be extended this night even to the couch of my beloved W. Make all his bed in his sickness and in thine own good time raise him up, and may he come forth as gold seven times purified. O may he be able to say, ‘ It was good for me that I was afflicted.’ Remember him, O Lord, with the favour thou bearest unto thy people.

“ He gave a boon I valued most,  
He gave me all his heart.

“ His soul sincere, his generous worth,  
 Might well this bosom move,  
 And when I asked for bliss on earth,  
 I only méant his love.

“ The frugal meal, the lowly cot,  
 If blest, my love, with thee,—  
 That simple fare, that lowly cot,  
 Were more than wealth to me.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The following item pertaining to this part of Mr. McClure's life, illustrating as it does some of the usages of trade at that time, in the particular branch in which he was engaged, will not perhaps be judged altogether devoid of interest :—

“ BANGOR, 20th September, 1826.

“ FRIEND WILLIAM,—I will agree to let my son William go four years to you, if you will agree to the following conditions, viz :—

For the 1st year	- - - -	£1. 0.0.
“ 2nd “	- - - -	1.10.0.
“ 3rd “	- - - -	2. 0.0.
“ 4th “	- - - -	2.10.0

This I mean to help to support him in clothing, and his mother will do all his washing for him during his apprenticeship. If you agree to the above, I will send him over tomorrow.

“ Sir,

“ I remain yours with respect,

“ W. MCV.

“ Mr. Wm. McClure,

“ Baker,

“ N. T. ARDS.

During the year 1828 Mr. McClure appears to have been very unsettled in his business prospects, and plans for the future. From correspondence found amongst his papers, the fact comes to light that he made application

to the Hibernian Bible Society for the situation of travelling agent, then vacant. The first letter given below is from the Rev. W. Haweis Cooper, pastor of the King's Inn Street Congregational Church, Dublin; the same gentleman who was privileged to receive Miss Glynn into the fellowship of Protestantism, in the year 1820, on her renunciation of the errors of the Church of Rome:—

“DUBLIN, 31 Manor Street,  
September, 24th, 1828.

“DEAR SIR,—I have heard of a situation under the Bible Society, which will be advertised for in the monthly extracts for September. It is that of an agent, whose work will be to travel much about the country, in order to organize, regulate, and form Bible Associations, and Branch and Auxiliary Societies. They will require a person of respectability, intelligence and good address; and if he could make a speech occasionally, so much the better, though this is not indispensable. Applications are to be made to the Secretaries, Bible Society House, 9 Sackville Street, and I presume a letter directed thither under cover, to ‘Sir E. S. Lees, Bart,’ will obtain for you full and particular information. The advertisement will not be published for a day or two, so that you have, perhaps, the earliest intimation. I should think the salary will be respectable. There will be great strictness and impartiality in examining the merits and qualifications of the different candidates. I will thank you in any letter you write upon the subject, not to mention my name, as it would lead to an idea that you had been canvassing the members of the Committee for their vote and interest, which would greatly prejudice the Committee against an applicant. You can just say that you have heard that the Bible Society wants an agent, etc., and mention your wish to know the duties he would be expected to discharge, salary, etc., etc., that you might judge as to the propriety of offering your services. I trust, sir, that if suitable, this may be found an opening in Providence. You may write to the Bible Society by return of post (letters go free when directed as above,) as, by the time you receive this, the advertisement will begin to circulate in Dublin, and in a post or two find its way to the country. Excuse haste from

many engagements. I did not write before; because it was of no use. I send now by post instead of waiting to procure a frank. You will pardon my doing so as I do not wish a moment's unnecessary delay.

"With regards to Mrs. McClure, in which Mrs. Cooper joins,

"I remain, dear sir,

"Yours to serve,

"W. HAWEIS COOPER."

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"HIBERNIAN BIBLE SOCIETY,

"DUBLIN, 7th October, 1828.

"DEAR SIR,—Your favour of the 26th September has been received, and along with others of a similar nature, is under consideration. The Committee have not yet come to any determination respecting the amount of salary to be attached to the office, as that must in some measure depend on the qualifications and circumstances of the person whom they may select. The duties of the office will chiefly consist in travelling to different parts of the country, under the direction of the Committee, and assisting in the establishment and regulation of Auxiliary Institutions. For further particulars, I must still refer you to verbal communication at the office of the Society, as it would be impossible to embody the various explanations that you might require in writing. You may expect a further communication when the Committee shall have examined the various applications made to them.

"I am, sir,

"Your obdt. servt.,

"JAS. BARTON.

"To Wm. McClure, Esq."

This application appears to have been unsuccessful. In the year 1829, business reverses made it necessary for Mrs. McClure to renew the engagement which for some years previous to her marriage she had held with Lady Dufferin. This involved the painful alternative of removal from her home, and transference again to the do-

mestic circle of Lord Dufferin, who, as a Peer of England, during the season which required his services in the House of Lords, withdrew with his family from his estates in Ireland and took up his residence at the family mansion in Cavendish Square, London.

Mrs. McClure's letters to her "own Willie" at this period of their married life, and preserved by him with religious care, lie on the editor's table. The mutual suffering this absence from each other involved, as with a biographer's license this correspondence is perused, is painfully observable. Perhaps without encroaching on the domain of propriety the following extracts may be allowed:—

"LONDON, (Sunday night,  
"May, 1830.

"DEAREST WILLIAM,—I have no words to express the weariness of the past week. I had no hopes of a letter, and you know how painful such a circumstance is, and I will say no more. This morning I went to the Methodist Chapel and had the good fortune to see Dr. Adam Clarke, and also heard him preach a plain, homely, and yet heavenly discourse, on the influence of the Holy Spirit. Time has done its work on the good man's countenance since I saw him five years ago. But I was rejoiced to behold him again, for it brought to mind a fact which, situated as I am, I am too apt to forget, namely, that there is certainly in the world a people who seek the Lord, and that he is continually raising up from amongst them prophets and holy men."

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"LONDON, June, 1830.

"Your letter on Tuesday put me in such good spirits that I went off with Mr. A——, to see the King go to open Parliament. As we were rather late to get near the road, Mr. A—— put me up on his shoulder, and there I sat and saw all, the people being too busy to laugh at me. There were several State carriages of the household, each drawn by six black

horses. Then came the King's twelve footmen covered with gold lace, each having a cane, gold mounted, and a handsome sword—one in each hand; then the battle-axe guard; then the King's State coach, all glass and gilding, drawn by eight most beautiful cream-coloured horses in rich trappings; each horse had a groom, in scarlet and gold, walking by his side; then came the Life Guards with their band and colours. The King went to the House in an Admiral's uniform, and returned in his State robes. He looked very well. The Tower guns fired a Royal salute on his arrival at the House.

"I saw His Majesty, all the Royal Dukes, young Princes, Foreign Ambassadors, all our Ministers, and the Queen, walking in the Palace gardens with their attendants, and yet I was not satisfied, I wanted to see one other person.\* \* My love, I was quite unconscious that I had not named how I spent my Sundays since I came here, but I hope you do not think me such a heathen as to have deserted altogether the temples of my God. It is true my attendance is limited to once a day, because there is always a dinner party here on Sunday, if there was not one the whole week. I have, therefore, little time to myself. And what time I can stay in my own room, I find good companions in Willie's precious gift with the red cover, and the book Mr. Cooke gave me two years ago."

To resume Mr. McClure's autobiographical papers:—

Two years after my recovery from the above illness I was again a resident of Bangor, thus realizing the fact that "man proposes but God disposes;" my *plans* were all frustrated, and yet my wishes were more than realized in that very disappointment. My evenings were now all my own—free of business and of care. My library was good; I had also welcome access to the collections of others. Several of my companions were diligent readers, and well informed on general subjects. This stimulated myself to search after all profitable knowledge. Religious services were frequent in the church, myself frequently taking a public part. In order to familiarize my friends with, as well as to acquire accuracy in what daily readings put into my possession, I formed a class of young men who met weekly in my own house for instruction and mental cultivation. The Bible was our class-book and Ancient

History, Modern Science, Scripture Difficulties, the Evidences and Doctrines of Revelation our range of subjects. This class was well attended and proved very useful. By this means my judgment became sounder, my taste was improved, my errors were corrected, and my field of observation defined and enlarged. I acquired greater aptitude in selecting suitable subjects when called on to exercise in public, with greater readiness in expressing myself: in every such effort discovering and getting rid of provincialisms and vulgar phrases. Thus was I more perfectly realizing the *beau ideal* of my true position in the Church, viz.: steady employment, yielding a moderately comfortable support, means of self-improvement, daily opportunities of usefulness, the confidence of my fathers and brethren, at the same time my contributions aided, while my labours withdrew nothing from, the funds of the Church.

In the second quarter of our ecclesiastical year 1830, Belfast was left without a preacher; the necessity of a supply was imperative. The Annual Committee met, fixed their choice, and, having submitted their choice to the church in Belfast, a deputation waited on and called me to fill the deserted post, urging their claims on my acceptance.

The call was both distinct and Providential. On my consulting with my partner in life she dared not say no, lest she might be found "fighting against God." When my employer was consulted, though his inconvenience from my leaving him would be considerable, he said, "Go, William, this may be the voice of God;" so spake all my companions. My own personal feelings told me the church overrated my abilities as a preacher and my attainments as a Christian; with such scant qualifications my career, I thought, cannot fail to be brief and unsatisfactory, while the mortification of it will be crushing. With great diffidence and some tears my consent was given; my best efforts were all put forth in the work, fully expecting to be set aside soon.

In the *New Methodist Magazine*,—as the organ of the

Methodist New Connexion was then styled, for November, 1830, in a communication from the Rev. T. Robinson, then Superintendent of the Irish Mission, to the Secretary of the English Missionary Committee, occurs the following :

“ Our worthy brother W. McClure, son of the Rev. J. McClure, who laboured so long and so successfully in this Kingdom, has been called out on trial, and commenced his labours last Lord’s-day in Belfast. He is well received and I trust God will own his appointment to the edification and salvation of numbers.”

This letter is dated Sep. 22, 1830, and, therefore, fixes the precise time at which Mr. McClure entered on his work as a duly accredited Methodist Itinerant.

On the cover of a memorandum book dating back to 1830, and filled with tabular statements of dates, texts, preaching places, &c., is also inscribed the following.

“ William McClure came on the Belfast Circuit on the 18th of September, 1830, the preacher’s lodgings being at Mrs. Boyd’s, No. 42 Great Patrick Street.”

The preaching places specified in the entries of this Note Book, and constituting, as it would seem, the Belfast Circuit of that date are,—York St. Chapel, Belfast, Milltown, Falls Road, Newtownbreda, Saltwater Bridge, Lagan St., besides a number of private houses. Every night of the week but Saturday seems to have been occupied. Of Mr. McClure’s faithfulness and acceptance on this his first circuit, no more satisfactory testimony could perhaps be adduced than the fact of his continuance with this people through a second and again a third year.

It will no doubt interest the readers of this memoir to

have before them what appears to be the first communication from Mr. McClure in which he officially reports himself to the authorities of his Church. It is taken from the *New Methodist Magazine* for Feb. 1831.

“DEC. 3, 1830.

“DEAR SIR,—As the Committee are anxious to be informed of the spiritual welfare of each station under your superintendence, I beg to communicate as far as my knowledge and observation have extended, during my short residence here, a report of Belfast and its dependencies. In reference to the town, I hope a day of brightness is already dawning upon us. A retrospect of occurrences for the last six months must be painful to every lover of our Zion. You, sir, as well as myself, have witnessed the subject of long affliction, whose sickly cheeks and pallid brow wore the marks of death, but were unexpectedly again irradiated by the gem-like brilliancy of the eyes, that foretold returning vivacity and healthiness. Our leaders evince a praiseworthy readiness to co-operate with the preachers in the great work of Christian philanthropy, and continuing to persevere we may hope for success. Before and around us lies a harvest, ripe, and extensive. May the Lord strengthen the hands of his servants, that there may be a plentiful and speedy in-gathering. At Lagan Street, I preach to a very attentive congregation. They are mostly poor and badly clad, and by this means are shut out from the more public preachings of the gospel. Our blessed Lord saw it good to send out his disciples into the lanes, &c., of the city to gather in the poor outcasts of Israel. I hope many of these, to whom the word is here preached, will be found at “the supper” with “the wedding garment” on. At Sandyrow, the congregations are only middling, owing to the want of regular preaching, which under past circumstances could not be afforded to them. We have a small society here; I trust by the Divine blessing on our renewed exertions both this and the congregation will increase. In N. T. Breda, I usually find a numerous and attentive company. They have suffered much; but I hope their loss will be made up with interest, by the Christian zeal of our friend and brother, H. Hunter, their leader. In Milltown chapel we have service every Sabbath, and once in every fortnight, in the evening. The congregation is increasing, and the society is in a pros-

perous state. Our people here have struggled hard ; but now they "sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously," and unto the Lamb, who hath caused his face to shine upon them, and giveth them peace. The opening, which you lately obtained at Woodburn, near Carrickfergus, promises well. We have there a steady leader in brother Kirkpatrick, who has the charge of five members. On last celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in York street, we had a pleasing evidence that our "work has not been in vain in the Lord." Four additional young persons, chosen from several others who have for some months past been met by Mrs. R. in private prayer and class-meetings, making in all eight, whom the Lord through her means graciously snatched from the paths of error and wickedness, and who, for some time past have given proof of the sincerity of their profession, came forward for the first time publicly, to testify their faith in the atonement. The sensation produced was very grateful; thus to see the power of grace manifested in bringing these young plants from beneath the noxious vapours, and withering shades of death, and planting them in the salubrious atmosphere of Zion, and under the vivifying rays of the Sun of Righteousness. To God be all the glory. I sincerely hope that past occurrences will excite us all to greater diligence. We have been somewhat like a tower dismantled by the warring elements, or suffering from the fierce attacks of the rude invader when destitute of a leader. Consternation for a while seemed nearly to paralyse the hands of all ; and the rejoicing of enemies not a little to increase the panic. But now, replenished and invigorated, we rally again, and if we but maintain "the unity of the spirit," our foes must give way, difficulties will be surmounted, and victory, certain victory, will crown our efforts. Knowing, Sir, how fully you acquiesce in my hopes on this important subject, I heartily join you in the wish that Jehovah may still prosper the work of our hands ; yea, the work of our hands may he abundantly prosper it.

"I remain, &c., &c.,

"WILLIAM MCCLURE."

In the Belfast *Guardian* of April 19, 1831, there is an *in extenso* notice of a New Connexion Methodist Mis-

sionary Meeting, held in the "York Street Preaching House," which contains the following paragraph :

"Rev. William McClure proposed the next resolution:— 'That this meeting, convinced of the necessity of affording our fellow-countrymen suitable means for the attainment of saving knowledge, engage to assist them, not with their subscriptions only, but also with their prayers, that God may bless Ireland with a large effusion of His Holy Spirit.' Mr. McClure, in a speech of some length, displaying considerable talent and ability, and breathing throughout a spirit of genuine piety, supported the resolution. We regret that our space will not afford us an opportunity of giving even an outline of the well selected arguments used by this speaker."

The Rev. J. Seymour, in a courteous response for information respecting this period of Mr. McClure's life and labours, writes :

"As we travelled together as Irish missionaries for seventeen years, a testimony from me to his acknowledged excellence is no more than the just tribute of a grateful heart for many favours unostentatiously bestowed during the intercourse of social life, and especially in the discharge of the high and holy functions of the ministry.

"The first time I had the honour of meeting Mr. McClure was in the metropolis of Ulster, Belfast, in the year 1829, and what is remarkable—I was introduced to him at his lodgings in the night season—he was sitting, at the time, at a table reading the Scriptures. I looked upon this circumstance as indicative of promise in his subsequent career.

"The first conference at which we sat together was held in Lisburn, a beautiful and picturesque town seven miles west of Belfast, in the year 1830. Of the members of that conference I am not aware of any that have survived the wreck of time but James Argue, now in England, and myself in Canada. All the rest are swept away into death's devouring deeps.

"Mr. McClure was a miracle of mercy, physically considered. His voice was weak, he had a low chest and his health was far from being established, in consequence of which no one acquainted with him expected that he could endure the

onerous toils of a missionary life more than a few years. But, by temperance, prudence, and the blessing of God, he was sustained during 40 long years in the active duties of ministerial life.

"It was a commendable usage among the Jews that each one had a trade. Some men of pigmy minds, when fortune smiles upon them, are ashamed to acknowledge that they ever learned a trade. It was not so with the subject of these observations. When he travelled the Bangor circuit for the first time, where he resided before he was a minister, and where he carried on a bakery, in the humorous way that was so natural to him he said to the people, 'I formerly gave you material bread to nourish your mortal bodies, and now I am come to break to you the bread of life to sustain your never-dying souls.'

"When the memorials of the death of Jesus were dispensed he was often called upon to assist in the service. Some of his appropriate observations at these times are vividly in my remembrance. One was, 'Now, while you depart from the table of the Lord, see that you do not depart from the Lord of the table.' A word in season, how good it is.

"Whenever the Conference was called upon to deal with a case of ministerial reputation and standing, Mr. McClure was invariably selected as one of the investigators, and his verdict was always satisfactory and decisive. He knew no man after the flesh.

"The attachment that subsisted between himself and my excellent brother Thomas Seymour, resembled the love of Jonathan and David. Surely their association in heaven will add to their mutual enjoyment.

"Mr. McClure never put himself forth as a revivalist. His temperament and gifts did not lie in that direction. He told me that there was so much wild fire and animal excitement displayed by some in clamorous meetings that he was forced to an opposite extreme.

"His expositions of the word of God were clear, distinct and full. In every branch of Theology he was well versed. His mind was capable of embracing the whole analogy of faith, and at the same time of analyzing it. His heart, influenced by the Holy Spirit, received the truth in all its power, so that in him it became a living and operative principle.

"He seemed to abound in anecdote, which he knew how to use to good effect. About the year 1840 I was stationed in the Waterford Circuit, in the Province of Munster. Mr.

McClure had previously been in that city preaching a dedicatory sermon at the opening of a new chapel. Some of the Waterford friends would never tire of talking about Mr. McClure and his improving intercourse with them.

“When stationed at one time on the Belfast Circuit, the Conference was held there. At a meeting of the friends to provide accommodation for the members of Conference, the Secretary of the meeting said, Mr. McClure, whom will you have? he replied, give me James Seymour and John Baird, as neither of them will annoy us with tobacco pipes, snuff-boxes, or drinking ale. So I had the honour of being his guest for about a week, and thus had opportunity to observe and admire more fully than before his unexceptionable and exemplary deportment.”

As far as the Editor has been able to ascertain, Mr. McClure's first appearance before the public as a writer was through the publication of the following paper, which his characteristic diffidence would not have allowed him to offer for the press, but which was rescued from oblivion by the Rev. T. Robinson and forwarded to the Editor of the *New Methodist Magazine*, who inserted it in his Miscellany for April, 1830.

#### THE PARTING.

“It was in the spring of 1815, that Mr. Thomas West, after using every effort to the contrary, was obliged to quit his native shores for the Continent of America, to seek for employment. The little society of the Methodist New Connexion in Dublin, that had been for many years kept together by his individual exertions (for he was their only father and pastor), felt this to be a very painful Providence. He was endeared to them by the tenderness of ties, and by that love which above all others is the warmest and most durable. The tender and the weak he ‘led to the still waters, and to the green pastures’; whilst the healthy and the strong, under his leading, ‘waxed valiant in fight, putting to flight the armies of the aliens.’ His kind but faithful warnings, his nervous but unassuming faith, rendered him the object of their esteem and—veneration, almost—they loved him to a fault. But at length

the Sabbath came which was his last among them : they gathered around him with the most anxious solicitude ; and, whilst he directed them for comfort to ‘ Him who will never leave nor forsake them,’ the deep-drawn sigh, the flowing tear and the earnest prayer, lay alike commingled on the altar. ‘ But they sorrowed most of all for the word which he spake, that they should see his face no more.’ The vessel in which he had to embark the next day, lay off in the bay of Dublin, and it was resolved by the little society to accompany him as far as Pigeon-house, from whence he proceeded to the ship : there were, in all, I suppose, about thirty persons. But here a scene took place of the most affecting nature. They could not part but with prayer. They accordingly knelt down on the sea-shore. Mr. West gave them his parting benediction, accompanied with astonishing earnestness and power. Then my father, with his usual warmth, began to commend Mr. West to ‘ God and to the word of His grace ;’ when, at that instant, a regiment of soldiers, with their commanding officer on horseback at their head, came up to where they knelt ; who, on perceiving the little group, slackened his pace, and in the most respectful manner uncovered his head. This example was instantly followed by all the men. In this manner they passed in profound silence, with a slow and steady pace. It was a most impressive sight—on the one side the solemn military procession, on the other the wild waves of the ocean, and before them the ramparts and fortifications of the Pigeon-house, with the sentinels passing to and fro ; in the centre of all, the little band, with heaven-directed faces, in earnest supplication, all, all combined to fix an impression on my mind, which the hand of time can never obliterate.

“ WILLIAM MCCLURE.

“ Bangor.”

It has been ascertained that the subject of the above sketch became, and continued to be for many years, the minister of a large and flourishing church in New York ; also that he had a son who laboured in the gospel ministry after his father, and may perhaps still be engaged in his calling somewhere within the bounds of the United States.

The following is a remarkable instance of Divine care

and deliverance experienced by Mr. McClure during this term of his connection with the Belfast Circuit. It is furnished in the *Autumnal Gleanings*.

But truly as the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death.' So spake David in a dark, desponding hour; so spake I once, to one nearer to me than Jonathan was to David, when my life had been singularly preserved from certain and sudden death. It was in the spring of 1833, during my residence in Belfast. There were three appointments on the south side of the circuit, supplied once in two weeks, taking me from home on Monday to return on Thursday. One of those places was on Ednavaddy Hill, in old Mrs. Groves', 14 miles from Belfast, and near Ballynahinch. In bad weather the work was toilsome; the country, however, is beautiful, and, in spite of weariness and soaking rains and depressed spirits, my senses were feasted by nature's richness, so lavishly strewn everywhere—over hills and dales and lakes and clouds; for He who is so rich in gifts like these is my Father, whom my soul loveth, because He 'so loved' me. In those days my heart was buoyant and my step was light; songs far more frequently than sighs rose from my heart to God, and Thursday would surely bring me to my home—my sacred, much-loved home.

Having to supply Bangor pulpit on the Sabbath on a special occasion, my purpose was to proceed to Belfast on Monday morning, and from thence walk to Ballynahinch. I engaged my seat on Saturday, but found my place occupied on Monday morning. I sought another conveyance, could find none; Mr. Graham then offered me his pony, and sent for him to the pasture. He was a wild creature—it was nearly two hours before he was caught—in his freak he had lost a shoe, and was then sent to the blacksmith to be shod; after searching for him from place to place it was found that he had gone to the moss to see after his turf. It

was now too late for me to walk so far, nearly 20 miles, and my vexation was great, for I knew a large congregation would expect me, and I had never disappointed them before. Some of these poor people would come four and five miles, over rough hills and crags to hear the Word ; and dearly they loved that Word—sitting delightedly, always expecting a sermon at least an hour and a half long, if it was good ; and, truly, it was easy to preach to such an earnest, punctual people—the very children were sorry when the service closed. My plan was always, after sermon, to distribute tracts among the young, who read them to the old folks at home, thus adding to my hearers from week to week,

On my reaching this appointment the following fortnight, my heart anticipated many upbraidings for past neglect. My disappointment was great when the good old lady met me with the greetings of thankfulness, and proceeded to show me the house in ruins, and gave me the following narrative :

The congregation, larger than usual, had assembled some time before the hour of divine service. The class leader, with several of the members, were waiting for me in the room in which we always met for examining into the state of the class ; enquiring about any who had been awakened to repentance, or if any were sick and to be visited. We usually devoted an hour to this work before preaching began. Mrs. Groves had the tea wet and sitting on the hob ready for me, keeping it warm by ever and anon placing a fresh clean turf-coal under the teapot. Her little dog, Collie, who knew the day for preaching and was very fond of me, ever meeting me at the foot of the hill with welcome most sincere, had returned from his place of waiting for me dispirited and hopeless ; so about a quarter of an hour before the time the leader went out into the large kitchen where the people were met and gave out a hymn—all in the room went with him. Mrs. Groves had just settled the teapot and passed to the door to give a last look for me, when, without previous warn-

ing, the roof of the room fell in with a crash, smashing every article of furniture into fragments, and had not God *prevented* me from reaching the house, at least six others and myself would have been most certainly killed, for the roof was old, being constructed of very heavy oak timbers, and a great depth of old thatch, many tons weight. When the alarm subsided the whole congregation knelt down and gave God thanks for disappointing them, and holding me back from a certain and sudden death; and now they all sang together:—

“ Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace ;  
Behind a frowning Providence,  
He hides a smiling face.”





## CHAPTER IV.

### THE IRISH MISSION OF THE METHODIST NEW CON- NEXION.

ASSOCIATED as Mr. McClure was during the first 17 years of his ministry with the missionary work prosecuted by the Methodist New Connexion in Ireland, a more extended notice of this enterprise will not be considered out of place, and will indeed be naturally expected in the pages of this Memoir.

From the *Irish Christian Monitor*, a periodical published at one time under the direction of the Irish Conference, we learn that :—

“The Methodist New Connexion commenced its missionary operations in Ireland in the year 1825. For some years prior to that time, it had a few congregations in the northern parts of this country, the people being assisted in the maintenance of their preachers by their friends in England.

“In the year first named, the English Conference resolved on making the Irish interest a missionary institution, and on

increasing the number of agents employed, and so to endeavour to extend more widely the blessings of the gospel, and especially in the more necessitous parts of the land. Some of the principal cities and towns in the south and west were fixed upon for new stations, not only to meet the special wants of those places, but also with the view of their serving as so many points from whence the influence of truth, as the light of heaven, might spread to the surrounding and benighted districts, and illuminate them with its sacred beams.

“At the time the Connexion entered on its labours in the islands of South Arran, no Protestant minister of any church was employed in the communication of religious instruction to the people of those islands. Recently, they have been visited a few times by a clergyman of the Establishment, but to the present day (Feb. 1843) no Protestant minister has continued to reside among them except the Rev. H. Price, the agent of the Methodist New Connexion. He has regularly preached to them, and sought opportunities of conversing with them on the things of God, during the last three years, in the native Irish tongue, which he speaks with fluency. Another young man, the Rev. J. Baird, has been educated in the Irish language, at the expense of the Connexion, with a view to his being employed among the Irish-speaking population, and has, during the last two years, been labouring as a missionary in Connaught.

“It may be further added, that there is no Christian Church in Great Britain, which, according to its numbers and means, is expending annually so large a sum for the propagation of the gospel in Ireland as is the Methodist New Connexion.”

In examining the denominational literature of the period covered by the earlier years of Mr. McClure's ministry, the editor has been struck with the honest, hearty, and untiring vigour with which the Missionary appliances of the Methodist New Connexion in Ireland were at this time worked. Nor less noticeable is the cheering success with which the Lord of the harvest in so many instances blessed the labours of the missionaries. That the results do not now, after many days, appear, in those forms of de-

nominal consolidation and establishment which could be desired, is true. Allowance must be made, however, for the exceptional conditions of society in that land of chronic unrest. To communities as well as to individuals, the principle sometimes has application that "one soweth and another reapeth"; and in many parts of Ireland the Methodist New Connexion has laboured, and others have "entered into their labours." Still will we none the less rejoice that the work of the Lord was made to prosper in the hands of his servants, to such an extent as the following testimonies selected from amongst many others go to prove.

The first two are communications which appear in the *New Methodist Magazine*, from the pen of the now celebrated Dr. W. Cooke, and are addressed to the Rev. W. Salt, one of the early historians of the body, and at that time Superintendent of the Irish mission. It may be added that this was Mr. Cooke's first year in the probationary ministry of the "New Itinerancy," and it was perhaps with some feeling of trepidation that the then stripling preacher essayed what seems to have been his first contribution to those stores of denominational literature, since so marvellously enriched from his prolific and gifted pen.

" BELFAST, Oct. 22, 1827.

"DEAR SIR,—Agreeably to the resolution of last Conference, I take upon me the duty of laying before you the state of this circuit, in which I have been appointed to labour. I am happy to say that it is, upon the whole, through the Divine blessing, doing well. At Belfast, our chapel is very well attended by a respectable and attentive audience; a few have been added to the society, and the members in general mani-

fest a growth in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth. Our Sunday School, which has been recently established, affords an auspicious prospect : upwards of a hundred and forty children are receiving instruction, whose solicitude for, and improvement in, learning, amply reward the diligence of the teachers, and encourage them to persevere in their labour of love, animated by the prospect of much good being done.

“ In the village of Milltown, our preachings are numerously attended, by a people apparently desirous to be acquainted with the things that make for their peace. Our society is in a prosperous condition : our number is a little increased ; the members appear to be of one heart and of one soul, united together in Christian love, and zealously engaged to forward the interests of our great Redeemer. We have to lament the loss of two valuable members ; but our loss is their infinite gain : they are removed from the church militant to the church triumphant, and are now enjoying their immortal reward. Concerning them, it may be said emphatically, “ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” In Newtownbreda our labours are encouraged by a good congregation of attentive hearers.

“ I remain, dear sir,  
 “ Yours affectionately,  
 “ W. COOKE.”

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“ BANGOR, Nov. 12, 1827.

“ DEAR SIR,—In this circuit we are doing well, and I hope God is about to revive His work. Our congregations in Bangor are very large : the chapel is well filled. I have been preaching every night since I came, Saturday excepted ; that is, from the first Sabbath. At a place two miles below Newtownards, Ballywatercock, we have a prospect of much good being done. I preach in this place once a fortnight. The first time I had an excellent congregation, and last Friday night a congregation of eighty persons. After sermon, I gave out that I should be happy for any to stay for a few minutes who felt desirous to flee from the wrath to come, and I should give them an exhortation. To my surprise, fourteen stopped ; and, after giving them a general exhortation, we had a very good class-meeting. Some professed the enjoyment of God’s love, and some of them burst into tears, confessing themselves

guilty sinners, and praying for mercy. Thank God for this instance of His goodness! I believe, by his blessing, we shall soon have a good interest in this place. The same night I returned to Newtonards; stopped on Saturday to visit the members, and returned to Bangor on Sunday afternoon. At Newtonards our interest is extremely low; but I trust it will soon be revived. I expect to go to Donaghadee one day this week (may the Lord go with me!), and also to open another place at Groomsport. Then every night throughout the quarter will be occupied, Saturday excepted.

"I remain; dear sir,  
"Yours, &c.,  
"W. COOKE."

The next two communications are from the Rev. J. Lyons—one of the Irish Missionaries—to the Rev. W. Salt, Superintendent of the Mission.

"DOWNPATRICK, Nov. 15th, 1827.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Since I last saw you, the Lord has been pleased to open my way in a very pleasing manner. In the neighbourhood of Lismoor, I obtained liberty to preach in a blacksmith's house; and, notwithstanding it was a rainy day, the place was crowded to excess. We had a young priest and his father, who seemed to pay every attention. Our preachers offered the word of life near this place twenty years since, but no minister had been near it, till I went, for some years. That night three weeks I published for a Mr. Savage, at a place called Ballyhornen, on the sea shore. This may properly be called new ground, as the gospel was never known to be preached here before. All manner of wickedness is carried on to great excess, and more especially on the Lord's day. However, I went in the name of the Lord. Though we had made preparation for a large congregation, yet when we had sung and prayed, we were nearly suffocated, the place was so full. I took my stand at the outside door; and every part of the house was now so filled that sitting was impossible. It was supposed that there were about three hundred persons inside, and about half as many outside. The night was calm, and a death-like silence prevailed, while I offered to them the

great salvation. More than two thirds of the congregation were Romanists ; and, as I endeavoured to show what sin had done for them, they seemed quite surprised ; but as I went on to show His willingness to receive them, after all they had done, the tears trickled down the withered cheeks of the aged. The young were also much affected ; and both seemed astonished. I concluded by commending them to God, and to the word of His grace, and returned them thanks for their good behaviour. After the conclusion of the service, an officer of the Water-guards, in a very polite manner, offered me the use of his guard-house at any future time I might come to this part of the country. I went the next morning to see it, and a most commodious preaching house it will make. I had the pleasure of meeting another young man, who was educated for a priest, but refused to become one. He is now under the curse of his father (and, I suppose. the priest also). He stopped all night with me, and took great pains to recommend my sermon to the people. I hope the Lord will still enlighten him more. On my way to Killough, I called at Ardglass, and saw many of my old friends, with whom I once took sweet counsel. Here I found a place for preaching at, when I should return at the end of three weeks. I called at a place called Crewe. Here, I procured a place, and preached the night following to a very large congregation, and I hope with success. I have obtained several other openings in this neighbourhood. All parties come out, and our houses are crowded to excess. They cannot resist the force of truth, and I am more than ever convinced that our system and doctrines only have to be fully known to be approved. I have been twice to Woodgrange, and had very large congregations. In this part of the country, there is such a field for missionary labours, that with the blessing of heaven, we might, in this circuit, employ another missionary. One thing is wanting in all these places—that great key of Methodism, class meetings. How to get this accomplished, I know not ; there seem to be so many things in the way. The people of Ireland are partial to the Sabbath days for such meetings, and I feel it is almost impossible for me to attempt to meet them, after preaching to such crowds of hearers. However, I intend in the name of the God of Israel, in whose work I am engaged, who can work by any means, to call the leaders together, and try what can be done. We are determined to do our duty. The other places are much as you have seen them, I hope

with a little improvement. I long for the work to revive and am not without hope, that God, who has promised to answer prayer, will pour out his choicest blessings on our Zion.

"I am, dear sir,  
"Yours, truly,

"J. LYONS."

*New Methodist Magazine*, January, 1828.

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"LISBURN, 17th March, 1829.

"DEAR SIR,—I take this opportunity of informing you of the state and prospects of the Lisburn Missionary station. In Lisburn, the Society is much as usual. In the suburbs of the town we formed two new classes, which seem to do pretty well. At a place called "The Old Turnpike," we have commenced a meeting at three in the Sabbath afternoon, and hope, in a short time, to be able to form a small class. I am happy to say, that our leaders are very attentive, and willing to render us all the assistance they can. On the 13th of the last month I arrived in Lisburn, from Downpatrick, much fatigued, but glad to be in time to see, the last of our esteemed friend, Mr. Donaldson.\* After labouring under a complication of diseases, which he bore with Christian fortitude, he breathed his last in the triumph of faith, and full assurance of hope. At Stonyford and Ballinderry we have large congregations, and are very kindly entertained, but for want of leaders we have no classes. Moyrusk and Broughmore are in a very prosperous state. The classes are so large that I think we shall have to divide them. Our society in this part of the country has to lament the death of one of its firmest supporters, Mr. Nathaniel Dickey—one of the persons who commenced the New Connexion in this country. I have no doubt but he lived and died a Christian. In a village called Maze, we have formed a new class, but can only give them preaching occasionally. A Mr. Bradbury, who lives near the race course, has kindly opened his house to us. Here we have large congregations, who seem to hear with attention the sacred truths of the gospel. In this part of the country we have lost a sincere friend, Mr. Thos. Jefferson. For many

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\* One of the Missionaries.—ED.

years, the messengers of the gospel always found his house a comfortable home. He loved the Lord Jesus in simplicity and sincerity. Also a pious female has been called away to a better world—Ann Bradshaw. She was truly devoted to God, and lived not less than fifty years in the enjoyment of true religion. In the neighbourhood of Priest Hill our prospects are very pleasing : throughout the whole of the winter our chapel was well filled. We have to lament the loss of two of our leaders here, Messrs. G. Carlisle and W. Watson. The former entertained the ministers of the gospel, and kept a class in his house, for more than forty years ; the latter, I have no doubt, was a decided Christian and a useful leader. In the hills of Kilwarlin we have laboured with success. We have gotten another class, and Heaven seems to prosper the old ones. We have lost two friends in this part of the country Mr. Wm. Jeffers and Mrs. Thornton. What a mercy that we have not laboured in vain ! A few more have blessedly gained the haven. At Ballylough we have commenced preaching once more. This place has been attended for some years past. Mr. Livingston, during his late visit to this country, preached several sermons to them, and I have been there several times since. We have gotten a school-house to preach in. O that God may pour out his spirit on this people, and raise up a seed to serve him in this place. There have been many things to retard our progress : the poverty of many of the people—the debt on some of our chapels—and the distracted state of the country—yet the Lord has been with us. O that we may be thankful ! And may the great Head of the Church stir us up to be more diligent and faithful in the promotion and extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

“I remain, my dear sir,

“Yours affectionately,

“JOHN LYONS.”

*New Methodist Magazine*, January. 1829.

The following has the ring of early Methodistic conflict and triumph in it. It is from the Superintendent of the Irish Mission to the Secretary of the English Missionary Committee :—

“BELFAST, Dec. 8th, 1829.

“On Sabbath morning I repaired to the preaching room at Armagh, when, to my great surprise, I found the top part of the door nailed up! Stooping under to gain an entrance, I saw several of our friends within arguing with the Catholics, who appeared determined to drive us from the place. I addressed myself to the ring-leader, who insisted that the place was improper, and that, if we persevered, we should see cause to repent of it. My feelings were similar to those of *Luther* when going to *Worms*, and I replied, ‘that I came to preach the Gospel, and by the help of God would do it, if there were as many devils in the city as slates on the building.’ At the request of one of our friends, the sergeant of the police came in with two of his men, before we commenced divine worship. Our enemies, finding that we were determined to proceed, endeavoured to disturb the order of the service, by singing, shouting, &c., during the whole of it. At five o’clock in the afternoon, we again repaired to the room, when we found the door nailed up as in the morning; but Mr. Thompson, the occupier, burst it open, and in a few minutes it was very well filled. The police were again in attendance; but as soon as we commenced singing, the Papists set up such a yell as I never before heard. The voices of the congregation were almost lost. The Romanists procured long pieces of wood, and beat against the floor, until I several times thought the boards would spring from their fastening. Another party stationed themselves behind the partition wall in front of me, thumping desperately with their fists, hooting and crying, ‘no surrender, no surrender!’ It was with difficulty I could speak so as to be heard. At the close of the service, *three* respectable individuals offered me their sitting-rooms *gratis*, that we might worship God unmolested. The next evening, I determined to try them once more, when, if possible, they were more outrageous than ever; and the people who came to hear, not daring to venture their lives, we agreed to accept of Mr. Blair’s kind offer, and preach in his parlour, which we have occupied ever since. ‘But the triumphing of the wicked is short.’ God appears to have taken the cause into his own hands, and it is an alarming fact, that the man who was our principal opposer, soon after this affair, was found dead in his bed; and a woman of the same party has also changed worlds! They know now who were right and who were wrong. ‘Whoever strove against God, and prospered?’

“ On the 26th of November, I again visited Armagh, for the purpose of assisting Mr. Seymour to form a circuit in and about the city. Mr. Duff had been with him several days, breaking up fresh ground. I found they had appointed a meeting in the market place at three o'clock. We repaired to the spot. Mr. Duff procured a chair and commenced singing. Immediately, a large crowd collected; the Papists, hissing, and jeering, and showing every mark of contempt. Brother D. sung and prayed, after which he gave a short and appropriate address. Mr. Seymour next spoke to them for about five minutes; when he observed one of the chief magistrate's officers coming to pull him down; he requested leave first to pray, and began to implore the blessing of God on those around him. Just as he was supplicating that God would bless our King and Country, I perceived a stout man with a brass plate on his heart, rush towards him. I met him in an instant, depending on God for help, and said, 'You shall not touch this man till he has done praying.' The officer replied, 'The Sovereign' (or chief magistrate) 'has sent me to pull him down.' I said, 'Touch him if you dare, or the Sovereign either; and you may tell him that, if you please.' He went away, and directly the Sovereign appeared. I met him without fear, as I did his servant, and said, 'Sir, you have no authority to touch these men.' He replied, in a haughty manner, 'I don't want dictating to by you.' I answered, 'I fear you not; we are here by the permission of our beloved King, and touch us if you dare.' Mr. — instantly *retired*; the police and worthy Protestants gathering round to defend us. The same evening *nine pounds* were offered towards the erection of a preaching-house in Armagh. The interference of the magistrate excited universal disgust, and became the topic of conversation throughout the town. The people encouraged us, saying, 'God would bless us, though we were persecuted.' ”

*New Methodist Magazine*, January, 1830.

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Letter from the Rev. T. Robinson, Superintendent of the Irish Mission:—

“ March 10, 1830.

“ DEAR BROTHER,—In reviewing the events of the past quarter, I find abundant cause, like one of old, to thank God

for the past, and to take courage for the future. In many instances, the gracious interpositions of Heaven on our behalf have been evident ; the labours of our missionaries have been blessed to the good of souls ; and the extension of our borders has been the consequence. I wish it to be distinctly understood by my friends in England, that all the helps we require are funds adequate to the support of additional missionaries, as stations might be immediately obtained, and suitable men to occupy them. More promising fields of labour I never witnessed, than those opened to us in the borders of Antrim and Derry. Having a press of intelligence to communicate, I must confine my remarks to my own personal observations while on a visit to that station. On Monday, Jan. 25th, 1830, brother James Seymour and I visited a place called Gloonen, sixteen English miles from Antrim. We were kindly received by Mr. Blackwood. I preached in a large farm house, every corner of which was filled with attentive hearers. Many also stood on the outside, but, on account of the severe frost, were obliged to retire. Truly, God was present to bless our waiting souls.

The day following, we went to Carnlea, a distance of twelve English miles. A respectable farmer fitted up his large barn for our accommodation. My pulpit was a large arm-chair. In a few minutes, the place was well filled with about 100 persons ; and from the attention with which they heard, I trust good was done. The next day we travelled about ten English miles to the village of Largey, passing in our route four of brother Seymour's regular preaching places. The circumstances connected with that day, I beg leave to particularize. This was where Mr. Duff had the stone thrown at him, and so much were the people excited, that many thought we durst not venture there again. Some, in case of our return, took steps to prevent us from occupying the school-house ; but the majority anxiously waited our arrival. When half a mile from the Largeys, we came up with a poor man who had a bag of potatoes on his back, and, as brother Seymour generally has a word in season for those whom he meets on his journey, he accosted our old friend with, 'Well, sir, you have a heavy burden to-day.' 'Yes, sir, I have.' 'But your burden,' replied brother S., 'is nothing when compared with the burden of sin.' To this he agreed. Brother S. said, 'It is a great mercy that there is a method whereby we may be delivered from the oppressive weight of iniquity.' This he likewise admitted. Then looking at us most impressively

(I shall never forget his manner, his soul beaming through his eyes, which were suffused in tears), 'I suppose,' said he, 'you are the gentleman who are to preach this evening in the Largey school-house?' We replied in the affirmative. Said he, 'Mr. McC—d, the Presbyterian minister of Ahoghill, and Mr. M——r, the seceding minister of the same place, have gone down to prevent you from obtaining the use of the school-room: but God is with you and you need not fear. It would be fitter for Mr. McC——d that he were signing the Papist bill, than preventing you from preaching the gospel. However, he will do all he can to stop your proceedings in this place, for he is afraid of losing his members by their attending the ministry of those who can preach better than himself. I said, 'My friend, I came here to preach this evening, and by the help of God will not be disappointed, though I should be under the necessity of binding a handkerchief on my head, and standing in the open field.' 'That's right,' said he, 'preach on, and the Lord bless and prosper you, for you are the man, if you are not afraid to preach the gospel.' As we passed on we met the above mentioned gentleman, who had locked the school-house and taken the key with them. We walked on, and the old man came after us, almost at a running pace, with his burden, crying out, 'They have closed the door against you, and published by the children that there will be no preaching there this evening; but God will provide a place for you and I will publish as I go along, that *you will* preach this evening.' He was as good as his word, adding, moreover, that 'we were come for the purpose of saving souls; but that these other men would preach none, were it not for the stipends and the bounty.' As we proceeded, we overtook a number of men who confirmed the above statements. One of Mr. Mc. C—d's elders told us he would lend us his house to preach in: he accordingly went home and fitted it up, and that evening I addressed above four hundred persons, who stood within and without the doors. After the service, twenty men accompanied us to our lodgings at Squire Courtney's, where we were hospitably entertained for the night. The day following we crossed the River Bann, in a ferry-boat, to the county of Derry, and travelled on to Magherafell, a distance of eight miles, and took up our lodgings at a public house, where I preached in the evening to a tolerable congregation.

"On Friday we went to Ballymuldery, the residence of Mr. Seymour's mother-in-law, where his wife also resides; and by

whom we were kindly received. At twilight I spoke to a large, attentive, and respectable congregation. On the Sabbath morning we met the family in class. They were about twelve in number. Mrs. Seymour is their leader. Owing to a heavy snow, I could not return to Belfast till Monday. On the whole, I think this station will prove more prosperous than any other we at present occupy. Mr. James Seymour has two other brothers, Henry and Hugh, who have joined our body, and are labouring with him in a local capacity.

“I am, dear brother,  
 “Yours, in the Gospel,  
 “THOMAS ROBINSON.”

*New Methodist Magazine*, May, 1830.

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The English *Minutes* for 1828 contain the following Resolutions —

“30. That a separate Beneficent Fund be established for the Irish part of the Connexion, and that a capital of £500 be raised within seven years from this time, by a continuation of annual grants from the Missionary Fund, coupled with the preachers' subscriptions and the contributions of the friends in Ireland; and that afterwards such further assistance be given as the Conference from time to time may deem requisite.”

“The Conference having received the report of the Irish Missionary Committee embracing a code of rules for the government of the Mission in Ireland,

“*Resolved*, 33. That the Conference feels thankful for the degree of prosperity, which has attended our Missionary labours in Ireland during the past year, and looks forward to the plans which are in operation, and to the exertions which are about to be made, accompanied by the liberality and prayers of the friends of the Mission, and followed by the blessing of Almighty God, as affording a pleasing prospect of increasing prosperity.

“34. That the rules submitted by the Missionary Committee, so far as the Conference has been able to judge of them, appear to be well adapted for the purpose, but as the Conference has not the opportunity of giving them the full consid-

eration which their importance demands, it entrusts to the Missionary Committee to complete and carry them into effect. subject to the following instructions :—

“ 1. To keep in view the end of the Mission to establish a distinct Connexion ;

“ To form the present stations into circuits. and to bring them under the regular discipline of the Connexion ;

“ 3. To simplify the present mode of granting Missionary help and of paying the expenses of the Mission ;

“ 4. To place the present preachers on a proper footing, and to regulate the taking out of others.

“ 35. That the Missionary Committee be instructed to pay particular attention to the employment of Scripture readers and schoolmasters, and to the establishment of Sunday Schools, as most useful and important auxiliaries to the Mission.”

The findings of this Committee, which seem to have been agreeable to the above instructions, were ratified at the ensuing Conference.

Most refreshing are the references, in the *New Methodist Magazine* of this period, to the work thus being prosecuted in the sister isle. Appeals for prayer, appeals for money, appeals for men, with an almost unbroken series of Missionary “Notices” from January to December, are brought to bear on the judgment, and sympathies, and conscience of the denomination with no small measure of skill and effect.

Of the spirit which characterized the Missionary Meetings of the Parent Society, the following may be taken as samples :—

“ SUNDERLAND CIRCUIT, November, 1827.

“ A public meeting was held at Hetton. The audience was addressed by Messrs. Robinson, Watts, Donald and others. The attendance was very large—the chapel being crowded to

excess. The feelings of the assembly were powerfully excited. The speakers were favoured with peculiar liberty. The whole audience appeared highly delighted."

*New Methodist Magazine*, February, 1828,

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" MISSIONARY MEETING, MANCHESTER.

" On Sunday, June 8th, 1828, sermons were preached, and collections made by Mr. Burke, on behalf of the Irish Mission, at Pendleton Chapel in the afternoon, and at Oldham Street Chapel in the evening; and on the evening of the Monday following, a public meeting was held in Oldham Street Chapel, for the formation of a Missionary Society, in aid of the same laudable object. Wm. Crossley, Esq., in the chair. We were favoured with a very crowded congregation, who were much pleased and edified with the speeches of Revds. Robey (Independent), Birt (Baptist), Barker, Burke, Salt, Hillock, Bradshaw, Hunter, and Mr. Makinson. A collection was made, the amount of which proved that the feeling excited in the minds of the company moved them to action. The collections altogether amounted to £63.

*New Methodist Magazine*, August, 1828.

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" IRISH MISSIONARY MEETING, LONDON.

" On Monday evening, April 18th, 1831, a public meeting was held in Salem chapel, New Kent-road, Southwark, for the purpose of forming an Auxiliary Missionary Society, for the London Circuit, in aid of the Irish Mission, conducted by the Methodist New Connexion. The chair was taken by the Rev. W. B. Collyer, D.D., LL.D., &c., of Hanover Chapel, Peckham, who very obligingly consented to preside on the occasion.

" The Revs. George Clayton, of Walworth, and John Campbell, of Kingsland, with several other ministers and gentlemen attended and delivered some very excellent speeches in support of the Society. The meeting was large and respectable; and, considering it was the first which had been held in the London Circuit, it exceeds the expectations of the friends who had made the necessary arrangements. The Society

will immediately commence its active operations, and the Committee feel a pleasing hope that although the London Circuit has hitherto been apparently supine in its exertions to support the Missionary cause, it will now evince a spirit of zeal and liberality, that will enable it to prove itself an efficient auxiliary to the parent institution. May the Great Head of the Church condescend to smile propitiously upon the undertaking, and crown every effort with his divine blessing, and to his name shall be the glory."

*New Methodist Magazine, July, 1831.*

The Rev. J. Campbell, who appears as one of the speakers at the above meeting, is distinctly remembered by the writer, who in early childhood attended the Sunday School connected with Mr. C.'s Church, in Kingsland Road. Mr. Campbell was a returned Missionary from South Africa—and a predecessor of the celebrated Moffatt. He was much respected and beloved, and was succeeded at his death by the Rev. Thos. Aveling, who soon rose to be one of the most popular preachers in London.

The following is certainly a graceful and valued compliment from that distinguished champion of British Non-conformity, the Rev. Dr. Raffles.

“LIVERPOOL MISSIONARY SERVICES.

“On Sunday, Dec. 27, 1835, sermons were preached at our places of worship, in Liverpool, in behalf of the Irish Mission, by the Revs. J. Bakewell, P. J. Wright, and G. Greenwood; and on Tuesday evening, Dec. 29th, a public meeting was held in Zion Chapel. The Rev. Dr. Raffles took the chair. The Rev. G. Greenwood read the Report, and the several resolutions were moved and seconded by the Revs. Dr. Stewart, P. J. Wright, J. Bakewell, W. Cooke, G. Greenwood, J. Barker, G. Peart, and by Messrs Rowland, Tilston, and Fowler. The audience was numerous and respectable; the speeches were listened to with deep attention and interest,

and at the close of the meeting the Rev. Dr. Raffles, in the course of his remarks on the vote of thanks presented to him for his kindness in taking the Chair, said, that he had attended many meetings held by various denominations, in different parts of the country, but that he had never sat during the whole time at any meeting with more unmingled pleasure than he had felt on that occasion. He also, in the frankest and kindest manner declared his readiness to render assistance to our cause upon every occasion when it lay in his power. The friends retired from the Chapel with hearts filled with joy, and with renewed resolutions to be more zealous in the cause of Missions.

“P. J. W.”

*M. N. C. Magazine, Feb., 1836.*

Of the Missionary meetings in Ireland, we will take the following as a very creditable specimen.

“On the 20th of April, we held a Missionary meeting in Bangor. It was very numerously attended. Mr. Robinson was called to the Chair, and delivered a powerful and affecting address. A great many persons could not get a seat, and consequently were obliged to stand in the aisle during the whole of the meeting. The speakers were Messrs. Burke, Argue, O'Connor, Hunter, Thomas and Hugh Seymour, McComb, and J. Seymour. I have scarcely witnessed such a feeling as was produced during the meeting, and particularly at the close. The fervent prayers of the crowded assembly seemed to ascend up before the throne of God as unitedly as if they had proceeded from the same heart.”

*New Methodist Magazine, Sep., 1830.*

The present chapter must close with a communication from Mr. McClure, to W. Ridgway, Esq., at that time Secretary of the Irish Mission, and published in the *New Methodist Magazine* for that year.

“APRIL 5, 1833.

“The places which I have attended for the nine months past, are Saintfield, Ballynahinch, and Mr. Kearns', who resides between the above places and Belfast. To these places I go every fortnight. On Monday, to Saintfield, nine miles ; on

Tuesday, to Ballynahinch, four miles ; on Wednesday, to Mr. Kearns', three miles, and on Thursday, to Belfast, ten miles.

" When I first visited Saintfield, there were scarcely any who would come out to hear—sometimes six or twelve persons beside the family of the house we preached in. There were three or four who met together as a class when they could obtain the friendly assistance of a leader in the Old Connexion, who resides some distance in the country. After I had attended regularly a few times, the people began to come out better, so that the number is more than trebled. The people have been always serious and attentive, and many of them apparently deeply affected under the sound of the Gospel ; some of them having more than once, with great earnestness, expressed their gratitude to God for its awakening and cheering effects on their souls.

" Ballynahineh, I found in a very unhappy condition, owing to neglect and disappointment. The society, which has existed here many years, was scattered, and the meetings badly attended ; however, the congregations rapidly increased, in-somuch that the people could with difficulty be accommodated ; some of them have never heard a Methodist preacher before, and appeared quite astonished to hear the doctrines of the Gospel so as to understand them, and to feel their awful importance. I could not be mistaken as to the effects produced on many here by the Word of God. Some who had been in the habit of swearing, drinking, and profaning the Lord's day, confessed with awe, their guiltiness ; and their conduct since, I hear, is such as to assure us, the word of the Lord has not lost its wonted power. Among others, some boys have been made to feel the powerful influence of divine truth ; not only did it affect them while under its sacred sound, but their whole conduct became altered, they evinced the greatest earnestness for Scripture knowledge, and received with great thankfulness some tracts I had for them, reading them to one another at home, and sometimes in the fields. One of these boys in particular I should mention : he has prayed in the public prayer meeting several times, to the astonishment of all present ; and also when at home has got his brothers and sisters together, read the Scriptures, and prayed with them ; the consequence of this has been, his father and mother have become deeply impressed with the truth, attend the preaching regularly, and express great thankfulness to God. This lad is about twelve years of age. Here the soci-

ety meet regularly, and have also prayer meetings every Sabbath evening, which are well attended. It is no unusual thing for people to come three or four miles across the country, in the very depth of winter, to hear preaching, returning home the same night; and some of the boys above mentioned, to avoid coming round a good distance by the roads, have been in the habit of wading across a river, which is often greatly flooded during the winter season. The people in whose house I preach and stop all night, are poor, but very affectionate, going often, I fear, beyond their means to make the preacher comfortable.

“When I first visited Mr. Kearns’, I had very few persons to hear me, the family and three or four strangers making all my congregation: they, however, came out better every time I returned, so that now the apartment in which I preach will hardly hold them. We have no society here, probably because we have no leader; Mr. and Mrs. Kearns are members, and are sincerely attached to our cause. The people here are also very attentive, and appear to drink in with greediness the word of life. Having myself been deeply affected by the following case, I take the liberty of mentioning it:—One day I was led by a man over a high hill, about a mile from the roadside to a hovel, the dimensions of which were about 9 feet wide by 12 feet long, and the side wall about 4 feet high. When I entered, the smoke from the burning turf was so thick and sharp, I could with difficulty see or breathe. The inmates seeing my difficulties, assured me I should be better if I sat down—and so I found it, for when my head was lower than the top of the door (which was the principal vent for the smoke), the air was much more pure; but then, such a sight presented itself! The floor was filthy, the walls and roof were like the inside of an old chimney, and behind the door some large stones were piled together to the height of one’s knee, over this was spread a covering of sods, cut off the surface of a grass field, a double row at one end serving the purpose of a bolster, over this was thrown some loose straw, kept from scattering by a ragged, filthy cloth. On this wretched pallet lay an old man seventy years of age—a very long figure—his head was very gray, and his whole body filled with a loathsome complaint. His anguish from sickness and thirst, seemed dreadful, and the complicated maladies of the body appeared to have deadened every feeling of the soul, except anger, malice, hatred, revenge, and impatience. To

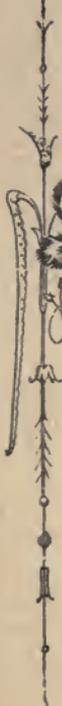
these he gave passionate expression, notwithstanding all that others and myself could say to dissuade him from it. After fruitless expostulation, I was requested to pray, but here I found my mouth closed, for I did not know one single wish of this man which was not contrary to the will of God, and his own salvation. Nor could I persuade him to alter his mind, so I was obliged to leave the place horror-stricken at his wickedness, and hopeless of a cure. On visiting him again, I found a great change in him, but it was for the worse; to such a pitch did his bad feelings lead him, that he ground his teeth with rage, and to keep his passions inflamed, continued repeating injuries he had received more than thirty years ago. When I expostulated, it only made him worse; and if others spoke, he ordered them to mind themselves, as they had no business with him. These were not occasional feelings, or caused by my presence, for he was under considerable restraint when I was with him. I had to leave him as hopeless as ever, and to see him no more (for he died soon after), being quite at a loss to say which was the greatest, his poverty, his wickedness, or his wretchedness.





## CHAPTER V.

### APPOINTMENT TO LISBURN—BANGOR—DUBLIN.



AT the Conference of 1833 Mr. McClure was transferred from the Belfast to the Lisburn Circuit, taking up his abode at Broomhedge, where was the preacher's house. In the note-book quoted from, in a previous chapter, the following entry is found :—

“Arrived at Broomhedge on the 2nd of May, 1833, being Thursday.”

In the December number of the *New Methodist Magazine* Mr. McClure thus reports himself from his new circuit :—

“BROOMHEDGE, 9th July, 1833.

“DEAR FRIEND,—We have had our quarterly leaders' meeting, yesterday which was well attended, there being twenty leaders present, among whom, during the whole business of the day, the warmest Christian affection was manifested, all earnestly enquiring how they could most effectually promote

the salvation and happiness of their perishing fellow mortals. The quarterage of the preachers was paid them, there being no deficiency ; and the financial concerns of the circuit looked more favourable than for a long time past.

“ Our love-feast was held on Sunday last, in Lisburn. We had an overflowing congregation at 11 o'clock, and the house well filled at the love-feast. I am sure it would have gladdened the hearts of our friends in England, if they had heard the different expressions of joy, of fear, of love, and of hope. One friend particularly, grown gray in the service of God, and at whose table the late venerable John Wesley often sat, said : ‘ When I look around, I can see none who were Methodists when I set out ; when I look above, all my old companions are at the right hand side of our blessed Jesus ; they have all beaten me in the race, but I will soon get up with them, and spend an eternity of joy with those brave fellows, in the presence of Jesus—of that blessed Jesus to whom I am under ten thousand obligations, for whom I feel an increasing love. I delight to worship Him ; I have pleasure and satisfaction indescribable in serving Him ; and I have unbounded confidence in His favour.’ His expressions had a happy effect on the meeting, which I found it impossible to close till far beyond the usual time. God has thus given the earnest of prosperity : may His blessed Spirit be yet more abundantly poured out from on high, and be drunk in with untiring avidity, then shall the barren and desolate sing for joy, and the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Since I entered upon this station, I have found abundant exercise for patience and diligence ; still I have reason to rejoice, for my labour has not been in vain in the Lord. The congregations generally are larger, and always attentive ; there has been an increase of members ; and we have the prospect of a continued increase. I have a plan in contemplation for the regular visitation of the members of society, and of our congregations, also for the catechising and instruction of their children, that from their childhood they may be trained up in the knowledge of the doctrines taught, and the discipline maintained by our body ; that they may become early and regular members of our congregations and societies, and not to be left unwatched wanderers among all churches. The leaders' meeting have appointed a committee to examine and improve my proposed plan ; if it be adopted, I promise myself a new field, much labour, and the happiest

results. Upon the whole, the Lord has given me cause of gladness and thankfulness. I also see cause to labour for more wisdom and knowledge, that I may be wise to win souls, and apt to teach them ; and for more humility, meekness and zeal, that I may not pull down with one hand what I build up with the other, or come short of accomplishing the whole will of God. To be a teacher of the ignorant, a leader of the blind, a pastor in the Church of Christ, qualifications are required, of God's peculiar giving, and for the use of which he will require a particular account. Impressed with these awful truths, in much weakness and fear,

“ I remain,

“ Affectionally yours,

“ WILLIAM MCCLURE.”

In November of this year, Mr. McClure began the interesting and voluminous diary, whose records will hereafter furnish so abundantly the material requisite for the task we have in hand. The quantity and quality of this material indeed is such as to make the work of selection from its rich and varied stores, an exceedingly difficult one. But this book has its limits, and at considerable cost of feeling, the policy of suppression must be persistently carried out.

November, 1833. I have lately begun the regular reading of Dr. A. Clarke's commentary. I am now as far as the 19th Luke. I have also commenced reading Paley's works. I am determined on the better improving of my mind.

A fragment of some age, but without date, in the handwriting of Mr. McClure, furnishing a plan of study, which it is probable the writer adopted for himself at the time, may be here perhaps fitly introduced.

Time for personal improvement without interfering with regular duty :

6.30 to 8.30.	10 to 12.	12 to 2.
Monday :—	Out of doors.	Writing, &c.
Tuesday :—	General reading.	Out of doors.
Wednesday :—	Out of doors.	Writing, &c.
Thursday :—	General reading.	Writing, &c.
Friday :—	Out of doors.	Out of doors.
Saturday :—	General reading.	Writing, &c.

The “regular duty” spoken of in the heading of this course would mean, it is to be supposed, pastoral visitation, and the supply of the numerous preaching appointments, comprised within the bounds of the circuit. And such a circuit ! As far as its area can at this distant date be determined, it embraced the following points :—Broomhedge, Lisburn, Ballinderry, Ballyskeagh, Priesthill, Ballymecash, Moyrusk, Englishtown, Moira, Bog, Longstone, Half-town, Drumhill, &c., &c., &c. Work enough surely for any average man. But *labor omnia vincit*. Methodical habits, tact, and patient plodding, by God’s blessing, carried this servant of the Most High God through his numerous and onerous toils. Nor was he permitted to labour in vain, or spend his strength for nought.

November, 1833. I have received a letter and present from Wm. Ridgway, Esq., of Staffordshire Potteries. He is both a Christian and a patriot ; takes a deep interest in the Irish Mission, and in England uses all his extensive influence for the permanent establishment of liberty in church and state. I have never met with such a considerate, noble-minded philanthropist. Mr. R. visited Down, Belfast, Moira, Lisburn, and Bangor, and was greatly pleased with the appearance of the country, and depre-

cated a government which grinds and oppresses the poor, and keeps a land of fruitfulness the place of poverty, of ignorance, and abject wretchedness.

Under date December 5, 1833, we have the first notice of those 'more abundant labors' in the cause of Temperance. which lent so much honor and efficiency to the ministry of Mr. McClure, on this, as well as on the other side of the Atlantic :—

After a great deal of running to and fro, I obtained the assistance of the Revs. — Thompson, curate of Lisburn, and Edward Leslie, rector of Dromore, at a meeting for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society in Broom-hedge. W. Logan also assisted.

The meeting was numerous and attentive. A very good spirit pervaded the mind of each speaker, and all present seemed to be under its influence. The appeal was very successful: 42 names as members were obtained. A committee of six, with power to add to their number, was chosen, and agreed to meet for the purpose of maintaining discipline, and securing the assistance of the different ministers in the neighbourhood. L. is a mad-headed, fiery temperance fellow, likely I fear soon to lose the edge. With him, Whiskey is the Devil, and Temperance the only Saviour. How admirable is consistency, and how very worthy is the maxim of the Apostle, to be temperate, even with temperance.

The following, it is hoped, will meet the eye of some aged pilgrim to whom the subject of this notice was known, by repute, if not more intimately. William Black, was one of the 32 leaders and stewards mentioned in the Memoir of the Rev. John McClure, against whom the sentence of expulsion was carried out by the Old Con-

nexion on the Lisburn Circuit in the year 1797. His worthy life and triumphant death are honoured with a lengthened biographical notice from the pen of the Rev. Jas. Argue, in the *Methoist New Connexion Magazine* for February and March, 1840:—

Jan. 1st, 1834.—Called to see old William Black. He is confined to bed. His whole soul is filled with the presence and comforts of Christ. It is quite a privilege to see and hear him. His tongue is constantly uttering the praises of God. “Glory to God,” said he, “for His abundant goodness satisfies me. Jesus is precious to my soul. He is always present with me. His face is as bright in the depth of midnight as in the broad daylight.” Pressing my hand most affectionately, he looked in my face and said, “Well, Billy, I am very glad to see you, the Lord bless you. I feel that I have not followed a cunningly devised fable, for I have neither unhappiness nor fear, and I am now on the confines of eternity. He requested me to pray, during which he bent upon the bed, still holding my hand, and his ear close to my face. As he lay down, he again pressed my hand, saying, “I love you, Billy, the Lord be with you and your work for Jesus’ sake.” I now left him deeply impressed and instructed, and not altogether free from envy.

July 30.—The day very hot. Had to preach at Kircreeny. I had to walk, wanting coat and necktie. Could scarcely endure the heat. The congregation was large and attentive. I felt great clearness and liberty in speaking to the people.

Here is, perhaps, an average sample of Mr. McClure’s Sunday labours at this time:—

Aug. 3.—At 7 o’clock, a.m., I met E. Dickey’s class. At 9 I breakfasted. Was in Priest Hill at 11 o’clock. Exa-

mined two classes in the S. School in a task I had previously given them ; after which I gave them their promised reward. I then gave a short address to all the children, prayed with and dismissed the school. At 11 o'clock I preached to a numerous and deeply attentive congregation, after which I baptized a child, and endeavoured to impress on the minds of all the parents present their duty to their children, and their accountability to God for the proper discharge of that duty ; it was a solemn, and, I hope, a profitable time. Got home for my dinner at 2 o'clock. Left for Lisburn at half-past three, where I preached at 5 to a few but attentive people. Took tea at Adam Dickey's at 7 o'clock. Reached home at 9, weary, but very well.

August 4. My wedding day. Hannah and myself both in good health. My uncle Hugh, and aunt Nancy Kirkwood came to see us to-day. We spent the day pleasantly. At six o'clock sister Ellen arrived by the coach. The day ended, and we retired to bed in peace.

August 16. Felt poorly all day. Had no inclination to read. E. D.— visited me again to-day. Poor thing, she has a hard and painful struggle, but eternal life is worth agonizing for. There appears to be a gracious work on the minds of several. They begin to feel a bad foundation, and to dig for a good one. Lord perfect thy work in them.

22nd. Up early. Got out my cauliflower plants and dug a trench for blanching celery ; had all done at nine o'clock. In Englishtown in the evening. Congregation numerous and attentive. Felt great earnestness and had some liberty. Lord, let not thy truth be proclaimed in vain in this place.

24th. Heard one Mr. W—— preach in Mrs. M.——'s. He is a bad preacher, and, as usual, very consequential. He must be emptied of self, or his preaching will never have unction.

Some of our brother's experiences at this time will bear

comparison with those of many of his Canadian brethren of a later date. The work of repairing and improving the preacher's house was now being prosecuted, and the oversight and care of the undertaking seem to have fallen very fully into the hands of the preacher, as the following entries indicate.

8th. Got little done at my books to-day, having to put the timber in a proper place to season, and to settle with J. M. the account for sawing.

14th. Called with Mr. B. in the brick-yard; got him to promise to send the brick to-morrow.

16th. Agreed with a mason to do the work of this house.

Sep. 5th. This has been a week of distraction and toil. At one time I have been a labourer, then a painter, then a carpenter, then a mason, then an architect. The close of the day generally found me a preacher; and one evening found me a physician, both prescribing and administering. Lord help me that whatsoever I do, I may do it to thy glory through Jesus Christ. Amen.

The fact that these records were never intended for the public eye, while it makes the duty of selecting from them a delicate and somewhat difficult one, at the same time throws over the narrative, in the fidelity of its testimony, an interest the more marked and acceptable. The various points of personal character in our subject come to view well defined, with a sharpness of outline, indeed, that is sometimes almost startling. How much of conscience, for instance, is there in the following:—

I have to regret my want of careful preparation for the platform as well as the pulpit. It is dangerous, and often

disgraceful to make random statements, or gather a parcel of rubbish together to give to the people, instead of fine gold, which only requires to be dug for. But to dig is labour.

August 9th. Feel very poorly. I doubt I have got cold. How shall I prepare for to-morrow's solemn duties? Lord direct me.

August 14. Lay very long in bed this morning, in consequence of which all went on badly the whole day.

October 19th. Met my class in the morning. There is evidently a good work and much earnestness with some: others sleep in sin.

25th. In Bangor, Mr. McCombe gave me Mr. Allin's printed letter. Some of the observations in it fall heavily on my conscience.

\*——Had two of Mr. M's. daughters and S——. C——. spending the evening with us. Conversation not so profitable as it ought to have been.

\*——Find my mind quite distracted and confused. What great need I have of the tranquillizing and quickening Spirit of the Lord. May that Holy Spirit bring sweet order out of my present chaos of thought.

1835, June 30th. In bed and ill nearly all day. In the evening I thought I would not let the people be disappointed. My place was about three miles off. It rained on me all the way, and I felt so very ill when I got there. I found great difficulty to know what to say, or what I was saying. The house was crowded with people, and, to mend the whole, I had to stand close to a broken window. When I set off for home it still rained heavily, and continued to do so all the way. I crawled to bed in a feverish state. It was a fortnight before I was able to go out of the house again.

I can hardly say what state of mind I was in. I was not happy to joyfulness, nor was I unhappy. My soul was in a sort of languid apathy. Now and again, indeed, when I thought of heaven and my friends who are in the

presence of God, I felt great sweetness and I did long to be one of the happy, happy number.

The self possession and calmness, under circumstances of provocation, evinced in the subjoined selection, will be recognized as a well established trait in the character of our dear brother :—

1834, March 21st. On my way to preach at W. B——'s funeral this morning, I took shelter from a heavy shower, which lasted half an hour. From this, I was about 15 minutes past the appointed time. For this unavoidable delay John B—— behaved very insolently to me before the people. But I was proof against his insults. Felt my temper unruffled, and my mind enjoyed a commanding peace. I preached to a very numerous assembly with great liberty and comfort. Thus, under very painful circumstances, was the grace of God sufficient for me, to whom be eternal praise.

It would be unfair to the record before us to suppress—which the editor is no way inclined to do—the strokes of broad and genial humour with which the diaries of Mr. McClure are interspersed and spiced throughout. Here are a few samples :—

September 19, 20. From 5 in the morning till 7 at night, I worked hard and sore, and was constantly vexed with the careless bungling rascals called masons.

November 13th. In the evening got a few respectable farmers together and formed a society for obtaining useful knowledge. Abraham Lamb, Quaker, appointed President and Treasurer, and Wm. McClure, Methodist *hireling*, Secretary!

November 15, 1836. Rode over on Mr. Halliday's Bess to N. T. Ards, in order to be present at a Temper-

ance soiree in the Market House, at which upwards of 600 people took tea together. Rev. Mark Cassidy presided at the end of the house where I sat, and Mr. Andrews, of Comber, receiver to the Marquis of Londonderry, presided at the other end. Both ends of the Market house were crowded. We had a very pleasant meeting upon the whole, but not (at least to me) without some of that alloy which empty skulls are ever prone to mix with all they touch. Some men must be learned on all occasions, and if they think you hear when they call their dog, they must do one half in Latin and the other in Greek. Oh, but such fellows do sicken me. In the absence of good sense, to spout Latin is truly classical!

\* ——— Heard ——— preach. He gave us both twaddle and bathos, flinging his gigantic arms around like the tail of Leviathan, when entangled in the mud.

How perfect a master of humour Mr. McClure was, in descriptive writing, as well as in conversational repartee, the following selection from his *Autumnal Gleanings* will, we think, sufficiently establish:—

“ It was while boarding in the house of Mr. H—— that a certain preacher, no way distinguished for either extensive or profound knowledge,—upon advice given—resolved on becoming studious. Finding, as many do, it was more to his taste to sit up late at night than rise early in the morning, at least until his naked intellect should become so far fledged as to bear the keen morning air, it was his practice to go at his books when the family went to bed, thus wearing his eyes faster than his brain—if such an organ was really in that box of bone. The clock one night had just told one; he paused in reading, and mysterious images began to pass before his *retina*. Ireland is a most genial soil for those parties who are more familiar with Lucifer than is lawful—such as witches, warlocks, fairies, banshees; indeed, their

name is legion, and our student was more familiar with these *inferni* than with angels of other orders. Now, who doesn't know that one of the clock is the 'witching time of night,' and that he who obtrudes on their time, in the pursuit of studies no way friendly to their persons or interests, must be a marked man? Our student's awe became intense. O, how he longed for the shadow of the blankets! Alas! no blankets came. The still silence of that moment was awful; his heart seemed changing into bell-metal—sounding louder and louder, each pulse. Such stillness, he felt, always indicates the shadowing wing of evil genii; if the air was not so thick with them that it could not be moved, his thoughts were. The candle burned dim, either from the state of the air or—want of snuffing: yet he trembled to try which, lest in moving he should be discovered by the dreadful harpies now so near. Thus he sat in agony horrible—the offspring of superstition alone. But, lo! a sound so sharp, so near, startles him. The sweat stands out in drops in every pore; to pray in such a place was monstrous just then; if in bed, he might try. Bang! bang! falls the stroke of some hand both near and terrible—perhaps aimed at his defenceless head! Other blows, and still nearer, fall! Now courageously summoning his manhood, he cautiously lifts his candle and tries to rise, but paralyzed by some demon's breath, he trembled at every joint; the thick air makes him wish for some water just to so dilute it as to make it possible for him to swallow it. Thus pale with horror he stood gasping and trembling in his agony, when lo! another bang! still nearer and louder, caused *even his head* to reel. A violent effort was at this moment made to reach his dormitory, when, unhappily, turning towards the wrong door in his flight, he was overpowered by one terrific blow; he just now felt as if a mountain had been flung upon him, underneath which he fell crushed against his 'mother earth,' powerless, helpless, lost as a soldier to the Church Militant forever. Awful darkness and

silence now reigned ; he shuddered all over, for either he was launched into the centre of the land of blackness, or else—his candle was put out.

"An undefinable sort of noise awoke Mr. H— from his happy slumbers ; he rose, lit his candle, and sought out the cause. On his arriving in the hall, there on his back the 'studious student' lay, nought of him visible but his hands and head, on the face of which sat enthroned the Prince of Horrors ; on top of him reposed, in all the indifference and calmness of death, a very large hog, which only the day before had been butchered, and strung up in the usual manner, in this place, for safety and convenience. The cords, not proving strong enough, had stretched and broke ; our bewildered student in his flight, having run against this carcass, gave the finishing tug to the breaking cords, when down came the beast on him, and down went he beneath, and 'as he fell down there he lay,' with his head protruding between two monstrous hams, while over that pale, perturbed visage, as if in triumph, there stood up, rigid, straight and bare, a tail, but yesterday unfolded from its natural curl. Poor fellow ! thus had he in his noble effort to ascend Parnassus and secure that most valuable gem called knowledge, unintentionally and suddenly passed from the land of spectres into a continent of pork.

"Our student was soon released from his porcine prison, was denuded of his unctuous vestments, and then deposited in his bed, so dear and wished for, and here, after mature reflection, made up his mind to this : 'If the pursuit of knowledge must be attended with so much self-denial, trouble and real danger, then I give it up for ever, and shall trust to Providence for a suitable and timely supply as I go along the pathway of duty.' This was certainly the easiest way, and would at least save the 'midnight oil.' Nor was it long before he reached the goal where all such men soon meet. Yet, no doubt, years after he would recall the conflict of that awful night, and attribute all his woe to old Satan, who,

rather than be defeated in his hatred of the elect, had sought to smother him in the belly of a hog."

Of the childlike gentleness of Mr. McClure's nature, the following characteristic portrayal must for the present suffice :—

18—, July 15th. On my way to Ballygroat. I found in my path a poor rabbit captured by a weasel. The poor captive cried out when he found me close to him. I struck at the weasel with my staff, but he being the least in size, the weight of the stroke fell on the rabbit. The weasel got off, but the poor rabbit was killed. When I examined him I found he was so wounded by his natural foe that he could not have lived, so that my stroke was perhaps a kindness, putting an end to lingering agonies at once. How often do we miss our aim, and in doing so, get and do more good than if we had it all our own way.

\* \* \* \* \*

To resume our consecutive quotations from the diary :

October 7th. After dinner, set off for Half-town, visiting some of the houses as I passed. The house could scarcely hold the people. Their attention was deep. A very solemn sense of God's presence seemed to rest on all.

13th. The day very cold. In the forenoon, I set off for Moira, where I met Rev. Hugh Murray, curate of Sligo. He is a pious, laborious, useful man. I think the yoke of the Establishment galls him not a little.

30th. I went to see the great Protestant meeting at Hillsbro'. I never beheld so many human beings together in one place. Nor was I ever more disgusted, than at the unprincipled, false, foolish, fawning, unmeaning speakers and speeches. The great bulk of the people were displeased as I was, and could but too plainly see—the object is to keep up State churches and monopolies. They seek, not to protect, but to trample on the people,

but their hypocrisy is exposed and monopolies are coming down. May the great Lord, who loveth righteousness, hasten their destruction.

Nov. 6th. At J. Catney's all night. After breakfast, had all the family and workers together, while I read the Scriptures and prayed with them. After which I set home. Got a Quaker, a leader in the Old Connexion and a leader in the New Connexion of Methodists, to meet me this evening in my own house, to form a society for obtaining useful knowledge.

12th. Reading and writing all day. In the evening, Mr. Magill, from Belfast, came to advocate temperance—he did his duty well. Good attendance—got eight members.

Dec. 15th. Planted some strawberries in the morning, and preached at Half-town in the evening.

Dec. 25th. Christmas day. Up at 6 o'clock, and preached to the full of the chapel of people. Preached again in the evening at Ballymecash.

Feb. 6th, 1835. At one o'clock, the body of our old and venerated friend Wm. Black, was borne on the shoulders of four preachers, viz., J. Lyons, Wm. McClure, T. Seymour and T. Haslam, from his late dwelling to the Refuge Chapel, where W. McClure gave out a hymn and prayed. J. Lyons gave out a hymn and addressed the numerous and respectable assembly; after which, T. Seymour prayed, and the procession moved off to the church in the same order in which it reached the chapel. Mr. John Murray, according to the request of Mr. Black, gave out solemn hymns as the body was being borne both to and from the chapel, many of the people joining in the singing. When we arrived at the gate of the church, the clergyman met us and commenced reading the service for the dead. The whole of which service was never repeated over any one to whom its peculiar language was more applicable. Thus at last has poor William got safely lodged where he long coveted to be, and our little church has lost the presence of her brightest ornament and firm-

est pillar. He was a Methodist from principle, and a son of the great Wesley himself, whose name he venerated and to whose memory he did honour.

Feb. 15th. Preached in Broomhedge, and conducted a Love Feast, after which I waded through mud and dirt into Lisburn, where, at 5 o'clock in the evening, I preached Mr. Black's funeral sermon. The chapel could not contain the multitude—many had to go away for want of room. The people were deeply affected.

March 8th. Preached in Priesthill in the morning, and again at 4 in the evening in a new place in Magheragal. The congregation very numerous and all attention. After sermon, I put down 10 names of persons who have been met in class for two months past by a zealous and indefatigable brother—John Watson. There are several others yet meeting on trial here. May the Lord build up a church here that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against.

Amongst the most striking passages in Mr. McClure's journals are the notes of his visits to the sick, the dying, the bereaved, the tempted, the sorrowing. Some of these entries are marked by that overmastering power of pathos which was so often felt in his ministrations both as a pastor and a preacher. Such a reference occurs in the following communication addressed to the Secretary of the Irish Mission, and published in the *English Magazine* for June, 1835.

“BROOMHEDGE, Jan. 10th, 1835.

“DEAR SIR,—The retrospect of the month which has brought another quarter to a close, recalls very many mournful, and not a few pleasing recollections. The weather has been very unfavourable to the health of great numbers of those poor people who have cold damp hovels to dwell in, very little firing, and bad clothing. As there are great numbers of

such people in this neighbourhood, sickness and death have been, and still are, very common. The great unpleasantness of visiting our fellow-creatures in such circumstances is vastly relieved, when we find them in the possession of true piety; but when piety is absent, it is then that we see, and the poor sufferer feels, that the body's sufferings and wants are nothing to the wants and agonies of the hopeless despairing soul. It has been my duty to visit such abodes during the past month, and to have my sympathies strongly excited, while witnessing the last sore struggle between poverty, disease, and despair. I shall not soon forget my visits, especially my last, to one young man. He was dying of a rapid decline; and though well informed on many subjects, yet of his Bible and his Saviour he was miserably ignorant. When I opened my lips to speak to him of the love and mercy of God, he caught at the words with the earnestness and confusion of a drowning man, while his convulsively heaved chest told too plainly that the victory was death's, and that his hand was already grasping the unhappy sufferer. When I at one time paused from the overpowering of my feelings, he said to me, 'I believe my sinfulness, and that Jesus alone can save me, and that he is willing to save me, and I earnestly desire His salvation; but oh! I am not saved! My sins, my guilt still remain. Oh! I am dying in this belief, and in my sins! Oh! if I had time—if I had time!' I found that nothing but the spirit of the Lord could allay this tempest of agony; and for this most blessed comforter I prayed to God; in which solemn duty the sufferer joined his earnest and despairing groans. This was on the Saturday evening, and when I left him I promised to return on Monday morning, for the purpose of administering the sacrament to him, if in the meantime God had given him peace or confidence in His mercy. I did return on Monday at the appointed hour, but it was to preach to the friends who were assembled at his funeral. Oh! how infinitely valuable are the consolations of Christ! What madness to live without them,—and to want them in death, how terrible the calamity!

"My labours during the past month have been severe, owing to the badness of the roads; and the floods of the Lagan river frequently stopping up my direct paths, have caused me a good deal of extra travelling. But, 'heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' I have enjoyed good health, and God has more frequently than usual given me proof that I do not

run in vain. I have seen the drunkard reformed—heard swearers pray—and have known the careless awakened—the stubborn convinced, and the followers of Christ comforted and established ; such occurrences as these put songs of joy in my heart, when in the mire and the dark I plod to and from my appointments.

“The congregations in the country chapels have not been so large since the bad weather set in ; but in Lisburn chapel, they are much larger, owing I think to a tract society, which brother Haslam has established, and by means of which several hundreds are invited out to preaching every Lord’s day. The congregations in private houses are very large, when the people can venture out, without a drenching from rain ; and brother Haslem and myself have, with few exceptions, preached in private dwellings every week night, Saturday excepted. The number of our members continues much as before, and our finances are not worse. I have been distributing a good many of our catechisms among the children, whose parents are members or hearers ; and I intend when the weather gets milder, to meet those children monthly, to examine them in the catechism and the Scriptures. This I had begun, but when winter came the children could not attend. Upon the whole, while I have great cause of thankfulness for mercies past, I cannot be blind to the necessity of doubling my diligence—for my time is short, my work is great, and if faithful, my reward is glorious.

“I remain, most affectionately,

“Yours, in Christ,

“WILLIAM McCLURE.”

To resume the Journal.

April 2nd, 1835. Mr. McCombe arrived here, and shortly after, T. Seymour, T. Haslam, and A. Dickey. We held a committee meeting, and ultimately acceded to the request of T. Allin, to put off our meeting of Conference until the second Monday in May.

30th. Hannah and myself were glad to get home this day, bustle and talk and confusion are alike distressing to us both. At home we are free from them all. At home we have much sweet peace, and unbroken opportunities of communion with our God.

May 7th. Thronged by visitors all day, all anxiously wishing my return to the circuit. May the will of God be done.

8th. Set out for Belfast. Took up my lodgings in my sister Jane's. Mr. Allin and Mr. Dixon, of Sheffield, who were deputed by the last English Conference to attend our Conference here, arrived to-day.

10th. Mr. Burke preached at 11 o'clock on York Street, after which the sacrament was administered, all the preachers partaking of it at the same table. It so happened that I administered this solemn rite to my respected brethren. Mr. McCombe preached at 7 o'clock.

At this conference Mr. McClure was appointed to the Bangor circuit.

May 17th. Preached at 6 o'clock in Broomhedge. The house crowded with people, many of whom wept much because of my removal. O how loose we should sit to every earthly thing.

21st. Up at three o'clock; had the carts packed and off a little after seven o'clock, and at eight o'clock left Broomhedge. \* \* We stopped all night in Robt. McKnight's.

22nd. Through a very heavy rain we set off on the post car for Bangor, where we got safe in time for breakfast in Mr. Halliday's, where we stop till we obtain suitable lodgings.

24th. Preached twice in the Chapel, Castle Street. The congregations very good, although the day was very wet.

And now were renewed early and cherished associations. In Mr. McClure's particular case, a prophet did seem to have honour in his own country. "In no place," he writes in his *Autumnal Gleanings*, "was I more cordially welcomed than here, in none so abundantly blessed."

June 15, 16, 17, 18. Preaching every evening. The people very attentive, and the sweet savour of love was in my heart through every duty. O how easy is duty when the Lord helps us.

February 6, 1836. Got intelligence of the death of my grandmother, which took place last night about half-past six. She has been confined to her bed for nearly three weeks past, owing to a fall. She suffered great agony of body from (I think) the internal effects of this fall, which at length terminated in death. She bore her agonies with patience; she anticipated her death with resignation, and true Christian hope; and as she lived so she died, in sure and certain hope of everlasting life through her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I attended her funeral on the 6th, and then I saw the dust and bones of my dear mother make part of the covering of my grandmother, and my grandfather's dust was mingled with my mother's. O what a word must that be which in a moment shall separate and animate with incorruption those mingled, scattered, earthy, dusty atoms! My grandmother's name was Jane Trelford. Age 90 years, and the ancestor of 129 of a family.

April 17th. The Conference met in Bangor. The deputation from England had arrived at Belfast on the 12th, and during the week had visited Lisburn, Smithboro' and Donegal, getting into Bangor on Saturday the 16th. Rev. T. Allin, and Mr. Beaumont composed the deputation. Mr. Beaumont preached an excellent sermon in the morning of the 17th, and Mr. Allin in the evening, to a crowded congregation.

18th. The sittings of Conference began, and the most unpleasant business of the whole of the sittings took place to-day, viz., the expulsion of Messrs. Burke, Logan, and Clarke. \* \* \* May God in his mercy give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth, and save them.

21st. I accompanied the deputation to N. T. Ards, they wish the present concern in that place to be sold,

and a good house built in a good situation. This is wise. Upon the whole, I think this has been one of a beginning of good Conferences.

May 24th. I set off to see Liverpool where our Conference was now sitting. At four o'clock, p.m., the packet sailed. I had a fine, though rather tedious passage of 19 hours. Landed on the new pier head, and proceeded direct to Mrs. Baxter's, Windsor Street. Was very kindly received by Mrs. B. and decided on making her house my home while I was in Liverpool. Rev. Abraham Scott, from Shields, and his delegate, were stopping during conference at Mrs. Baxter's. \* \* During my stay in Liverpool I travelled about almost incessantly, , gazing at all things and everybody :—the Railway, the Zoological Gardens, Museum, Markets, Bazaars, Arcades, Docks, Cemeteries, Public Buildings, &c., &c. Sailed up the river as far as Newham, which is 7 miles, and the fare sixpence. I walked some distance into Cheshire to see the country, and returned again to Liverpool. \* \* \* I was introduced to a great many of the preachers and delegates. They were rather dry towards me. \* \* \*

On Friday attended the Conference tea-meeting. I think about 500 sat down to tea, after which Mr. John Ridgway was called to the chair, and filled it with great spirit and credit. We had good speaking, good singing, and very good feeling. Hulme is a right clever fellow, and so is Bakewell, and so is Halliwell, and all the rest got on well. On Sunday morning I heard Mr. Livingstone—a queer sermon in a queer place called a shooting gallery. In the evening I heard Mr. S. gabble a sort of thing called preaching, but certainly he missed his mark. At night I heard Mr. G. preach in the same place ; he is a fine-looking man, has a good address, but did not preach very well. \* \* \* On Wednesday night, at 11 p.m., I sailed in company with Mr. McCombe and Mr. Argue from the Clarence dock in the steamer Athlone, and after a passage of 14 hours landed in Belfast, very sick and very tired. ~

June 16th. I hear that Rev. Wm. Cooke arrived in Belfast on the 14th to superintend the mission for some time. I hope his way will be very prosperous and happy. Mr. Livingstone sailed for England last week. Mr. L. is a good man and a good preacher.

July 10th. Mr. Cooke preached this evening in the chapel for his first time, to a large and attentive congregation. The people were well pleased and profited. We augur good from his affectionate zeal.

July 11th. Mr. Cocke gave us an excellent address on temperance. The chapel was well filled, although the evening was very wet.

14th. I saw Jas. Dickey in Belfast, on his way to America with his whole family. He goes as direct as possible to New London, in Upper Canada. He is a worthy good man. I hope his God, in whom he trusts, may ever be his secure and peaceful hiding place.

In one of Mr. (now Dr.) Cooke's official reports to the Secretary of the Irish Mission for this year occurs the following :—

“ In Bangor the mission is steadily advancing, and several judicious plans of usefulness are in operation, under the management of Bro. McClure, which, under the Divine blessing cannot fail to give increasing efficiency to the Church of God. In this town we have a large and flourishing Sabbath School, and several surrounding villages are benefitted by missionary exertion.”

To resume the diary.

July 30th. I came to lodge in Mr. Halliday's, until the lodgers leave the chapel-house, which they are expected to do in four weeks. I hate flitting, and yet am doomed to it. O for some settled peaceful home. This I shall likely never find on this side the grave. How delightful the thought of having such a rest hereafter.

Aug. 8th. At Belfast, and spoke at our missionary meet-

ing in York St. We had a very large attendance. With the exception of Mr. Lyons, all our missionaries were present, and they all acquitted themselves with great credit. We had a very gracious meeting. Mr. Cooke presided with zeal and ability. George Carlisle spoke with great energy and sensibility.

Oct. 5th. Our quarterly leaders' meeting. The leaders all took their tea with me. We had nothing but harmony and love among us. The returns show an increase in the congregations and societies, and the amount of monies is more than doubled since the first quarter I came on this circuit.

The well-known readiness of Mr. McClure to place his personal and official influence at the service of any movement looking to the public weal, appears conspicuously in this early record of his ministerial life. His unabated loyalty to the cause of temperance is seen in his attendance at committee meetings, public meetings, soirees, &c., notices of which occur too frequently to admit of their transference to these pages. Nor in the temperance movement only does his public spirit come to view :—

On the 26th of Dec. the Mendicity Society chose me with eleven others as a committee for the coming year, and on January 12th, in company with Mr. Denison, I visited the poor in the town-lands, and took a particular account of their state. On the 30th gave in my report to the committee, and was happy to obtain for all I recommended not only additional alimant, but a load of turf and a new blanket for each.

Feb. 8, 1837. Was present at the marriage of M. G. to W. M. There were about fifty of a party present. We had plenty of *wine* at this marriage, but alas ! *Jesus* was neither there, nor invited, nor expected. \* \* If this is at the beginning, what will be at the end of this union ?

April 3rd. The quarterly leaders' meeting was held in Mr. Jas. Halliday's. After taking tea together, we proceeded to the regular business of the circuit, which, we find, was never in so promising a state as now. Our congregations are double what they were. Our society is much improved in usefulness and activity. Five or six young men of zeal and piety are rising up to take the places of the old, and they promise to fill that place with as much honour, and increased intelligence. The young women are active as tract distributors and advocates for temperance. And with several of them their earnest devotedness to God is apparent to all. They have excellent voices, and take a deep interest in the congregational singing, which they have greatly improved. I feel deeply attached to this affectionate people, and am happy in possessing their sincere and warm affection. May I always prove myself worthy of the confidence and love of the Church of Christ, where I labour. The unanimous request of the society to Conference is for my continuance with them.

A few days after the last entry, the Irish Conference met in Belfast. The deputation from England consisted this year of the Rev. Thos. Allin, Missionary Secretary, and D. Oldham, Esq., of Macclesfield. Mr. McClure's weight of character and aptitude for Conference work are fully recognized by his brethren, in the somewhat too liberal share of duty they seem to have devolved upon him :—

We had a very careful investigation of the whole mission, and the English friends are taking more correct and liberal views of the true state, and the way of conducting the Mission in Ireland. I assisted Mr. Cooke on the Sabbath to administer the sacrament to the preachers and people in York street. I preached on the Tuesday evening,

moved a resolution on the Monday evening, at the missionary meeting, and made a speech at the tea meeting on Wednesday. In the Conference, I drew up a statistical account of the mission, and was appointed to draw up the annual address to the English Conference. I was delegated to go to the Conference, in Leeds, next May, and was also put on the annual committee.

Mr. McClure was now removed from Bangor back to the Lisburn Circuit, "the rules of the Connexion making two years on one circuit, when there is but one preacher, the longest time he can stay."

April 19th. Met the society this evening, who had asked Hannah and myself to tea, for the purpose of bidding us good-bye. We were all deeply moved, for God was with us, and the time was one of sorrow.

20th. After a great deal of suffering from wet and cold we got to Broomhedge.

May 9th. Sailed from Belfast at one o'clock, for Liverpool, in the steamship *Corsair*, was very sick and unhappy all the passage, had no companion to converse with.

10th. Arrived in Liverpool at 6, a.m. Proceeded at once to the Saracen's Head, and after securing a seat on the *Erin-go-bragh* to Newcastle-under Line, (fare 14s) and, ordering my breakfast, I walked out to Red Cross St.

The object of this trip to Newcastle-under-Line appears to have been a visit to his old friend, the Rev. A. McCombe, who had been transferred from the Irish Mission, as its Superintendent, to this circuit at the Conference of 1836.

Returned to the inn, breakfasted, and at a quarter before nine, was on the road, flying at the rate of ten miles an hour. The day was very cold and stormy, with heavy

showers of sleet and hail. The spring is more backward here than in Ireland. Had a pleasant companion on the coach, and could have enjoyed myself but for the severity of the day. Got into Newcastle before three o'clock, and after some difficulty found Mr. McCombe. He and his family all well, and very glad to see me. After tea I walked up to Hanly with Mr. McC. This is the head of the circuit, and two miles from Newcastle. Called in Mr. Burroughs', found Mr. Cooke here, and Mr. Whiteley, one of their young preachers. Went to see the chapel here, truly the largest I ever saw. It contains sittings for 3000 people and is regularly and well filled. It was late when we got home. I was in great need of a sleep, and was blessed with a long and substantial one.

11th. Mr. McC. and I took tea with Mr. M——, bookseller. He treated me most kindly, and put me on my defence of total abstinence, when I refused his wine and ale.

12th. Up and on the alert to-day. It is my last day here, and I have much to see. After breakfast, set out for Stoke, where I was gratified by seeing the china put through all its stages of manufacture, from the shapeless flint, to the various elegant forms and beautiful colourings which were displayed in the great show rooms of the establishment; and when I saw the engines and mechanics, the ovens and the firemen, the casters and their attendants, the artists and their wonderful productions, the flower makers and their work, the sorters, the glazemen, the curious ways of laying on patterns, and of bringing out the colours by burnings and burnishing, the great multitude of people—male and female—employed, the costliness and vast quantity of materials, and lastly, the magnitude of the necessary buildings, I was quite overcome with wonder, for, much as had been told me, I had not heard the one half.\* \* Mr. C. took me to see one of those large breweries for which England is famed, but alas like much that men glory in, this their glory is their shame.

13th. At half past one in the morning I left Newcastle and got to Manchester before ten. Had to wait till twelve for a Leed's coach, which set me down in Briggate, at six or seven in the evening.\* \* The country between Newcastle and Manchester is very fine, almost all of it being laid out in rich well-stocked and wooded pasture ground. The towns are numerous and full of extensive manufactures. Between Manchester and Leeds the country is less even, but the towns and manufactories are not less scarce. Rochdale is a most beautiful though narrow valley, while the hills over which you pass into Yorkshire, are the bleakest I ever saw; the road is very difficult over those hills, and consequently travelling very slow.

14th. The members of Conference met to-day, in Ebenezer Chapel. In this place the first New Connexion Conference was held, A.D., 1796. After noon preaching, the Conference Love Feast was held, certainly the largest and liveliest I was ever at. In the evening I preached in Zion Chapel. The place is small, but was well filled.

15th, and on to the 20th. The sittings of Conference continued uninterruptedly from 6, a.m., to 6, p.m., besides regular preaching every morning, at five o'clock. On Monday we had a most heart-stirring missionary meeting. Tuesday I was at a temperance tea-party, and addressed a very numerous meeting in the Association Tabernacle. On Thursday evening I was present while four young men were taken into full connexion. On Friday, at the Conference tea-party, in the Music Hall, Albion street, I had to address the meeting. There was a wonderful influence felt and excited on behalf of Ireland.

21st. I heard three sermons to-day, and after that, preached one myself in Woodhouse Chapel, belonging to the Association, after which I gave the sacrament to their society.

In these days of agitation on the subject of Methodistic Union the annexed item from the official report of this

Conference, as published in the large *Magazine*, will be read with interest, and may perhaps be suggestive to us as a community at the present juncture:—

“The general business of Conference was carried on in the exercise of no ordinary portion of talent, prudence, prayerfulness, brotherly kindness and Christian zeal. The discussion on the terms of union between the New Connexion and the Wesleyan Association, respecting which considerable diversity of opinion existed, naturally produced excitement and intense interest. But such a ready and generous disposition to bear and forbear was manifested, that resolutions were unanimously adopted, which blended conflicting feelings into harmony, and cannot fail, it is expected, to give satisfaction to every portion of the community.

Of the missionary meeting above referred to the conference reporter says :—

“The chapel was crowded to excess. Almost breathless attention was paid to the several speakers, and a strong desire was manifested for the employment of a missionary or missionaries, instructed in the native Irish tongue, amongst nearly 250,000 of the population, who understand no other language. Indeed, the excitement and interest were such as is seldom produced, and we hope the feelings excited and the zeal awakened in so many hearts will remain with and influence them so long as the sister isle needs assistance or they continue in the land of the living.”

24th.—At six in the morning I left Leeds, arriving in Manchester about noon. After waiting for two hours, during which time I visited the book-room and several parts of the town, I set out for Liverpool by railway, where I secured my passage to Belfast in the *Corsair*.

28th.—Being Sunday, I preached in Broomhedge Chapel with very great difficulty, owing to the weakness of my chest caused by sea-sickness.

Very shortly after the meeting of the above conference the English Missionary Committee decided on extending

its operations to Dublin, fixing on Mr. McClure as the pioneer of this important enterprise. He accordingly held himself in readiness for his departure thither, regarding the arrangement though quite unexpected as none the less providential. A substitute was procured for his circuit, and on

July 5th, we took our departure from Broomhedge. Had to walk into Lisburn, from which we took a car to Belfast. I put my boxes in the Packet office, and we took up our lodgings in Mr. Argue's.

I left Hannah and proceeded on a transitory visit to my relations in Malone and the Falls. I called upon uncles David, Hugh, William, James, also at Samuel Trelford's and Thomas Patterson's. Thomas was not at home. All the rest were very kind. My daily wish for them is that God may be their rich inheritance in time and in eternity.

9th. We sailed on board the *Hibernia* steamer for Dublin at 4 p.m. I had here to suffer over again all the distress of sea-sickness, and poor Hannah was ill all night. Got into Dublin before 9 a.m., and continued so ill all day that I could not lift up my head. \* \*

If the Lord has work for me in this great and wicked city, I shall rejoice that He has led me to *His* work by any way. We engaged for one week to board and lodge in rear of the Imperial Hotel, Sackville street.

10th. Spent all this day in searching for my father's old friends, but could not find one of them—many are dead ; many removed.

The Rev. J. Seymour, remarking upon this period of Mr. McClure's life and labours, says :—

“ When the boat arrived in Dublin Harbour and he saw the grandeur of a metropolis containing above 300,000 inhabitants where the New Connexion had no interest, no, not a single

member, he went along the North Wall and wept. Twelve or fourteen years after this when we had a chapel, a society and a growing cause here, I was stationed myself in this capital of the Emerald Isle, and found Mr. McClure's name very savoury among those identified with our cause. Just at the time of his incumbency in Dublin, Father Matthew, the great apostle of temperance, was making his onslaught on drunkenness among his countrymen. Above a million had signed the temperance pledge. Mr. McClure gave his influence to this movement, and became celebrated for his faithful and efficient advocacy of the cause."

Not to anticipate however :—

July 12th. At noon we attended Zion Chapel, King's Inn street. Mr. Cooper was there, but a stranger preached a very good sermon. We dined with Mrs. and Mr. Parks ; spent a pleasant, and, I hope, profitable evening. At seven p.m. heard Rev. Mr. Ford, Baptist Minister, preach in rooms occupied by that people, in the Dorset Institution, Sackville street. For using those two rooms on the Lord's day and one week night they pay a rent of twenty-five pounds per annum.

July 16th.—Attended a temperance meeting in Cross Lane. \* \* \* The statements made in reference to Dublin were most lamentable, for while eight hundred thousand pounds are annually spent here for whiskey, there are this night in this city 50,000 persons who have neither a bite to put in their mouths, nor a bed to lie upon unless they receive it from the hand of charity !

17th. \* \* \* The whole employment this week has been, enquiring for and examining places to open my mission in by preaching. Such places are hardly possible to be obtained.

19th.—We heard Mr. Bennet in Abbey street. In the evening I heard Gideon Ouseley preach in Whitefriar street. He preached earnestly, pointedly and well. Neither Abbey street, nor Whitefriar street were more than half full of people.

It will be remembered by those who have seen the Life of Mrs. Hannah J. M. McClure, written by her husband, that on abjuring the errors of the Church of Rome, she was subjected to most cruel and unnatural treatment at the hands of her own mother. In the light of this fact the following entry will be found possessed of special interest :—

July 31st.—Hannah and I were not a little surprised to receive a letter this morning from her brother James, which had been sent to Belfast and returned to us, which letter was written at the request of Hannah's mother, and contained an invitation to Hannah to come and see her; assuring Hannah at the same time that all the past should be "buried in eternal oblivion." The poor old woman has been ill now two years and a half from the effects of a fall she got, and for some months past she has been in daily expectation of death. It is now thirteen years since she last spoke to her daughter, although every means was tried to lead to a reconciliation. When the utmost human effort completely failed God interfered and the work is done. Oh, how humbly, confidently and patiently should we at all times rest upon the promises of God. Immediately after reading the letter I accompanied H—— to her mother's house, No. 4 Hardwick street, when her brother immediately introduced her to her mother. The meeting was one of few words, but very strong, through suppressed emotions.

August 13th. Was disappointed in finding Dr. Urwick's chapel shut up, being under repair; made my way to the Cathedral, where I was disgusted with their Popish mummery. \* \* I have at last succeeded in procuring a place for public worship, No. 17 Aungier street. It will hold two hundred people, and will cost us thirty pounds yearly. I get possession on September 1st, and on the 3rd hope to have it opened. May we fully realize

here all the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.

August 30th. After a great deal of trouble and difficulty in preparing for it, our temperance soiree took place this evening in the Rotunda. The place was densely filled. Hannah made for the company one hundred and ten gallons of good tea, all of which was used. Lord Cloncurry took the chair, and gave us a good opening address. Mr. Cooke got to town in time to address us. His speech was the best on the occasion, and was highly applauded. The meeting did not break up till eleven o'clock. All present were pleased.

September 3rd. This day our Mission was publicly opened by three services at 11 a.m., 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. I preached first from Rom. i. 16, to about forty people; Mr. Cooke next, to about twenty, and again in the evening to about sixty. Thus have we begun. We have not a single member in the city, nor a single friend attached to our cause. The work, however, is not man's but God's, to whom I dedicate myself, the place, and my work; and from whose Spirit I look for support, direction, comfort, increase, and all I may require, hope for or ask.

25th. Held the first temperance meeting in the preaching-room, which was well attended, and six or seven signed the pledge.

Oct. 5th. Attended a Protestant Orphans' meeting in the Conservative Hall, Dawson street. Was called to the platform—made a speech, and sat with deep disgust hearing a set of the veriest knaves vend their political absurdities in the name of wisdom, and in the garb of religion. Oh when will the poor people cease to close their eyes and to smother the voice of reason and reflection, and thus cease to be the dupes of fools and scoundrels.

Oct. 6th. Held my first class-meeting in Dublin. There were six persons stopped, and all appeared to recognize the Divine presence.

19th. I visited for the first time the Richmond Peni-

tentiary, and addressed the prisoners on the subject of temperance. They were numerous and very attentive. The governor is anxious I should go frequently.

21st. Took part in a public temperance tea-party, in the Tailors' Hall. What strange things happen! The last public meeting I attended here, my own father was the speaker; and now, after a lapse of twenty years, to me full of momentous incidents, I am in the same city and room, labouring to accomplish the very same objects my dear parent so much coveted and laboured to accomplish. May I be as faithful and victorious as he was, in life and in death.

Nov. 5th. We held our first breakfast meeting in No. 17 Aungier st. We had seventeen persons present. The subject of conversation was, "God is love." We had a profitable, happy time, and after twelve o'clock preaching, the society partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We had thirteen communicants, and, thank God, the Master of the feast was graciously present.

8th. Dined with Rev. J. Homan, curate of Swords, and his wife and family in the parsonage house. We then proceeded to the large school-room in rear of the Infant School, where were assembled about five hundred people, mostly Papists, whom we addressed for two and a half hours on the subject of temperance. They had never heard of such a thing before, and they listened with deep and untiring attention.

About this time I attended eight out of twelve lectures on Comparative Anatomy in the lecture room of Trinity College by Dr. Harrison, who appeared to be quite master of his subject. He lectured most admirably, and was amply supplied with animal parts with which to illustrate his subjects. Professor Davy, brother to the late Sir Humphrey Davy, is now giving a<sup>n</sup> course of lectures on Chemistry in the lecture room of the Dublin Society House, which I also regularly attend with great pleasure and profit.

Dec. 14th. Attended the last of a course of lectures on

astronomy by Sir Wm. Hamilton, in the Philosophical Lecture Room. He is a splendid lecturer. Sir William invited me out to see the observatory at Dunsink ; an invitation which I was delighted to accept. Accordingly, on the 19th, in company with R. G. White, Esq., and Captain Jackson, I proceeded to the Dunsink observatory. Sir William opened the hall door, giving us a kind welcome, while his assistant, Mr. Thompson, took great pains to point out every particular, and answer every question. Mr. T. told us that the large telescope alone cost the college upwards of three thousand pounds. \* \* The elevation of the top of the hill on which the observatory is built is about ninety yards above the level of the sea.

In the matter of education, Mr. McClure was what is sometimes called a self-made man. This is known within the immediate circle of his personal and denominational associations, but not so fully to the general public. The above are samples of those improving influences it was his wont to court, and in subjecting himself to which—with a mind far above the average in its receptive capacity—he shewed such marked and marvellous aptitude.

As a shrewd observer of men, the subjoined pen-picture, draughted by the author for private reference and use, will be considered well rescued from the obscurity to which his modesty had assigned it. For what the sketch may lack in artistic finish, many will feel it offers, in its naïvete and freshness, a more than compensating charm.

Jan. 30th, 1838. I attended a meeting in the Royal Exchange, the object of which was to suppress combination among the trades of the city. My going there was for the purpose of seeing and hearing the great and celebra-

ted agitator, Daniel O'Connell, M. P. And certainly I was much gratified, much squeezed, much heated and much deafened. Mr. O'Connell is a fine looking old man. He has a good constitution, of which he has taken very good care, by regular and temperate living. He has a fine powerful voice, great command of temper, an infinite fund of native humour, and great energy of mind. I speak now of what I saw to-day. He is rather above the middle size, plump, well-built, very straight, his arms are long, hands large, features pleasing, humorous, and truly native. His wig is large and dark; and then his gesture is peculiar, a good deal of swagger, contempt, defiance, also many attitudes, as natural as they are striking and graceful—nay, grand. I did not admire his expression on bringing his reasonings to bear on the minds of his opponents. In doing this, he stoops forward, looking right into their faces, and with a powerful emphasis, quick nodding of the head, peculiar muscular action of the face—which is more striking on the left than on the right side of the face, on that side his eye and mouth being much affected—he drives with irresistible force his arrows not only into the understandings but the hearts of his opponents. His power to make them *feel* is very striking; his conclusions, if pleasing to those whom he addresses, are very gratifying, but if displeasing, they must be gall itself. The Lord Mayor was in the chair. The meeting had to be adjourned *sine die*.

Feb. 2nd. Thos. Dixon, Esq., and G. H. Birket waited on me this morning to accompany them as a deputation to wait on Daniel O'Connell, at his own house in Merrion Square, to request him to present two petitions to Parliament, both of which prayed for employment and not jails, *alias* workhouses, for the able-bodied poor in this country. \* \* We were immediately admitted to an audience in the front parlour, which is occupied with large cases of books all round—all law books. The whole floor and tables were strewn over with large folios, papers and parchments. We were most graciously received by the

great O'Connell, who, having set chairs for us, immediately entered into the subject of the petitions, heartily concurring in our views of the subject. In manner and conversation he is pleasing, insinuating and courtly. You lose all embarrassment and feel quite at home in his company. I could not perceive the least hauteur, but the very opposite—kind, gay, sociable, humorous, nothing whatever of rudeness or bluster. On leaving, he shook hands with me. During conversation, he mentioned with high terms of commendation several members of the Society of Friends, with whom, he said, he was on high terms of intimacy.

Feb. 13th. Breakfasted with Robt. G. White, Esq., where among several others, I met Dr. Urwick, of York street, and the Rev. ——— Mason, of New York, who is in this country for the good of his health. He has been travelling on the continent for the same purpose, and but little benefited. He is a complete Yankee in his manner, but a most intelligent man. He remarked particularly on the low state of religion on the continent. \* \* Protestant Missionaries have as yet accomplished very little in France.

Feb. 14th. We held our second temperance tea-party in Aungier street. One hundred and twenty took tea, after which, R. G. White, Esq., was called to the chair, when Mr. Cooke and John Hawkins, the Birmingham blacksmith, gave us admirable entertainment for two and a half hours.

15th. Mr. Cooke left by the morning mail for Belfast. He was pleased with the state of things here; said he could suggest nothing in addition to the means already employed by me for extending the work of God. O that my Lord would enlarge my heart to open up my way of access to the souls of the people.

March 2nd. I delivered the opening speech in the round room of the Rotunda to one of the largest meetings I ever saw and certainly the largest I ever addressed. \* \* It was computed there were two thousand pres-

ent. The people were admitted by ticket, six pence and three pence each. The product of this meeting was,—ninety-seven names and thirty pounds, of which twenty-three pounds ten shillings went to defray the expenses of the meeting.

April 9th. Our first missionary meeting in Dublin, at which Mr. Berry, of Sheffield, one of the Deputation, and myself were assisted by W. H. Cooper, Mr. Heather, Mr. Floyd. R. G. White presided. The meeting was very well attended.

The Conference met this year in Belfast. Mr. McClure attended its sittings as usual, and was continued in Dublin for another year. Availing himself of the educational facilities of his metropolitan home, we find him attending, in the month of June, a course of lectures on Zoology by Dr. Scholes; July, August, September, another course on Botany by Dr. Lytton; October, a course of twelve on Anatomy by Dr. Jacob, of the Royal College of Surgeons, and in November, December, January, March and April, he says:—

“I attended a course of lectures on Anatomy by Dr. Harrison \* \* \* every day at one o'clock, except when prevented by necessary duties, which was but seldom.”

Perhaps no part of Mr. McClure's life was more busily spent than the period under review. Take the following record of his labours in the temperance field. It is given *literatim et verbatim* from a note book which lies open on the editor's table.

## ADDRESSES ON TEMPERANCE IN DUBLIN, 1839.

- April 8th. Mariners' tea-party in Aungier street ; attendance 100.  
 " 15th. Mariners' Church school-rooms.  
 May 6th. Temperance conference, 11 Eustace street.  
 " 13th. Mariners' Church school-rooms.  
 " 8th. Mr. C. Delaven, of America, met us in 11 Eustace street.  
 " 20th. Aungier street ; attendance 60.  
 " 22nd. Address given at John McCoomb's wake.  
 " 27th. Mariners' Church school-room.  
 June 3rd. Juvenile Protestant T. T. S. Dorset-rooms.  
 " 5th. National Hall, Denmark street.  
 " 10th. Ballytore school-rooms ; attendance 300.  
 " 11th. Athy Court House ; attendance 400.  
 " 12th. Carlow old Court House ; attendance 1000.  
 " 13th. Tullow. Address to three families.  
 " 14th. Clonegal. A tanner's loft, 350.  
 " 17th. Aungier street ; attendance 40.  
 " 19th. Exchange at the Dublin Temperance Society.  
 " 18th. Conservative Hall. Protestant Operative Orphans' soiree.  
 " 24th. Stafford Street temperance tea-party.  
 July 1st. Enniscorthy New Court House.  
 " 2nd. Wexford ; in the New Court House.  
 " 3rd. Waterford ; in the City Assembly Room.

This record is continued into May, 1840, with many entries of special interest, such as :—

- Sep. 10th. In French street Catholic chapel.  
 " 25th. In the chair, Royal Exchange temperance meeting.  
 Oct. 1st. In French street Catholic chapel.  
 " 22nd. At the Richmond Bridewell. Addressed the prisoners.

Nov. 11th. At committee for the suppression of Donnybrook Fair.

1840.

Feb. 10th. Mariners' meeting on board of the *Jessie*.

March 5th. Wesleyan temperance meeting, Whitefriars Court.

“ 17th. Temperance procession. In the carriage with Dr. Spratt.\*

April 4th. Spoke in the Royal Exchange with Father Matthew.

May 8th. Mariners' committee on board the *Sarah*.

This was of a truth 'sowing beside all waters.' And one cannot but feel that, not knowing at the time 'whether should prosper, this or that,' the Lord whom he served has, ere this, made His 'work appear unto His servant,' and caused the fruit of these 'labours of love,' to be found of him 'after many days.'

The period of Mr. McClure's residence in Dublin was one of special favour and encouragement over the entire field of the Irish Mission. The Rev. W. Cooke, writing March 23rd, 1838, to the Missionary Secretary, says:—

“ I am happy to inform you that the prospects of the Mission are increasingly bright. We have, I believe, an increase of more than three hundred real members, besides a great number on trial. A spirit of peace, of increasing piety, and zealous exertion, characterizes the present state of our missionaries and members. We have numerous places calling for help to which we are unable properly to attend.”

In the official report of the Parent Missionary Society for this year, the following testimony is borne:—

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\* A Roman Catholic parish priest. It is said that he and a brother clergyman were the only two priests in the City of Dublin, who, during this remarkable movement, stood forth as pledged teetotalers.—Ed.

“It is gratifying to be able to state that the missionaries have laboured faithfully and zealously in carrying out the objects contemplated by this society. Never were there connected with the mission, men of greater talents, zeal and piety than at the present time, and there is every reason to believe, that the success which has marked the operations of the past year, is only the earnest of still greater blessings.”

As one of the usual accompaniments of success, the subjoined item is published in the *English Magazine* for January, 1839:—

“Our missionaries in the South of Ireland are exposed to fierce persecution, and are daily in danger of falling martyrs to the truth. They have need of the sympathies and prayers of all who have an interest in heaven.

“W. COOKE.”

\* \* \* \*

The following experiences of Mr. McClure, during the term of his connexion with Dublin, are taken from the *Autumnal Gleanings*:—

“March 1st, 1839. I left the North Wall in the city of Dublin by the London steamship, for Cornwall, where I was engaged to attend a number of missionary services, the first of which was to be in Truro, on Sunday, March 3rd. The late Thomas Robinson was stationed in Truro at that time, between whom and myself there existed a cordial friendship. It was during his residence in Belfast, as Superintendent of the Irish Mission, September 18th, 1830, that I was called into the itinerant ministry, and under his superintendence was treated with a thoughtful, generous kindness which can never be forgotten. Mrs. Robinson, also a very superior woman, both in her education and piety, vied with her husband in acts of Christian kindness to me. She died in Bangor, after much suffer-

ing, triumphing in her Saviour. Having met in my class, and my having frequently visited her before and after her sufferings began, she requested me to preach her funeral sermon, which I did, in old Castle Street Chapel, to a crowded congregation, and from a text of her own choosing:—‘The Lord shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.’ (Isaiah. lx. 20.) This was on the twelfth of August, 1832, the Sabbath after her funeral, and her dust now rests where Mrs. McClure and myself for years had hoped ours would have rested—in that solemn, old, venerated Bangor Church-yard, beneath the shadow of God’s sanctuary, embosomed by surrounding trees, in the midst of many loved and dear departed friends, where the grass is always green—the voices of summer songsters ever echo among the woods, and even in the depth of winter the dear familiar redbreast hops from mound to mound, and spray to spray, looking into your face so lovingly, ever and anon breathing forth his soft, sweet melancholy song. Dear robin!—Sacred resting place of the weary, fare thee well! I may visit thee no more; yet, while mind or memory lasts, the tenants in thy narrow cells, the plaintive funeral songs we uttered, the forms, and voices, and tears, and benedictions of true hearts which, with my own, have often mingled there, *must live*, and call forth my songs, or sighs, or supplications.

Gentle reader, forgive this long digression, and receive as my excuse the fact, that the word *Bangor*, meet it when or where I may, casts a spell over me; it irresistibly becomes the talisman whose potency I would not, if I could, ever try to resist. There it was the broken-hearted, youthful wanderer, in an unexpected day, found a home of welcome rest; there an orphan boy found parents and a home; there the destitute found abundance, and the means of securing it in future; there the trembling penitent found safe counsellors, and an all sufficient Saviour; there the Church of God put the yoke of public ministration on my shrinking shoulders, and led me

into the presence of the assembled elders, and ministers and brethren, whose unanimous declaration made it 'Woe be unto me if I preach not the gospel.' From there I set forth, in company with my dauntless, self-renouncing, devoted wife, 'without purse or scrip,' 'to know nothing among men save Christ and Him crucified.' One is taken away now, and the other is left, lonely, and oft dejected, yet not weary of the work of God, nor finding fault with His ways. Neither worldly honours nor treasures were ever ours; we sought them not. Urged by divine grace, we seek a country and inheritance far more enduring; and when our home of safety by both is reached, we must against revisit our former scenes of love and joy. From this far off shore, my spirit hails thee, home of my youth, gate, to me, of light, and true love, and God's salvation! Bangor! thy absent sons bid thee peace and farewell.

The London steamer soon left the city of Dublin, with its spires, and shipping, and hum of busy marts, behind; gently gliding down old Liffey's waters, we passed on the right Ringsend, with her spacious docks and sluggish River Dodder; then the Pigeon house, with its big guns, bristling pickets, and wakeful, watchful sentinels; and bowing with reverent affection to that glorious old Union Jack, swimming so gracefully in the blue ether of the smiling skies, I said, 'God bless my favoured country.' Then we sweep close by the light-house, whose granite basement and crystal summit, when a boy, I often scrutinized with admiring wonder, and now with Clontarf and the North Bull on the left and behind, we are out into Dublin Bay. What a magnificent panorama! Behind you the dear old city, with its lovely background, the Phoenix Park; sweeping along the sandy beach on your left, embosomed in green woods, is set the Temple, and residence and demesne of Lord Charlemont, along whose velvet verdant lawns and well-kept sinuous walks of clean pebbles, my boyish feet often trod, to see that rustic mossy hermitage, with its neat fountain and antique man

occupant, with antique beard and dress, who watched over and kept with such care that beautiful pond of bright waters, with its aristocratic swans, and their humbler denizens, the bald coot, the shell duck, and water hens. That was the only time of my life I wished to be a hermit. It was on this ground the last battle was fought with the marauding Danes, and where their celebrated conqueror, Brian Boiroihme, was killed by the arrow of a fugitive Dane, after the battle was won.

Clontarf is a favourable resort of the citizens of Dublin, both as a pleasant drive or summer residence, where sea bathing can be fully enjoyed, every possible convenience being provided for indulgence in this health-giving enjoyment, and on most moderate terms. The beach is a clear, smooth sand, terminating in the isthmus joining Howth to the main land, which is only passable by foot passengers when the tide is out, except by means of the railway.

The hill of Howth presents an object of attraction not only to the lover of nature, but also to those who search among rocks for the hidden secrets of this old world's history, for the cycles of time she passed through before Adam was formed, or human care had been born. Several well-defined strata of ancient rocks crop out in their natural order along the face of those precipitous crags, whose base is washed by the restless waves, and whose beetling tops and sides give secure resting and breeding places, every season, to the myriads of puffin and others of the noisy, busy sea birds.

When we turn to the right side of the outgoing ship, the other sweep of Dublin presents an equally attractive scene. Sandy Mount, the Rock, Kingstown, Killiney, Bray, are only as large beads united by an unbroken string of smaller ones, in the shape of mansions, villas, churches and cottages, laying along a back ground of undulating emerald.

The pier and harbour of Kingstown are objects of great interest, and were built at great expense. Killiney

Hill (and now town) is a solid hemisphere of granite. Fifteen years ago an atmospheric railway, a great curiosity in its way, was constructed between Killiney and Kingstown, on which I have not only gratified my curiosity but enjoyed some rapid rides. Bray Head is a bold, verdant headland, and favourite resort for family and wedding picnics. Bray and Howth are the two great watchers guarding the entrance to Dublin's beautiful bay; these past, and we are 'out to sea.' Now looking over the ship's stern, the bay is spread out before you. It was on this occasion studded over with craft of all sizes and every rig, from the ninety gun ship to the curach. Its shores on all sides are *souvenirs* to me of school-boy freaks, or the sacred haunts of early friendships, or true love's unclouded, warm, undying vows and joys. Soon our ship's rapid progress shuts them all out of my sight.

After running for a short time along the Wicklow coast, we stood out into the Channel. And now the breeze, so soft and kind before, gathers up its strength into a gale; it rolls up the sea into immense walls, and flings them with foaming violence against our ship. And while her sides of British oak quiver and creak, the sportive elfins of the storm flap their harsh wings violently against our sails, and pipe with a thousand screaming whistles among the ropes and wires. The clouds scud like fleet greyhounds across the blue field above from the north-west. The seamen now look aloft and then before the wind, silently don their peajackets, tie on securely their broad-leafed nor'westers, shrug uneasily their broad shoulders, renew their quid with more than usual gusto, and, as one of them passes by a pale, shivering passenger, he ventures politely his opinion and advice: 'We expect some dirty weather to-night, sir; you'll be more comfortable below, sir.'

By this time I was quite prepared to act promptly on his advice; for, in addition to the outward symptoms of a wet jacket and chills all over, there were internal pre-

monitions of most awful gastric revolutions, and intestinal civil commotions, which proved at once fatal to all my visions of the beautiful and picturesque, and completely prostrating to my upright position,—and there for fourteen weary, mortal hours of agony, I was rolled hither and thither in my berth, my head tortured by the unceasing plague of doors banging, as the rolling ship shook their fastenings loose, and almost poisoned with the stench of bilgewater; nor was there one symptom of brotherly sympathy from my bellowing and suffering fellow-passengers, some of whom were far more afraid of plunging into the sea of unquenchable fire than into the foaming billows whose sport we now were. Often I had heard from sailors of being in the mouth of the British Channel, during an ebb tide and a strong north-west gale, now I felt it in all its dolorous workings, and it is one of the many things in this world I never wish to feel again.

The ship had been 'laying to' all night, the seamen wishing for day and—less wind; both these were with us in the forenoon of Saturday, and our ship steamed gallantly round the Land's End, reaching Falmouth Bay late in the afternoon. On my getting ashore, no one there knew me. On reaching the hotel, and enquiring, I found a messenger from Truro, after long waiting, had gone back in despair, and I was left without any conveyance, and it was night. I stopped over night in the Temperance Hotel, and found it a very comfortable, well-kept house. Early on Sabbath morning, I walked out on the heights above the town, greatly enjoying the clear, bright morning, the soft, balmy air, and the pleasant scenery on every side, my soul not only participating in my physical enjoyment, but also beholding with a fixed and realizing faith the great mercy of God in Christ Jesus to me and mine.

Breakfast being over, I set out on foot for Truro; it was a delightful walk of ten miles. I was met by Mr. Robinson and some Truro friends at the entrance to the town, got refreshed, filled my appointments for the day

in our beautiful church there, and became the happy guest of our dear, faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Uglow.

Anticipating an absence from home of two Sabbaths, I had arranged with the Rev. Wm. H. Cooper, (Theological Tutor in the Congregational Institute, Dublin, and the first and revered pastor of my dear wife) to supply my pulpit in my absence. Messrs. King and Smith, at that time students with Mr. C——, and since then well known among the Congregational churches, were the supply furnished. My sojourn in Cornwall although brief, was most interesting to me and profitable. The strange form of the country, so deeply penetrated here and there by arms from the sea, the surface so broken up and irregular, everywhere dug into in search of its valuable ores, presenting unsightly hills of variously coloured earth and rock, cast up from the bowels of old mother earth. Everywhere among these confused masses were strange looking but powerful hoisting, pumping, stamping and washing apparatus. Again and again was my ear caught by the sweet sound of well practiced male and female voices singing the well-known melodies of our own dear Zion; the hallowing sweetness was only the sweeter because now and again penetrated by the harsh grating, creaking, thumping, rushing of the machinery and waters.

When I expressed my delight to hear those songs, so indicative of free and happy hearts, my guide informed me that if I were away down in the dark windings of the workings below, I would hear the same happy songs, not less sweet there than here, and not unfrequently be in time for a lively prayer-meeting down there, when the miners obtained a few moments leisure.

Here, on the face of a hill, I was shown an oven in full work, in which was a quantity of ore. They were *wasting* it, by which process the *arsenic* of commerce is obtained. This ore lay about in great quantities. By heating the ore the arsenic is driven off in the form of smoke. This fume or smoke is passed through long funnels built with many sharp angles, where the mineral is cooled and

deposited in the form of soot. This is a very unhealthy business, and soon permanently injures the weak. I was shown in several houses cabinets of curious collections, containing expensive and beautiful specimens of ores, crystals and petrifications, over whose tints and forms, in memory, my eyes still wander with satisfaction and delight.

On my visit to St. Days, I was shown over one of the largest mines of Cornwall, 'The Great Consols.' The obliging Captain, with whom I spent the evening, took much pains to give me information about mines and mining. He was a man of extensive knowledge and experience, had been for some time on an inspecting visit among the old Spanish mines in Mexico. Among several carefully drawn diagrams of celebrated mines, both at home and abroad, he showed me one of the Great Consols. Some of the details will surprise some of the quarry men of Canada, viz., depth from 'the grass' to the lowest work or drift then being marked, 'worked six hundred yards.' Length of all the shafts and working of this one mine, when placed in one straight line, sixty-one English miles. Number of hands employed in this one mine, three thousand. One of the forcing pumps shown me had a bore of twelve inches, stroke of twelve feet, and engine five hundred horse power. By it the water was driven twelve or fourteen feet above the mouth of the mine into a tank; from thence it passed to a water-wheel, and drove two stamping beams, by which the ore is pounded into dust; from this wheel the water passed on through a series of washing-boxes, separating the clay and sand from the crystals of copper, in which state the copper is shipped off to Wales, where coal is abundant, to be smelted, and cast into bars.

The Cornish people seemed to me to be a frank industrious, open-hearted people, very many of them earnestly devoted to God. The whole country was studded over with Methodist chapels; I only saw one Popish chapel, it was in Falmouth, and the grass was green and

almost untrodden up to the very threshold of the door. I visited the fine amphitheatre where Mr. Wesley used to preach in his visits to such multitudes of people. It is bason shaped, formed by the falling in of the earth round the pit or shaft of an old mine. It is carefully enclosed and neatly kept, and frequently used for public worship. Religious awakenings are frequent ever since Wesley's labours here, and precious fruits are every year gathered through these.

The day before I left Truro for Dublin, in a woollen mill near Truro, a young woman, usually cheerful, was noticed to be sad and dejected. Her companion asked her the cause; she replied, it was the multitude and blackness of her sins, and the terror of God's judgments against her as a sinner. This statement awakened conviction and alarm in the enquirer's heart. She, too, was a sinner before God, and they worked on and wept together. The manager, on passing, observed their tears, enquired the cause, and was seized with the same convictions and sorrow. The three knelt in earnest prayer for mercy. In a very short time all the workers in the mill were constrained to join that sacred circle; the mill was stopped and was changed into the 'House of God, the gate of Heaven.'

Soon a messenger arrived in Truro asking help. This was promptly rendered by both ministers and people. The visitors, both serious and curious, were seized by the divine power, and diffused it over a wide circle, the work went on uninterruptedly, the night and the day were both alike there. Fresh parties stepped in to relieve the weary, and thus for some weeks the work went on; the people of God were made very glad, for the slain and the healed of the Lord were many.

Most deeply did I regret my inability to go there for a day or even an hour, that I might witness and partake of this work, this power of the Holy Spirit. Yet my soul did magnify the Lord, who, while he hides his riches and

power of saving grace from the wise and prudent, thus reveals it unto babes. Hallelujah!

Having fulfilled my engagements in Cornwall to our Missionary Society, and received much kindness and hospitality from kind friends there, my face was turned homeward. On Thursday, March 14th, after a very pleasant drive, in company with Mr. Reams, I was once more in the Temperance Hotel, Falmouth. It had been announced for me to deliver a temperance address that evening in the Baptist church. I took tea with a Mr. Palmer, who kept a dry goods' store, and he accompanied me to the meeting. The church was spacious, and filled in every part. God gave me great liberty of speech and fulness of heart. My audience was deeply impressed; some were reclaimed from vice and led to Jesus. It was pleasant to feel that God was with me; my sleep was sound and refreshing that night. Next morning, the London packet was to call on her way to Dublin, and I rose in glad anticipation of

‘Home, sweet home.’

Weather so unfavourable that the steamer only reached here in the afternoon. I took a boat immediately, and was off to get on board. The sea was very rough. We got on slowly, and when within a cable length of the steamer's side, she hove up anchor and steamed away, leaving me most unhandsomely, and, as the storm was increasing, we had difficulty to get back on shore. Never can I forget the anguish of that hour. My unsupplied pulpit, my alarmed disappointed wife, and then there was no other packet before Monday. My funds were only sufficient to pay my fare to Dublin. No one in Falmouth belonged to our people, nor knew nor cared for me. My only apparent resource was leaving my watch at the hotel as a pledge, to be redeemed on my reaching home.

Filled with distress, I sat me in a corner of the

traveller's room; took up a paper, but could not read. Rain began to fall, so I could not go out to hide my sorrow along the sea shore. I felt as if I had no sympathy with any spirit, human or divine, save one. Even the kind relief of tears for the hour forsook me. Thus raged the storm without and the storm within, when three fine looking men, most gentlemanly in deportment, entered the room. After looking round, they advanced toward me, sympathized in my disappointment, and stated that their minister was so ill he could not be with his church that evening or on Sunday, and they had hastened thus early to solicit my services, which they hoped I would not refuse, as I must stay over Sunday in Falmouth. These were deacons in the Baptist church, where I lectured last evening. I gave my consent, and now set to diligently, to mend my nets. Employment at once relieved my heart of a heavy load.

An hour after, a deputation of fine, whole-souled miners called to secure my services for Sabbath, and were much mortified at being too late. They would not leave, however, until I had promised to go out to Penryn on Sabbath afternoon and preach. So now my hands and time were well filled. All my engagements were fulfilled. The weather was most tempestuous until Sunday night, when it became very delightful. Never in the recollections of life did God more graciously sustain me by his unction and power than in that Baptist church that Sabbath day of storms. Wonderfully did he work, and sweet to my taste were the testimonials afterward borne to me by recipients of divine grace that day.

At five o'clock on Monday morning I was again at work preaching to the miners in their own little church in Falmouth. After breakfast, up to the time the packet was announced in sight, my time was wholly occupied in receiving the visits of those to whom God had spoken peace under my ministry yesterday, and some who, though awakened, had not yet found peace.

The arrival of the packet was now announced, and

my heart trembled lest the proprietor of the hotel should refuse to take my watch as a pledge, and so detain me. Both he and his lady entered my room together, and on my asking my indebtedness to them, they assured me I owed them nothing, they were too happy to have me stop in the house, and hoped, if I should visit Falmouth again, I would gratify them by making their house my home on the same terms. Oh, how thankful was I, just then, to a God of Providence and this kind couple.

We were soon on board and under weigh, keeping close along shore. Beautiful weather and smooth sea. It was dark when we rounded the Land's End, so that much desired sight was forbidden to me. We were steaming into the Liffey on Wednesday, after a prosperous, pleasant voyage. On our way up we passed a large vessel in tow of a steamer, and in a most dilapidated state: spars broken, bulwarks stove to pieces, with large chimney lying partly on the deck. It was a painful sight. Upon enquiry I found this was the ship in which my passage was missed last week, battered and broken by Saturday and Sunday's storm, having been tossed all Monday off Mount Bay, with signals of distress flying, and was with difficulty got into port by help of another steamer. Oh, how glad I now was that God had made me so sorry by preventing my getting on board last Friday.

Found all well at home. The Rev. W. Haweis Cooper, Congregational Minister of Zion Church, King's Inn street, had called on Mrs. McClure the Saturday before to know if I were returned, and on ascertaining how matters stood, most kindly had my pulpit supplied by two efficient ministers. Thus had God wrought for me by preventing me, wrought in me to break my will into his, wrought by me to save the souls of men, and wrought upon the heart of this honoured minister in Dublin to supply my lack of service.

My dear partner partook most cordially with me in recognizing the good hand of God in all this, and we spent that evening, like many others, in deep communion

with our Heavenly Father, 'who compasseth my path and my lying down, and is acquainted with all my ways' who maketh me to know 'Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known. Thou leddest thy people like a flock, by the hand of Moses and Aaron.'

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The partner of my joys excelled me far in an endurance of privations, and by her sweet spirit and great meekness shamed me out of my frettings into a more befitting spirit. For, sometimes we were made to subsist on scanty fare for days together, and even that fare far from palatable; and on more than one occasion, I was hungry because I could get nothing to eat. Sympathizing reader, don't blameme by saying:—'Why did you not go to the friends who had abundance, tell them your wants; they would gladly have supplied you?' My answer is this: when they to whom I faithfully ministered with my whole time and energy, could accept my service, and neglect to see after the providing for me and mine the *necessaries* of life; we found the endurance of scant, unpalatable fare, and even occasional hunger, *far more* endurable than the degradation of asking *their* alms. So feel I yet, so felt my wife, so ever may I feel; for when we give up manly endurance and enduring faith in the boundless resources of God's good providence, we lose at once, self-respect and the refreshing proofs, never failing us, of his special care, on whose palms we are engraved and 'who cannot forget thee.'

The cogitations of my spirit under such trials were not always wise, for they too often savoured of an inclination to *guide* God's providence; at other times they were childish. I wished for even an occasional interview with the baker who made the two cakes for Elijah in the wilderness of Beersheba, while he was sleeping under the juniper tree; for surely, though he might not bake for me, he would give me the receipt. Was the cake

made of rye, or barley, or maize, or wheat flour? Was it mixed with water, or butter, or milk, or honey? Then how was it cooked?—for the best material is often spoiled by the cook. Was it baked on fork, or stone, or gridiron, or griddle? Vain questionings, angels keep heaven's secrets as well as heaven's laws; while *men*, whom God has baked cakes for, placed them in their hands, and called them to take the angel's post on behalf of his toil-worn, hungry prophets, allow those cakes to mould in their cellars and barns, neglect the work of angels, and leave the poor prophets to get over the wilderness as best they can. Well, be it so, continue to give more care to, and take a deeper interest in, your cows and sheep and horses and hogs, than in the man of God, we are content, not with our conduct, but with the *final issues*; we would not change our character or our post with you: the end is at hand, hallelujah.

It was very expensive living in Dublin, high rents and high markets. My work was, of necessity, among the blessed poor, who have little to give even when disposed, but ample room to receive. The *most blessed work of giving* fell to my hands, and none ever enjoyed it more than my partner and myself while our material held out. Then came the testing time, and, like cut and gnawed sixpences, we were often well tried. The tooth marks are on us yet—alas! no, they are *only on me, now*.

On my return from Cornwall our funds were quite low, so we adopted at once the close allowance system, by which we wore on until my quarterly remittance arrived; but our absolute necessities were now so many, owing to exhausted wardrobes, that funds were soon low, and then failed altogether; borrow I must, or else fast. My partner's health had suffered already. My bashfulness, one morning, was turned into brazen boldness, and with compressed lips and hands, I left home to borrow a little cash. I arrived at a friend's house, and he was both kind and generous; but, he did not ask me about my circumstances, and my brass was only soft clay when

tried. So I returned, miserable in mind and pennyless in pocket—dreading more my H.'s sufferings than my own. On reaching home, while going up the stairs in 17 Aungier street, I heard a well-known voice in my room, talking cheerfully and laughing heartily. I paused to wipe away the tear which was on my cheek, and to assume as much cheerfulness as possible. On my entering I was most cordially greeted by the Rev. T. Robinson, from Truro, on his way to the English Conference, who found the packet from Falmouth to Dublin and then to Liverpool was his cheapest and most comfortable way to go. After some pleasant conversation, he brought me kind compliments from Falmouth friends; then drawing out his pocket-book he handed me five sovereigns, which the ladies of the Baptist Church sent me as a token of their gratitude for my services to their church, also three more from the temperance committee as an expression of their obligations; both parties begging an early and more lengthened visit to Falmouth.

This providential, timely relief carried us comfortably on to the end of the quarter, when the Conference remittance was due. But it was delayed one, two, three weeks beyond time. What was to be done? O that trying crisis can never leave my sacred memory. Breakfast over, we had neither food nor money; each supported to the utmost our agony within. We knelt together and told our wants to God, hoping for relief, yet fearing. I watched for the postman, saw him *pass* as usual, no remittance to-day; I saw my Hannah weeping and hiding her grief from me. Next moment a step was on the stair, a knock at the door, and Robert Grant White, Esq., ex-sheriff of the city, entered; he was an active, useful man, devoting all his influence to bless and save men. This gentleman was a member of Dr. Urwick's Church (Congregational). After arranging with me to assist him at a public meeting, he was silent and for a moment, seemingly embarrassed. "Mr. McClure," said he, "you must excuse me if you please," when I tell you my sleep has been spoiled for two night's

about you. On my telling Mrs. White about it at breakfast this morning, she said I must call on you and try to get my sleep back again. I saw you distressed and pale, you seemed in want ; my dear brother you must not be so, you *shall not* be so. God has given me abundance, and some to spare, and none under heaven are more welcome to my means than Mrs. McClure and yourself. I know, he continued, at best your income is small, and remittances in cases like yours, are, in spite of treasurer's best wishes, sometimes delayed. Now, sir, do oblige Mrs. White and myself by accepting this at least, (placing a ten pound bank note on the table,) and do, good sir, always gratify me by just signifying at any time your wishes, it will so increase my happiness. Now, good morning, my sleep is already restored."

When he was gone I sat down in silence. Mrs. McClure came to me, sat down on my knee, put her arms round me, rested her head on my shoulder, and said in tones so deeply impressive that I can hear them still ; "Who told Mr. White *all about this matter* William? Does God so care for us William? Shall we ever fear to trust him again?" We wept our silent gratitude to God.





## CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO BANGOR—LISBURN—TOUR IN SCOTLAND  
—APPOINTMENT TO LURGAN—DOWNPATRICK—  
BELFAST.

**A**T the Conference of 1840, Mr. McClure was re-appointed to the Bangor Circuit. To him this would no doubt be a welcome change. For whilst important ends were answered by his residence in Dublin, both for himself, for the church, and for the public at large, his position there was very fully one of denominational isolation, and his strong social instincts must have often yearned during those three years for the warm fellowship of his brethren in the North. The following entry is taken from one of the common place books of this period.

“I returned to the Bangor Circuit May 13, 1840, and took up my abode in a house of Captain McKee, on the Quay.”

His temperance zeal accompanied him to the North, which the following record establishes.

## MEETINGS FOR SUNDRY PURPOSES.

1840.

- June 22nd. Temperance meeting, Mr. Maxwell's meeting house, N. T. Ards.  
 " 26th. Temperance meeting, Mr. Kennedy's, Grooms Port.  
 " 26th. A lecture on Slavery in Castle st.  
 " 30th. Attended to form a temperance committee in Castle st., for Bangor.  
 July 3rd. Temperance meeting in Castle st.  
 " 6th. Bangor quarterly leaders' meeting.  
 " 10th. Meeting of the missionary collectors.  
 " 14th. Tea party at opening of temperance reading room.  
 " 15th. Meeting of temperance reading committee in reading room.  
 " 17th. Temperance meeting in Castle street school-room.  
 " 18th. Temperance committee in reading room.  
 " 23rd. Temperance meeting in Mr. Kennedy's Grooms Port.  
 " 27th. Temperance society committee meeting in Castle st.

Page after page of the note book now under the editor's eye is filled much after the manner of the above. A number of manuscript fragments are also at hand, indicating in fuller detail the extent to which this good work was prosecuted under the leadership or by the co-operation of this true friend of his race. Here are one or two samples—

Donaghadee Total Abstinence Society formed Aug. 7, 1840.  
 Contains 211 females.  
 " 252 males.

—  
 Total 463

March 10, 1841.

\* \* \* \*

BANGOR

Temperance coffee and reading rooms.

Where are regularly on the table for the information and instruction of subscribers—

- The *Northern Whig*.
- " *Belfast Chronicle*.
- " *Dublin Evening Mail*.
- " *Liverpool Chronicle*.
- " *Dublin Temperance Herald*.
- " *Ulster Missionary*.
- " *London Anti-slavery Advocate*.
- " *Chambers' Journal*.
- " *London Penny Magazine*.
- " *Irish Penny Journal*.
- " *Tait's Magazine*.

The attention and support of the inhabitants of Bangor and its vicinity are earnestly solicited to these rooms, where for five shillings annually, or paid quarterly in advance, or for one penny per visit, the mechanic, farmer, shop-keeper are supplied with the news of the day and much valuable literary information.

Should the committee meet with encouragement, they are desirous of increasing the number of their papers and periodicals.

As indicating the spirit which in the good providence of God had seized upon the population of Ireland at this particular period, chiefly through the exertions of that emi-

ment patriot and philanthropist, the Rev. Theobald Matthew, the following extracts from a letter addressed to Mr. McClure, by a correspondent who signs himself John A. Harris, and who is spoken of elsewhere as Captain Harris, will be read with interest.

“WATERFORD, March 17th, 1840.

“Rev. W. McClure :—

“DEAR SIR,—With pleasure I take my pen in hand to let you know the state of Waterford this day, for I think that Ireland never saw such a St. Patrick’s day since the death of that Saint. This may be properly called *St. Matthew’s Day*. I have been travelling through and through Waterford this day and have not as much as met one individual in any way affected by liquor, and there are thousands in the streets, for it is like a fair day. \* \* \* I looked in at all the public houses, but in most of them there was not a person to be seen but the landlady leaning over the counter, and sorrow pictured in her countenance, mourning the loss of departed friends.—Every public-house sells bread, some of them meat, and some other things, all denoting the badness of their trade. I was standing the other day in a grocer’s shop ; two respectable persons were passing at the time, one says to the other ‘Look at those chaps,’ and both turned back. I also went to see what they had to look at, and what was it but two men indulging in a glass of whiskey each—what a wonder ! It is a good sign when you see the landlady making a laundry of her tap-room as early as seven o’clock in the evening.”

Surely, the “former times” in this one particular *were* “better than these.”

Reference has been made to Mr. McClure’s methodical habits as a student. It is time, perhaps, something more was said of his love of order, and his observance of it in every department of his life and labours. The proofs of this have come to be almost oppressive to the editor as memoranda of every conceivable description have at vari-

ous stages of his present task, accumulated on his hands. Here are items of personal and household expenditure, extending over several decades of years. Here are financial trusts accepted from confiding hands, whose fulfilment he has detailed for his own and his patrons' (?) satisfaction—one of those ingenious modes by which friendship is sometimes exalted into a dutiable commodity. Here are formidable columns of dates, and texts, which indicate the time at which each respective subject was used at the place specified at the head of the column. Here are "plans" indicating the amount of visiting rendered to Sunday Schools. Here are "letter books," with packed entries of letters received and letters despatched. Here are "excerpts" from newspapers,—or notes of lectures attended—or, choice selections from his readings. One memorandum book, bearing upon the particular period of Mr. McClure's life to which the present chapter introduces us, is labelled,

"BANGOR,  
"Visitation of the Sick,  
"1840."

We venture a quotation from its contents :—

"May 18th.—Mina Baird, dropsy, ten years ailing, peaceful.

"May 20th.—Do. She is and has been rejoicing in God.

"May 23rd.—Mrs. R——, P. Hill, a sailor's wife, inflammation of lungs, in very great agony of body and mind. Died on the 26th.—*Where is she?*

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*

“June 16th.—Visited James Douglas, fever very high, mind anxious.

“June 17th.—Do do Did not speak.  
\* \* \*

“June 24th.—James Douglas, recovering, improved in mind.  
\* \* \* \*

“November 5th.—William Neill, Suter Row, cholera, v. i., awakened and penitent.”

Whilst the records of this period furnish abundant proof of the unwearied attention given by Mr. McClure to those varied departments of labour with which he was now so familiar, his diaries furnish less material than usual for the public eye. Passing over notes of routine duty which would fail to attract general interest, we must content ourselves with the following :—

1841.—April 12th.—Temperance procession, two hundred present wearing medals and white ribbons, banners, one anchor, two cornucopias, three big loaves. Temperance meeting in Mr. Graham’s field, with band. Soiree in the Market House ; two hundred and fifty present, at which we introduced our seventeen-gallon tea-pot.

May 17th.—Conference met at Belfast, upper vestry room in the chapel. Rev. T. Scattergood, of Leeds, and J. Blackwell, Esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the deputation from England. The former was President of our Conference.

18th.—Thomas Ogden and Henry Harrison were received into full connexion. They were publicly ordained by laying on of hands, and each presented with a pocket-Bible by the President of the Conference. I opened the proceedings by singing and prayer ; the President asked the questions, Mr. Cook gave the charge.

19th.—Spoke at the Conference soiree held in the chapel.

In the year 1842 was commenced the *Christian Monitor*, a small monthly, designed to be a medium of inter-communication, amongst the circuits and ministers of the Irish Connexion. It was not a long-lived effort, but had a sustained interest throughout. The pages of this unpretending serial were enriched from time to time with valuable and valued contributions from the pen of Mr. McClure. Here is one,—selected for its brevity.

“JOHN——, the first travelling preacher our society had in Ireland, as he was going round his then very extensive circuit, called to see a friend, distinguished for his sincere piety to God, and love for the souls of his fellow-men. He had for some time been very useful in his own neighbourhood, by visiting the sick, holding meetings for prayer, and noticing the people to attend when they were favoured with a visit from the preacher—he was, however, a *poor man*, depending on his daily labour for his daily bread; the winter had been severe, the prices of food high, and much of the food of bad quality, consequently disease soon began to prevail among the poor, and fever was doing frightful work. This poor man's family did not escape. At length he was stricken down himself. The only means of support being thus withdrawn from the family, and the friendly neighbours, from dread of infection obliged to avoid the house, distresses became multiplied. Such was the situation when John—— paid him his last visit. On his entering the kitchen, and inquiring from a little girl just raised from fever, he found her father was very ill, his thirst almost insatiable, her mother was out for some time looking for milk, the only drink her father could relish; the deep moanings of the sick man soon told the visitor where he lay, and the first sight of his altered features soon said what poverty and sore affliction had done. The sick man's eye soon recognized in John —— a much loved friend. The salutation was solemn—‘Welcome, welcome,’ said the sufferer, “good is the will of the Lord.’ A momentary survey of the apartment where the good man lay, forced from the eyes of the minister of Christ a flood of tears. His friend lay in the corner of the room on the cold earthen floor, his only bed was straw, his covering very scanty.

The other suffering members of the family occupied the more comfortable couches, from which the affectionate father refused to have them removed. The visitor's heart was too deeply affected to allow him for some moments to speak. "John," said the dying man, "it hastens to a close, I shall soon go to my home above, I shall soon be with the Lord. Sit down and let us speak of Him whom my soul loveth, for you and I must soon part on earth forever." They then entered into a solemn searching conversation, during which the wife entered, and ministered a momentary relief to his burning thirst. John then knelt down by his side, while they poured out their souls before God in mutual prayer and praise. Angels might have coveted their power with God, and their overflowings of divine consolation. When prayer ceased, he requested to be raised a little, then clasping his hands together, and raising his languid eyes to heaven, he sung with remarkable force and distinctness.

"Jesus the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given,  
It scatters all their guilty fear,  
It turns their hell to heaven."

"Having repeated the last two lines, he laid back his head on the bosom of his sobbing wife, his eyes closed gently, and apparently in an instant, his happy spirit had joined the hovering band of wondering angels, for the body had ceased to breathe. Since first I heard my father relate this story, the words of Jesus were not considered vain, and many a time since have I seen striking proofs of the Redeemer's truth and wisdom, when looking tenderly on his disciples, he said unto them, 'blessed be ye poor.'

The following resolution may be found in the printed Minutes of the English Conference for the year 1842.

"That this Conference fully recognizes the obligations of the Christian Church to take advantage of every providential opening for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and having received invitations to send missionaries to New Zealand and South Australia, the Conference directs the missionary committee to keep these stations in view, and to

take the requisite steps for sending the first missionary to South Australia, whenever the arrangement can be effected without involving the Connexion in additional responsibilities; and the Conference earnestly recommends the raising of a special fund as [absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of these important objects."

An examination of Mr. McClure's correspondence for the year, brings to light the interesting fact that negotiations were opened between himself and the English Committee, looking towards his appointment to this new and promising field. The first intimation we have of this is found in a letter addressed to him by the Rev. G. Goodall, who was at that time Superintendent of the Irish Mission; we quote from it :—

" BELFAST, March 26th, 1842.

" MY BELOVED BROTHER,—I have written to the English committee on the subject of your note, and furnished a copy of the note. I was not surprised, yet greatly pleased with your communication. I do rejoice on account of the grace of God which is manifested in you. All we have and are should be consecrated to God and His blessed cause. \* \* \*

" My own conviction is that you possess many of those qualifications which would be requisite in a person going on the contemplated mission. And much as I should regret your removal from Ireland and the loss which Ireland would sustain by such removal, yet I should rejoice if the will of God be so in witnessing your designation to this great work.  
\* \* \*

" Yours affectionately,

" G. GOODALL."

The Rev. W. Cooke, who was now Missionary Secretary, also writes under date July 28th, 1842, to Mr. McClure, who had meanwhile been transferred to the Lisburn Circuit :—

“ \* \* \* I have received a communication from you to the effect that you offer yourself for the Australian mission. As the friends in Australia are already raising the sum of twenty-five shillings per week towards the partial support of a person who is partially employed in attending to the spiritual interests of the infant church, the committee here propose to make the following allowances : for the first year £50, for the second £30, for the third £15 ; and then it is expected from the representations of the friends in Australia that they will be able to support their own minister without further dependence upon help from England.

“ Will you please inform me whether this arrangement will be quite agreeable to you, and whether you will be willing to undertake the cause on these conditions. The passage fare is £120 for man and wife. \* \* \* I suppose about £20 would be allowed for outfit. \* \* \*

“ The committee make no pledge as to return to this country. But I think it is likely they would consent to the following—that their agent should be at liberty at the end of ten or twelve years’ faithful service to solicit a return, the decision still resting with the committee.” \* \* \*

It is a matter of regret to all friends of the Connexion that the project of initiating missionary operations in this important dependency of Great Britain failed to take effect at this time. Not until twenty valuable years of opportunity had passed away, did the foot of a Methodist New Connexion missionary for the first time touch Australian soil, and then of course under circumstances of disadvantage for which no amount of zeal or expenditure of toil could fully compensate.

Additional to the routine duty of this year, its records inform us of lectures delivered, sometimes on subjects of natural science, sometimes in treatment of moral questions. The Irish Conference of 1843 met in Belfast. The Rev. W. Ford was the deputation from England, and

was also President of the Conference. Mr. McClure was appointed on the Stationing and Annual Committees, and was continued in Lisburn. The year succeeding furnishes no records other than those of ordinary circuit labour.

In the printed minutes of the Irish Conference of 1844 may be found the following resolutions—

“That the determination of last Conference respecting a general application to the Christian public of Great Britain and Ireland and elsewhere, for the liquidation of chapel debts be immediately carried into effect under the direction of the Annual committee.

“That the Revs. W. McClure and J. Argue be requested to undertake this general application on behalf of the chapels as soon as possible after the English Conference.”

In the list of “stations” for this year Mr. McClure’s name accordingly appears as “at the disposal of the superintendent and Annual Committee.” The Rev. W. Baggaly had at this Conference taken the superintendence of the Mission.

Before entering on the duties to which he was thus designated, Mr. McClure was requested to visit the city of Limerick, to examine and report respecting the prospects of the mission which had been enterprized by the Connexion in that centre of Popish darkness and superstition. Here his spirit was exercised much as was that of the Apostle Paul while at Athens, for truly in the one case almost as literally as in the other, “the city was wholly given to idolatry.” An entry in his journal bearing date May 5th, 1844, states :—

\* \* \* Thus was spent my first day in Limerick. My mind in a distracted uncomfortable state, and my heart cheerless and heavy. The horrid aspect of Popery makes me feel as if I was in another world. Basket women calling in the streets, boys playing ball, fiddlers playing, &c., &c., on the Lord's day! And the fact that no notice is taken, no surprise expressed even by Protestants, speaks the commonness of such a state of things; also the hardening, blinding nature of sin. Lord save me or I perish. O give me and keep in me a good, a tender conscience.

Mr. McClure reported unfavourably of the state of the mission there, and the operations of the Society appear to have been discontinued accordingly.

In July, Mr. McClure, associated with his friend Mr. Argue, entered on the undertaking which the previous Conference had assigned to them, choosing Scotland as the first field of their operations. The soundness of the cause they represented, with the value of its claims, were authenticated and endorsed by recommendations from such distinguished names as those of Dr. Edgar and Prof. Wilson, of Belfast, Dr. Burns, Paisley, Dr. Candlish and Rev. W. L. Alexander, A.M., Edinburgh, and others. Perhaps no more graphic summary of the journeyings of the deputation and the varied successes they met with can be furnished than in selections from Mr. McClure's correspondence at the time.

“PORTPATRICK, July 22, 1844.

“MY DEAR H.,—The packet started from Donaghadee at half past ten a.m., and tripped gaily before a fair wind over the boiling, bouncing, rushing waters. I took my seat at the companion, with my face to the fresh breeze, and kept as

much as possible a fixed position, not even turning my head aside. I conversed and sung to Mr. Argue by turns, and had the happiness to escape every symptom of sea sickness. \*

\* \* It was a very bright, lovely day, and at one o'clock I stepped ashore on the quay of Portpatrick. \* \* \* After being met and welcomed by Mr. Limeburn, a teetotaller, we ordered dinner for three o'clock, and walked to see the ruins of an old castle to the north of the town, about a quarter mile distant, called Dunskie. We were told it belonged to the seventh century, its origin not well known. I am a poor judge of antiquities, but I think it is not so old. It is built on a Craig, art aiding nature in rendering it secure on the sea side—a wet ditch crossed by a narrow causeway on the land side. The arch or gate had on either side arched dungeons; indeed all the under story is dark vaults, the upper stories of which having been the residence of the owners. There are fire-places, small square windows, one or two larger ones have been strongly barred both up and across. The building is very strongly built with granite, thickly bedded in grout made with clean gravel and sea shells with lime, it may yet stand for ages; how many wretched victims have groaned in these dungeons, and how many deeds of blood have been planned within these walls, who can tell? \* \* \* Went round the new church built in 1842. It is a very fine building, with a square tower, on one corner of which is a round watch tower, and around the battlements are projected great guns—two in each square, made of freestone.” \* \* \*

GLASGOW, July 24th.

\* \* We left Portpatrick yesterday at three o'clock, and were set down at Rev. John McGregor's door, at Stranraer, distance eight miles. \* \* \* At eight o'clock we held a Teetotal Meeting in Mr. McGregor's church; it was well attended. \* \* \* We were up at five o'clock and skimming along the glassy surface of Loch Ryan, in the *Lady Brisbane* steamer, on our way to Ayr—sixty miles.—

\* \* \* Every now and again we stopped to take in fish for market from the fishermen who had them ready packed in grass. We also took in passengers from the towns of Cairn Ryan, Ballantrae, and Girvan. Our vessel kept close to the shore all the way. The greater part of it is flat and well cultivated down to the water's edge. There are few bold headlands, and few gentlemen's seats. We got into

Ayr at a quarter to ten, and put up at the Temperance Hotel, which is comfortable, and within one door of the *brig* of Ayr. By-the-bye, they have niches in two of the piers on both sides of which are statues of the devil. Who the sculptor was to whom "Auld Nick" either sat or sent his portrait, I have not learned. \* \* \* Took the train to Glasgow, distance forty miles. On our way we passed near or through Troon, Irvine, Kilmarnock—to which a branch railway leads, Dalry, Beith, Paisley. We got in at four o'clock, went direct to a Temperance Hotel, where we got tea. We then walked out to look for a room to take by the week, and fixed on this one—193 Argyle street. We have a neatly furnished front room on the first floor, with a recess in the back part of it with folding doors, where a very neat bed, etc., is. Our rent for room, attendance, cooking, etc.,—for we provide our own board—is ten shillings per week.

Mr. Argue who is skilled in this work gave me sufficient reason for this plan of living. We can go in and out when we like, rise and lie down when we like, and if we had —— with us we would be unco happy.

GLASGOW, August 2nd.

\* \* \* Have been very ill, quite laid up for two days, and in great agony all the time, but am now quite well again, and have been for two days past working hard, and, as yet we have not got more than about £15. Mr. Argue nursed me very affectionately. I heard Dr. Wardlaw last Sunday from 'whom he will he hardeneth.' \* \* \* On Monday we went to Paisley, called on several ministers to get their aid; then to Greenock, but being late we passed on three miles to Gourrock, a watering place facing the entrance to Loch Long where Mr. B—— has a fine summer residence. We met Mr. B—— here and family; she was most kind. Next day we visited Greenock, but the day was so wet we got drenched, and all we called on were from home, we went back to Gourrock and stopped all night. Next day came on here by rail and have been busy ever since.

GLASGOW, August 5th.

Preached yesterday evening to a small congregation in Mr. Anderson's Church. \* \* \* We meet with no unkindness, and with much friendship in our daily rounds. The extent and

wealth of this city is extraordinary, it appears to me boundless. To-morrow there is to be held beside the town of Ayr, at Burns' cottage, a festival in honour of the poet. Three or four of his sons are to be present on the occasion. On Thursday we are to have a great cattle show in Glasgow-green; so that the greatest possible bustle prevails in town. It is not favourable to our objects, but we must have patience. \* \* \*

Now my dear — farewell. Be often at the fountain of peace, and draw a cup now and then for your own W—

EDINBURGH, Aug. 17, 1844.

My dearest H—,

I got in safety to this city at 9¼ o'clock this morning, \* \* \* It was a perfect torrent of rain, so we can do nothing to-day in *our way*. We send off an order for £25 to Mr. Baggaly as a kind of first fruits. \* \* \* On some occasions I have a most intolerable longing for home; a moment or two of reflection and prayer pushes the load from my heart for a time.

Aug. 20.

\* \* \* On Saturday evening I went to the Calton Hill, and up 172 steps to the top of Nelson's Monument; the prospect is very fine. After this we went in search of lodgings, and took this room for a week in which I now sit. \* \* \* We have a fine green before and behind the house, and are just under the Salisbury crags: \* \* \* Took a walk up to see the Salisbury crags, from the top of which there is a splendid view of the country. It is upwards of 500 feet above the level of the sea. We then took a higher flight up to Arthur's Seat, from which we had the grandest view I ever beheld. Edinburgh, Leith, Portobello, Musselburgh, &c., with the whole Frith of Forth, as far up as Stirling, and far beyond the celebrated Bass Rock, lay around our feet. The atmosphere was clear and beautiful. When my eye took in Prestonpans and the Pentland Hills in the distance, then Holyrood, the castle, &c., just below me,—the day of blood and battle, and intrigue and assassinations and public executions crowded on my fancy, forcing from me a sigh of sorrow for the self-inflicted miseries of men. We descended by a safe and easy pathway by St. Anthony's chapel, hermitage and well, of the clear water of which we each drank, from the tins of boys who are anxious to "let you have to say just that ye drunk out o' Anthony's well, sir." We then passed by the celebrated

Mushel's Cairn, the scene of a barbarous murder, in 1720. We next passed by the back of the palace to see the chapel so spoken of, then through the palace yard up Cannon Gate, Netherbow, High Street, &c. \* \* \* Saw Dr. Candlish and Rev. Mr. Gray, both distinguished men in Scotland's church reform, sat with both for some time. They were very friendly. \* \* \* I forgot to say that on Sunday morning we heard Dr. Candlish preach from the words, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." In the afternoon we heard a strange bungler preach in a large church beside the University, from the words in Zechariah, "Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." Dr. Candlish occupies a temporary church in a place below the castle on the south side, called the Bason. It is built of wood, the walls and ceiling painted a nice oak colour. \* \* \* As we passed through Grass Market to-day, we had pointed out to us the dreadful looking, low, gloomy wynd, into which Burke and Hare inveigled their hapless victims. \* \* \* I fear we shall have little success here, so many are from home at watering-places, and so many claims are before the public. We shall do our best.

Aug. 23.

\* \* \* I was in the University Library to-day, also in the museum of the Surgeons' Hall. I did not think very much of them. The Trinity College library is better, and the Hunterian Museum in Glasgow is the best ever I have been in. In Edinburgh you are only admitted to part of the museum, which seems rather illiberal. \* \* \* I was dreaming of my father the other night, a thing I seldom do; but it is always painful for me to wake after dreaming of him, his looks and presence and conversation make me so very happy. He was very kind and pleased with me, and you were there, and oh, I could have liked to stay forever.

Aug. 27.

\* \* \* On Sunday I preached in Wesley chapel, Nicholson Street, at 11 a.m., the congregation thin. It belongs to the Association. In the afternoon at 2¼ o'clock we went to the Tolbooth Church, or what is better known by the name of the General Assembly Hall, a most magnificent building, quite new, finished only a few months before the disruption. It was not more than a tenth part full, and the greater part of those present were like myself, strangers, just going there

to glower. Of the sermon, to say nothing is best. In the evening, at 6½, I went to the Wesleyan Chapel, a fine building, cost £5,500. It has for a long time been much embarrassed, and but for being rented by other congregations, for which a high rent is paid, it would have been out of their hands. There is a very nice minister's house attached. The whole has a fine appearance, and is in Nicholson Square, very near the college. Duncan McFarland preached his farewell sermon. He preached in gown and bands. On Monday I visited the old Parliament House, Law Courts, Advocates Library, &c., all under the same roof. I saw the flag carried by James on Flodden Field, also the original solemn League and Covenant with all the signatures, also the original Confession of Faith with the signatures, James among the rest. While he was a hypocrite, it is said others signed it with their own blood, and the daggers with which they had pricked their arms. \* \* \* I visited the Registry office, a fine building, in which are kept all the public records of Scotland. The original treaty of union between England and Scotland, with all the signatures, was shown me, also the Act of Parliament confirming the union, which is beautifully emblazoned in scarlet and gold, with a highly finished portrait, or rather miniature, of Queen Anne, also a large full length figure of George III., in white marble—fully robed.

DUNDEE, Aug. 31.

\* \* \* We left Edinburgh at 10 o'clock for Dundee. Four miles from Edinburgh we got to Granton Pier, where a ferry-boat was waiting for us. The sea was like a sheet of glass, here and there sprinkled over with thousands of sea-birds as white as snow. We had not a breath of wind. The Frith of Forth, where we crossed from Lothian to Fife, is wider a little than from Bangor to the Gabbons. A coach waited for us on the other side, which drove us through the richest country I ever looked on. Immense crops of wheat, barley, oats, beans, peas, turnips, clover, potatoes; every field a farm for size. Farms all large, houses comfortable, farm-yards and threshing machines on almost every farm. The whole soil as rich as a garden. Fine clumps of trees on the heights, and round the farm houses and gardens, the rich yellow tints of harvest gave the scene a most enchanting appearance. \* \* \* We passed through and beside several towns, with their red tile roofs, one of them called the "Lang-

town' is the longest for its size I ever passed by or through. We made a short stop in Cupar the chief town of Fife—it is a neat but small place. When we got to the Frith of Tay, a ferryboat of a singular construction was waiting to carry us over to Dundee. Two boats are strongly bound together with a deck laid across both; the paddles are between them and none on the outside. Carts, or coaches, or cattle can at once be put on board, and off she goes steaming rapidly across. \* \* \* We intend going to Perth on Monday. \* \* \* The heat of the weather has a most exhausting influence on both Mr. A. and myself. We are sometimes hardly able to crawl along through the streets. \* \* \* They have the finest fruit here I have seen for a long time—it is brought from the Carse of Gowrie and France, and is very cheap.

LEEDS, September 11th.

\* \* \* We left Edinburgh on Friday morning at seven A. M. Morning fine, though a little foggy. We passed Buccleuch Palace, the Laird of Cockpen's, and castles old and ugly, through Abbotsford, saw Scott's Hall and grave, and some of the finest old abbeys, for beauty and extent, I ever looked on. We crossed the border over the very spot where the celebrated battle of Chevy Chase was fought, passed over the top of the Cheviot Hills, through flocks of partridge, grouse, black-cock, and immense droves of sheep. When here we got enveloped in the clouds, and from there into Newcastle we were in a heavy Scotch mist—could not see a hundred yards sometimes before us. In this plight, wet and cold, we entered among the lamps of Newcastle at eight in the evening. We took our baggage to Wilkie's Temperance Hotel, got a comfortable tea and set off to find Mr. Cooke, which we soon did. \* \* \* We stayed in Newcastle till Wednesday morning. I preached at Gateshead Chapel on the morning of Sunday and in Newcastle in the evening. \* \* \*

We came here to-day by York, and stopped to visit the Minster. I went round and through it filled with wonder and admiration. Visited the castle also, and walked under a very old gate of the city wall, and along more than a mile of the wall itself. This is the most singular city in England. \* \* \* I have been this evening to hear Dr. Raffles preach in the Association Chapel, and heard one of the finest and most moving discourses I ever listened to in my life. \* \* \*

BRIGHOUSE, Thursday, September —.

\* \* \* I have been so tossed about and placed in such inconvenient lodgings that I could not find any means of getting you a line or two until now. \* \* \* On Friday last I slept in Leeds Temperance Hotel, on Saturday night in Red Cross street, Liverpool; on Sunday, five miles beyond Chester; on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, in Brighouse, whence I write, in Mr. Livingstone's, who treats me with very great kindness. \* \* \* Yesterday morning I walked over to Halifax—four miles. \* \* \* I hope to be at liberty to return in a few days now, for the people in England will give us no money.

This hope appears to have been realized, and with great joy Mr. McClure set his face homeward. Of Scotland and her people, from the opportunities which this tour afforded him of intercourse with some of her most distinguished ministers and leading Christian minds, Mr. McClure cherished a remembrance at once tender and respectful. Whilst,—unpropitious a presence as that of a collecting agent is generally esteemed to be, and little calculated as an introduction under such circumstances frequently proves to commend a stranger to Christian sympathy and esteem, it is but fair to say, that, with a generous appreciation of Mr. McClure's unobtrusive excellence, some of Scotia's worthiest sons accorded him the confidence and regard of a friendship which was interrupted only by death, and which, in some instances, has doubtless been renewed ere this in the fellowship of the general assembly and church of the firstborn in heaven.

Mr. McClure's mode of presenting in public meetings the claims of the cause he came to advocate, is, perhaps, fairly illustrated in the subjoined fragment:—

THE MORAL AND SPIRITUAL STATE OF IRELAND, AS  
STATED BY ME IN PAISLEY, 11TH AUGUST, 1844.

There are two ingredients in the cup of Ireland, which are happily but little known in Scotland: first, deep poverty; second, ignorance of the Word of God. And a people in such circumstances, must be low, if the law of God is the standard; hence a stranger in that country is struck with the prevalence of profane swearing and Sabbath desecration; and in common conversation with the frequent and irrelevant use of the name of the Most High, also the strange admixture of things sacred and trifling or simple.

The very rapid spread of total abstinence principles and practices, embracing, in a very short space of time, nearly six millions of souls, has had, and promises still to exercise, a powerful influence for good; but while the people possess not the word of the Lord, we must rejoice with trembling, and do our utmost to cast as much of this precious leaven into the meal as we possibly can, watching dilligently every opportunity of doing so.

We must not, however, overlook or despise the good effects of this movement, as we see them exhibited at the present time, viz. :—

1st The alteration in the nature of crime, and the diminution in the amount of crime :

2nd. The increasing industry and comfort of many of the people and their growing desire for improvement :

3rd. The thirst for reading which is most evidently increasing, and their reading-rooms are both numerous and well attended :

4th. And last, not least, the growing desire for the word of life, the existence of which is for some time past exhibited in the City of Cork, where, with the sanction of the Romish Clergy of that place, a cheap edition of the Douay Bible has been printed and widely circulated, also a copy of the same book in the Irish tongue.

Thanks to the ceaseless efforts of the Bible Society, which has provoked to good works, these great changes are felt by the devoted missionaries, in first, their personal safety; second, in an increasing readiness of the people to converse on religion.

The partial widening of this field is not to be overlooked. Presbyterian, and Independent, and Methodist, and Baptist,

and Episcopal energies are increasingly exerted to plant the torch of the glorious gospel, round which the people must ultimately gather. The community to which I am united have cast in their best energies, and in an emergency they have sent me over to this happy land, where the word of life has free course ; nor has, nor I trust shall, our application to your generous hearts be without a kind and substantial response.

Missionaries are in number, sixteen ; their fields of labour will be found in the Counties of Antrim, Down, Armagh, Monaghan, Cavan, Donegal, Dublin, Wicklow, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Galway and the Isles of Arrian, entirely depending on the willing support of their own members, and the generosity of the Christian public. May *He* whose is the silver and gold, dispose to give, and bless the donor.

On his return to Ireland an opening appears to have offered itself for Mr. McClure's services on the Lurgan station. He arrived there on the 14th of October, 1844, continuing to supply the circuit until the April following. His name appears on the minutes in the Irish Conference for 1845, as representing Lurgan. Thence he was transferred to Downpatrick, reaching that place, he tells us, on May 1st, by way of Newtonards, Comber and Killough. Brief notes of preachings in Slidderyford, Castlewellan, Ballywarren, Crossgar, &c., occur in the records of this year. The monotony of these routine entries is occasionally broken thus :—

May, 1845, Downpatrick. Notes by the way.

On the 6th going from Slidderyford to Castlewellan, by Maghera, I passed a Druid's altar a few paces off the road side leading from Dundrum to New Castle, it is a very long stone poised on the ends of three other stones, and is in good preservation. In the field near where it stands is a cave of considerable size. I had not time to go and

see it, not having heard of it until just passing the place, it is a natural cave. A little on in the old lane which leads to Maghera, and about one hundred paces from the altar, stands a very large stone, fully ten feet in length above the ground and about six or eight feet in circumference, it is likely the only one left of a circle of such stones enclosing the altar, should I go back to this place I shall take more pains to find out what I can.

Same evening I climbed to the top of Bunker's Hill, close on Castlewellan, from which I had a fine view of mountains, hills, and the deep blue sea at the base of Slieve Donard, encircling the Isle of Mona, and terminating where the bright sky dips its soft bosom in the cooling waters. I saw remains on this hill of former buildings of considerable size, but could gain no information about it. The trees on the south-west side of this hill were all burned down some years ago, and have not been replaced. I then went round the large lake, part of which is in Lord Ansley's grounds, it is a fine sheet (natural) of water, abounding in trout, I saw a few swans but wild fowl I saw none.

9th. Hannah and self visited the far-famed Streul wells, except the buildings round the wells, (or rather the three buildings over different parts of the same stream, for the water springs a considerable distance from Streul). All vestiges of former superstition fast vanish away. The little green round the wells is now a potato garden; well inclosed by a stone fence. The scraggy hills around have also (nearly) been converted into fruitful fields, and even Patrick's chair, neglected and mutilated, attracts no attention. Oh if I could say that truth now holds the place where error once was rampant! but alas, no, Popery is still as popular as ever, and Unitarianism now binds with her iron girdle many families in this neighbourhood, whose fathers at least professed to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Nor do those who call themselves sound in the faith, give to unbelievers much proof of holiness of heart.

15th. H. and I visited the Cathedral of Down, now undergoing a thorough repair inside and out, we peeped at Patrick's grave, it is only known now from common graves by the hollow caused by the continued practice of carrying away the mould by the poor superstitious visitors, who attribute virtues to the clay. The old stone cross which so long stood at this grave is no longer there; when I enquired of the sexton, he said, "Some blackguards had some time ago carried it away from the grave and broke it into pieces." We now passed down by the back of the County Jail to the Danish Fort and Mound, which stands in those low meadows, it is a very large and perfect one. You first climb up a steep high bank, which was once encircled by a ditch with water, the greater part remains. When you gain the top, you have again to cross another deep ditch encircling the whole centre, after which you stand on a level extensive and beautifully green platform, in the centre of which rises a good deal higher than the outer bank a circular mound, which on approaching you find encircled by another and third deep ditch, to cross which and ascend the mound you have to go to the west side, where a passage leads you to the top. On the west side of the mound there is a hollow of considerable size, but whether it is ancient or modern, or whether it was intended by the builders (original) to facilitate ascent, or was dug out by moderns to fill up the ditch below so as to admit freely the ascent of cattle, I cannot tell; the prospect from the top is very fine, and is no doubt very different from what it was when the top sod was first put on—and then society—how changed! and how rapidly changing!

July 28th. In company with Mr. James Moore, I breakfasted at eight o'clock in Mr. Law's, Saul street, where we met Mr. Kelly, who was educated for the church, but has joined the Plymouth Brethren. He is a very young man, most deeply absorbed in the peculiarities of his people, no doubt sincere, anxious to do good in his own way. He is to lecture or preach in Downpatrick, in the

Market House, and we have given him the use of our chapel.

July 30th. \* \* \* Went on nearly two miles more and penerated Tullymore Park, the seat of Lord Roden, as far as the Cascade, a smart half hour's walk from the entrance. The park is most beautiful and finely kept. It is very extensive, and a day could be spent going over it. Strangers are welcome. The gate-keeper has his livery turned up and down in orange. The lilies also are freely planted.

Sept. 5th. Lectured on the Physical History of Man in the room of the Mechanics' Institute.

24th. Left Castlewellan at ten a.m. in company with James Graham to climb to the top of Slieve Donard. We proceeded to New Castle, four miles; entered Lady Ansley's grounds, passed the house—Mourne Lodge—a very handsome building; up the river side by the Cascade, drank at the Spa, and then took to the mountain, keeping to the south side. We were nearly two hours gaining the top. All the way up the sides and on the top are great quantities of granite, lying about in loose blocks. These are not rounded by trituration but square, and of the same character as the rocks composing the mountain. There are three tents of sappers, &c., on the top. The wind was very high and cold; day unfavourable for seeing far off; height of the mountain 2,789 feet. Returned by the glen on the north side, passed the ice house, and got back to Castlewellan at half-past five o'clock very tired, having gone over more than twenty miles.

Oct. 24th. Got a hundred circulars with fly-leaf, for Downpatrick to announce for Mr. Baggaly on the coming Sunday.

Nov. 14th. In the evening H. and I went to the Wesleyan Missionary meeting in Scotch street. Rev. — Braithwaite, of Killyleagh, in the chair; deputation, Rev. — Mullen, of Donaghadee, and Rev. — Appleby, L.L.D., of Coleraine; also Rev. — Tackabury, of Belfast, Rev.

— Butler, of Down. Tackabury the best speaker, frank, off-hand, pleasant. \* \* \* I moved the third resolution. It was a profitable service. Their missions are very prosperous. The income last year more than £105,000.

During the years 1845-6, Mr. McClure's mind was anxiously and prayerfully exercised respecting the desirability of his removal from Ireland. A period of commercial distress was setting in. That awful visitation from God upon the country—the potato blight, had even now entered on its march of death and woe. Emigration was coming to be generally accepted as an unwelcome but inevitable alternative. The ministers of the gospel, those of them whose support was derived from the free-will offerings of their people, felt, in some instances, sorely, the prevailing financial depression, and were yet to feel it more. Other circumstances also conspired to add weight to the burden in Mr. McClure's particular case, and indeed for those immediately associated with him in labour. A few years previously, the Methodist New Connexion had opened a Mission in Canada, and were now pushing vigorously their operations in this new and inviting field. Loud calls were coming across the ocean for more men, and the means wherewith to support them. The Canadian Mission was popular, and was evidently to some extent supplanting in the sympathies of the denomination her less favoured sister of Erin. It was decided by the English Committee to contract the work in Ireland, a measure which we cannot but believe was slowly and reluctantly adopted. The embarrassing effects of this

policy in its bearings on the Missionaries themselves could not perhaps come before us more touchingly than in the accompanying extracts from a reply of Mr. McClure's to what appears to have been the Superintendent's official notification of this arrangement to the Missionaries.

DOWNPATRICK, July 21st, 1845.

REV. W. BAGGALY,

DEAR BROTHER,—I received yours of the 19th just in time last evening to put a bee in my bonnet while in the pulpit. \*  
\* \* It is really a painful position for you to be placed in, unless some of the brethren voluntarily offer to resign, a step which I do not at all feel disposed to take, for much as I regret my situation last year, and so far for this year also, owing to my restricted means of doing good, yet until the Providence of God opens for me a more effectual door, I dare not say I shall work no more in a field where His Providence placed me, because it is not as broad and fruitful as my heart could wish. This I am most perfectly confident of, that it was the hand of God that led me into my present situation in His Church, and out of it I dare not move until led by the same hand. \* \* \*

I shall be very anxious to know the termination of this matter. May all my brethren with you, my dear brother, be guided by God and comforted with the abiding assurance in your hearts that you please Him whose favour is better than life. Amen.

All the circumstances considered, it is matter of no surprise that Mr. McClure's enquiries should be directed at this particular time to other fields of Christian effort, to learn of the openings they presented, and how he might stand affected to them. The modification of its policy toward Ireland on the part of the English Committee however unavoidable, was to a man of Mr. McClure's delicate sensibilities, with his constitutional and morbid tendency

to self-depreciation, very trying, and the more so as, at this special juncture, his ministry appeared to be less favoured with those manifest marks of Divine accompaniment and blessing, which he had enjoyed in the past and without which life to him was wanting in all its elements of true honour and worth. A letter dated September, 1845, addressed to him by Mr. J. Murray, of Moira, indicates a wish on Mr. McClure's part to inform himself of the position, prospects, &c., of what we may perhaps designate without offence as the Ryersonian branch of the Canadian Methodism of those times. A relative of Mr. Murray, the Rev. M. Baxter, now superannuated and residing in Pelham, Ontario, had found a home with this people, and was reporting favourably of the land and church of his adoption. It will at this distance of time be a perfectly harmless quotation from Mr. Murray's letter, where in recommending this branch of the church to his friend McClure, he says:—"The preachers in this country attribute to them democratic principles, but how justly I cannot say;" also, "the usual labour of a preacher does not seem so great as in this country \* \* \* the people being principally a simple people requiring instruction, the mental labour will not be so wearing"—not a very flattering compliment certainly to the Canada of that day.

The following entries also occur in due course in Mr. McClure's diary:—

Nov. 20th, 1844. Received a long kind, interesting letter from Rev. Michael Baxter, in Lachute, Lower Can-

ada. It came *via* Boston in twenty-five days. May God direct my way to some way or place where I may be useful.

21st. Wrote to Mr. Murray, of Moira, enclosing Mr. Baxter's letter, for him to read and return. I also wrote a letter to Robert Dickey, seeking information from him as to the likelihood of my succeeding in his neighbourhood, in the support of myself and being useful in the vineyard of the Lord. \* \* \* I received two copies of the *Christian Guardian*, published in Toronto (dated September 24th and October 1st) under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada.

A copy of the letter to Mr. Dickey is extant. The following selections from it will be found interesting:—

DOWNPATRICK, Nov. 20, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—When you were leaving the home and the graves of your fathers for a better home, and I trust as peaceful a grave in the Western Continent, you said you would write me how you fared in the way in which your God would lead you. \* \* \* I have been long thinking of going out to America, and more particularly so of late years, several things lead me to take this step, \* \* \* chiefly a wish I have to preach the Gospel free of any charge to the people. \* \* \* My opinion and wish is to have a farm in your neighbourhood, by which I could support myself, my wife and two sisters, by our mutual industry and in such a locality as that my Sabbaths or other leisure time could be freely and fully devoted to the public service of God. \* \* \* May I also request of you to speak of my intentions to very few, and those few such as will not be likely to talk of it. What I do, I wish to do as quietly as possible that no harm be done to the people to whom I preach. \* \* \* You have no doubt heard of the sad state of the potato crop this year in Ireland, Scotland, England and the continent of Europe. It is truly lamentable. It is feared by many that the farmers will have no seed for next year. I saw some drills opened this week, and eight out of every ten were black and rotten.

The people can find no way to save them. They are making meal of them and starch, to save even a remnant from destruction. The best ground and best manured are the very worst with rot. What are the poor to do? Markets are very high.

After a record of some trying experiences in his work, our brother characteristically adds, under date

Dec. 14th, 1845. O Lord remember me for good. Make me patient and humble and devoted to thee. O Lord open me a door for thy word in this place, or carry me to some people or place where my earnest testimony for thy great name will be received in faith and retained in love.

Jan. 6th, 1846. Day beautiful. Heard the thrush singing finely to-day on my way to Killough.

Jan. 16. H—— and self spent a very pleasant evening with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Moore, (Wesleyan) in Saul street. He is a very agreeable man, nor is his partner less kind. Mr. Butler, his colleague, came in at nine o'clock. It was near eleven o'clock before we parted. Our common feeling and sorrow is the number of sects, and weakness and inefficiency of each; as well as the injury done to what we love, viz., Methodism as an instrument of saving men. But alas! where is the cure?

24th. Put an advertisement in the *Down Recorder* of to-day announcing my intention of preaching to-morrow on the subject of Puseyism.

Feb. 16th. H—— and I took tea with Rev. Mr. Butler, who lodges with Mr. McCullough—Clonite—Saul street. Spent the time pleasantly and profitably. Mr. Moore joined us after tea. Our conversation turned on the subject of Union among the Methodist Churches. We all deplored the existence of so many sects among us with so little reason and so little use, tending as it does to gender prejudice and sectarianism, while it often places ministers of the Methodist families on the invidious posi-

tion of antagonists and materially interferes with their usefulness among their own people as well as their influence with the public at large. Instance this town. We have three Methodist Chapels, five preachers ; while one Chapel and two preachers would be quite sufficient and, if diligent, likely to do far more good. A divided people are always weak. We engaged each to make Union a matter of prayer and thought, and meet again to talk it over.

March 12th. Got home at half-past eleven A. M. from Castlewellan, and at two P. M. set off with Rev. Mr. Moore in his gig for Saintfield to attend a Wesleyan Missionary Soiree held in the Academy. Attendance good. Meeting, from beginning to end, good. The choir of the Donegal Place chapel attended, and sang most delightfully. Our speakers were : Revs. Wallace and Patterson, Presbyterian ; Revs. Moore, Butler, Cather, of Donaghadee, and his step-brother, Robt. Cather, of Belfast, and myself, Methodist. The meeting broke up at twelve o'clock. Rev. — Cather, of Donaghadee, in the chair.

13th. Breakfasted in Mr. McDades, where I met the two Cathers, Moore, Butler, &c. At twelve o'clock, we five preachers left for Ballynahinch—the day stormy and cold. The road was familiar to me. I often travelled it fourteen years ago, when Saintfield and Ballynahinch were on the Belfast Circuit. Many a journey I have had since then. Alas, my journeys are seldom marked with tokens of good. *Oh, why?* \* \* \* We visited Mont Alta, walked over the battle-field of '98, called to see old Mrs. Groves, in whose house I used to preach, and who has resided on this hill seventy-two years—remembers the battle well, saw the dead, some lying close by her house, and had her house sacked. \* \* \* I asked again to see the old Bible which her father—a soldier—carried with him through all the war in Germany. It is still fresh though two hundred years old. I prayed with her and bade her farewell for ever. \* \* \*

March 23rd. At seven p.m. went to —, to hear Mr. G——, of Belfast. He came in half an hour too late, and seldom have I heard in one spell so much ignorance, profanity, and deafening bawling. \* \* \* My ears were stunned, my soul was grieved on account of the treatment given to the Word of God, and the effect such preaching must have on the minds of the young and inexperienced and the thoughtful. Oh may the painful lesson be profitable to myself. May I study the word better, take more pains in arranging my subjects, watch over my words and feelings and objects in preaching; while with increasing submission of soul and life to my Master's will and words, by prayer more frequent and ardent, I inhale an increasing measure of the mind of my God. Amen.

April 3rd. Received a letter from T. Seymour last night containing a circular of the Conference services. It is neat and comprehensive. I find we are to have an English Deputation, viz., Rev. J. H. Robinson, of Liverpool, and Richard Barton, Esq., of Birmingham. \* \* \*

11th. Came up to Conference. Got my billet for Mr. Lee's, and was most kindly received and treated. \* \* \* The Conference services all went off as announced, and considerable improvement in the attendance and collections. \* \* \*

16th. Attended a soiree in Bangor. Messrs. Lyons, Baggaly, Robinson, and Barton were there. It was an excellent, brilliant affair.

17th. Left Bangor for Belfast: and in the evening got to Down where I found all well, but not quite satisfied with my appointment to Belfast.

18th. \* \* \* At seven in the evening I preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, in Scotch street, to a good congregation. Mr. Lindsay—Church Methodist—published for me, so that I had the three Methodist congregations all together. They were attentive and deeply affected, H. and I had taken tea with Mr. Butler the night before. and we met his Superintendent Mr. Moore there. It

was at their joint request I consented to take their pulpit, and with the concurrence of my own people.

21st. Busy all day packing up. \* \* \*

26th. Entered on the duties of my circuit. \* \* \*  
Attendance in the classes very bad. Some of the members on bad terms with each other; most disheartening.

May 12th. Attended a meeting of ministers friendly to the Evangelical Alliance to meet Dr. Blackwood from the Dublin Committee. It was held in the vestry of Mr. Morgan's Church. Dr. Drew in the chair.

14th. Met the ministers at Fisherwick Place again. Dr. King, from Scotland, was with us this morning. It was agreed that on Tuesday next at seven p.m., a prayer meeting be held in Dr. Hannah's Church, when Drs. King and Blackwood will attend to conduct the service. \* \* \* When the meeting broke up I went for a short time to the Synod sitting in Dr. Edgar's Church. Dr. Cooke in the chair.

Mr. McClure having been deputed to attend the English Conference, we find that on May 29th he

Sailed at four o'clock, viâ Prince for Fleetwood. Night calm and delightful. Passed the Isle of Man a little after ten o'clock, and so near as to hear the people talk on the shore. We were close by the East lighthouse and Ramsay Bay. The shadow of the mountain hid the town from distinct view. \* \* \*

May 30th. At seven o'clock the train for Manchester started from Fleetwood, arriving at half-past nine, \* \* \* was set down at Mr. Thompson's, Upper Broughton. Here was my home during Conference. \* \* \* Was treated with great attention and kindness for which I feel most grateful. I found Mr. Cooke here before me. \* \* \* He was kind, We took a walk round the old Priory, after which we dined and he went into town to meet the Missionary Committee.

May 31st. At twelve o'clock heard Mr. Burrows preach an excellent sermon to a good congregation, after which the Conference Love Feast was held. A good many spoke but I could not hear well. At the close of this service tea was provided in the school room for all who chose to partake. \* \* \* After tea we sat till six o'clock when service commenced in the chapel again, and I heard Rev. J. H. Robinson preach a good sermon.

June 1st. Up at four a.m., and down at Peter street before five at which hour I preached. \* \* \* At half-past eight Conference assembled for business. \* \* \* Mr. Ford, Ex-president, gave way to Mr. Allin who was chosen President for this year. \* \* \* The Missionary meeting was commenced at seven. Mr. Robe, of Derby, in the chair. Mr. Cooke read the report which was received. I moved and Mr. Baggaly seconded the first resolution. Mr. Addyman moved and John Ridgeway seconded the next, when the collection was taken up.  
\* \* \*

4th. Mr. Allin gave the charge to the young men who were received last night. \* \* \* Conference has requested him to publish it.

5th. \* \* \* At five o'clock the proceedings of the Jubilee tea party commenced in the Free Trade Hall. I suppose there were not less than three thousand people at tea. The Hall will hold five thousand. It is entirely depending on gas for its light, there are no windows. John Ridgeway took the chair and spoke well. He was supported by several speakers; Mr. Hulme was the best. But I should think many in the meeting could not hear the speakers at all. \* \* \* The place was in sufferably warm. I was positively forced to go out for a while to keep alive.

7th, *Sabbath*. At nine o'clock left Manchester by the buss for Altrincham, distant nine miles, where I arrived in good time to preach at half-past ten. \* \* \* Mr. Allin was most agreeable, attentive and kind to me. His place is very neat and well kept. He has somewhere

above thirty boarders who seem to be well directed in their habits and studies, and to be very much attached to Mr. Allin.

10th. \* \* \* Left Fleetwood for Belfast at six p.m., was very sick all night. Got into Belfast early in the morning.

July 22nd. After preaching in Salem Vestry, I hastened to the Independent Chapel in Donegal street to take part in a Teetotal Meeting there. \* \* \* Douglas, the fugitive slave, was the lion of the night. He was speaking when I got there; seemed embarrassed and common place; very different from when I heard him the week before. But he was on his hobby then, viz., American Slavery. \* \* \*

26th. A very gracious work is well begun in Monks-town. Oh may our Lord Jesus bring it to perfection and save many souls. I have never met, so far as I can judge, with a more promising opening. It rained all evening very heavily, yet I visited up to eight o'clock through it all; felt the work light and pleasant. God was with me.

Sept. 14th, On the platform at half-past ten with Dr. Spratt, from Dublin, who came accompanied by Mr. Battersby to administer the pledge at the request of the teetotalers of Belfast. He said between three thousand and four thousand took the pledge yesterday, and to-day I think nearly two thousand took it. He was very cordial to me, and called on me as an old friend to address the people. The most perfect order was observed. Dr. Spratt paid his own expenses, and promises to return to Belfast by November.

15th. \* \* \* At half-past ten o'clock the wedding party arrived in three open carriages. Breakfast soon succeeded and good appetites soon lightened the groaning table. Then followed the rifting of the large bride cake, and then the wines, &c., &c., with toasts and speeches. \* \* \* There was a deal of folly acted to-day, and little of any wisdom, Such companionships are

very injurious to the spirit of true piety, and if I keep a good conscience I must carefully avoid such company. Not that there was any thing positively wicked, but—save the eatables—there was nothing solid, wise and good. Oh give me the company of those who love God, and keep far from me the pleasures and folly of fools.

October 13th. With Dr. Spratt and James Haughton, Esq., in the Music Hall. Meeting large and good. \* \* More than 10,000 have taken the pledge from Spratt. This will make great changes.

15th. Very ill with cold. Had to go to Monkstown and preach on the street.

December 7th. Attended and took part in conducting a revival prayer-meeting in the —— chapel. Seven or eight professed to have found pardon or more grace. No doubt good was done, but I query how long it is likely to last. And yet how are the people to be got at? It is, most evidently, not so much knowledge they require as it is acting out heartily what they know. My soul is heavy within me at the sight, in my own congregation, of mere hearers. Oh, for hearty doers of the will of God!

8th. Held our first tea-party, connected with our young men's class. I lectured and exhibited my lamp. My subject was: The moon's influence on the tides. Several young men joined my class at the end of the meeting.

January 11th, 1847. Wrote to Mr. Livingston, informing him of Mrs. Halliday's death. Jas. Young, of Bangor, called this morning to tell us of Mrs. Halliday's departure, and of the time they are to bury her. Alas! my friends are nearly all away—this was my longest, best.

13th. I left home at 5 o'clock for Bangor. The morning was fine but very dark, so that I had nearly to grope my way until on the other side of Holywood, when daybreak was first hailed by the cawing of the rooks in Cultra, then by the wild screams of the hungry heron, as they left their perch among the high trees to the right of the road and floated along through the grey dawn toward the Lough to seek their game; the next to break silence

was the robin, whose sweet familiar song never fails to awaken the memory of past and pleasant friends who, like Mrs. Halliday, have passed beyond the shadows of earth and night, and sin and sorrow. Again, in holy response to the matin of the redbreast, fell softly and soothingly on my ear, the gentle soft cooing of a woodpigeon, whose faithful mate with ready, bland, full, energetic tones, cooed back the tones of her companion. When, anon, the whole woods became full of life and motion where but a half hour ago my eye looked in vain for forms and my ear hearkened vainly for sounds. Nor could I continue a silent witness of this mighty change—this united chorus of joy and praise; but, sad as was my heart, and melancholy as was my errand, I wiped away the tear of woe which in a moment was followed by the tear of love and praise to *Him* who is the resurrection and the life, and on whom whosoever *believeth*, although he *were dead*, yet *shall* he live. Oh! blessed, earnest pledge of immortality, kindly vouchsafed to man—“*Christ in you*”—oh! *my* hope, my *only* hope, my *all-sufficient* hope, my *peace*, my fountain of *light*, *purity*, *life*; hear thou my praise, my vows, my supplications, and ever lead me in the paths of righteousness for thy *name's* sake. And now my solitary walk was filled with voices, even things inanimate forgot their wonted silence and became at once my familiar friends; the hills and mountains told of *His* power and unwearied stability and unyielding defence against the ocean's fiercest wave, the water flood's mightiest powers, the winds and the thunder's deepest, deadliest force; then my soul said, “Shadow me with Thy wings.” The unfathomable, immeasurable sea of waters told me what inconceivable length, and breadth, and height, and depth of *grace*, of love, of mercy must dwell in *Him* for man, in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. The ocean's mighty volume of waters, to which when added all that clouds, and lakes, and earth's mightiest rivers could give, is but as a drop out of the bucket to *Him* who filleth all in all, and, gazing with wonder

upon the bright-blue waters, my inmost soul bowed down at this fountain, thirsting for the living God, while I cried aloud, "Oh, satisfy me early with Thy mercy."

And now the orb of day, like a giant world of fire, sent in glorious majesty his countless blessings to man on the wings of the morning. Objects before quite hid became visible and plain; the sombre world was spread out in endlessly diversified forms and colours, the eyes of every living thing turned instinctively to the opening chambers of light and life; innumerable birds rose from the earth, and remained for a time poised in the air to bathe their plumage and their eyes in the first wave of morning light, as it rolled irresistibly over ocean, and mountain, and valley, and ascending to the highest heavens extinguished the brightest stars, and flooded the darkest clouds from their base to their summit. Shine on glorious, gladening sovereign of this lower system, myriads wait on thee and live by thy beams; I hail thee, emblem of Him *in* whom I live and *by* whom I live; Him who is the light of life; compared with *His*, how narrow is thy sphere, how cold and dim thy rays, how powerless thy influence, how short-lived thy seat of empire? Yet how forcibly and frequently do thy warming, life-giving, thy comforting, restoring beams remind me of Him to whom thou art indebted for all thy powers to bless? *Him* who calls Himself my Friend—my Lord, and who has become my Saviour; what are sun and moon and stars but the handiwork of God? How valueless, how short-lived their virtue compared with *Thine*, my Redeemer, my Lord? Oh, open on my soul again the windows of heaven, for I go to the grave of my friend.

January 13th. I arrived at Catharine place at 20 minutes past 8 o'clock; it is now no longer a home to me. Messrs. Addison, and Waugh and Graham were up stairs, so I sat down in the little parlour where I had often sat in profitable converse with my dear friend; oh, how solitary did my heart feel. When the persons above were gone out, I went up to look for the last time on the face of my

mother—"a mother in Israel"—oh, it was so calm, so sweet, so like to that of a victor's when the wreath is on; and such a striking index to that soul so lately fled to its desired rest. No one could look on that tranquil brow and not read joy, purity, love, comfort; there is not one single line to indicate pain, or fear, or regret. I felt her fair brow, but it was cold as marble, my fingers were chilled by the contact. I felt she was dead, and looking for the last time, I bade adieu. We meet again in heaven, where death and sin are no more. My tears followed each other rapidly, whether from the fountain of sorrow or joy I can hardly tell, perhaps *from both* at once. Betty gave me a lock of her hair and a bit of the ribbon which was round her head and lay along upon her breast. I then got my breakfast for *the last time in Mrs. Halliday's*. I then called on Mr. Seymour, and arranged for the funeral services. At 11 o'clock Mr. Seymour prayed in the little parlour. When the coffin was out I gave out the hymn, and we sung our funeral lays solemnly and feelingly till we entered the church yard. When the body was let down into the grave I addressed the numerous assembly, and truly it was a Bochim. (For a copy of my address, see Memoranda, 22.) I dined in Mr. Graham's, who looks very ill. At 4 o'clock got a seat on a car to Belfast, where I arrived weary, and sad, and desolate. Death and unkindness now drive me from Bangor, to which friendship and undissembled love drew and fixed me 28 years ago; but the God who led the helpless, hopeless, outcast orphan at that time to friends and home, will still guide the steps of the poor wanderer until I stand, through my Redeemer's love and power, in my happy home in heaven.

January 31st. Accompanied Mr. McIntyre from Downpatrick to Kilmore. We put up at Mr. J. W. Robert's, where we met the magistrate, Mr. Crawford, eldest son of Sherman Crawford, of Crawford's Burn. We held a long conversation with him on the state of things in Kilmore, where, in consequence of the Puseyistic innovations of Rev. Mr.—, the whole parish have left the church,

and having formed a committee of gentlemen, are resolved never to enter the parish church while Mr. M — is minister. Mr. McIntyre has been invited by this committee to supply them with preaching every Sabbath day for the present. They pay his car from Down, and the rest he leaves to their own honour. I preached them the first sermon from John xiv. 13; and xvi. 23. They have a large loft, very clean and well seated with planks, and it was full of very respectable, intelligent looking and very attentive hearers. No doubt but good will be done here. A good providence seemed to have directed me to my subject, for the Committee had been informed our people were *Unitarians*: my sermon removed this calumny.

March 1st. \* \* \* Went out of our way in the morning to get a view of the wreck of the *Great Britain* steamship in Dundrum Bay.

August 16th. Spent most of this day in preparing my father's memoir, but am greatly at a loss for authentic materials, yet find out more than I expected. It is a pity his own papers got so completely out of my hands. The last place I saw his letters, was in my grandmother's chest, what was done with them I cannot learn, but perhaps I have enough.

September. Rev. P. J. Wright sends me a request that I would furnish him with the names and a few particulars of the laymen who at first formed our Connexion in Ireland, which I did as soon as possible, viz.:—of W. Black, H. Murray, R. Scandrett, Jas. Halliday, C. Hall, Jas. Wright, and W. Coburn; forwarding the same through Mr. Livingston, with a request that he would correct or add so as to do justice and speak truth.

October. Mr. Wright, having received and used, returned my notice of these men with many thanks, &c.

30th. Received a letter from David Rolston, now travelling in Canada, with an urgent request to go out there and help them. \* \* \*

Nov. 1st. Wrote a letter to Mr. Rolston in answer to

his, requesting particulars and authoritative information on the subject of my going out, intimating my willingness to go.

13th. Wrote to Rev. M. Baxter, now in Farmersville, Johnstown District, Canada West, stating my wish to leave this country, and the offer of my Toronto friend; requesting information and advice.

Nov. 19th. Wrote a confidential letter to Mr. Cooke on the subject, stating to him most frankly my thoughts about Canada, my reasons for wishing to leave this country, asking his opinion, also asking instructions as to how, if I go, I should proceed in business with the English Committee; requesting an answer soon. Thus I have acted in this matter, desiring to please God, to be directed by Him, so as more effectually to do good. Oh may my will ever be lost in His will.

Dec. 2nd. Received a long, kind letter from Mr. Cooke in answer to mine on the subject of my going out to Canada in the spring. He is afraid my going away would injure the Irish Mission; says there is room for me in Canada, fears the salary is small, but as they want an Assistant Superintendent, he will think of recommending me to that office, thereby securing me a better support. Truly my soul waiteth on the Lord. My help and hope is in God.

19th. Ballyclare. Morning congregation small but attentive. Evening, the largest I have yet seen here, and very attentive. I spoke with much earnest feeling and some liberty. O Lord, give me some souls for my hire.

27th. Went by the ten o'clock train to Moira. Found all well. Was very kindly received. Had much conversation about America. Heard a long, sensible and encouraging letter from Mr. Baxter. He wishes I had gone out last spring. I do not regret my delay but feel increasing desire to go out, from a prospect of greater usefulness there, and less personal embarrassment. Still, I may be mistaken, and a blunder here would be fatal to my future

peace. I shall enquire of the Lord in this matter, watch for *His* hand and hearken for every intimation of *His* holy will. "He will guide me with His eye." Amen.

Jan. 30th. Received a letter from Mr. Rolston, from Toronto, containing a strong recommendation on his part to go out there early in the spring.

The following is a copy of this letter, kindly furnished by Mr. R. to the editor:

TORONTO, January 17th, 1848.

REV. W. MCCLURE,

REV. SIR,—Your way is now more fully opened to Toronto City Circuit. The friends, without a single exception, request your ministerial services. Rev. H. O. Crofts speaks of you in the highest terms. He said he knew no man he would rather labour with in the good work of the Lord.

There is a meeting of the church to-night on this business, and I will enclose their findings to you with these lines. The church will pay you as salary one hundred pounds sterling, a free furnished house, fire wood, horse feed, &c.

I would advise you not to wait for the Irish Conference or you would be late for our Conference, which might give trouble to the church in Toronto. Try, if possible, and spend a short time with us in this city before going to Conference, &c.

Yours affectionately,

D. D. ROLSTON.

Feb. 10th. I wrote an answer to Mr. Rolston by this post, consenting to go if the English Committee are satisfied. And if the English Committee are not satisfied, I expressed my intention to go out in the spring if I can, to wherever a gracious Providence may lead me. It seems time for me to leave. May the *Lord* guide me. The same post brought me a letter from Mr. Baxter, urging me to leave Ireland, and assuring me of a wider field and happier circumstances for my future labours.

April 25th. My young men's class met me for tea in No.

3 Stanley Place, when they presented me with a very nice dressing case, accompanied by an address. \* \* \* The names of the young men are Alex., James, and Robert Crawford, James Isaac and Nathaniel Dickey, J. Agnew, Robert Hunter, &c.

April 9th. Our Conference met. Mr. Hulme, the deputation from England, preached morning and evening to good congregations. He had his bride with him, having been married only a few days before. On the first meeting of the Stationing Committee, I declined taking a circuit, and in the evening sitting, when the matter was brought up before the Conference, I gave my reasons. \* \* \* Several of the brethren besought me with tears to change my intentions.

The following memorandum has been placed at the editor's service by an old friend of Mr. McClure's, now resident in Toronto :

In the spring of the year 1848 I was present at the Methodist New Connexion Irish Conference held at Belfast, as lay delegate from the Newtownards circuit.

At that Conference came up the question of releasing the Rev. W. McClure from the work of the ministry in Ireland, that he might be enabled to emigrate to Canada, and on his arrival there to recommence the work of the ministry in the capacity of Assistant Superintendent of our missions in that country.

Rarely, if ever, have I witnessed such manifestations of sorrow on the one hand for losing Mr. McClure (perhaps for ever, so far as Ireland was concerned) and of joy on the other, that his removal from the land of his youth, of his love, and his labours, was to be a step of promotion, and as we believed would tend to his own comfort and welfare.

These mingled feelings and emotions took possession of every heart in that assembly. The vote was unanimous, but we all felt as if we were parting with a part of ourselves, and among young men, and old men, strong men and weak men, laymen and clergymen there were few, if any, dry eyes when that vote was taken and recorded. Amid all this conflict of

emotion I question if there was any one that was moved so deeply or felt the severance so acutely as the Rev. gentleman himself. His genial nature, his deep-seated love and affection for the friends of his youth, for all the people—the whole people of Ireland—with these holy feelings and aspirations welling up in his generous heart, it must have cost him a fearful pang to part with the dear old land and all that he held so sacred upon its soil.

Never shall I forget that Conference, that occasion, that vote and those tears. We knew that we were parting with a whole-souled man, and a Christian in the true sense of the word ; we knew that we were losing a wise counsellor, a faithful friend and a lover of mankind, and that Ireland was losing one of her truest sons and Christian patriots.

It would seem that under the pressure which was brought to bear on Mr. McClure during the sessions of this Conference he consented to reconsider his decision to emigrate, and in deference to the opinions and feelings of his brethren, to hold his purpose at any rate for a time in abeyance. We find his name accordingly entered on the Irish Minutes of this year as duly appointed to the Bangor Circuit. Under date July 7th, 1848, the Rev. Thomas Goldsmith, then Secretary of the Canadian Conference of the Methodist New Connexion, wrote officially to Mr. McClure, and in most brotherly and cordial terms commended to his consideration and concern the annexed resolutions placed on record by the Conference :—

That having received information that the Rev. W. McClure, of the Methodist New Connexion in Ireland, proposed emigrating to Canada, and uniting with our Connexion as an Itinerant Minister, this Conference regrets that circumstances have arisen on account of which he has, for the present, postponed his intention ; and that, should Providence open his way to come among us, we shall feel great pleasure in availing ourselves of his services in the Connexion.

That the General Superintendent be requested to communicate this Resolution to the English Missionary Committee; and the Secretary of this Conference be also requested to communicate this decision to the Rev. Mr. McClure.

Some selections from Mr. McClure's reply to this communication may be here introduced:—

7 CATHARINE PLACE,  
Bangor, Ireland, Aug. 8, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of July 7th, and can not allow a single post to go out without conveying my expression of thanks and deep obligation to you, for your very prompt compliance with the wish of the Conference, as well as for your very kind, encouraging, Christian letter; and also through you to the members of the late Colonial Conference for the very flattering expression of their confidence in me, together with their readiness to accept my poor services. \*

\* \* Only for unforeseen, unexpected and to me very painful occurrences, my partner and myself would have been in Toronto before your last Conference. Acting however as I then did, and now desire to do in a more perfect way, i.e., according to the will and for the glory of God, my hope in the issue shall not be in vain and even hindrances shall tend to hasten the fruition of my hopes \* \* \* Methodism is declining very much in Ireland, owing to poverty, death, emigration and the gold of State-paid Churches. The poor people are brought in crowds into the Establishment. If the purchasers made them better Christians we might forgive their traffic in the bodies and souls of men, but, alas! they who make religion a matter of pounds, shillings and pence are not likely to elevate its spiritual character.

REV. T. GOLDSMITH.

What wonder that straining eyes were turned westward in these dark days of Ireland's distress. What mercy indeed was it that a whole continent offered its protection and welcome to the eager outstretched hands of Erin's suffering people. In a letter received by Mr. McClure

from Rev. J. Baird, of Dublin, dated August 9th, 1848, the following sentences occur :—

Vast numbers are being arrested every night, and I am told the jails are full \* \* \* There is great commotion in the South. Two mails robbed on Monday night near Tralee. Soldiers and police are scouring the country day and night. So far as I can see, there is no trade or business in Dublin. I have not seen a new building in the whole city. The night police are all armed ; and at the King's Bridge and in George's street, near us ; the day police are moving through with swords ready for work. The 75th are still encamped in the park. \* \* \* When will these things end? Potatoes are decaying, and yesterday the price of bread, &c., was raised.

The progress—during the months now under review—of the negotiations for the transference of Mr. McClure to the Canadian work is indicated in the following communication, which bears the signature of the present gifted Principal of Ranmoor College, Sheffield, the Rev. James Stacey, D.D., who had at the Conference of '48 succeeded the Rev. W. Baggaly as Superintendent of the Irish Mission :—

BELFAST, Sept. 4th, 1848.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have this morning received the following from Mr. Cooke :—

“The Committee feel obliged to the respected Superintendent and the Irish Committee for their connexional spirit in surrendering Mr. McClure for the Canadian service, and beg to state that in a short time they expect to be able to furnish an efficient substitute for him in the person of Mr. Shuttleworth, of Sheffield.”

This is all the information I have on the subject. In

how "short a time" the supply may be ready deponent sayeth not. It would, however, be prudent for you to "set your house in order."

Yours affectionately,  
JAMES STACEY.

REV. MR. MCCLURE.

The last notes made by Mr. McClure of his work in Ireland are the following :—

- Sept. 2. At the opening of Conlig Meeting House by Rev. —, of Paisley. House full. Collection £87.  
3rd. Baptismal Address in Capt. Carwells, Sy. Row.  
24th. Salem, Belfast, John xxi. 15 and Matth. xi. 28.  
25th. Castle Street Chapel T. T. Soiree ; 380 present.  
26th. John Patterson's. Acts xx. 17.  
27th. Sandy Row Chapel. Mark x. 17.





## CHAPTER VII.

REMOVAL TO CANADA—TORONTO—LONDON  
—HAMILTON—MONTREAL.

HE records that have been before us, stamp Mr. McClure's nature in our estimate of its structure as of decidedly the *conservative* type. Of course all natures of any depth and force have this development more or less freely indicated. But with our subject it seemed to preponderate. His regard for the ancient and venerable, for "old landmarks," for friendships of quiet and steady, rather than of *rapid* growth, his preference for progress whose stages are deliberate and to be studied, rather than such as are sudden and to be wondered at, all this is strongly marked in the portraiture thus far drawn of our departed friend. His was an idiosyncrasy that accepted readily and gracefully the exhortation to "meddle not with them that are given to change." We are disposed indeed to enquire if this bias was not too

controlling, in its delaying him so long from relationships and spheres of association, calculated not only more fully to employ, but in such employment to cultivate and enrich his powers. Perhaps not. The spirit of the words "I dwell among mine own people" is not necessarily narrow. Teaching us to wait, sometimes long, at the threshold of advancement,—civil, social or ecclesiastical, we are perhaps always the wiser of such waiting. And when we do go on it is with a firmer tread, a more vigorous and yet withal a lighter step. Waiting, is not always indecision and weakness, sometimes it means fortitude, resolution, strength.

To one of spirit so meekly prayerful as was his of whom these pages speak, who can think a change fraught with issues so varied and momentous as was that to which this chapter brings us, but was ordered as to the *period* as well as to the *fact* of its occurrence by Him of whom it is said—with a speciality of reference to His own people surely—"He hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation."

This clinging to the past, this veneration for the familiar, the established and the old, in our brother's disposition, will help to determine for us the measure, in its bitterness, of the pang it must have cost him to leave the land that gave him birth, to separate himself from the companions of his youth, to break away from the fellowships of his riper years, and to bid adieu to the sanctuaries and other centres of tender associations, to which his spirit was bound by an attachment as hallowed as it was im-

perishable. With beautiful and touching power is this illustrated and proven in the following lines—a detached fragment happily discovered to serve its purpose here.

#### A CYPRESS LEAF.

These autumn woods, how bare their broad arms, how stewart, how grand, and withal how melancholy! The spring and summer beauties lately so high and pure, now roll in the dust—are trodden under foot, shrivelled and unsightly. The passing winds no longer stray and sport among the massive foliage, chasing bees and birds, breathing their cool and balmy odours on the delighted wanderer who has sought for shade beneath those verdant leaves. Alas, how changed! Sunbeams have lost their power; the air is damp and chill, the fitful, sullen winds, bereaved of their sylvan companions, now shake in anger, and sigh, or whistle, or scream, as in their rapid passage they bend and twist and crack those bare and rigid branches. And as my cloak is wrapped closer around me, my steps quickened, and home felt to be more than ever “sweet home”—old tempest-riven, deserted and solitary woods,—

“Methinks ye bear some strong resemblance to my fate.” Homeward bound, fond memory stooped to pick up a green leaf riven from its stem, and lying in the dust; it is wet with warm, not winter tears, and on its still smooth, fresh, green surface is written in ink of the invisible, an episode of one dark and cloudy day that ushered in the season of falling leaves, of adieus, of last embraces, old homes forever left behind; and thus it reads:—

The morning was lowering and wet, the night had been sad and restless. The car calls at eight, and packet leaves at twelve; all packing is over, and boxes away the night before; no appetite for breakfast; a last parting look is hurriedly given to the little garden, and field, and bay, the old Gabbons in the north, and church spire in the south; O, how the eye is glued to these dear scenes! And now the car has come—is gone—and we are riven with agony unutterable from loved and loving friends, from their homes and their fathers' graves. Yet, on this leaf is now forever traced their kind looks and words and deeds, and when the finger that now puts down these scenes has mouldered as other leaves into dust, this leaf

and all its tracings will be green and fresh as ever ; and with these every vennel, and lane, and quarter, and street in thy loved bosom, dear old Bangor.

How closely and nervously my all of earthly happiness clings to my arm, as if all on earth had fled from her save her W. It was easier to weep than to speak, so we wept. And now the packet bell has rung, and the chained steam screams horribly, and our friends rise and say farewell ; so we are away. There followed us to the packet this morning, Revs. Thos. Seymour, J. Argue, J. Nicholson ; dear colleagues, adieu, we meet no more on earth, heaven pay you for your love to me, and then, too, dear Crawford and Glenfield. We soon glided past Holywood, Grey Point, Rock Point, Crawford's Bay, and then Bangor and its bay opened their bosom for our last look and benediction. Clinging to me with deep emotion, and in a voice half choked in tears, she said in accents of such tender sadness, as can never cease to sound in my ears—"Dear Bangor and Ballyleady, farewell forever ; I shall see you no more, nor ever forget or cease to love the homes and friends, and long familiar scenes so cherished. O how strange, how sad ! shall I never, may I never, revisit where I cannot cease in heart to live, and love and wander as aforesaid ! Do I dream, William, or is all this agony real ? Well, well, my dear Saviour is everywhere, and tells me to 'fear not, I am thy God.' And I have said, and will ever say, 'Thy will be done.' Dear Bangor and Ballyleady, once my dearly loved and happy homes, farewell forever." Her utterance failed, she wept. We retired to our cabin to weep together and unseen. \* We were alone in the world, hoping for a future in some new sphere of usefulness, and believing the path to the end is God chosen. Soon the sacred shadow of the Holy One fell upon her soul and mine, changing our fountains of Marah into sweetness, and our lonely disconsolate situation was cheered by mutual pledges of love and devotedness to God, "and He blessed us there."

\* \* \* \* \*

Monday, October 16th, 1848. On the great Atlantic Ocean ; five days at sea, from Liverpool bound for New York, on board the *Sarah Sands*, with 300 passengers and a large cargo. Iron ship, four masts, screw propeller, engines, 200 horse power, with oscillating cylinders. Ship's

tonnage, 1000. We have had the wind light but fair ever since leaving. My watch was just 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  o'clock when the sun was on our meridian to-day, being 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  later than the sun's time. We were brought to and boarded this morning by a 60 gun frigate—the *Vernon*—94 days from Calcutta returning to Portsmouth, after a cruise of three years and four months. Yesterday was very fine. At one o'clock a sea-captain, who is a passenger, read the Church Service in the first cabin. At five o'clock a strange nondescript person held a religious service on deck. It was well attended by an attentive people, but the speaker had more face than brain, more tongue than heart, and evidently thought more of his discourse than any other present. Oh, to be saved from self, and to be simple, docile, meek. We have some nice singers on board who are Wesleyans, and are anxious for a daily worship on deck. I promised to aid them and so did a Mr. —, an American minister of the Congregational Church. \* \* Yesterday morning I saw a little bird like a sand martin flying along and quite at home in the broad waters, and on Saturday I saw a bird, very like, in form, motions and plumage, the brier bunting. It flew round the ship, lighting occasionally on the water. In the evening I saw some porpoises playing round the vessel; they were very small. On Friday morning a poor swallow which had lost its way flew round the masts, anxious but afraid to light and rest. Poor wanderer, where would he find rest at last? Oh, my soul return to Christ, who is thy ever present rest.

The next entry to the above is,

October 29th. In the city of Brooklyn, in a Lecture room, now occupied by the Methodists with whom Mr. Harper is connected, their house being burned down in the late fire in that city. Preached from John xiv. 21.<sup>1</sup>

And the next is,

I arrived in Toronto city on Saturday morning, Nov.

11, 1848, at break of day. Mr. McPhail and soon after Mr. Brett were on board the steamer looking for me. Mr. B. took Hannah and myself to his own house, and made us stay there till Monday, when we took up our abode, for the present, in Mr. Croft's, the Superintendent's house. We have many to bid us welcome, who vie with each other in shewing kindness. Oh, for more grace to improve every opportunity to the glory of God!

Then begins a record headed as below, with brief entries, selections from which are given—

Sundry Meetings and where attended,  
1848-9.

- Nov. 17th. Publishing Committee in Mr. Howard's, five present.  
 " 26th. Love Feast and Lord's Supper at Blue Bell.  
 " 29th. Arranging for Missionary Services. Committee met in Mr. Doel's.
- Dec. 3rd. In the Independent Chapel, Is. liv. 13.  
 " 8th. Committee of Town Mission, Bible Society's Rooms.  
 " 11th. Missionary Meeting in Whitchurch Chapel.  
 " 14th. Wesleyan Chapel, Cooksville, Jer. xxxv. 6.  
 " " Opening Soiree, Rechabite Hall, Cooksville.  
 " 22nd. Mechanics Institute, Lecture on Digestion.  
 " 28th. Chapel Anniversary Soiree, present two hundred.
1849.  
 Jan. 5th. Baptism of Mr. Good's daughter in his own house.  
 " 8th. Bible class in basement story, sixteen present.  
 " 9th. Committee to address Governor General anti-Church and State union.  
 " 12th. At Dr. Ryerson's lecture on Education of Mechanics in Canada.  
 " 17th. Meeting of the Annual Committee in Mr. Tyner's.

1849.

- Jan. 19th. Professor Croft's lecture on the Elements—  
free.
- “ 24th. Rev. Mr. Piper's lecture to Sabbath School  
Teachers.
- “ 29th. Missionary Meeting in Hamilton Chapel.
- “ 30th. “ “ in Cumming's Chapel,  
near Dundas.
- Feb. 4th. Cavan new Chapel, ix. Cor. : Dan. vi. 10.
- “ “ “ “ Presbyterian Church, Gal. vi. 14.
- “ 5th. Clarke Township Missionary Meeting.
- “ 6th. Broadroad Manvers “ “
- “ 8th. Emily “ “
- “ 9th. Millbrook “ “
- “ 18th. London Town Hall, Dan. vi. 10 : Gal. vi. 14.
- “ 19th. Baptized Alex. Johnston's child in London.
- “ 21st. Missionary Meeting, Town Hall, London.
- “ 28th. Lectured to S. S. Teachers, Presbyterian  
Church, Bay st.
- March 23rd. Service at the Funeral of Mr. Sweetnam.
- April 8th. In Mr. Jennings Church, John xv. 12.
- “ 11th. Lectured in the Temperance Hall.
- “ 22nd. Independent Chapel, I. Cor. ii. 2.
- “ 25th. Mechanics Institute soiree, three hundred.
- May 2nd. Temperance Hall, Upper Canada Bible Society  
Anniversary.
- June 6th. Chosen President of Conference at Cavan.
- “ 10th. In the open air, Matt. xviii. 20. Present two  
thousand.

The Rev. James Caswell kindly furnishes the following reminiscence of this, the first introduction of Mr. McClure to the Canadian Connexion as represented in its Annual Conference :—

I have quite a vivid recollection of the impression our departed friend made on the Connexion when he first came to

the country. His fine, natural talents, mental culture, fund of general information, connexional attachment, and ripe religious experience,—had been fully heralded here, and ministers and people were on the tip-toe of expectation respecting him. We looked to his coming as likely to form a somewhat new era in our history. I shall never forget the anxiety I felt to hear him, and form his acquaintance. The high opinion we had formed of him was rather trying to his capabilities, but he sustained the ordeal well. At the Cavan Conference of 1849 he made his first acquaintance with most of the Ministers and leading laymen of the Connexion, and, of course, was an object of searching scrutiny and sharp criticism. In the Presidential chair, which he had the honour of filling that year, his gentlemanly bearing, extensive knowledge of the laws and usages of the body, his suavity mingled with great firmness, pleasant humour and real mother wit, made him quite a favourite, and brought him into general favour.

His sermon on the Conference Sabbath, preached in the open air to an immense multitude, was a splendid effort, one of the most powerful and telling discourses I ever heard him deliver. It was on the subject of family worship, but embraced much invaluable matter on the general moral and religious training of the young. As the eloquent sentences fell from his hallowed lips, they were eagerly caught by his appreciative audience, and soon gave evidence that they were taking effect, by the flowing tear and devout expression of thanksgiving and joy. That sermon is often referred to now by those who had the pleasure of hearing it, as a fine specimen of earnest, eloquent and practical preaching. Wherever our dear brother went (and he had many special calls), he was received as an angel of light; in the pulpit and on the platform he was ever listened to with attention, respect and delight. We were proud of him, and thankful for him. He has done our Church in this country much good—intellectually, socially and morally—and to those who knew him best, I am sure, his memory will ever be beautiful and fragrant as the rose.

It may, too, perhaps, be accepted as an indication of the general feeling of good-will entertained towards Mr. McClure by his ministerial brethren in England and Ire-

land in view of the step he had just taken, that the Rev. James Stacey wrote to him, under date February 2nd, 1849:—

\* \* \*

I beg to congratulate you on your safe arrival at Toronto, and your apparently comfortable induction into your new diocese and office. It is, I doubt not, for your own advantage that you have gone to Canada, and will be, I have as little doubt, for the benefit of the people entrusted to your spiritual oversight. \* \* \*

In Toronto I trust you will meet with stimulants which will at once urge to the highest duties, and be the best recompense of their discharge. I pray that the hands of your arms may be strengthened with the power of the mighty God of Jacob, and that, both personally and relatively, your path may be as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

\* \* \* \*

- June 15th. Corrected for publication the minutes of Conference.
- “ 20th. Visited Niagara, Queenston and the Falls.
- “ 26th. Lectured with my Lamp in the basement.
- July 8th. Questioned, prayed, and addressed William Gundy, of Brock, who was ordained this evening in the chapel.
- “ 30th. Mr. Wiman's funeral. Died of cholera.
- Aug. 6th. Prayer meeting in Knox Church, Dr. Burns'.
- “ 19th. In Primitive Methodist Chapel, Bay street, Acts ii. 47.
- “ 20th. At the grave of Arthur Hamilton.
- Sept. 3rd. Meeting in Bible room on account of Toronto Academy.
- “ 20th. Sunday School Tea Party, Yorkville; my Lamp.
- Oct. 11th. Brick Chapel, Yonge street, Soiree; Lamp, and Lecture.
- “ 13th. With Lord Elgin on the deputation of ministers.

- “ 21st. In Knox Church, Matt. xviii. 3.  
 “ 31st. Cavan District Meeting, Baltimore.  
 Nov. 14th. Baptized Nathaniel D. Neil.  
 “ 17th. Evening party in Mr. Sharpe’s.  
 “ 25th. Stone Church, near Cooksville, Phil. ii. 14-15.  
 “ 30th. Harriet Hamilton’s funeral.  
 Dec. 7th. Lectured in Mechanics Institute on Circulation.  
 “ 9th. Alms house, Toronto, Psalm xxiii.  
 “ 21st. Received into the membership of Sons of Temperance.  
 “ 27th. Third Anniversary of the opening of the Church. Present—Hon. J. H. Price, Dr. Burns, Messrs. Roaf, Jennings and Gale.  
 “ 28th. One of a deputation to the Mayor about a fast day.
- 1850.
- Jan. 5th. Formed a young men’s class ; began with ten members.  
 “ 27th. Bloomfield’s Chapel, Trafalgar, Matt. xxviii. 18.  
 Feb. 1st. Soiree Yorkville Chapel. Lecture with Lamp.  
 “ 8th. “ in Knox Church.  
 “ 15th. Committee on Clergy Reserves, Mr. Lillie’s lecture room.  
 “ 18th. Left Toronto at one o’clock for Kingston.  
 “ 19th. To Kingston Penitentiary. Saw and talked to Dr. Dill.  
 “ 20th. Held Quarterly Meeting in Conger’s Mills Chapel, near Picton.  
 “ 22nd. Gave Temperance Lecture in Temperance Hall, Picton. Dr. Moore in the chair.

It was on the occasion of this visit to the County of Prince Edward that the writer first made the acquaintance of Mr. McClure. The “ Old Chapel ” at Conger’s Mills was within a stone’s throw of the school-house

where the present editor then for a few months played the role of Dominie, and the remembrance is distinctly with him of the favourable impression Mr. McClure's visit and services made upon the public mind there. The Temperance Hall, at Picton, was crowded with an interested audience to listen to the lecture noted in the last entry.

- May 6th. At Committee of Clergy Reserves.  
 " 14th. At the opening of the Provincial Parliament.  
 " 22nd. Sabbath Day Observance Society's Committee, Mr. Jennings' vestry.  
 " 29th. Annual Meeting of Tract Society—Fourth resolution.
- June 2nd. The organ opened in Toronto Church.  
 " 4th. Went out to Whitchurch Conference with Mr. Johnston.  
 " 5th. At nine o'clock opened the sittings of Conference, after which the Conference was regularly constituted, and Mr. Crofts chosen President.  
 " 7th. Chosen Chairman of Stationing Committee.  
 " 8th. Examined the Candidates for ordination. While at Conference stopped with Mr. Irwin, Methodist Episcopal.  
 " 27th. Sunday School Soiree and Annual Meeting in the basement.
- July 9th. Examinations in KNOX Academy.  
 " 16th. Baptized W. Hamilton's child. Distance twenty miles.  
 " 20th. Whitchurch first Quarterly Meeting.  
 " 21st. Newmarket Independent Chapel, I. Peter i. 22.  
 " 25th. Meeting of the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance, then the Procession, then the Soiree.

1850.

- July 26th. Meeting of the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance continued, debate on the subject of Coloured Men.
- “ 28th. Baptized Mr. Fisher's child at his own house.
- Aug. 7th. Tract Society's Committee, in rooms, Yonge street.
- “ 14th. Bible Society's Committee, in rooms Yonge street.
- “ 28th. The Church Choir with me to tea.
- Sept. 2nd. Educational Trust Meeting in Mr. Roaf's Church.
- “ 4th. Jews Meeting in Knox Church.
- “ 6th. Sons of Temperance Procession and Soiree at the Humber.
- “ 10th. Attended the morning Committee in the Poor House.
- “ 12th. Spent the afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Withrow.
- “ 25th. Left Toronto for London, slept at Rev. T. Goldsmith's.
- “ 29th. Opening New Chapel, London, afternoon II. Chron. vii. 15-16 : evening I. Cor. ii. 2.
- “ 30th. Opening Tea Party, present four hundred.
- Oct. 1st. At the baptism of Mr. McMechan's two children.
- “ 9th. Meeting on account of Coloured Refugees, Mechanics Institute.
- “ 23rd. Presided at Mr. Gough's Lectures on Temperance in Mr. Roaf's Church.
- “ 24th, 25th, 26th, 28th, 29th. At Mr. Gough's Lectures.
- “ 30th. Wrote the address to Mr. Gough, and read it before the large meeting in the Richmond street Wesleyan Church.
- “ 31st. Saw Mr. Gough off per packet for Hamilton. Presided at Committee of Poor House.
- Nov. 1st. Re-opening of Hamilton Church. House very crowded both times.

1850.

Nov. 6th. Lectured in Mechanics Institute on the Nerves.

“ 17th. Case of Inquiry—Mr. Roaf—in Mr. Piper's.

“ 25th. Mr. Jennings's tea party. His own basement.

1851.

Jan. 7th. Opening of Congregational Theological Institute.

“ 9th. Lecture on Steam Engine.

“ 18th. Drove out to Whitchurch.

“ 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd. Missionary Meetings, Whitchurch Circuit.

“ 27th. Went by stage to Dr. Todd's in Trafalgar.

Feb. 5th. Address at Mr. Roaf's Sabbath School Soiree.

“ 14th. Went with Mr. Doel to Bro. Style's, Queensville.

“ 15th. Ditto to Bro. Way's, Township of Brock.

“ 16th. Opened our first Chapel in Brock at eleven a.m. and five p.m.

“ 18th. Returned to Queensville, twenty-four miles.

“ 29th. Ditto to Toronto, thirty-five miles.

“ 22nd. Meeting to arrange for the formation of an Anti-Slavery Society held in Mr. Geikie's Church.

“ 24th. Arranging for Anti-Slavery Meeting, Dr. Willis' study.

“ 26th. Anti-Slavery Meeting in City Hall; Mayor in the chair.

March 3rd. Committee of enquiry—Dr. Burns and Mr. Roaf—in Mr. Jennings's Vestry.—In Division of Sons. Eighteen initiated at once.

“ 10th. Missionary Meeting in Hamilton.

“ 26th. Committee of French Canadian Missionary Society. In the chair.

“ 31st. Anti-Slavery Committee in the *Globe* Office, where we were met by George Thompson, M. P., F. Douglas, Rev. J. May, of Syracuse.

1851.

- April 2nd. Breakfasted with George Thompson and party in Dr. Willis'.
- “ 4th. Ditto at Dr. Burns'—Lecture on British India by George Thompson.
- “ 11th. Evening party in P. Brown's to meet George Thompson's Anti-Slavery Committee, and deputation to Mr. Thompson with £50.
- “ 19th. Address in the Sunday School, seventy-three present.
- May 5th. City Mission Committee, Bible Depository.
- “ 15th. Filled and directed three hundred circulars on Anti-Slavery.
- “ 21st. At Clergy Reserve Committee in Mechanics Institute.
- “ 29th. From Coburg to Kingston, eight a.m.
- “ 30th. From Kingston to Maitland, six p.m. Address in Division Room of Sons, Maitland.
- “ 31st. Left Maitland for Kitley Corners eight p.m. Attended Quarterly Meeting, Kitley Corners.
- June 2nd. Johnstown District Meeting.
- “ 4th. Drove to the Conference in Crosby Chapel. Conference opened at ten o'clock, Mr. Crofts chosen President. I lodged in Mr. Leggitt's.
- “ 8th. Preached in Crosby Chapel. So did Mr. Goldsmith. Mr. Crofts preached to the ministers.
- “ 10th. Started on the Rideau Canal for Kingston.

So closes the record of Mr. McClure's labours whilst Superintendent of the Toronto City Circuit. The above extracts give as fair a representation as space allows of the varied character and extent of his work during these two years and a half of acclimation on Canadian soil. It will be seen that the drafts upon his time for general

Connexional service were heavy. This is to be taken not simply as a compliment paid to the office he held as Assistant Superintendent of the Mission, but as an honest and spontaneous tribute to the value set upon his pulpit and platform services, and the weight attached to his counsels by his brethren, whether in dealing with cases of difficulty on their circuits, or in transacting the business of the ordinary Church courts of the denomination. His catholicity of spirit appears also in his manifest readiness to every good work, whether in co-operating with the ministers of other churches in the advancement of their more particular denominational interests, or in helping forward schemes of a more general bearing. The Temperance cause found in him as able an ally here as in the land he had left. The struggle in this Province for religious liberty and equality was also at this time in its most advanced stage, and Toronto was headquarters for the combatants. Mr. McClure's sympathies in this struggle were not doubtful, and his active interest in pushing this great question of the day to its logical and only admissible solution is attested in his journal by the recurrence of such entries as "At Clergy Reserve Committee Meeting." In the words of the Hon. George Brown to the writer—"He helped us to fight the battle out."

Although no mention is made of the fact in Mr. McClure's diary, a series of lectures on *Puseyism* was delivered by him during this term of his connection with Toronto. These lectures were given in the Temperance Street Church on several consecutive Sunday evenings,

and were well received by the public. They were afterwards published in pamphlet form.

The following statements taken from the annual address of the Irish Conference to the English Conference of 1850, indicate the fact that Mr. McClure's removal to this country did not involve an utter severance of early and endeared associations.

Many of our members have crossed the Atlantic and are united with our people in Christian fellowship in Canada. A pleasing illustration of this is given by our own minister in Toronto, who writes that he has generally about twenty of our Belfast and Bangor people worshipping on Sunday in their church in that city.

In the Minutes of the Crosby Conference above referred to Mr. McClure's name appears as duly appointed to the Superintendence of the London City Circuit. He did not, however, immediately remove thither. Representations had come before the Conference from friends in Montreal, urging the re-opening of our Connexional operations at that important point. Mr. McClure was commissioned to examine the ground and form a judgment as to the practicability or otherwise of such a measure. Accordingly he tells us :—

June 16th. Left for Kingston at 10 o'clock. 18th. Safe in Montreal at Mr. Irwin's, 31 Magill street. Met a number of friends at Mr. Irwin's—Mr. Crofts in the chair. After much conversation we adjourned till Saturday.

19th. Examined the old Independent Church, St. Maurice street. A stone building, in good order, has basement, galleries and vestry ; would seat 600. Price of

the building £1,230. Mr. Redpath has the selling of it. \* \* \* \* \* Visited the French Church, its altars, galleries, great bell and tower. It has 1,800 pews and 10,000 sittings. Corpus Christi day. Saw high mass. Oh, this Roman beast !

June 20th. Left Montreal by the ferry for Laprairie, 9 miles, and then by cars to St. Johns, 18 miles. \* \* \*  
\* Visited the garrison, magazine and old French entrenchments.

21st. Returned to Montreal. Visited, in company with Rev. Mr. Black, the school, farm and missionary institutions at Point-au-Tremble, nine miles down the river. The conductors are generous, pious, educated, devoted, successful. The institution is broad, well-adapted, growing and most worthy. Met the friends at Mr. Irwin's. They reckon upon 50 members, 250 of a congregation, to raise £100. They formed a committee to meet weekly and correspond with us.

22nd. Visited the Wesleyan Church, Great St. James street. Mr. Squires preached, Contains 2,500 sittings. A splendid structure. \* \* \* \* \* Wit-  
nessed what the French call *Le bon Dieu*, or grand procession of the host; it is a barefaced horrible abomination. Heard H. O. Crofts preach in the Church.

Mr. Crofts was at this time on his return to England, his term of office as Missionary Superintendent having expired. He was to be succeeded in a few weeks by our old friend, the Rev. J. H. Robinson. The following fragment gives further particulars respecting the case of Montreal :

In the year 1844, the New Connexion Ministers gave up the interest they had held in Montreal for several years previously, as the West presented a wider and then more promising field for their Ministry, and the number of Ministers, at that time, was quite inadequate to reach the work placed in their hands. Their purpose was, however, to return to Montreal so soon as their circumstances would permit. For

years some of the old members lived in hope, until they were, for their families' sake, obliged to unite with other Churches; nor even then did they despair of having their own Ministers again to preside among them.

In June, 1851, Wm. McClure was deputed by the Conference held in Crosby, C. W., to visit this City, in compliance with the request of our friends in Montreal, forwarded to Conference. He arrived on the 18th and remained up to the 23rd, during which time he stayed in Mr. Irwin's, where the friends met on two evenings for conference, but the means at command, would not justify the Annual Committee in taking it up, just then.

June 25th. Got to Toronto and found all well. Mr. Watts is here to supply till Mr. Robinson comes. Took tea at Mr. McPhail's with the young men of the church, who presented me with an address, accompanied by twelve volumes of valuable standard works. I replied extempore, but promised a written one at my first leisure.

26th. Called on Mr. Gale, Toronto Academy, and left a list of the young men, in whose educational training I wish Mr. Essen to take an interest. Mr. Gale proffered his help.

June 28th. We got to London safe but weary. By invitation, stayed with Mr. Plummer till Monday. 30th. Came to board in Mr Williams' till the cottage in Dundas street is vacated.

July 6th. Visited and addressed the S. School—one hundred and fifty present.

9th. Attended Pioneer Division of the Sons. Market House.

10th. Address at Mr. Randal's funeral—died very happy in God.

18th. Bought a pony six years old—\$65. \* \* \*  
Great flood in the river this week—much rain and thunder—great loss of property and bridges.

23rd. Electrified Mr. Eager with magnetic battery.

26th. Rode on horseback to Robert Dickey's, Blanchard.

28th. Crossed the Thames at St. Marys in a canoe. The

floods have swept the bridge away. \* \* \* Preached in the woods near the Wesleyan chapel. \* \* \* 30th. Rode back to London. August 19th. Took tea with Mr. Saunders and attended practice. 22nd. At Temperance Cadets' soiree in the Market House. 27th. At Temperance Soiree on the seventh concession. Sept. 8th. Attended and spoke at Mr. Boyd's soiree. Sept. 16th. Examined Joseph Vining for admission into full standing as a Local Preacher. Accepted.

21st. Independent Chapel. Rev. vii., 14. Luke ii., 29-30.

22nd. Anniversary Soiree of London Chapel. Six ministers present. Three hundred and sixty guests—receipts, £20.

23rd. London District meeting. 24th. Sons' Soiree, and procession at the Junction. 28th. Rode out to Captain Orr's, near Five Stakes. 29th. To St. Thomas, and tried to set arrangements on foot for freeing the chapel without selling it; then rode on to Bro. Williams' in Malahide. 30th. Special Circuit meeting in Waterford. They gave Mr. Watts to Howard Circuit. Oct. 3rd. Rode down to see Vienna and Port Burwell. 5th. Returned to London. 7th. Temperance address on the fifth concession. 9th. Mr. Caswell and I ordained Mr. Watts. 12th to 17th. Missionary Services—Salt Creek, South Yarmouth, &c. 18th. Cadets' Soiree, Mechanics' Institute. 10th. Hughes' Chapel, London North. Baptized Thomas Edward, son of Rev. James and Harriet Kershaw. 21st. Spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Johnston—baptized their son William John. Nov. 2nd. Temperance Lecture in the chapel, Waterford village, and Missionary meeting, Windham. 7th. Went to Bro. Williams', Malahide. \* \* \* To the 14th, Missionary Services—Deerham Forge, Norwich, &c.

12th. Mr. Plummer's house was burned down. 25th. We spent the evening with Mr. Darvil. Dec. 12th. Bible Society Committee in Mr. Clarke's, North street.

1852, Jan. 1st. Children's Soiree in the chapel. 13th.

Revds. Boyd, Clarke and Scott met in my house and took tea together. 14th. Mr. Edgar died at eleven A. M. 21st. Rev. Mr. Clarke's Donation. 22nd. Rev. Mr. Boyd's Donation. 27th. Spent the evening in Dr. Salter's. 30th. Lectured on Slavery in Congregational Church. Feb. 6th. Spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. 9th. Ministers' prayer meeting in my house. 18th. Daughters Soiree at Mechanics' Institute. 20th. Missionary meeting at Halls' Mills. 27th. At Mr. Clarke's lecture on the Theatre. March 13th. Ministers' prayer meeting in Mr. Pollard's. 7th. Preached in the Free Church. 9th. Lectured on Astronomy in the basement. 17th. Hearing Mr. Barnett preach. 24th. Local Preachers' meeting—our house. 30th. Anniversary of London Division in Mechanics' Institute. Ladies presented them a banner. April 7th. At examination of the London Union Schools. 8th. Address at the Soiree of the London Union Schools. 27th. Renewed the tickets in my own class. 30th. Lectured on Apostolical Succession in the Wesleyan Church. May 2nd. Renewed the tickets in Messrs. Pacey's, Johnson's, Fletcher's and Darvil's classes. 8th, Met, advised, prayed and parted with Thomas Lynham, who has left this for Australia. 10th. Read the word, addressed, prayed and parted with John and William Johnston. They left to-day for Australia. Formed a Committee for managing the astronomical lectures. 23rd. Held Love Feast and Sacrament—School-house, St. Marys—Rom. v., 1-2. 24th. Rode to London, thirty miles, and went to the platform for Maine Law and Ocean penny-postage. Large fine meeting. 27th. At head of procession of Grand Division of Sons. 29th. Left for Conference—stayed all night with Bro. Dundas. 31st. Got along to Ancaster. June 1st. Reached Mr. Rump's parsonage, and abode there during Conference. 2nd. Conference commenced. I opened the proceedings in Mr. Crofts' absence until Mr. Robinson was elected. 3rd, The Stationing Committee chosen—I am on again. 5th. Conference dined together in

the Chapel yard. The fare and order excellent. Made a speech. 6th. J. H. Robinson preached. I conducted the Lord's Supper, and preached in the evening—John iv. 19. 7th. Stationing Committee—third reading. Caledon and Manvers protest. 7th. The sittings of the Conference closed to-day. 8th. Drove to Hamilton. Stopped at night at Mr. Cummings'.

10th. Got home at nine P. M., Mr. Kershaw drove me in his buggy to and from Conference. 13th. Mr. Childs preached for me. 24th. At public meeting for early closing—Mechanics' Institute. July 1st. Met the locals in the basement and drew up the plan. 8th. Hearing Mr. Caswell preach. 9th. Delivered my third lecture on Astronomy. 20th. Presided at the Teachers' Quarterly tea-meeting—basement. Present eighty. August 2nd. Spoke and dined in the grove. Celebration of August 1st, 1834. 3rd. At the practice of the choir in basement. August 8th. Rev. Mr. Ward, coloured man, preached for me. 10th. With choir arranging for future harmony. 19th. Met the choir committee for tea, and sent for music to England. 21st. Attended the Quarterly Meeting of the coloured people. 27th. Ministers' Meeting in my own house. Sept. 6th, Anti-slavery Committee formed. I am president. 17th. Meeting of ministers in Mr. Boyd's—modes of study. 20th. Society meeting. Read section second of rules, and gave a short address. 30th. Committee to arrange for Gough in Mr. Morrill's. Oct. 4th. Anniversary of London Chapel—present, seven ministers and three hundred guests. Total receipts, £27.19.9. 9th. Hearing Gough in our chapel. 11th. Ditto. 12th. Ditto. In the chair. Total receipts, £59.16.1. Nov. 1st. Spoke at Wesleyan Anniversary. Nov. 5th. Begged studs and laths from Mr. Shaw and boards from Mr. Magee, for vestry in chapel. Ministers meeting in Mr. Scott's—arranged for lectures. 10th. My Bible class in the chapel. This is the third Wednesday I have met this class.

Nov. 14th. Baptist Church Anniversary, Psalm cxix.

165. Dec. 22nd. Mr. Frazer, of London, was killed on the Proof Line, being run against by a drunken fellow, with a waggon, and thrown out of his buggy, dislocating his neck, causing death in two hours. 26th. Preached in 11th Concession Chapel, London. 27th. Soiree in ditto. 250 present. 29th. Took tea with Rev. J. Scott, and assisted at Mr. Pollard's lecture in the Scotch Church, on the being and attributes of God. 31st, Left London for Hamilton. At Mr. Goldsmith's.

1853. Jan. 1st. At Sons' public dinner in Caledonia. 2nd. Missionary Meeting on the Mountain. 5th. Ditto. at Lake Chapel. 7th. Ditto at Thirty-Mile Creek. 9th. In Pelham Church and Twenty-Mile Creek Union Church. \* \* Mr. Parks drove me to St. Catharines, three miles ; stage to Hamilton thirty miles. 14th. Stage from Hamilton *via* Paris to London. 31st. At formation of Ladies' Anniversary Society in our Church. March 21st. At the formation of a Temperance League in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Lawyer Wilson chosen President. 24th. Lectured on Temperance in Mr. Skinner's Church, Proof Line ; stopped all night with him. May 3rd. Held Bible Class Soiree, one hundred young persons present. A. Dempsey, R. Porte, P. Rose read essays. Wm. Saunders lectured on Chemistry with experiments. The class presented me with three volumes. May 28th. Held Quarterly Meeting in Waterford. 30th. Left Waterford for Hamilton ; at Mr. Caughey's Prayer meeting. 31st. Left Hamilton for Toronto \* \* \* Heard Padre Gavazzi in St. Lawrence Hall. A very lion of God. June 1st. Conference opened. \* \* \* 2nd, Rev. Ryan Smith, Episcopal Methodist, from the States, preached in the evening. 3rd. Rev. Luther Lee introduced to the President and given a seat in Conference, after which he gave us an interesting account of his own and his brethren's struggles for Church freedom, So like our own !

5. Conducted the ordination service of Messrs. Shaw, Savage, Baskerville, Gaddes. Ascended the pulpit and

delivered the ordination address from 1 Tim. iv. 16 ; a solemn time \* \* \* Luther Lee preached in the evening on the Cross of Christ, a good sermon. 7th. Mr. Lee gave his parting address, sound and fraternal. 8th. Conference sat until 10 p.m., to get through business ; the revision of our discipline occupied much time. 8th. Conference closed to-day at noon. 9th. Left at 2 p.m. for Hamilton ; heard Mr. Caughey preach. 10th. Left at 9 o'clock for London ; was 17 hours on the way. June 21st. Alfred Salter drowned in the river. 22nd. Married Rev. J. C. Watts and Amelia Orr ; the service was performed in her father's house. 20th. Baptized Mrs. Elson and two daughters ; took tea with the family after the service 28th. Port Stanley. Temperance Lecture Congregational Church.

In the Minutes of the Toronto Conference the following resolution may be found on record :—

That Montreal be not included in our stations this year, but that the Rev. Wm. McClure proceed thither to ascertain what are the probabilities of organizing a church in that city ; and should he, in conjunction with the Annual Committee, consider the prospects of a sufficiently encouraging nature, he shall form a society, the supply of which with ministerial labour, shall be entrusted to the Annual Committee for the year ; and the place of Mr. McClure at London, while engaged at Montreal, shall be supplied by the General Superintendent, or another acceptable supply.

He accordingly again set his face eastward, and accompanied by Mrs. McClure, arrived in Montreal on the twelfth of July.

July 14th. At half past seven met some of the friends for consultation in Mr. Walker's parlour. Ten present. All anxious for our Church. 17th. Preached in the American Presbyterian Church. Met a class of fifteen persons in Mr. McEwens.

18th. At eight p. m. in the Rechabite Hall, Great St. James street. Met the friends, twenty-four in number. On enquiry, found thirty-one members, fifteen heads of families; nineteen probable members; able to raise seventy pounds in support of a preacher. \* \* \*

July 20th. Went to St. Albans in Vermont—Rechabite Perseverance Tent Festival. Distance from Montreal, seventy-one miles. The day was very wet. Company, fourteen hundred. Dined with a most hospitable American family. Saw and heard the mocking-bird. 23rd. Mr. Irwin drove us all around the burned district. 24th. Preached at half-past ten a. m. in the Great St. James street Wesleyan Church—I. Cor., xvi. 13-14. 27th. At Mr. Walker's to meet the friends. They engage to pay £50 now and £50 in three months. \* \* \* They want a preacher now, and want me to be that preacher. 30th. At the Mountain Cemetery—visited Mr. Squire's grave. August 8th. Saw Hannah off by the cars per Lachine to Toronto. 14th. Preached on board the *California*.

The Eastern Townships' Circuits appear to have availed themselves of this visit of Mr. McClure's to Montreal to secure the advantages of his ministrations for a time. We find accordingly that on July 16th, he

Took train for Lacolle—hired a buggy to Mr. Whitcombe's, one and a half miles beyond Henrysburg. 17th. Preached in the school-house here. 19th. Preached in Henrysburg school-house. August 21st. Ditto in Bogtown, Henrysburg, and Union street. 23rd. Mr. Whitcombe drove me to Mr. Adams' in Dunscomb, fifty miles. 25th. At Sutton Flats to meet the chapel trustees. 26th. Bro. Adams drove me to Mr. Hunt's at Bolton, twenty-five miles. 27th. Ditto to Dunham—most charming scenery. 28th. Preached in Dunham Chapel, Scott's school-house and Tell's school-house.

29th. Bro Adams drove me to Cowansville—stage to St. Johns, thirty-two miles. 30th. Breakfasted in Mr. Irwin's—met friends at eight p. m. at Mr. Walker's. Sept. 1st. Left Montreal at twelve o'clock for Toronto. 3rd. In Toronto at six p. m. \* \* \* Wrote a full summary of Montreal affairs. Sept. 7th. Got to London at twelve o'clock.

On September 13th, Mr. McClure met the Annual Committee at Hamilton. It seems to have been decided that no steps should be taken towards the occupancy of Montreal for that year.

Sept. 22nd. Division of Sons in the Market House. Oct. 1st. Waterford Quarterly Meeting. 5th. Temperance Convention in Hamilton Court House. 6th. Hearing Rev. Ryerson on the Maine Law. 12th. District Meeting, St. Thomas Chapel. 19th. Jubilee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. 24th. In Free Church, Psalm lxii., 8. Nov. 3rd. Trial of members at Hall's Mills. Dec. 13th. At half-past two the first locomotive entered London. 23rd. To Hamilton per rail in three hours and ten minutes with Richard Tyner.

The Hamilton charge was at this time left vacant through the illness of the minister appointed at the previous Conference to this station. The Annual Committee directed their expectations to Mr. McClure to meet the difficulty. He had been to a considerable extent unsettled thus far through the year, owing to his absence for such a length of time in the Eastern Province, and could not, agreeable to Connexionial usage, remain but a few months longer in London. A deputation from the Annual Committee, consisting of Rev. J. H. Robinson, and O.

Blake, Esq., with a representation from the Hamilton Church, accordingly visited London, conferred with Mr. McClure as also with the London Quarterly Board, and as the result, Mr. McClure was transferred to the vacancy in Hamilton. Previous to his departure, a public valedictory meeting was held in the Clarence street Church. The 'Ministerial Association' of the city was ably represented on the platform, and very touching were the allusions of some of the speakers to the strength of the bond which held those who remained, in fellowship with him who was departing. A purse of between \$80 and \$90 was during the evening placed in Mr. McClure's hands.

Of his incumbency in London, he thus speaks, writing under date March 16th, to the Rev. D. D. Rolston:—

While in London, God gave me some seals to my ministry, for which I bless His name, while by unceasing planning and effort I got the whole of the Church debt, amounting to £200, paid off, besides improving the interior of the Church, building a Chapel in Nissouri and paying for it. \*

\* \* From the beginning of my labours to the close, there was a steady increase in the contributions, from class and quarterage, public collections and Missonary agencies. To me these are pleasing reflections, only embittered by the thought,—far more might have been done. \*

No one can read the record of Mr. McClure's labours in London, meagre extracts only of which have been given above, without accepting the testimony thus borne to the faithfulness and arduousness of those labours. Whether in the Connexional service he rendered the denomination both in the Eastern and Western Provinces,

or in his application to the more immediate duties of his Circuit charge, in pulpit provision, pastoral visitation, and the general administration of Circuit affairs, or again in contributing his time and pains towards elevating the intellectual and social status of the community with whom for a time he had cast in his lot, is it too much to say that in each of these respects, our brother "came behind in no gift" of Christian love and ministerial devotedness?

Mr. McClure arrived in Hamilton on the 13th of January 1854, and was hospitably entertained by his friend the Rev. James Brennan until the parsonage should be vacated for his use. In the correspondence already quoted from above, the following passage occurs:—

On coming to Hamilton I find a painful state of things Nearly all Mr. Goldsmith's congregation away. Classes ill attended; over \$300 to raise before Conference, in order to meet actual engagements. There is a debt of \$400 on the Church, and \$200 on the Parsonage. \* \* \* Yet I have hope of Hamilton, and if I can inspire the friends with hope and lead them to loving united labour, God will bless us and increase us, and nothing is impossible to him who believeth. \* \* \*

We now return to the Journal—

Jan. 26th. At Mr. Hannon's. Mr. Brennan married Rev. J. Shaw to Elizabeth Burnett Hannon. 29th. Spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Leland. Feb. 1st. Visited Mr. Aikman. \* \* \* Attended the Hamilton Division of Sons. 4th. Mr. Watts drove me out twenty-eight miles to Mr. Clemens', near Galt, where we stayed all night. 5th. Preached in New Hope Chapel, the Court House of Preston and in Galt. 6th

to 10th. Missionary Meetings—Nassagaweya, Nelson, &c. 12th. Preached in Cummings' Chapel, Tucks' school-house, and Division Room of Sons, Wellington Square. To the 18th. Missionary Meetings—Mount Tabor, Copetown, Ancaster, &c. 22nd. By Mr. Shaw's buggy to Thirty Mile Creek.

After all this, we do not wonder at the following note :—

Feb. 27th. Very ill from frequent colds. In doors all week.

March 19th. Spent the day with Mr. Nash. 27th. Toronto—met Mr. Hartman in Mr. Goldsmith's. He took charge of the London Memorial, &c.—is sanguine of success.

April 5th. Soiree, two hundred and sixty present, good meeting: took £30. 10th. Rev. Mr. Gale's funeral. 16th. Coloured Church, Luke xv. 10. Rev. Mr. Ebbs' Church, Ps. cxix. 165. 21st. Board of Hamilton Tract and City Mission. May 15th. Quarterly Leader's Meeting, eight present, very peaceful. June 6th. Conference began to arrive. 7th. Conference opened at ten o'clock, J. H. Robinson in the chair, after Conference was formed, T. Goldsmith was chosen President. 11th. Prayer meeting at eight a.m. J. H. Robinson preached at half-past ten. Love Feast at two p.m. At half-past six p.m. T. Goldsmith preached. 12th. Prayer meeting at six p.m. At half-past six p.m. Messrs. Shaw, Adkins, Barnett, Savage, Baskerville, McAlister and Vining were received into full Connexion; five of these had been previously ordained. I asked the questions and read the Gospel, H. Wilkinson presented them. T. Goldsmith read the word of ordination, presented the Bible, and gave the address. 14th. Conference closed to-night at ten o'clock. 24th. Handed over to Mr. Shilton \$40 to secure for me two hundred acres of wild land near Maitland. 26th. Ministers prayer meeting in Mr. Carroll's.

29th. Formed my Bible class, ten enrolled. July 4th. Called up at two a.m. to Mr. Leland, ill of cholera, suffered dreadfully, died half-past eleven, retained a firm hold of his Saviour. 5th. At meeting of Committee in Free Church Vestry; agreed to engage a City Missionary. 10th. Morning meeting of ministers at my own house. 17th. Visited Miss Forbes in cholera: died to-day. 24th. Mrs. Gardner died of cholera. She was at church yesterday. 27th. Waited on the Mayor, Charles Magill, Esq., in company with Rev. Messrs. Hogg and Booker. He agreed to proclaim a fast. Aug. 2nd. Union prayer meeting in Knox Church. 3rd. At Mr. and Miss Elliott's funeral, aged thirty-two and six, cholera. Rev. Mr. Elliott very ill in same. 4th. Visited Mr. and Mrs. Vannorman, cholera. Sept. 6th. Knox Church, concert for prayer and thanksgiving to God for His mercy in removing the cholera. 24th. At London. Chapel reopened. Organ by Warren, of Montreal, cost \$900. Collections \$82.00. 27th. Soiree in London Church. Sixteen ministers and four hundred people present. Singing magnificent. Mrs. Raymond at the organ. Oliver Blake, Esq., in the chair. Great satisfaction. 29th. Home at four p.m. Oct. 4th. At Division of Sons, proposed Rev. J. Hogg. 5th. Chapel Soiree, Mud street; present three hundred; proceeds \$100. 9th. In Galt Chapel, Sunday School Anniversary. 25th. Wellington Square, address to Grand Union of Daughters. Nov. 21st. Grand Division of Templars. Was appointed Grand Chaplain. Dec. 18th. Meeting of ministers; arranged for a winter course of ten lectures, bi-weekly, to commence on Jan. 10th. I take the first "The Harmony of Revelation and Science."

1855. Jan. 8th to 12th. Missionary Services, Cayuga Circuit. 14th. Mr. Hogg's Church, Acts ix. 13: then communion. 24th. Rev. Mr. Booker's Lecture on Prophecy Fulfilled, in our Church. Feb. 2nd to 9th. Missionary Services, Welland Canal Circuit. 12th, 13th. Missionary Services, Ancaster, Copetown. 19th. Minis-

ters' prayer meeting, Rev. W. Rowe's. 21st. Tea party at Lake Chapel; very good. 24rd. Valedictory service in Rev. Mr. Booker's, where we presented Rev. J. Hogg with Life of Dr. Milner, and an address of affection. He leaves on Wednesday for Detroit.

This address, drawn up by Mr. McClure, is in the editor's hands. A characteristic production, which, want of space only keeps back from these pages.

Feb. 26th. With Rev. R. Burnet a deputation to Rev. R. Irvine to advise with him in the matter between him and ————. 27th. Mr. Irvine lectured in the Wesleyan Stone Church. March 6th. Lectured on the Inspiration of the Scriptures, in the Primitive Methodist Church, John street. 3th. Hearing Lucy Stone lecture on woman's rights. March 23rd. Hearing Mr. Caughey "Blessed are the pure in heart." April 11th. Went to sit up with George Nash. He died at twenty-two minutes past ten. No return to reason. 16th. French Canadian Missionary Meeting, Knox Church. 20th. At Committee Meeting in Toronto on account of Mr. Shilton's death. May 5th. Held Cayuga Quarterly Meeting \*  
\* \* Slept at Mr. De Cew's; very kind,  
hospitable, good people. 6th. \* \* \*  
Cayuga Court House, full, James v. 16. 12th. Quarterly Conference, Arthur Circuit. 15th. District Meeting in Durham. 21st. At tea in Mr. Clement's, baptized himself and family. June 5th. Left for Conference at London. Put up at Mr. G. G. Magee's. 6th. Conference opened at nine a.m. Chose me for President. Just seven years since I presided before. Preached to Conference, John ix. 4. 10th. Heard Mr. Goldsmith. At Love Feast. Preached for Mr. Clarke. Heard Mr. Robinson, and administered the Lord's supper. A blessed day. 14th. Made many calls; got home safe at seven p.m. 27th. Dedication of Glanford Temperance

Hall. July 3rd. Visited School Section No. 4, Barton ; Examined and addressed scholars.

This would be in the capacity of Local Superintendent, which office, for the Township of Barton, Mr. McClure filled while resident in Hamilton.

July 4th. Yankee celebration. A miserable affair.  
 Aug. 8th. Met Rev. J. H. Robinson on the wharf on his way to Toronto. Advised with him about placing the preachers on their way from England. \* \* \*  
 Heard Dr. Murray preach in Knox Church. 17th.  
 \* \* \* Finished the ground plan front section, and side elevation of a Chapel for Fredericksburgh.  
 25th. Left Hamilton for Waterford Church Opening.

The following is an abbreviated notice of Mr. McClure's visit to Waterford on this occasion taken from the *Evangelical Witness* for October, 1855 :—

#### OPENING OF WATERFORD CHURCH.

DEAR BROTHER,—You will be gratified to learn a few particulars relative to the opening of the new Church in Waterford village, in which services I was privileged to take a part.

I left Hamilton by the one o'clock train on Saturday, the 25th of August, and on my arrival at the Paris station, found our good brother, Oliver Blake, Esq., waiting with his team and buggy to convey me to his own house at Waterford, a distance of twenty-three miles. On our reaching Brantford we took tea with one of "the excellent of the earth," lately removed from Waterford to Brantford, and who deeply laments her being thus cut off from her own loved Church and people, and who would do more than rejoice to see one of her own people's ministers placed in this important centre of population and improvement ; she seemed like a bird away from her nest, a lonely, restless one ; it may be yet found that God has placed her here for the very purpose of planting one

of the fair standards of our Zion in Brantford ; if so, I shall rejoice.

It was a dry, dusty, warm evening. We had a heavy load of four grown and two little ones, yet we easily reached Waterford, without any whipping, in the three hours ; although so late as nine o'clock, all was busy at the chapel, the choir practising, led by a high-toned melodeon, while our unwearied friend, Mr. Green, and family, were busy in every part of the house with both head and hands. We stayed so long here, that, on reaching home, the family were all retired to rest ; yet some wakeful one soon gave intimation of our being expected and welcome, by lighting a candle, and placing it for our convenience. The horses being cared for, I was soon unconscious of weariness and anxiety, enjoying a sound, refreshing sleep.

The Sabbath morning was so beautiful, the azure heavens so deep and transparent, the atmosphere so pure, balmy, bracing, the trees in the gardens so bowed down with fruit, and in the woods with such gorgeous foliage ; those elms, how graceful are their feather-like pendants, so fondly, so luxuriantly encircling and waving around their massive stems ; then those oaks, sturdy, wide-armed, noble, generous looking trees, standing out from their neighbours, in the midst of those broad fields, where the wheat ripens, or the kine so quietly ruminates beneath their ample, grateful shadows. How pleasing to the senses is this combination of art and nature, in the trellis and posts of my friend's stoop, the woodbine wraps his arms so gratefully round the posts, and sends out his fingers in all directions through the trellis, while on the joint of each finger now shine forth such clusters of crimson trumpets, still gemmed with dew drops, and breathing such exquisite odours in the bosom of the morning ; and these sweet flowers don't reveal all their treasures to the looker-on, for poised, as if standing on the air, before their open lips, those agile humming-birds, covered with tints outvying the very flowers themselves, reaching their long beaks with unerring precision down into hidden depths, draw thence delight, and strength, and life. Alas, how often do I skim the surface, and leave to others the life-giving nectar, which can only be reached by a particular, steady, skilful investigation. My old fault has found me out even here ; I came out here to think over my sermon and forgot all about it, and now I am summoned in to breakfast. At ten o'clock,

we left for the opening of "a house of God—a gate of heaven." The place was crowded to overflowing—more than one hundred persons could not even get inside of the doors.

Brother Goldsmith opened the service by singing and prayer. I preached with some liberty, under a very solemn sense of the value of the soul and God's abounding grace to sinners, from Psalm xxvii. and 4th verse—"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in his temple." A more earnestly attentive congregation, from beginning to ending, I never addressed; nor could I fail to recognize, in the countenances of many, the strong evidences of divine power, as they were now lit up by holy joy, or again bathed in tears of sorrow, and gratitude, and love. As I stood at the church door after the service, curiosity led me to count the number of teams just then taking up the congregation, and in sight there were upwards of fifty.

At three o'clock, the house was again filled with an equally attentive congregation; on which occasion, Elder Slaght, the Regular Baptist minister of Waterford, preached an appropriate and excellent sermon, from Exodus xx. 24,—“In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee.” Our brother is a very earnest preacher, much beloved by his people, and delighted to see the Lord's work advancing in every Church, where Christ is the only foundation of the sinner's hope.

At half-past six in the evening, I was again surprised to see the house filled to overflowing. Brother Goldsmith took for his theme. Zechariah vi. 12-13,—“Behold the man whose name is the Branch: and he shall grow up out of his place, and he shall build the temple of the Lord. Even he shall build the temple of the Lord; and he shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon his throne, and he shall be a priest upon his throne and the counsel of peace shall be between them both.” While Brother Goldsmith unfolded, arranged, illustrated, and applied his text with his usual ability, and more than his usual earnestness, it was most gratifying to see the deep attention of the audience, and the unflagging interest both young and old manifested in the service of God. There is a most hopeful people here, and while I looked on their manly, intelligent forms and features, I could not but covet every one of them for my Lord Jesus Christ.

And now how pleased the friends were with the complete success of the happy day ! They shook hands so cordially, and seemed so solemnly impressed with the goodness of the Lord to them, their families, and the work of their hands, that it did my heart good to look and listen to them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sept. 7th. Our wedding trip to Beamsville, 21 miles, 16th. Rev. Mr. Inglis' Church, Psalm xxvii. 4. Rev. R. Irvine's. Daniel iii. 16—27. News of taking Sebastopol arrived. Oct. 8th. At London. Church Anniversaries \* \* \* Soiree, 350. 23rd. League Meeting Mechanics' Institute, Toronto. 27th. Visited Mrs. Bastedo ; she died at half-past nine p.m. peacefully. Nov. 15th. At tea with Rev. R. Irvine to meet Rev. Mr. McLeod. 22nd. LECTURED in Barton School Section, number 6. Dec. 3rd. Soiree Committee met, when I gave towards debt on Church from Bazaar \$100, and from Soiree \$129. Dec. 21st. At examination of the senior class of Central School, by Mr. Sangster, in Mechanics' Hall. It was the best answering I ever heard. The scholars presented Mr. S. with a silver tea set and an address. Jan. 1st., 1856. To Toronto Sunday School Anniversary with Lamp. Jan. 12. Took leave of Robert Wilkes on his way *via* New York to Europe. God bless him. 12th. to 18th. Missionary services Galt, New Hope, Preston, &c. 24th. Meeting of Conference Educational Committee, Hamilton. Feb. 13th. Mercantile Convserazione Mechanics' Hall. 19th. At Milton Good Templars Soiree. March 12th. Toronto Protracted Meeting. 17th. Formation of Young Men's Christian Association at Knox's Church. April 4th. To Nasagaweya ; got with great difficulty ; road very bad. 6th. Ebenezer Chapel Love Feast. Lord's Supper. 7th. Mr. Watson drove to Mr. Burn's, in Nelson.

April 25th. To Dunnville by stage to attend Quarterly Meeting. 27th. Preached in Wesleyan Church, Dunnville, for Rev. Mr. Rice, who is ill. May 1st. At the

laying of the foundation stone of the second Free Church of Hamilton \* \* \* Rev. D. Ingles, the minister, read the paper of deposit. Dr. Burns addressed. At Soiree in the evening—Dr. Young in the chair. 30th. At Mrs. Forsythe's, who got a paralytic stroke on the 28th. June 2nd. Left Hamilton at 7 o'clock per *Magnet* to Gananoque. 3rd. At 3 o'clock got there, at 9 left for Mallorytown. June 4th. I opened the Conference at 9 a.m. J. H. Robinson was chosen President. 6th. Was placed on the Stationing Committee \* \* \* 8th. Preached in the Wesleyan Church at 10 o'clock. 10th. Conference closed. A busy, happy, prosperous one. 13th. Mrs. Hamilton's funeral in Toronto. 15th. Preached in Hamilton Jail. \* \* \* At the communion with Congregational Union. 24th. County Board; examining Teachers. 27th. At Lodge of Good Templars; nine initiated. July 4th. Templars experimented on ginger wine, &c. 15th. Meeting in Court House to arrange for Jail Preaching. 21st. Address at Y. M. C. A. 29th. Arrived in Montreal at 6 o'clock. Drove to Mr. Watts', Quebec Suburbs, to stop with him. 31st. Bazaar open all day. Soiree at 7; attendance 300. Dr. Wilkes in the chair; good speaking, good conduct. 4th. Visited the Victoria Bridge; two piers complete; seven in course of erection on the Montreal side of the river. Held a meeting to reconcile Mr——, who has taken offence at, and by letter insulted Mr. Watts.

And here perhaps it is time to bring into fuller notice one of the functions of Mr. McClure's life, to which occasional and obscure allusion only has thus far been made, and which deserves more definite and honourable mention at our hands. We refer to the office of peace-maker, which he was so frequently and so efficiently called to fill, sometimes in private circles, where domestic estrangement had unsettled and perhaps

broken up the peace of families, sometimes when unseemly rivalries and misunderstandings had invaded and desecrated the sacred enclosure of the Church of God, and occasionally in still more public and general spheres. For acting this part Mr. McClure was eminent-ly qualified. He brought to his task an inviolable sense of honour, which made it impossible that the confidence of secrecy which was reposed in him could ever be betrayed. The knowledge too that he was possessed of a temperament, surcharged—if we may so speak—with sympathy, would naturally direct hearts that were lacerated by this class of sorrows to one who was ever ready to enter with a high-minded delicacy into the darkness and bitterness of their distress, and help them by the power of a fellow-feeling to bear up under its pressure. Then too, his large experience of men, and the ways of men, with a habit of mind inclining him to deliberate and move slowly in reaching his conclusions, giving him as this deservedly did, an established reputation for soundness of judgment, with the favourable impression which his weight of character everywhere produced,—all this brought his services into frequent requisition as a “repairer of breaches, a restorer of paths to dwell in.”

Some of the points thus specified find illustration in the following touching appeal, from the pen of Mr. McClure, which the editor finds himself at liberty here to introduce :—

B——, March, 18—.

DEAR SIR,—My object in writing to you is to interest you in the peace, the reputation, and honour of a family, where

at present, distraction, and unhappiness hold rule, especially as it respects *one* member of that family. It is very widely circulated and very *generally believed*, that undeserved hardship, severity, *cruelty*, is dealt out to a helpless, friendless, delicate, intelligent and highly sensitive woman, by her husband and by her son. Alas! those whom heaven gave for friends, comforters, protectors, show her no respect, no honour, no love; but on the contrary, in the presence of those who are in the habit of carrying both what is said and done, far and wide, use angry, ungentlemanly, rude, odious and abominable epithets, to one whose moral character never bore a stain, from even the breath of calumny; and these words are used by a husband who would spurn most justly from his presence any wretch who would dare to even insinuate such charges against the tender, spotless wife of his bosom; (and can I possibly be correctly informed), said in the presence of a *son* come to man's estate! whose arm and tongue and life, should stand between *insult* and a *mother*, who loved, and trained, and educated him, not only in a superior manner, but in the fear of God, with many tears and earnest prayers, and whose agonized soul to this hour could endure the shafts of death with resignation and peace, but cannot bear without despair and madness to hear her child, her hope, her *Edward* lift his voice, his arm against her, and sit for days and weeks at table while his mother is forbidden a place there, and weeps in her chamber a *lone* and banished one. Alas, sir! NOTHING can be pleaded in extenuation of such doings, or of a part in such doings—public hate and indignation will, does already, speak. The miseries of the helpless victim will find sympathy in the breasts of the good and wise, yes, and an echo in their looks and words, wounding at once, to the reputation, and stricken consciences of all oppressors.

Oh, may I hope to win you to the side of *innocent*, injured, helpless woman, to cast the protection of your love, duty, Christian faith around your mother. Oh, for pity's sake, do young man; and for this the good will honour you, and God *himself* will bless you. But refuse or regret it!! and then so sure as there is truth in God's words, and power in His arm, from now you are a smitten one, and that imploring look, that tearful eye which turns to Edward for aid, for pity, will become a burning curse, a sting incurable.

These lines are from one, who sincerely seeks the best honour and prosperity of you and your family, but whose

heart is often deeply pained by the frequent remarks of many, both friends and enemies of religion. God has placed you and your parents in a situation to do much good, and furnished you with rare talents, and to see them thus occupied would secure your own personal honour and eternal life, and believe me, would augment the pleasure of very dear sir,

Your most sincerely and affectionately,

AMICUS.

In a case of flagrant ministerial defection, the following extracts are taken from a letter of Mr. McClure's to the party immediately concerned :—

MONTREAL, April 18th, 18—.

MY UNHAPPY BROTHER,—I am overwhelmed with shame and distress by your sad fall, not knowing what to answer enquirers, or what to do. Alas, alas!! for “there is a sin unto death.” God is merciful, and while He now imposes on you the bitter penalty of your crime against your family, the Church's sacred Ministry, and His own holiness, will nevertheless have mercy on you in *that day*. May your abhorrence of the *sin* be as deep and earnest as it is of the penalty.

The Church of God and the coming Conference must partake of the spirit of their great head, “and mercy rejoiceth against judgment.” Sorrow and surprise will clothe your brethren in sack-cloth and ashes; no arm there will be lifted up to persecute, or to add one drop of gall to a cup already full. God has not entrusted *His bolts* into our hands, even if our brother offend seventy times seven, and says: “I repent.” Any just claim you may have on the Conference they will be ready to honour. But you know, my brother, you have by your sin compelled them to take such action as will protect both the Church and Ministry from being in any way identified with this crime, or even a *seeming* disposition to palliate so grave an offence against society. In thus writing to one so highly esteemed by me, and from whose talent and enterprise I counted on so much of prosperity to the work of God, I seem as one that dreams. Oh, that it were only a dream.

From all I can see, your suspension by your circuit must be followed by expulsion, or some act tantamount to this, by Conference, yet even this extreme but unavoidable course of

Conference will not place you beyond the pity and aid of your brethren, so far as it is within their power; but such stains are tedious and difficult to erase—it is the work of years, often of a lifetime. \* \* \* Mrs. McClure unites in love and commiseration to poor Mrs. —, praying her God to help and comfort her. \* \* \*

Yours,  
W. MCCLURE.

\* \* \* \* \*

1856. Aug. 29th. By 7 a.m. train from Toronto to Aurora. \* \* \* Presided at the Special Circuit Meeting held by request of the Annual Committee to receive their deliverance as to the moral character and fitness of the Rev. ——— to be received among us as a Travelling Preacher. Motion to that effect passed. Sept. 8th. Minister's prayer meeting in my parlour. 14th. Opened Ebenezer Chapel, Trafalgar. 16th, 17th. To Fergus and Mount Forest with Brother Kershaw. 19th. Preached in Township of Normanby: Psalm I. Temperance Lecture in Wesleyan Church, Mount Forest. 23rd. To Guelph and Hamilton. 27th. Amelia McCracken's funeral. Oct. 15th. At Brother Caswell's Soiree in Milton Church. 29th. At London on Committee business. Nov. 13th. Hearing Mr. Fowler on the religion of *Phrenology*! Dec. 7th. Opening of new Church at Oakland. 22nd to 25th. Missionary Services, Galt, Preston, &c. 30th. At the induction of Rev. W. Ormiston, also at his reception Soiree in Mechanics' Hall. 31st. Visiting the sick with Dr. Irvine. Jan. 1st, 1857. Made numerous calls. 10th. Preached for Mr. Ormiston; preparation for Sacrament. 11th. Ditto after his Communion. 12th. At Nelson Missionary Meeting. 14th. Lecture on Geology, Mechanics' Institute. 16th. Missionary Meeting, Ancaster Chapel. Feb. 2nd. At London Missionary Meeting. Feb. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Quite prostrate from effect of colds repeatedly renewed. 17th. Mrs. Brennan died in peace at 10 a.m. 24th. Toronto Anniversary

Soiree very good. March 6th. Chatted with Elihu Burritt. He lectured on a means of emancipation by purchase. 9th. Spoke at French Canadian Missionary Meeting, Stone Church. 15th. At funeral of Rev. A. Booker ; killed on Railway. Preached in Congregational Church. March 25th. At concert in new Church, Cope-town. Stayed with Capt. Fields. 26th, At Church of England Missionary Meeting, Mechanics' Hall, 27th, At Rev. Mr. Harper's arranging with Ministers for a vindication of the Sabbath. 31st. County Board of Education sat in City Hall. April 6th. Great Sabbath Meeting in Mechanics' Hall. 10th. At funeral of young Mr. Dewey, aged 20. 26th. Preached for Mr. Inglis ; Luke ii. 49. 27th. At laying Corner Stone of Mr. Ormiston's new U. P. Church. Mrs. Dr. McQuesten laid the stone. Dr. Ryerson offered prayer ; we then received addresses from Drs. Taylor and Ryerson of Toronto. 30th. Mr. Caswell addressed the prayer meeting. May 11th. Annual Meeting of Sunday School Union—self in the chair, Speakers—Stephenson, Ebbs, Irvine, Walker, Inglis. June 2nd. To Conference. Arrived at Aurora by evening train, and took my abode with Mr. Irwin, with whom I staid at the Conference held here seven years ago. 3rd. I opened Conference at 10 a.m., owing to the ex-President's absence in England. Mr. Watts preached a very good sermon. "The people had a mind to work." June 3rd. Mr. Goldsmith chosen President. 5. Took part in a good Temperance Meeting. 6th. Very busy all day ; an evening sitting. 7. Wesleyan Church, Newmarket ; subject—Holiness. At Sacrament in Aurora in the afternoon. Ordination of two and received into full connection four young men ; asked the questions and gave the charge. 9th. Closed Conference in a very satisfactory manner at 11 p.m. The President gave a good address.

At this Conference Mr. McClure was appointed to Montréal. Accordingly—

June 10th. Commenced packing up. 20th. Mr. T— gave me \$20—a present. 23rd. Met by invitation the Templars and Sons in their Division Room: attendance large. The Good Templars, through Mr. Ferguson, presented me with an address and a Grand Lodge regalia with gold stars and inscription. The Sons presented me with an address, a Grand Division regalia, and a purse, enclosing the whole amount paid in by me since my coming to Hamilton. I replied to both. 24th. With Mr. Jefferies by rail to Chatham. 25th. Walked over our lot: quality of land and timber good. 28th. Preached in Copetown Church. 30th. At County Board of School Superintendents, examining teachers: twenty-eight present. At four o'clock attended the funeral of Joseph Clement; at half-past five met the Revs. R. Irvine, DD., E. Ebbs, W. Stephenson, E. B. Harper, J. Jennings at tea in Dr. Irvine's, after which they presented me with Bagster's English Hexapla as a memento of former friendship and union. \* \* \*

Left Hamilton at 9 o'clock, July 1st, by *New Era*. \*  
 \* \* Got into the city of Montreal at 5 o'clock, July 3rd. Bro. Wright met us at the wharf and took us to his own house, where we spent the day. After tea we walked to the parsonage, found it comfortable, with provision made for our coming. 12th. Messrs. Shuttleworth, wife and two children, Shaw, Seymour, Holmes, Hammersly arrived in Montreal—nine days from Liverpool to Quebec by *Anglo-Saxon*. 16. Heard Mr. Seymour preach the first time. 26th. Opened Montreal Chapel, Panet Street. Collections \$60; sittings for two hundred and fifty. Aug. 10th. Mr. McDonald drove me round the mountain. 15th. At the morning sittings of the American Scientific Association, Montreal Law Courts. 16th. Preached to second Congregational Church. Administered the sacrament. 26th. At Temperance Meeting in the Church. Sep. 9th. In Toronto at the special District Meeting for the trial of ——. \* \* \* At Committee for publishing *Evangelical Witness*. 13th. In

Hamilton Church. Sep. 18th. Got home at 7 a.m. 29th. Temperance Festival in Bonaventure Hall. Oct 11th. Union prayer meeting for India—Bonaventure Hall. 22nd. Laying the foundation stone of Ebenezer.

Mr. McClure found the Montreal Circuit in a formative state. Ground had been broken by his predecessor, the Rev. J. C. Watts. One Church had, as the above record notes, been opened in August, another was in course of erection. Very frequent references are made at this period to Building Committee meetings. Mr. McClure's practical sense and experience must have proved of great service at these meetings. About this time an unhappy difficulty developed itself on one of the circuits of the Johnstown District. It fell to the lot of the Assistant Superintendent to visit the scene of the trouble.

16th to 23rd. To Brockville, Elizabethtown, North Augusta. 23rd. Circuit meeting. \* \* \* Re-arranged the circuit. Seventy-seven personally adhere, about twenty-five more are considered staunch. \* \*

\*. To Brockville by sleigh; to Montreal by rail. 14th. Ministers' Meeting in Dr. Wilkes': subject, "Irish in Canada." Dec. 2nd. Temperance Meeting in Panet Street Church. 8th. Ministers' Meeting in Mr. Kemp's: subject, "The State of Our Schools." 21st. Received a barrel of flour from Mr. W——. Oxford Mills, Kemptville, C. W. 31st. Watch night: good meeting, heavy, deep snow. Jan. 1st., 1858. Met the schools in Panet Street, answering very good, behaviour good. 25th to 29th. Anniversary Meetings, Wesleyan Church. At public breakfast in St. Lawrence Hotel, guests Dr. Schaffler, of Constantinople, Messrs. Scudder, of India, and L.

Taylor, of Toronto; *deeply interesting*; above one hundred present. 8th. At St. Johns. 9th. Missionary Meeting, East Farnham. 10th. At Quakers' Meeting. 11th to 19th. Missionary services, Sutton Flats, West Brome, East Road, &c. Missionary soiree in Congregational Church, Cowansville, in charge of Rev. Mr. Duff. 19th. Home safely at 4. 26th. Bazaar and Soiree in Ebenezer, a most successful meeting. Proceeds \$150. March 1st. Society meeting in Salem. Report of Building Committee read by Bro. Rogers; finance report by Bro. Wright. Cost of building £705.10; other costs, £90.10, receipts £706; debt, £90. Report adopted unanimously. 25th. Missionary Meeting in Salem; the first in Montreal. April 12th. Had tea with ———, yet in his sins.

These were weeks of special religious interest amongst the Churches. Notices of meetings for united prayer are frequent, held chiefly in the American Presbyterian Church. Montreal Christians were evidently in sympathy with the great work the Lord was at this time carrying forward in the United States. Alas! that Canada shared so sparingly in the benefits of this remarkable movement.

At the Aurora Conference a deputation was received from the Rochester Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of the U. S., in acknowledgement of which the following resolution was passed:—"That in order to give practical expression to our appreciation of the kindness of our Wesleyan friends in New York, we now appoint the Revs. W. McClure and T. Goldsmith as a deputation to the next Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion to be held at Hopewell in that

State, on the fourth Wednesday in April, 1858." Agreeable to this commission, we have :—

28th April. To Syracuse viâ Kingston and Cape Vincent. 29th. To Hopewell via Canandaigua. Second day's sitting Wesleyan Conference. May 1st. Preached to Conference, Heb. xii., 14. May 2nd. Mr. Price preached after Love Feast; two men ordained, then Lord's Supper. Mr. Goldsmith preached evening sermon. 3rd. Cars back to Syracuse. Examined Wesleyan Book Room and Church, stopped with Mr. Pringle. 5th. Got home safely at ten o'clock. 11th. At Point aux Trembles, the annual examination. 24th. Exhibited my lamp at Ebenezer to S. School. 29th. Temperance Meeting on board the Lady Havelock. 31st. Left for Conference in Toronto. June 1st. Met Educational Committee; my draft adopted. 2nd. Conference met and chose me President. 6th. Afternoon sermon. \* \* \* Conducted service of the Lord's Supper. 10th. Conference closed—these have been the most trying and difficult sessions ever held in Canada.

The explanation of this remark is to be found in part in the financial crisis through which the country was passing.

11th. Went up to Hamilton; preached on Sunday twice and met the S. School. 15th. In Toronto: spoke in Temperance Hall; large public meeting. 17th. Left for Montreal, got home safe by ten o'clock.

On Sunday, Sept. 26th, Ebenezer Church was opened. The accompanying account of the services from Mr. McClure's pen appeared in the *Evangelical Witness*:—

MONTREAL, Sept. 30th, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER,—Our church in the west end of the city is now completed, and, together with the church in the east end of the city, must be considered models for neatness, comfort, convenience and economy, well worthy of the study of our Chapel Committees, who should have some very distinct line, by which to aid and control our local Chapel Committees, to whom Conference grants are voted from year to year.

Our "Ebenezer" was opened for public worship on Sunday last. The Rev. H. Wilkes, D. D., Congregational minister, preached at half-past ten in the morning, on "the spirit and power of Elijah." I preached in the afternoon at half-past two, on "decision of character;" and, at half-past six in the evening, the Rev. W. Taylor, D. D., minister of the United Presbyterian body, preached on the subject of "Christian liberality." The morning and evening subjects were rare gems for such an occasion, and must long be remembered by the hearers, both with pleasure and profit.

The day was beautifully fine, and the attendance was most encouraging; there was a very good congregation in the morning, and both at afternoon and evening services, the church was quite full. Collections somewhere about forty dollars. The chapel looks exceedingly neat and comfortable; it is lighted by a centre chandelier, with nine burners, two pulpit lights, and one light in the porch. The singing, under the care of Brother Walker, who both understands and takes delight in conducting congregational singing, was most excellent. Some of the Sabbath School children's singing gave a fine effect. Oh! but the hosannas of the young are glorious.

On Tuesday evening we held a tea-party, at which the Building Committee gave an account of their stewardship up to this date, much to the satisfaction of the Church. We have arranged to pay off the balance of the cost of lot, by four annual instalments, derivable from pew rents, &c. We shall now require to raise £130 in order to pay off all demands on the building. The proceeds of opening services and tea-party will all go to realize this £130, and the balance we resolve and hope to collect. Arduous has been our struggle from the very outset. We had foes without and foes within, but our work was begun and continued for so far in prayerful reliance on God, and many a time in the sittings of

this Committee, our chafed and anxious spirits have been soothed, and healed, and comforted by Him under the shadow of whose wings we put our trust.

One of the number has been called away from us, in the very midst of our work, whose loss we feel painfully in more ways than one; but our loss is his infinite gain—peace to his memory.

The material of our tea-meeting was all provided by the contributions of our kind and economizing friends, so that the whole proceeds may be available for our debt. Even the cost of a very beautiful Bible and hymn-book for the pulpit was collected by the united efforts of three juvenile helpers, viz.,—the daughters of Brother J. W. Tees, Brother Phillips, and Sister Walker.

And now we shall address ourselves to the greatest work of all, to which this house is only one auxiliary, the work of leading perishing men to God, through Christ, for salvation. He is wisest who succeeds best in this work. On this house may the cloud of the divine presence ever rest, and His glory fill the place. Amen and amen.

During the year 1858 the columns of the *Evangelical Witness* were enriched by a number of contributions from the pen of Mr. McClure under the caption of “Mental Pictures from the Bible,” designed to draw out chiefly, it is to be supposed, the youthful readers of that journal in replies, such as would evince and increase their familiarity with the contents—particularly the historical portions—of the best of all books. These *pictures* are drawn with a delicacy of touch and gracefulness of outline such as we have, perhaps, fairly sampled in the following selection :—

#### NO. I.

The scene of the event we are about to describe, is a large level plain, covered with luxuriant oriental vegetation. At a short distance to the right rolls a noble river, its banks

skirted with waving palm trees and towering acacias, whose rich aromatic fragrance is borne upon the morning air. On the left, at a short distance apart, are two lofty mountains. On the grassy plain between these, is a large but rudely constructed altar of unwrought stones, no iron tool having been lifted up upon them. On either side of the altar, and on the slopes of the mountains, is an immense multitude of men equipped for war, besides women and children, arranged with military precision beneath the standard of their respective leaders.

While a number of long-robed priests officiate at the altar, and chant the solemn service, that vast multitude, with a voice like that of many waters, shout the response,—“And all the people say Amen.” The smoke of the burning sacrifice on the altar, and that mighty chorus, gushing from the nation's heart, ascend to heaven in grateful incense before God as a national thanksgiving and memorial for long continued favours, and as a pledge of lasting fealty to their great civil and religious head.

W.

Pressure of space forbids the introduction of any of the succeeding papers. Gems of descriptive writing are these, evincing a cultivated and poetical taste of no ordinary grade.

And now again to the Journal :—

Oct. 7th. Met Mr. Martin, of Manchester, in the office of Hobbs & Co. He is affable, kind and liberal. 24th. Opened a new Church, West Brome. Wet morning—full house. \* \* \* 30th. Mr. Barnett drove me over to Potton—twenty-six miles. \* \*

\* After dinner saw the Wesleyan Minister *dip* two women and one boy in the river. The first dipping I ever saw—don't like it. Nov. 4th. At Perkins' wharf by nine o'clock. This spot is just at the base of the Owl's head mountain, on the very borders of the State of Vermont. It rises 2,400 feet above Lake Magog at its foot, and Magog is 500 feet above the St. Lawrence at Montreal,

It is thickly wooded to the very top. \* \* \*

Dec. 7th. Ministers' meeting at Mr. Gemley's—twelve present. 1859, Jan. 30th. My first entry since the 30th December; for three weeks confined mostly to my bed through a terrible fall I got on the icy street. My chief injury is on the right shoulder, and I yet suffer much. The untiring kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Wright can never be forgotten by us. April 22nd and 23rd. Proceeded to Dunham. Special Circuit meeting—twenty-five present. Suspended ———. 24th. Preached in West Brome today from Psalm xcii. 12; gave the Lord's Supper. May 31st. By rail to Belleville, by boat to Northport.

June 1st. I opened Conference in Northport Church. 6th. J. H. Robinson preached in the grove at half-past ten a. m., after Love Feast in the Church at nine. T. Goldsmith at two p. m. At both services attendance very large. I preached at six in the Church. Lord's Supper after, and fellowship meeting—much power present and many people—closed at half-past ten. June 7th. Conference funds have fallen off again, owing to financial distress in the West. \* \* \* 8th.

The statistics show an increase of 1,378 members and 583 on trial \* \* \* Conference closed at half-past eleven to-night. Much dissatisfaction was expressed by many delegates and preachers at the Stationing Committee's final meeting, both respecting circuits and grants, and yet we did our very best in the fear of God and without favour to any man or place.

9th. Mr. Irwin and myself hired a small boat to take us to the far side of Hungry Bay, where we found a buggy which carried us to Shannonville Station. Mr. Irwin took the boat in Kingston for the West, and I got home at half-past ten and found H—— very ill. \* \*

\* Sept. 20th. Took part in the public meeting of the B. and F. Tract Society. Dr. Taylor in the chair. Dr. Davis the speaker. Cote street Church, place of meeting. Oct 1st to 12th. Missionary Services, &c., Eastern Townships. Oct. 23rd. Cote St. Paul School-

house—Psalm i. Nov. 21st. Ministers' meeting in Mr. Kemp's to tea—nine present. 29th. Telegraph of Joseph Hartman's death, Aurora. Dec. 2nd. At Joseph Hartman's funeral, M. P. P. for North York. \* \*

\* Read the xc. Psalm and prayed at ten a. m., after which the procession left the family residence. Just as we reached the railway, a special train arrived from Toronto for the funeral. Day very stormy; no house to hold half the people. The body was laid down outside the church, to allow the people to look for the last time on the face of their friend. The snow flakes fell and remained unmelted on his brow. Abundant tears were shed. This over, the solemn procession moved to the grave. I read the service and offered fervent praise and prayer. The grave closed up, was soon hid by a winding sheet of snow; the sleeper felt it not, and there he now rests in peace. The church was soon crowded, and many could not obtain an entrance. \* \* \*

I preached from I. Cor. vi. 19. So much weeping at any service I never witnessed.

Dec. 6th. Toronto: bought my *first spectacles*. \*

\* \* Got to Montreal at nine p. m. instead of seven a. m., owing to the wrong setting of a switch. \* \* \*

\* \* \* Proceeded immediately to Ebenezer Church, and found a large attendance at the Anniversary Service. \* \* \*

1860, Jan. 9th. Union Meeting in Wesleyan Church. Mr. Gemley presided; all the Ministerial Association took part. Mr. Godby and Dr. Taylor gave the addresses. The large lecture-room was overflowing. Prayer for all the world.

Of the happy atmosphere of Christian fellowship and love in which the brotherhood of the Churches in this commercial metropolis of our Dominion have been for long so notably embosomed, and the warmth of whose pres-

ence would be so welcome to Mr. McClure's genial and responsive nature, the following additional testimony may be adduced. The signature will be recognized as that of the present well-known Principal of the Congregational College of British North America, the Rev. H. Wilkes, D. D., LL. D., for so many years the respected and honoured pastor of Zion Church, Montreal—a gentleman whose memory the writer has the strongest reasons for cherishing with feelings of the truest and deepest regard.

MOUNTAIN TERRACE,  
Saturday, Dec. 10th, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Ministerial Association met specially in the Vestry of Zion Church yesterday afternoon. On two points I undertook to inform you.

1. We resolved to recommend to our Churches the devotement daily of half an hour in the closet to meditation and prayer *specially* for the interests of our Lord's kingdom and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. *As far as practicable* concert was to be recommended, and from *half-past twelve to one* the half-hour named. We resolved to make the recommendation to-morrow.

2. We agreed ourselves to spend the half-hour from *half-past seven to eight* every Saturday evening in special prayer for our own and one another's Lord's day work.

We were summoned to consider whether it would be well to hold any special united evening services *at present*, but we unanimously agreed that the time for such had not arrived.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Yours fraternally,

HENRY WILKES.

The Rev. W. MCCLURE.

Mr. McClure's connection with the underground railroad seems to be indicated in the following entry:—

Jan. 9th. John Oliver, a fugitive slave, owned by W. Johnston, of Annapolis, Maryland, has been thirty-two days on the road—left December 8th—walked all the way except one day—several times nearly dead with hunger—had most fear and want in Delaware State—is going to the Elgin settlement, C. W.—has a pass to Kingston, per G. T. R. R., gets one then to Toronto, where Mr. Wilson will forward him. Seven others left the City of Baltimore same night as himself—has heard all are safe in C. W.

Feb. 6th. Baptized Alice Lea standing by her father's coffin in his own Church—Free Gospel Church. An impressive, melancholy service, conducted after the baptism of his babe eight months old, the funeral service of James Lea—his age thirty-one. There was a great crowd of people both bad and good. I counted eight ministers of the gospel present. God gave me liberty in speaking to all.

9th. Anniversary services of Ebenezer Band of Hope—very large meeting—aisles and all parts of the church filled.

April 24th. Ministerial Association met in Mr. Bonar's. We jointly drew up a memorial to the Mayor and License Committee, begging the enforcement of city laws in this case made; also that there be a great reduction in the number of licenses granted.

26th. Union prayer meeting in the basement of Zion Church. Conducted the meeting. Rev. Mr. Bonar spoke and prayed. \* \* \* This is the last of the course, and *my last attendance*.

May 8th. At Point aux Trembles. Annual examination. Col. Wilgress in the chair. I moved the second resolution—one of satisfaction with the Scriptural proficiency of the pupils. The attendance of visitors from Montreal was larger than any former season; the day very fine.

About this period, Mr. McClure's diary expands so

considerably that selections can only be introduced at still less frequent intervals than heretofore.

May 15th. At Sweetsburg. \* \* \*

Walked down through the maple bush to the river side; the air breathes balm; the young leaves and abounding blossoms of the woods are so beautiful—the cherry, plum, dog-wood, one sheet of white and rose-colored bloom; earth's green carpet thickly set with its gems of sparkling dew, the blue and white violet, the early strawberry, at a distance to me like the daisy. On the brink of little springs and streams clusters so luxuriantly the may-flower, both leaf and flower the same as in meadows at home; while here and there a beautiful specimen of lily, almost the size of the daffodil, but white and pure as snow and closely resembling the Nile lily, bathes its roots in the waters of the little springs and its lovely petals in the unadulterated sunbeams. These little streams are filled with crowds of minnows, the groves are alive with little birds, the sheep and cattle look so happy among the fresh grass, the oats look so promising just now in their first blade, and man goeth so cheerfully forth to his labour in the field. Hallelujah, the Lord openeth his hand. "The earth is full of His goodness." "All thy works praise thee, and thy saints bless thee."

22nd. At the Anniversary of the Montreal Temperance Society. Mr. Dougal in the chair. A very good meeting.

31st. Up early; finished packing. \* \* \*

Teams from the boat were in good time. Many of the friends were at the boat, several of them came on to Lachine, where we parted, perhaps for ever.

June 5th. Went up to Copetown to Conference. Stopped with Bro. Fields. \* \* \* 6th.

Conference opened at nine. T. Goldsmith elected President: J. C. Watts, Secretary. I preached in the evening to a large and deeply affected congregation. \*

\* \* 7th. I most happily escaped the Stationing Committee. \* \* \* Mr. Caswell preached in the evening—the church crowded. 8th. \* \* \* Business pleasant and harmonious. 9th. \* \* \* A good deal of work got through to-day. 12th. \* \* \* Reports of committees began to come in to-day. \* \* \* A terrible year for removals. 13th. \* \* \* A close hard day's work. A Conference covenant meeting in the afternoon—a solemn refreshing service; after which the Stationing Committee brought in their third report, and Conference closed at six o'clock. Our increase in every department of the work is very cheering. More than six hundred members, and to the Mission fund an increase of \$800.





## CHAPTER VIII.

APPOINTMENT TO THEOLOGICAL TUTORSHIP.—RETURN TO TORONTO.—MRS. HANNAH M'CLURE'S DEATH.—GALT.—COLLECTING TOUR.—RETURN TO HAMILTON—SECOND MARRIAGE.

THE following resolutions may be found in the printed minutes of the Copetown Conference :—

That the following brethren, viz. :—J. H. Robinson, W. McClure, J. McAlister, M. Aikman and T. Lottridge, be a Committee to take into consideration the subject of the training of our young men for the ministry, and draft resolutions for the action of this Conference.

This Committee brought in the subjoined report:

1st. That in the opinion of this committee the time has come when it is indispensably necessary to provide some means whereby this Connexion should supply for our ministry a preparatory training, to fit our probationers for the important duties they have to perform in our ministerial ranks. The reasons on which this opinion is founded are, the

difficulty of providing a suitable supply of ministers, the progress of education in the country, whereby our population has become more intelligent and better informed than formerly, thus demanding a higher intellectual culture in the ministry, and also the universally acknowledged difficulty among our probationers themselves, in meeting the claims of the age with such education as they are able to command previous to entering the ministry.

2nd. That in conformity with these views the Committee recommend that an experienced and otherwise qualified minister be appointed by the present Conference, to whom shall be entrusted the duty of giving such instruction as we may deem necessary or practicable : the said minister to be stationed in such place as this Conference may determine, who shall have charge of the Circuit where he is stationed, and work the same with the aid of the students entrusted to his care.

3rd. That while the Committee are not prepared to suggest a complete system of details for the regulation of this educational movement, nor indeed does the case at present admit of it, they respectfully indicate their views as follows :—

(a) A Board of Education shall be appointed by the present Conference, consisting of three ministers and three laymen who shall have the management of the Institution from year to year, one of their number to be appointed Secretary and another Chairman ; both officers to be appointed by the Conference, two to retire each year, but to be eligible for re-election : the tutor to be an *ex-officio* member of this board.

(b) All students to have the recommendation of the Circuit and District from which they come, and also the approbation of the Board.

(c) If the students recommended are not able to pay for their own board, the funds of the Institution shall assist them to the extent of our ability.

(d) No salary to be paid while the students are at the Institution.

(e) The Board shall decide on the curriculum, text books, &c., &c. ; subject to the approval of the Conference.

4th. That £50 sterling offered by the English Conference shall be placed at the disposal of the Board for the present year, and the Board shall devise a plan of finance for future adoption, to be laid before the next Conference.

5th. That the Committee forbear further suggestions at this

time, conscious that for the present our proceedings must necessarily be initiatory and experimental. They would recommend the Conference to allow a trial for one year, and that at the next Conference the subject be again considered with such suggestions as the judgment and experience of the Board may enable them to give.

This report was adopted, and Mr. McClure was appointed to the Tutorship. The *personnel* of the Educational Board for this year was—the President of Conference, the General Superintendent of the Mission, the Tutor of the Institute, Rev. J. C. Watts, Dr. Salter, M. Aikman and O. Blake, Esqs.

Mr. McClure was also placed in charge of the Toronto Circuit with an arrangement securing the co-operation of the President and General Superintendent as supplies one Sabbath each per month.

The following letter from the venerable Thos. Allin, in reply to one from Mr. McClure, asking the benefit of his counsels and experience in filling for a number of years a somewhat similar office in the English Connexion, will be read with interest.

ALTRINGHAM, — — —.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Most cordially do I congratulate you on your appointment as Theological Tutor, both as it is a gratifying evidence of a high appreciation of your character and capabilities, and opens a field of most honourable labour. And with equal cordiality do I congratulate our Canadian community on having a Tutor so competent and well tried. Could I aid in directing your arrangements and duties, most gladly would I do so, but both the one and the other depend so much on contingencies, as, number, previous acquirements, natural capabilities, the time the pupils are likely to remain, the entire course through which it is intended to carry them,

and the consequent possibility of teaching them in classes or individually only, as to render it difficult or impossible to do this.

My pupils were never more than four, and coming to me at different times, and some of them with very humble acquirements, a different course had to be marked out for each.

On each general subject some standard work was selected, and in going through its several topics, relevant passages from other works were added—the whole studied, and either a written abstract made, or an examination gone through, or both. Thus in Theology, Watson's Institutes was our text-book, with Wardlaw and Pye Smith on the Trinity and the Deity of Christ, Gilbert on the Atonement, Abraham Scott on Calvinism, &c. On Biblical Evidences and Literature, Horne's Introduction, with Butler's Analogy, Paley, Chalmers, &c.

Such was our plan in every general branch of study. You however, may prefer the plan of Lectures, and if time and opportunity allow, and classes can be formed, it may be the preferable course.

Each of my pupils had at specified intervals to furnish a written essay or sermon as an exposition and defence of some important doctrine, &c., in addition to sermons on more general subjects. But the only exercises we could have together were reading, discussion and devotion.

I entirely agree with you in the necessity of raising the ministry "above the desk of the common teacher" in literary, as well as in Theological acquirements. Here you cannot go too far, if in connection with them be pure and ardent zeal, correct and manly elocution, a clear pointed, expressive style, and Methodistic tastes and habits. \* \* \*

I can only add the assurance that it will afford me pleasure to hear from you at any time, and to communicate my views on any subject on which you may deem it expedient to ask for them.

Praying that you may be happy and greatly blessed in your labours, and with kindest remembrances to friends,

I remain,

My dear brother,

Yours most affectionately,

T. ALLIN.

On settling in Toronto, Mr. McClure appears to have first addressed himself to the duties and claims of his pastorate there.

June 25th.—Met Mr. Buggin's class. He is taken out to travel, and stationed on the Durham circuit.

26th. Held a well attended church meeting this evening; was appointed superintendent of the Sabbath School. J. Neil to assist me; also resolved on holding a Bible class once a week. The meeting was pleasant and unanimous in all its proceedings. \* \* \*

True to his antecedents, we also find

July 1st.—Ontario Division S. of T., No. 26. Was admitted to membership, and it being the night of election and installation of officers, was appointed chaplain.

We now approach reverently, and almost in fear, a dark passage in the history it is commissioned us to chronicle. Whilst resident in Montreal, and indeed previous to this period, symptoms of chronic derangement in the health of Mrs. McClure had appeared. All that the kindest attentions of friendship, the most watchful care of a devotedly attached husband, and the highest application of medical skill could do in her case, failed to arrest the ravages of a painful and distressing malady. Mrs. McClure came to Toronto *to die*.

Having undergone a severe surgical operation in Montreal, its repetition was found necessary, to meet, if it might be, the gravity of the returning symptoms. But nature was unequal to the ordeal. The lamp of life flickered in its socket, and was suddenly quenched for

ever on earth. In the obituary notice of his wife, Mr. McClure says :—

July 14th, 1860.—Her strength failed her very much, even in sitting she could find no rest. The week before, the only means of relief was in lying down, and this position did not always bring ease.

We painfully felt something must be done; morning and evening we knelt together, and poured out our wants and hopes, and fears, to our Father in heaven. \* \* \*

Early on Friday morning, July 13th, after an uneasy night, and before getting up, she said, "William, you must go to the doctor to-day, I can wait no longer." \* \*

After breakfast, we sought unto our refuge and strength, and hoping only in Him. Before nine o'clock I was with Dr. Wright. He called in the afternoon and arranged to come to-morrow, and use his best skill for her relief or cure. Mrs. McClure was quite satisfied, and set about making the necessary preparations. She was very cheerful. I found it difficult to suppress my anxieties. However, the day was closed at Jesus' feet, in sweet and satisfying communion with God. \* \* \*

Saturday, July 14th.—The day opened on us with more than usual solemnity. We resorted to His throne of grace. The Master graciously met His helpless ones, and blessed us. This was the last time for us to kneel alone at the family mercy seat. Mrs. McClure was very calm and cheerful, her soul hoping steadfastly in God. The doctors came and did their utmost. The operation was not successful. The remainder of the day was a time of great suffering to Mrs. McC., and almost unendurable anxiety to me, yet, on her pale brow no gloomy shadow rested, nor any complainings dropped from her lips. The beams of peace and faith abode on that sweet sufferer's face.

It is with considerable delicacy of feeling that we take

up at this period of Mr. McClure's life, the notes in his diary, which an overwhelming sorrow invests with no ordinary measure of sacredness. Certainly, they were never intended for the public eye, and yet 'twere pity to suppress the tones of love and sorrow, of pleading prayer and struggling trust in God, with which these pages are so eloquently vocal.

July 19th.—My Hannah left me at fifteen minutes past three this morning, leaving me for ever for the bosom of Jesus. Her struggle was since twelve very severe, although the lookers on felt more agony than the dying.

\* \* \* It is the Lord. Oh for power to feel this and not to grieve my Saviour. \* \* \* I put my Hannah's wedding ring and ear rings—which were taken off by Mrs. Sharpe, and given me by Jane Neil—into the little parcel of her hair which she gave me in Montreal, and which was cut when in Hamilton. I have none to give my mementos to, when my time of dying comes. Nor shall I be long a holder of these. \* \* \* \* \*

Let my mementoes be, souls saved through my full devotedness to the work of my blessed Saviour. Then, in a double sense, shall my witness be in heaven, and my record be on high—Come Lord Jesus, come. \* \* \*

How serene that dear brow keeps ; how intelligent and sweetly pleasant. Those features are so indicative of the state of that soul now fled for ever, which for forty years had been the habitation of God, through the Spirit. When that soul spoke for the last time, through those wonderfully expressive chords of flesh, how well my long accustomed eye could hear the spirit from within speak her safety, satisfaction and joy in Jesus. \* \* \* \* \*

This day was oppressively hot. At 7 p.m., I walked to the Necropolis, to choose a spot such as I knew Hannah would like for her grave and mine ; chose one on the south side of the mound so smoothly sloping toward the rising

and the mid-day sun. 'Tis a narrow house, but wide enough for our dust to rest in, till Jesus wants it for us again. \* \* \* A number of kind friends sat with me in the evening, mostly from Bangor and Belfast. We talked profitably of death, and folks now departed never to return. We offered simple but sincere worship, to the great ruler and Saviour, *beside* my darling's coffin. \* \* \* At twelve I retired to seek some rest in sleep. It was a solemn, sacred couch. \* \* \* I had more tears than sleep, but my darling sleeps to weep no more, and the shroud that now wraps her is the wedding robe she wore on that bright day of my life when in James Halliday's drawing-room, Bangor, with joined hands and hearts we took the vows of perpetual truth and love. \* \* \*

Lonely is my heart to-night; the light of my home that for thirty years and more never knew one shadow, has gone down suddenly, and how deep the gloom.

July 20th. Sat beside my dead to-day from eight till the hour of the funeral—three o'clock—most of the time alone. \* \* \* I sit very solitary.

My anchor to earth is taken up, and lonely drifts my frail skiff amid darkness and billows. Henceforth, *I have no home* in this empty world: thank God for a full home in heaven, and so near, too. \* \* \* Dr.

Lillie and Rev. Mr. Edgar conducted worship by my H.'s coffin, and Mr. Edgar at her grave. God has broken my right arm to-day, and my strong staff now lies in the dust, how feeble are my steps and how tottering. O how shall I do, wanting thee my beloved one; thy voice was very pleasant to me, thy counsels still my safety, thy example my guide, but my lamp has been put out to-day; my earthly palm tree, while yet waving and green by my side, now lies unsightly and withered, broken by the resistless tempest. I wished to go from the grave to my empty, lonely home, and spend the night in a solemn contemplation of my present providential position, and indulge, unimpeded by any human being, in the cup of grief which the Lord hath put into my hands, baring my

bosom to all His strokes and in my groanings to realize heaven's power to save the woe-stricken heart, but could not gain leave. \* \* \*

July 23rd. \* \* \* Commenced at two o'clock my instructions to young ministers, with an earnest dedication prayer. \* \* \*

I walked across to H.'s grave and enjoyed myself in an hour's melancholy musings there. How solemn, how humbling, how improving to the heart to examine one's past character from beneath these grave shadows. Took tea at Mr. Sharpe's, and was glad and thankful to be informed that they could let me have board and two rooms in their house—thank God.

July 24th. Rev. Mr. Gregg called on me to-day. \*  
\* \* \* My heart very sad. \* \* \*

26th. \* \* \* Mr. Roaf met and walked with me to-day; his Christian sympathies most cordial to my soul; he promised to call on me. Took tea with Glover Harrison, who, with N. Dickey, walked home with me after prayer meeting and sat till half-past ten.

† August 5th. Mr. Goldsmith preached my darling's funeral sermon this evening, from Rev. xxi. 4,—“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” The church was well filled, the pulpit and orchestra in deep mourning; discourse and narrative very good, singing most grateful to my heart. *Vital Spark* sung with good taste and most blessed effect, and the *Dead March in Saul* was well sung after sermon to

“Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims  
For all the pious dead.”

Oh surely the word is still true, “The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.” How time and eternity, death and eternal life, the grave and the resurrection, angels and men, sobs and songs meet together around the feet of the blessed Jesus.

August 12th. The Sabbath. Consented to dine with Mr. ——. Felt quite miserable. Must not allow my Sabbath sacredness to be meddled with. O how in this I miss my H—— to-day. My good Father above, draw me closer to Thy bosom, and by Thyself fill this awful emptiness! supply all my need.

17th. \* \* \* \* \* Began to draw up a brief sketch of H.'s eventful life to-day. God of salvation guide my pen.

22nd. \* \* \* \* \* Got a kind letter from Mr. Argue to-day, also a copy of English Minutes. God bless him and his for such cordial love.

Letters of condolence from his brethren in Canada, as well as from over the ocean, came to Mr. McClure in these days of darkness and desolateness, evincing a breadth and tenderness of Christian sympathy that could not but be acceptable and grateful to his crushed and bleeding heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aug. 25th. At the funeral of William James Withrow, first child of John and Margaret Withrow.

Aug. 27th. \* \* \* \* \* Took tea with Robert Wilkes. He and Glover Harrison talked over with me the state of the classes, and its remedy.

Aug. 30th. At the funeral of John Thomas Shewan. \* \* \* \* \* Day very sultry.

Sept. 1st. Mr. William Withrow accompanied me to Aurora. He went on to the Landing to Mr. Jackeway's. Mr. McPhail met me at Aurora and drove me to his house.

Sept. 7th. \* \* \* \* \* Having a platform ticket, I was present on the jetty and in the pavilion when the Prince of Wales landed to-day, and had a close

and good view of him. I never saw so many people assembled in one place before. \* \* \*

There were in the Amphitheatre five thousand of the children of the schools in Toronto. \* \*

\* After the corporation address and reply, the children sang *God Save the Queen*. O how I wished my H—— could have heard that multitude of tiny voices. I was overpowered and could only weep. The enthusiasm of all was great.

8th. Was at the levee to-day in the Government House and presented to the Prince. \* \* \*

15th. \* \* \* Left by train for Acton, where Mr. Jeffries met me, and drove me six miles over rough roads to the Nassagaweya parsonage.

16th. Preached in Ebenezer. In the evening in Reed's Chapel, after which we held a fellowship meeting. In returning to the parsonage, we encountered a terrible storm of wind and rain—it was also very dark.

19th. By eight o'clock train to Hamilton. At half-past eleven, with the deputation in presenting the Conference address to the Prince of Wales at the levee held in the Royal Hotel. A most disorderly affair—Messrs. Robinson and Blake were separated from the deputation by the crushing of the crowd. After we had waited and searched in vain, we had to proceed without them. Mr. Goldsmith presented the address. It was neither read nor replied to, the Prince only receiving it and passing it to his attendant without a word spoken. The word to pass on was iterated by men in military uniform. I followed with solemn pace and bow, on my name and occupation being announced, and so of S. B. Gundy; after this we met our lost brethren at the door on the street, as much mortified as myself at the troublesome farce.

\* \* \* Called on Mr. Moore—saw Clara and Mrs. Moore, &c.

Oct. 3rd. At the opening of Knox College. Dr. Burns lectured on Libraries. Dr. Willis, principal, in the chair. Met Mr. Kemp and dear Mr. Inglis.

Oct. 11th. On the platform in the Primitive Methodist Church at their Jubilee meeting. Mr. R. Walker in the chair. Number of members in the whole Primitive Connexion, 132,000. Collections and subscriptions taken up.

12th. Visited my H.'s grave at the usual funeral hour. Sweet but sad memories crowd around me there. \*

\* \* I am not able to see her dear form in the presence of her Lord, but only in the weariness, weakness and anguish of disease. \* \* \*  
Lord have mercy on me.

During this month, Mr. McClure took part in the opening services of the Millbrook Church, Cavan Circuit, and immediately after, of the Bethel Church, Manvers Circuit. Most interesting and racy sketches of his journeyings and experiences on these Circuits appeared from his own pen in the columns of the *Evangelical Witness*, but too detailed and extended for transference to these pages. Some of the notes in his diary, referring to the same tour, run thus :—

Oct. 13th. Left Mr. Sharpe's at fifteen minutes past four a. m., walked in the dark to the railroad station, took the cars at five, reached Port Hope at fifteen minutes past seven; left immediately by Lindsay cars, reached Millbrook at nine. Mr. William Berry met me and took me to his house. \* \* \* Went down to see the Church. \* \* \*

Oct. 14th. At ten a.m. I opened by singing and prayer, and Mr. Robinson preached a very good sermon with great earnestness. House filled in every spot where sitting or standing room could be found, and scores more could not get in. I preached at three p. m. Mr. Savage sung and prayed. Attendance as in the morning inside;

many more than in the morning could not get in. I had much liberty. At half-past six p. m. Mr. Robinson preached again—house as full as ever. Mr. R. as animated and happy as before. \* \* \*

15th. The attendance at tea, which opened at three p. m., was at least six hundred. \* \* \*

Speaking good and deeply solemn. Chairman, Mr. Quinlan, of Port Hope; speakers, Rev. Messrs. Stobbs (Wesleyan), D. D. Rolston, J. H. Robinson and W. McClure. The chairman presented the two stoves, with zinc sheets and pipes, as his donation to the Church—value, sixty dollars.

Oct. 19th. Mr. Rolston called for me and drove me over to Manvers, where I took tea at Bro. Michael McAlister's. Preached in Graham's Church, and slept in Bro. Thomas Graham's.

21st. Morning rainy, roads muddy. Opened Bethel, the new Church, at ten a. m.—house crowded in every part. Mr. Savage preached at three p. m. I preached again at six p. m. At the close, a prayer meeting was held; many comforted, some awakened, one converted—a season of power. I slept at the late Thomas Richardson's, who was killed by a falling tree in his own woods on Monday, the 8th instant. Widow a very pious woman, daughter of Mr. Matchitt, of Cavan. A solemn, sad place.

22nd. Day mild—threatening rain. Tea party overcrowded. \* \* \* The meeting resolved itself into a revival prayer meeting of great power, and then a protracted meeting with every prospect of success. This chapel is frame with stone foundations. \*

\* \* \* Lot, half an acre, well fenced; building, pewed, and well painted inside and out; *no debt*; pulpit between doors—*bad* place. After the meeting, stopped all night in Samuel Staples', with J. C. Seymour, who is greatly increasing in wisdom and favour with God and all the people.

23rd. After dinner, drove over to Robert Jackson's, in

Cartwright, where we stayed all night. Preached in Salem at 7 o'clock, to a good congregation.

24th. Up at 3.30 a.m., breakfasted, drove across in the dark to Mr. Widdess', where we procured a span of horses and drove into Bowmanville, 20 miles, by 9 a.m., where I took the cars, getting safely into Toronto at 11 a.m.

Nov. 1st. Left by the 4 p. m. train for Barrie. Mr. Goldsmith joined me at Whitchurch; got to Barrie at 7.15.  
\* \* \* Married Nathaniel Dickey and Elizabeth Simpson. \* \* \*

Nov. 3rd. Spent all this day at Mr. Cosford's; wet and stormy all day; arranged with Mr. Goldsmith about the district meeting and missionary services. \* \* \* also for a course of eight lectures, each of us to take four, commencing next month, to be delivered in both Aurora and Toronto.

Nov. 26th. Left for Hamilton \* \* \* Slept and breakfasted at Mr. W. Moore's; all very kind. During the night my nose took a fit of bleeding, also a most painful cramp in my right thigh, made me faint twice in succession, and partially a third time. Oh it was very like dying. \* \* \*

30th. At Newmarket. Lectured in the Mechanics' Institute on Astronomy aided by my lamp. Audience good. Night very cold.

Dec. 2nd. \* \* \* Lectured in the evening on *Constantine, or Christianity established*,—Mr. Goldsmith gave *Polycarp, or Christianity persecuted*.

4th. At Dr. Jennings' annual church soiree, four or five hundred present. Large attendance of ministers.

14th. It is now my Hannah's funeral day, and hour, and yet I am not at her grave side, the first time of my absence when in town, since we carried her there. The snow lies on her grave to-day, and the frosty air is too keen for me.

\* \* \* O how your absence enters like an iron into my soul; what can I do. I am only a hypocrite, when I seem happy to others. \* \* \*

Dec. 16th. Preached at ten, in the new octagon church,

Brownsville : neatly finished, outside and in. Seats 150; cost of building, \$720. House full.

19th. Day very wet; rain coming down in torrents, yet the St. Lawrence Hall was crammed, hundreds had to leave who could not get in. Mayor Wilson in the chair. Meeting called owing to the decision of the judges in the case of the fugitive Anderson, who now lies in chains in our jail, in this city, claimed by Missouri slaveholders, as a murderer; because, when attacked by his pursuers, armed with clubs, he, in self-defence, gave a man a blow of which he died. Speaking most effective and British: meeting most united and enthusiastic. I opened the meeting with prayer. A more orderly, effective meeting I never attended.

20th. At Dr. Taylor's soiree. \* \* \*

Dr. Burns, Hon. Mr. Mowat, and myself, the speakers.

Dec. 26th. Wrote a letter to Mr. Livingston to-day. He will soon be beyond the reach of my letters.

1861. Jan. 6th. Aurora. My lecture on Wyckliffe in the morning.

7th. Visited, at her father's request, Miss Doan \*

\* \* She is in the last stages of decline. \*

\* \* I tried to be affectionately faithful and truly present Christ as her only all-sufficient hope, and loving Saviour.

10th. At the union prayer meeting in the Bond Street Baptist Church, I read and gave a short address. The night very cold. Attendance very good.

Jan. 11th. Mr. Grandy sat with me the whole day. He is sick, discouraged, and going home, and must lose the term at the University. So my projected class is again broken up.

16th. Heard Mrs. Lippincott, alias "Grace Greenwood," lecture in the St. Lawrence Hall, on the "Heroic in Common Life." The Hall was quite full, at 25 cents. The lecture, interesting, well written, and read with deliberation, taste, clearness, and a sweet voice.

Jan. 17th.—I commenced my Bible Class again and

was encouraged by the attendance of twenty-two persons.

Feb. 5th. Missionary Meeting, Aurora. Full house. Good Meeting. Proceeds more than \$80. Mr. Preston present.

7th. Mr. Preston left for Bowmanville to-day. A day of high wind, deep snow below and heavy snow above, with cold thirteen degrees below zero. A most awful day.

11th. At Hamilton Missionary Meeting \* \*  
\* S. B. Gundy, W. Williams, Dr. Irvine and myself the speakers. Interest very good.

15th. Rev. Lachlan Taylor's lecture on Egypt and Sinai. I opened the service with prayer and assisted him with his mummy and his map.

19th. Wrote a letter for the purpose of trying my own spirit ; its reasons and the soundness of my wishes respecting \* \* \* After reading and writing very carefully and honestly, I knelt in prayer to God in the matter, and then put the letter by me, and shall prayerfully wait and watch for an intimation from above before sending it.

21st. Wrote a private and confidential letter to ——— for opinion and advice respecting \* \* \* I so fear doing wrong either by touching the apple of His eye or wounding His holy cause. Thus far in my life God has saved me from this, and he will save me to the end "My soul wait thou only upon God."

March 1st. Mr. W. Withrow and Mr. Grandy took an hour on Theology with me this evening. They are both deeply interested.

6th. This was a busy day. I conducted six public services, offered up prayer ten times, delivered five addresses, two of them exceeding an hour each. \* \* \*

11th. Address to the Sons in open Division. Room full and great attention.

12. By cars to Milton. Met Mr. McAlister, who drove me to Milton eleven miles ; stayed with Mr. McAlister while in Milton. Sunday School Soiree. Church filled,

aisles, platform and every available place ; quite a number had to go away for want of room. \* \* \*  
I gave a lecture on Astronomy, aided by my lamp. Did better than usual.

March 25th.—Mr. Robinson dined at Mr. Sharpe's today. He is greatly distressed by neuralgia in the left side of his face and inflammation of the trachea.

27th. Took tea with ————. As a family they succeed in no enterprise they undertake. \* \* \*  
They contribute nothing in any shape to the work of God. How can such families prosper? ———— said "charity begins at home," does she regard Christ as a mendicant and his household as a parish workhouse, asking alms from an unobligated, independent visitor? \* \* \*  
Yet they want God to bless them, and when they are put in possession of superfluous funds all church arrears shall be paid.

March 28th. Sketched out a letter to the Connexion on the importance and objects of the Theological Institute.

April 8th. Went in the evening to Bradford \* \* \*  
\* addressed a large and attentive audience on Temperance.

The right of the editor to give publicity to the following entry will doubtless be questioned by some readers of this book. It furnishes one amongst many points of internal evidence which abound in the journals of Mr. McClure, fully establishing the intended privacy of the record. Some of the strongest considerations however, which might be allowed to weigh towards the suppression of this passage, would have also rendered it impracticable that any memoir of our subject or one in any degree worthy of him, could have been prepared at all. It is time to state that it was Mr. McClure's wish, specified in writing,

that all his papers should be destroyed at his death. He adduced as his reason for this "that they could be of no use to any one but himself." His friends have thought otherwise, attaching a different estimate to the results of his life-long habits of careful observation, and the honest deliverances of his well balanced judgment,—with what warrant they are quite willing the verdict of an impartial public should decide.

In the particular case before us, it is to be remembered that the criticism we quote is directed towards a public man *in his public capacity*. It will also occur to the friends of the distinguished divine thus mercilessly handled that the extravagance of manner and style on which our censor animadverts has been sensibly toned and corrected since the date of this entry.

And now to the charge :—

April 25th. \* \* \* Heard Mr. Ormiston preach and dissertate at Cooke's Church in a way *peculiar* to himself—*fortunately*. It would be sad indeed if many imitated him in the sacred desk. Now flippant, now grotesque, then affecting the solemn or sympathetic, but in no case successfully. His divisions were so many elaborately painted pyramids. The abandon of manner both in gesture and enunciation, seemed strangely and painfully incongruous to a pulpit of witness for Christ. His text was Psalm li. 12. In speaking of the joys of true religion he quoted Paul "Rejoice in the Lord always and again" 'just as if he had said,' added Mr. O. — "one cheer more"—"I say unto you rejoice." God's word and servants don't deserve such treatment at our hands.

Though thus severe on one who is now a star of the

first magnitude in the galaxy of New York pulpit celebrities, subsequent entries indicate, as previous ones have done, that Mr. McClure's feeling towards Dr. Ormiston was one of respectful and affectionate regard, prompting him to brotherly acts of ministerial service which were as honestly tendered as they were gracefully received, and, we may add, warmly reciprocated.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*

May 1st. William C——, twenty-one years of age, called on me for advice. Says he is six months on the Wesleyan Local Preacher plan, —— Circuit, has preached in —— street Church, conducts one of the young men's bands, has become the object of jealousy and been treated unfairly by the others, thinks he will leave the Wesleyans. Is evidently an impetuous and warm-tempered young man. I advised him to be patient and quiet and to do nothing rashly, to stay where he is until he has a better reason for leaving, to say nothing of his visit to me lest it should mar his prospects among the people where he has been born again. I promised to keep the matter quiet, too.

May 1st. If my Father in heaven prospers my application of this day, then my soul shall praise him, and every new gift of His shall be occupied *only* for Him. If my wish is denied me my soul shall bless Him, in the dust of self-abasement, for He loves us too well to keep from us any real good, or to fail in keeping us from what, though sought for by us, would, when obtained, be injurious. So "Father, Thy will be done."

May 17th. The fourth Quarterly Meeting was held in the basement of the church.                    \*                    \*                    \*  
W. Withrow was proposed and accepted as a fit and proper person to be taken out by Conference as a minister. He answered the questions in a very satisfactory, nay, simple and beautiful manner.                    \*                    \*                    \*

May 24th. At Nassagaweya. \* \* \*  
 At two p. m., the B. A. Templars and Sons of Temperance had a procession; at half-past three tea was served to about three hundred, in a barn nearly opposite Ebenezer Church. A. Campbell, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Jeffries was presented with a purse of \$60. \* \*

\* Mr. McAlister's speech was a carefully prepared defence of Total Abstinence from the word of God, and to me most conclusive. After sunset I showed them my Magic Lamp. A terrific storm of thunder, hail, rain and tempest came on at eleven.

May 26th. The adjourned Quarterly Meeting—attendance very good. \* \* \* Results of my very painful and laborious year most discouraging to me. This has been to me a year of uninterrupted clouds, no sunshine, and it ends as it began. Alas! O Lord, why hidest thou thy face from me? O Lord, how long?

It was chiefly during the ecclesiastical year now closing that Mr. McClure prepared for the columns of the *Evangelical Witness* that valuable series of papers, whose stores have been so freely appropriated in the compilation of this Memoir, and in writing which there can be no doubt that his distressed and suffering spirit found a grateful measure of solace and relief. The series was introduced to the public by the Rev. J. H. Robinson in the following complimentary editorial notice:—

#### AUTUMNAL GLEANINGS.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to an article under this designation which appears in this issue. The article is the first of a series to appear in the columns of the *Witness*. A glance at the article will tell our readers who writes the "recollections," even if they did not look at the

“W.” at the end. In this kind of writing our worthy correspondent is perfectly at home, and, we say it without flattery, is almost without a rival. His retentive memory, the sympathy of his nature, his over-flowing wit, chastened by his piety, and the unpretending neatness of his style, peculiarly fit him for such a task as this. We can say of the contributions of our worthy brother, that we always read them with pleasure and profit, and we hope he will go on as extensively as he chooses in his “autumnal recollections,” and we believe our readers will relish them very much. In writing thus we do not disparage others of our worthy correspondents; of whom, in general we will say, that we care not what paper is compared with the *Witness*, in the ability and fulness of its original contributions, it will equal the best of them. And were it to go down to-morrow, it would carry with it the respect of its contemporaries and of its readers.

The only quotations from these racy and spirited papers, additional to those already given, which our space admits of, are the following. First, these touching, introductory words, —

Naomi and Ruth in their desolateness returned to the land of Elimelech and Chilion, from whence sore famine once drove them out into a stranger’s land to find subsistence and a grave. “And Ruth said unto Naomi, let me go to the field and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I may find grace. And she said unto her, go, my daughter.” Again, a wanderer, in his desolateness, while sitting by the grave of the companion of his wanderings through life, would return in fond memory to the land of our fathers, and glean in the field of “him in whose sight I may find favour,” and if my lap should contain, in the evening of my toil, some heads of corn, none shall be more welcome to them than my companions in my own loved “household of faith.”

\* \* \* \* \*

It may interest some of my readers without offending any, if I transfer from my scrap-book some of the many facts observed and ruminated, while wandering thirty-one years over the field from which I am now a gleaner, and which facts, have before, and ever since my ministry was entered upon, given me much sorrow and shame, because they have both dishonoured the ranks of the Sacramental Host in her ministry, and very greatly retarded the progress of the work of Salvation.

John G—— was an indolent, rude, profane youth ; his companions were like himself ; he had no education beyond knowing the letters, and reading most abominably ; from his cradle he had been steeped in poverty, nor from this ignorance or destitution had he ever made an effort to rise. The Methodist Missionary found entrance to the place ; his message fell on John's ear and sank into his heart ; in his terror and guilt he was led to Jesus, who " saves that which is lost ;" he found mercy and was a changed man. His earnest, honest testimony attracted great attention among his former associates, and several of these became changed men ; the Church in that place aided his efforts, and gave him standing and office as an exhorter. By this time he began to think he had great talents, felt he was a lamp under the bushel, compared his gifts with those of the regular minister and was very favourably impressed with his own superiority. He now told his impressions to those from whom he expected a favourable opinion ; these now sat also under the ministry no longer as prayerful scholars at the feet of " the great teacher," but as judges of comparative talents. A majority pronounced in favour of G——, who, in volume of voice, vehemence of gesticulation, plainness (*alias* vulgarity) of speech, and brazen boldness, although " without larnin or a black coat aither," was far, far the superior. After this he resolved that no man nor church order, " should shut his mouth or limit his field of operation." I heard and conversed with him. He affected a profound contempt for money, and indifference to what we call

propriety in dress ; this was too secular for so truly spiritual a man ; attention to personal neatness and cleanliness argued an absence of deep piety. He utterly despised all natural science as subversive of religion ; we could have no correct knowledge of anything in the heavens if it were higher than a ladder could reach—and as for the “testimony of the rocks,” why, Balaam’s Ass might speak, but rocks speak? ’Tis perfectly absurd. Yet our divine had no hesitation in proving what Paul’s thorn was, or the certain interpretation of Daniel’s and John’s prophetic visions ; and he took no small pride and pains too, to demonstrate to me a fact long plain to him, namely : the *form* and *colour* of the soul ; said it is egg-shaped and inconceivably smooth on the surface ; in colour it is “perfectly pellucid ;” hence its rapid motions cause no whizzing as it shoots along, nor is it visible to the eye ; and carried at pleasure by the force of an inherent irresistible will, it requires neither the aids of arms, nor eyes, nor ears, nor legs. Poor G——! after a vain effort to teach what he did not know, and induce men to believe him to be a prophet, his lamp went out, and nought of him remains but the marks of his folly.

A. M—— is a smart young man ; has lately condescended to enter a Methodist Chapel ; is surprised to find so many excellent things there, and wonders they are not better known among the upper classes. After some time he was induced, from benevolent motives to join the church, and thus lift her above her former level. All at once he was prominent in all things—his name is to every advertisement, on every Committee—and his person visible in all public services ; Zion’s prosperity his all-absorbing hobby, yet some quiet observers said, “the rider is bigger than the horse.” Amid many excellencies he soon discovers great and dangerous defects in the ministry, laments over it and fails to see it remedied, greatly pities the good people, Rather than have things as they are, offers to make still greater sacrifices of present

position and promising future prospects in life. This is so like the spirit of the martyrs, the honest people accept him, and much admire his condescension. If his preaching is not so deeply spiritual, nor attended with such hallowing unction as our old preaching, it is very critical, has some fine poetic passages, and an occasional burst of true eloquence. Then he is a sound scholar, our old translators and shallow, misty Commentators are not permitted to dictate to him, his knowledge of the languages enables him in very many instances to set them all right ; he is evidently at home in this part of his work. It is strange that notwithstanding all these new elements in the pulpit the congregations are less and less attentive and numerous. A. M—— complains of this ; reminds them of his great personal sacrifices on their account ; lays the failure of his hopes at the door of the people, and secretly laments that his real worth is unappreciated. Thus, after the lapse of a few years, having failed in acquiring that ascendancy over his brethren in the ministry, or that popular influence among the people he made so sure of at the outset, rather feeling that himself and the churches under his care are sinking instead of rising, he finds it difficult to obtain a field of labour, and after giving much trouble to the Church, is obliged to seek his place among the potsherds of the earth a disappointed and unhappy man. His vanity, emptiness and hypocrisy, have deeply injured God's house, but he has injured himself most of all, " Mine honour, be not thou concerned."

These two men have been to me a type of two classes, by whom truth and her interests are wronged and insulted : the one man found his place in God's house, leaves it and is ruined ; the other never found his right place, never sought for it, and now the door is forever shut. No man should dare to enter the ministry of Christ wanting the necessary qualifications, both natural and acquired, as well as the voluntary call from God through His Church. He who acts otherwise must fail and be despised,

“for he that entereth not by the door is a thief and a robber;” and woe to that man who having entered by the door either mingles strange fire with his incense, or combines mammon with God, or faints because of the difficulties of the way, or stoops from the pulpit to occupy the highest earthly position, and teaches men so to do, “better were it for him a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the depths of the sea.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The sombre shadows of the old year's evening are gathering fast around my path, my weary feet are turned toward my tent, for gleaners must rest as well as reapers, I hear the glad sound of welcome, as it greets and gladdens the home-returned around me, and weep unseen over their joys, so long my own, but no longer mine. Alas! my Naomi no longer waits so watchfully to greet me with her tenderly soothing salutation of “peace be to thee, my William.” God removes my home from earth to heaven, by the removal of my all of earthly treasure from here to there.

There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home ;  
For me my elder brethren stay.  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come.

The gleaner walks solitary, more the subject of pity than of envy, and even at meal times sees the wine flagon passed to other lips. Well be it so, “have I received good and shall I not also receive evil from the Lord?” Still my thanks shall rise above my sighings, that I have been so kindly and uninterruptedly permitted to glean.

Thankful I take the cup from thee,  
Prepared and mingled by thy skill,  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

Conference season has ever been with me a season of solemn retrospect, yet never before so much so, of both joy and sadness as this eve of 1860 and '61. If it please God to permit me to be present next week at our London Conference, it will be the thirty fourth since my union with our own Zion. And what a panorama, on which the persons and places, and events are so vividly photographed.—The gloom of dark shadows is, perhaps, too frequent; still the warm, broad, bright sunlight everywhere predominates; the deepest shadow only heightens the brightness of the light. Oh, I love so to look into those bright faces. Warm were their hearts and eloquent their lips, and many their noble gifts in supporting and defending the cause of Jesus. How their countenances shine, and their clear, soft, musical voices, soft as *Æolia's* harp, fall welcome and tenderly on the eye and ear of blessed memory. Ah, these were leal friends to my Saviour's cause and me; their shoulders shrunk not from, nor were ever galled with, the pressure of "the blessed cross." They loved to grasp and struggle with great difficulties; they became strong men in doing battle for our God. Even when wounded and worn with toil, and groaning and bleeding, their face was to their foes, their courage was undaunted, the dove of sweet peace kept her firm perch, with calm eye and plumage unruffled, on her helmet's elevated crown,—“faint, yet pursuing,” “and more than conquerors through him who loved them.”

My accusing heart oft asks with breathless eagerness, shall some dear friend, now toiling by my side, when I am gone, and strangers come into the places we now occupy who know me not even by name, shall some surviving friend, as he sits in his solitude, ever think of me? And if so, shall that memory be a pleasant one? What odour shall my character leave behind me? What footprints shall my works mark on time's enduring sands? Shall the place occupied by me be overcast with shadow to conceal my deformities, and by painful contrast illuminate the path of the upright? Or may I hope to stand not

altogether in the shade while in thy great temple here below? My Saviour, permit me to kneel beside the publican, and when thou comest in thy kingdom "Lord remember me."

The greater number of my early companions in the Church of God, and who were accustomed to meet me in our annual Conferences, are now away from earth, and their forms and voices are no more; the cross is exchanged for the palm, the pilgrim's worn and dusty garments for the "white robes,"—they are gone home to die no more." Still one life beats in our hearts, one grand object fills our eye, the one old song is on our tongues, one glorious hope beams on our brow, we shall be ever with the Lord. We live much together yet; we shall live all together soon. The path of holiness on earth lies ever "close by the verge of Heaven." Hallelujah, home is near.

"Hear I, or dream I hear those distant strains?  
 Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of Heaven;  
 Soft wafted on celestial pity's plume,  
 Through the vast spaces of the universe,  
 To cheer me in this melancholy gloom.  
 O when will death, now stingless,  
 Like a friend admit me to their choir?  
 O when will death this mouldering, old  
 Partition wall throw down,  
 Give beings, one in nature, one abode?"

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Again the journal:—

June 4th, 1861. Left Toronto for Conference in London by the 8:30 a.m. train G. T. R. Day beautiful; arrived at two; my billet was with Mr. George G. Magee above his store, on Dundas street.

5th. Mr. Goldsmith having been kept at home by the sickness of his second child, I had to preach the opening

sermon to the Conference : Josh. xvii. 13, after which Conference was constituted, and Mr. Robinson called to the chair. Mr. Histon, Secretary.

6th. Mr. Caswell preached in the evening. \* \*  
\* He spoke usefully and profitably.

7th. Mr. Brown preached in the evening. I did not hear him. Business getting on very slowly.

9th. Mr. Rolston preached in the morning. I preached in the Free Church. Acts xvi. 31. \* \* \*

Mr. Robinson preached in the evening a clever, vehement sermon.

11th. The *Witness* now pays its way, is to be increased in size. Mr. Robinson was thanked and re-appointed editor. He certainly deserves praise for his admirable management of the press.

12th. Mr. Robinson and myself were appointed to devote three months of this year, beginning with September, to collect moneys to pay off Chapel debts. Mr. R— takes the East as high up as Milton District, and I take Hamilton, Waterford and London Districts. The increase to the membership this year is 439, and Mission fund increase \$713.

13th. \* \* \* Mr. Robinson gave the closing address. and I offered in much depression of mind the closing prayer. So ended the longest, most numerously attended and unsatisfactory Conference I ever sat in.

14th. Spent this day visiting amongst old friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

Although but little progress could be reported at this Conference respecting the operations of the Theological Institute during the previous year, it was resolved that the Connexion should stand by the infant enterprize, and Mr. McClure was re-appointed Tutor. He was also placed in charge of the Galt Station.

June 27th. Left Toronto for Galt, via Guelph. Met Rev. Mr. Hogg; very kind—invited me to his manse. \*

\* \* On arrival in Galt, walked to Mr. Cheeseman's, and was kindly received.

30th. Preached at half-past ten from Acts xvi. 30-31. Congregation, eighty. Met the class after—sixteen present. \* \* \*

July 2nd. Rode out with Mr. Grills last night. \*

\* \* Saw for the first time the very large comet which now spreads its immense tail over the Northern heavens—its head is as large, apparently, as an orange, and well defined. Never did I see so clear a night, the heavens looked so profoundly deep and the stars so innumerable. The Milky Way lost its flatness, and seemed a well defined body of transparent azure, on whose surface and depths were set stars innumerable as the dust in sunbeams, and brilliant as the Seraph's eye. "*Thy Heavens.*" \* \* \*

The Intelligent, Benevolent, Omniscient, and Omnipotent, the Creator and Ruler of all, who loved thee my soul, and gave His only Son to die for thy salvation. Hallelujah.

At a meeting of the Connexional executive, held in the month of July, a readjustment of some few of the Conference appointments was decided on, by which arrangement the Rev. J. C. Seymour was transferred from Caledon to Galt; and to favour the objects of the Institute, Mr. McClure accepted the oversight of our struggling interest in Yorkville. Towards the end of August we find him entering on the somewhat thankless commission, which the previous Conference had assigned to him, of collecting in the Western Section of the work, towards the liquidation of the general Connexional indebtedness.

Sept. 1st. Hamilton. Sunday. Sabbath School in the morning, then preaching at eleven. With Mr. Watts at the City Hall steps at three, and preached again in Main street at half-past six. \* \* \* \* \* Street congregation large and attentive.

3rd. Rev. W. Williams drove me to Barton. \*  
\* \* \* \* \* Preached in the Lake Chapel, took up subscriptions and collections. \* \* \* \*

Mr. Williams drove me in his buggy to see the beach, the Hamilton water works there, and the beautiful Basin upon the side of the mountain. Day beautiful—mountain scenery grand. Mr. W. and wife exceedingly kind to me.

6th. Mr. Shaw met me at St. Catharines station and drove me to the parsonage. Spoke to the children of four Common Schools, who were met at a soiree in the grove near Mr. W. Smith's.

8th. Preached in the Grove—Math. xxv. 10. Two hundred present. \* \* \* \* \* Mr. Louks drove me over to Pelham—ten miles. Preached in the grove—I. Thess. v. 19. Eight hundred present. Slept in Bro. Whitcombe's.

Sept. 13th. Bro. Whitcombe drove me to Dunville, on the Grand River, twenty-one miles.

14th. Mr. Cleaver drove me over the bridge to the B. and L. H. R. R. station, where I took the cars for Cayuga.

15th. Preached in Cayuga Church. Baptized four adults and one babe. Dined at W. R. De Cew's—crossed the river by the ferry, the bridge being impassable since the spring floods. \* \* \* \*

16th. Mr. Weaver drove me through Caledonia to Mr. Rolston's. \* \* \* \* \* After dinner, visited the Wesleyan Camp ground near Caledonia. All was repulsive to my feelings except the preacher, whose manner and spirit were solemn and beautiful.

18th. Mr. Dempsey drove me from Cayuga across to

Ancaster—twenty-six miles. \* \* \*  
Stayed all night at Mr. James Forsyth's.

21st. Rev. D. McKenzie drove me to Copetown. Slept at Bro. Fields'.

22nd. Preached in Copetown Church at half-past ten. Drove to Waterdown, twelve miles, and at half-past six preached in the church. Mr. William Horning's son came over for me.

24th. Dined in Mr. Inksetter's. Saw for the last time, and talked with old father Cope—aged ninety-six.

The conclusion and perhaps the financial results of this collecting tour are indicated in an entry of October 21st, which speaks of a trip to London, and the payment to Mr. Robinson of the sum of \$97. The editor confesses to a feeling of mortification on collating the notes of this year, to find that a minister of Mr. McClure's age and standing should be subjected to the frequent annoyances which the various Connexional exigencies of the year imposed upon him. After eight or nine weeks of as unsettled a life as the prosecution of his collecting engagements involved, and to which in its inconvenience and irksomeness, his habits and temperament rendered him so peculiarly sensitive, we find him again necessitated to change his residence, with this set off to the unpleasantness of a second removal, that no associations, perhaps, through the length and breadth of Canada could be more congenial to him than those he was about to renew. The Hamilton charge had again become vacant. The Rev. J. C. Watts, stationed there at the previous Conference, had, in the inscrutable Providence of God, been called to

endure a great fight of afflictions through the few months of his pastorate in that city. His amiable and excellent wife, after a most protracted and painful illness, was removed from him by death. The stroke fell heavily on our brother's spirit, and he sought relief from the pressure of his distress in change of scene; turning his face, with his motherless boy at his side, towards the shores of the land that gave him birth. To meet the emergency of Mr. Watts' removal to England, the Annual Committee, at a meeting held in London on the 21st of October, and which Mr. McClure attended, transferred him to the charge of the Hamilton station.

And now, after more than sixteen months of unrest of spirit, months during which "wearisome days and nights had been appointed unto him," Mr. McClure was, with a thankful heart, permitted to reconstruct his home by his union in marriage with Miss Margaret Bussell, of Trafalgar, a lady, he tells us, whose "solid piety, stability of character, liberality to the church, devotedness to her parents in their age and feebleness, \* \* \* and readiness to accept of a companion, suitable to her age, habits of life and religious convictions," had commended her to his confidence and regard. How fully conscience, as well as inclination, was concerned in this step, the diary of this period bears such testimony as the following:—

Nov. 12th. Felt much painful anxiousness about the step I am now taking. Is it the way and will of God; my heart solemnly, tremblingly asks, or am I governed

by carnal affections and not by the Spirit of Jesus? \*

\*           \*           \*  
 In thinking, and speaking, and writing, my thoughts, and tongue, and pen are laid down at the feet of Jesus. I acknowledge no will, no judgment, no guide but my God. He has promised to guide. I can trust my God but cannot trust myself. To offend one of the least of His little ones would give me inexpressible pain. Nothing could give me pleasure if it cost a pang of body or of mind to any of my Father's children.  
 \*           \*           \*

The marriage took place at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Coats, near Oakville, on the third of December, the Rev. James Hill being the officiating clergyman.

Two young men, Messrs. Danard and Burns, who had been under Mr. McClure's tuition in Toronto, removed with him to Hamilton, and small as the Theological class was, it received a large share of Mr. McClure's interest and attention.

Jan. 26th, 1862. Very cold and stormy; snow drifting very much. Sunday School at half-past nine, preached at eleven—John x. 9, conducted a fellowship meeting at half-past twelve, preached in Mountain Mission Chapel at three—Luke xv. 4-7. Walked up and down through all the drift. At half-past six preached a Temperance Sermon—I. Cor. vi. 10. Oh, my Lord, shall I have still to run and cry, and wet my couch with my tears *in vain*? When wilt thou hear? O when shall the answer come?

28th.           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*  
 I wish from this day ever to live in the fellowship of the Spirit of Christ, then welcome be my dying day, and safe and happy every day between now and then. Alas, how unworthy and still

unfit for scenes so grand and awful, but my sufficiency is of God, who gave His Son to die for sinners, of whom I am truly a chief.

Feb. 6th. Made an effort to reach Toronto to Mr. Adam Dickey's funeral, but owing to a change of time in the cars missed my passage. I then wrote Mrs. Dickey a letter. So ill with cold had to go to bed, and was not at the prayer meeting.

March 3rd. Met Sheriff Thomas and the ministers of the city in the Court House at three to arrange for supplying the Jail with Sabbath services for the coming six months, including January and February. The Popish Bishop, having tried in vain to prevent Papist prisoners attending the Sabbath services, now tries another plan, by demanding of the Sheriff accommodation to hold a service in the Jail for Papists *every* Sunday. This being refused, and the reasons given, the Sheriff notified him of to-day's meeting, To this notice he sends, by his private secretary, an arrogant, impudent misrepresentation of the facts, demanding the right of the Sunday, and threatening the Sheriff with higher powers to compel his compliance to the Bishop's demands. The Sheriff has sent a temperate, gentlemanly, spirited and decisive reply, for which we were pleased and grateful. So we shall have now all the Popish influence in the Cabinet brought to bear through the Governor-General, to force the arrogant priest in, over the heads of all the Protestant ministers in the City of Hamilton.

March 25th. Heard Dr. Chaplin, of New York, lecture in the Mechanics' Institute on the "Moral Forces." A most splendid lecture, most eloquently and gracefully delivered. He possesses a powerful, musical, flexible voice, and knows how to use it. He read his lecture—Sheriff Thomas in the chair; house well filled.

April 13th. My S. S. Class at 9:30; Mr. Herridge, Primitive Methodist, preached at 11. I administered the Sacrament; three full tables; a good time. At two I preached in the jail for Mr. Burnet, who is laid up by

sickness. John iii. 3. Prisoners were all attentive, some deeply so. At 3 my Bible Class. At 6:30 Mr. Markham, Primitive Methodist, preached a good sermon on Christian perfection.

23rd. Mr. Goldsmith's oldest child died this morning at two o'clock. He is ill himself, so is Mrs. Goldsmith. It is only three months since her babe was buried; how very trying. Not a week ever since coming to Toronto has his family been out of the doctor's hands. Poor fellow, most deeply do I sympathize with him, and besides all this, the care and labour of the Church.

May 24th. Queen's birthday. Observed by the total absence of all military display. All bells still and silent; not a bugle sound all day. Such was our dear, good Queen's wish, as she mourns over her irreparable loss in the death of "Albert the Good."

June 2nd. Left for Conference at 4 p.m. Slept in Mr. Withrow's, who is dangerously ill, though a little better to-day.

3rd. To Port Hope and Millbrook. My billet was in Mr. Wm. Berry's, where I was most comfortably accommodated.

4th. Mr. Robinson opened Conference at 10 a.m. Mr. Savage was chosen President, Mr. Leach, Secretary. \*  
\* \* This was the most numerously attended of all our Conferences.

6th. It was decided to have our Institute made independent of Conference funds by supplementing the English grant of £50 stg. with voluntary subscriptions, and if such an appeal to be now made to the members of the Conference prove a success, the tutor is to be separated from charge of a circuit, to devote himself to this work, rendering the Connexion such preaching services as his other duties may permit. Mr. Cleaver was appointed to take round the list; it was successful, realizing more than \$400. So I was appointed to reside in Toronto and supply Yorkville from the Institute. May the good hand of God be upon me for this work. Amen. Amen.

The Stationing Committee was chosen to-day, and I was chairman—a toilsome, difficult, painful task. This office almost totally withdrew me from Conference, and shut me up in the basement.

June 8th. The day bright and beautiful. Mr. Robinson preached at 10 a. m. in the woods to a congregation numbering perhaps 3,000. At 2 p.m. Mr. Goldsmith preached in the same place to at least an equal number. On both occasions the people behaved with great propriety. I preached at 6 p.m. in the Church ; it was filled. The Lord's Supper was administered at the close of this day of "marrow and fat things."

13th. Left Millbrook at 8:30, \* \* \* got into Toronto at 3:30. Slept at G. Harrison's.

June 29th. Preached in Dr. Jennings' Church at 6 p. m. in the place of Dr. Lillie, whose son, aged fifteen, was drowned on the 27th, while bathing in the Don.

July 13th. Appointed to go to Lansdown to-morrow to be present at a Circuit meeting to arrange between the Circuit and the Ministers. \* \* \*

14th. Sailed in the *Passport* at 2 o'clock for Gananoque. \* \* \*

15th. \* \* \* Rev. E. F. Brown drove me to the meeting. \* \* \* Precisely at two we commenced, and closed by prayer meeting at six. The meeting for some time was difficult to manage, but ultimately resolved itself into a quiet, harmonious and unanimous arrangement. \* \* \*

July 16th. We had a heavy, warm and welcome rain yesterday evening ; the country looked beautiful to-day. breakfasted in Brother Warren's ; at nine left for Gananoque ; Mr. Brown drove me to Mr. Kirker's, who treated me with great hospitality. After dinner walked down to the wharf to await the steamboat's arrival. At 1:30 sailed for Toronto. Weather fine ; scenery very beautiful.

The following communication appeared in the *Evangelical Witness* of July 16th :—

THE THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,  
TORONTO, July 8th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR :

DEAR BROTHER,—The Board of Education chosen by our late Conference, held their first councils on Friday last, and to-day, at the residence of the Treasurer, J. J. Withrow. All the members were present, except the Secretary, R. Wilkes, who is at present in Europe on matters of business.

We now forward for early publication in our own much prized *Witness*, the results of those councils, in order to give information, and at once interest our whole Connexion, in the Educational Department of our rapidly extending community, a department not less important to us connexionally than the Public Department of Education is to us nationally. We thus hope to receive that prompt and liberal support in our efforts which the nature and necessities of our engagements demand. For not only are people becoming daily more deeply impressed with the importance of a well-sustained Institute, but our young men also, both in the ministry and those who are as yet but candidates for the sacred office. Nor can our fathers be less interested, for soon must the mantle pass from their shoulders to their juniors in years, on whom will then devolve all the solemn responsibilities of the sacred desk and connexional administrations. Indeed, so impressed are our young men with the necessities for an immediate supply of a sound, thorough training in the knowledge of the several branches, essential to their future efficiency in the ministry, however undoubted their piety or gifted by nature, that if we don't provide it, they will, however reluctantly, accept the advantages presented them by the other churches, and thus be lost to our ministry. We cannot believe our own people will allow such an evil among them. Brethren, let us arise and build ; we are both willing and able.

The attention of the board was first directed to the outlay already incurred by Conference, viz. : The removal of the Tutor from Hamilton to Toronto, house rent, fuel and salary, which, with all possible economy, amounts to \$615 for the present year. We cannot complain of this being too large a sum. There should be, however, some funds available every year to provide for a Students' Library ; a small outlay of this sort, aided and accompanied by donations of suitable works from our friends, would, in a few years, furnish the Institute, with that invaluable and inexhaustible treasure—a good library

—from the stores of which, through the ministry, every circuit in the Connexion would become enriched. Any donation of this kind, if forwarded to the Tutor shall be promptly acknowledged in the *Witness*.

The board are also impressed with the necessity of their possessing some available means to aid, if necessary, in books and board any destitute but promising young man who would otherwise be lost to our ministry: indeed, such a case does already occur.

On examining our list of means and ways, we are rather encouraged, because, first, our brethren in England, aware of the value of an Institute, most promptly and liberally granted us \$244, or £50 sterling, per annum, towards its sustentation; secondly, the appeal made in Conference to the brethren present produced \$449 for this present year, our ministers most liberally leading the way; and thirdly, we shall both “try and trust” our numerous and attached friends, whose purses, and hearts, and heads, when weighed in the balance, shall not be found wanting.

The sum total of our present list leaves us but a small margin over our absolute liabilities, but we will not entertain one doubt of this narrow margin being greatly widened very soon. During the absence of Mr. Wilkes, Mr. James Foster, Toronto P. O., has kindly consented to receive and acknowledge through the *Witness*, all sums contributed to the Institute, and the earlier they come the more welcome they may prove.

The Board would beg to inform our Circuits and young men, that all applicants for admission into the Institute must be furnished with the very same credentials from the quarterly meetings of their respective Circuits, as are demanded by our Annual Conference from all candidates for our ministry. The Board, however, do not hold themselves bound to receive all such applications, but must reserve a reasonable discretionary power.

As there will be cases where parties wish to pursue the course of study required of them by Conference, with a purpose of engaging in our ministry, but whose circumstances may render their attendance at the Institute, Toronto, impracticable, we would inform such parties that by forwarding their regular Circuit credentials, and explanations of causes preventing their personal attendance, they may, at the discretion of the Board, have their names entered on our books, be

furnished with a copy of our "Course of Study," list of text-books, &c., and be entitled to attend a quarterly, semi-annual or annual examination by the Board, and should their attainments entitle them to a full certificate, they shall stand in the very same position before Conference from year to year as those who, upon attending at the Institute, have obtained a certificate of equal attainments. The one great object of both Conference and the Institute, is to open the doors of divine knowledge for the entry of all our devoted, industrious, deserving young men, at the same time we secure for our ministry men of God, of the right stamp, men of whom we shall not be ashamed, so that, amid all the difficulties and injurious agitations, "either within or without our assemblies," the ministry be not blamed.

As the amount of aid to be rendered by this Board to deserving parties must be regulated by the amount of means placed in the hands of the Connexion, and as our ministers are placed in all the centres of our Connexional influence, and thus unitedly embracing the whole Connexional influence, and are each so deeply interested in the success of this undertaking, the Board advise each minister to keep a little book, which the Board will gladly furnish for this special purpose, that none of our able and willing friends be forgotten.

The Board is now ready to receive applications for entrance, all of which should be addressed to Rev. W. McClure, Toronto P. O., and would earnestly and affectionately urge on our ministers and friends all over the Connexion, on whose Circuits applicants may reside, to give them such aid and information in this case as will prevent all misunderstanding and mistakes. In the meantime, any information or explanations in the power of this Board, will be promptly given to enquirers.

On behalf of the C. W. M. N. C. Board of Education,

WILLIAM MCCLURE.

\* \* \* \* \*

July 31st. Heard the Rev. ——— Davidson, of Ireland, a member of the Omagh Presbytery, gave an account of the wonderful work of God in his own and the surrounding churches in 1859. For ten weeks he had service

every evening and twice on Sunday. Every service some were stricken, from six to sixteen in number. On one occasion at eight a. m., the church filled in every part, was filled with a divine power, and awful solemnity sat on every face. On one occasion when leaving his pulpit, he was so overpowered by a sense of the love and power of God that, had it continued, he must have died; he was constrained to cry out and testify for Jesus. His three children—two boys and one girl, of the ages of fourteen, twelve and eight—were all stricken down, and after hours of agony found pardon and peace. The two eldest have ever since, in his absence, conducted family worship.

\* \* \*

August 31st. Hamilton. Preached from I. John iii. 5. A good congregation, much liberty—many dear kind faces before me evidently moved by the blessed words of life. \* \* \* Dear Main street Church, no less dear to me, no less loved. There are sapphires in thy foundations and diamonds in thy crown. Around thy portals and thy pews, prayer and hope's warm breath still rests; the gate of heaven is there, and dove-like the dust shall yet be shaken from thy silver wings and bosom, and my heart and harp shall yet join with thine in thy song of triumph—thy year of Jubilee. Hasten, O Lord! Why tarriest thou so long! Why?

Sept. 13th. Walked up to Spring Gardens at one p. m., to meet the Sabbath School children there. Day beautiful. Children and adults all delighted. We all came home by the street cars.

Oct 12th. \* \* \* At six preached for the first time at the little church fitted up on King street, near the Don Bridge. It was well filled with an attentive congregation, say seventy people. Mr. Goldsmith opened it on Sunday last, and I announced for a Sunday School next Sabbath. The place is neatly and comfortably fitted up.

26th. The annual Committee having at their meeting on Saturday delegated me to go to Goderich to enquire

into the difficulty there, and report to them, I left by the 6:15 train, getting into Goderich at 6.

29th. Met the Annual Committee at one o'clock and gave in my report.

Nov. 9th. Preached in Yorkville at 11, at 2:30 Sabbath School Class, at 6 preached in Temperance street. Both morning and evening felt deep earnestness and some comfort as well as liberty. My panting soul yearns more and more after the image of God.

12th. Went to hear Mr. ——— lecture on Temperance. Such a conglomerate of wind, conceit, awkward antics, utter failures at the familiar, the sympathetic, the profound, the elevated, the eloquent and the pious it has seldom been my fate to be compelled to witness hustled, and squeezed into the angle of one hour. O my soul, it takes a man all obtuseness, with face of brass, to do a feat like this. And then that awful climax to which he rose, where his elevated soul was quite above all editorial criticism, vulgar judgments, personal interests, sordid measures. O my ! Bless the mark ! !

14th. Rossin House burnt last night.

24th. \* \* \* Went to hear Elihu Burritt at the opening of a Mercantile College ; subject—The Higher Law and Mission of Commerce. Room crowded. Lecture very interesting, unassuming and instructive.

Dec. 1st. At Hamilton at Mrs. Clarke's funeral. \*  
\* \* Looked upon her serene, sweet face for the last time. True-hearted tried friend of the Saviour and of me, farewell ; soon we all shall meet again ; home at last to the bosom loved and longed for. O for dove's wings.

5th. At Newmarket ; lecture in Mechanics' Hall to a large and attentive audience on " Digestion."

7th. Preached at ten in Aurora Church. Morning terribly cold ; congregation large. At half-past two taught a class in the Sabbath School and addressed the children ; at six preached again ; house crowded ; deep feeling manifest. \* \* \* We could not close the service

before ten o'clock, and such a season of power and earnestness I have seldom witnessed. Many have been saved.

22nd. To London by the 3:45 train. Met the Publishing Committee. \* \* \* Mr. Robinson is much shaken but recovering. Mrs. Robinson and he very kind.

25th. The mildest Christmas day I ever saw in the country. No ice on the Bay. An overcoat a burden. Men were sitting fishing on the end of one of the piers ; little boats were sailing, and a schooner deeply laden was getting under weigh for Rochester.

Jan. 1st. 1863. A beautifully mild fine day. \* \* \* My mercies and my power to enjoy them a wonder to myself. "Bless the Lord O my soul." At eleven attended and addressed a meeting of the coloured people in Sayer Street Methodist Church. \* \* \*

It was a meeting of thanksgiving and prayer for the President of the United States and the proclamation of freedom for the slave issued this day. For the hope of the poor slave is still beset by dark clouds from the midst of which God says : " Let my people go." At three met the Don and Temperance Street Sunday Schools to tea ; exhibited the Magic Lamp to them. At 7:30 the teachers and friends sat down to tea, after which Messrs. Goldsmith, Harrison, Wilkes and myself gave addresses ; after which a Bible and Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature were presented to Mr. Jones, the leader of the choir.

5th. \* \* \* At eight went to the Mechanics' Hall to hear Emerson's lecture. He read in an easy and rather indifferent, slow, conversational manner, and could not pass Sinai or Jesus without casting his free-thinking missile and " wagging his head " at both. How futile, feeble, empty, did I feel the influence of the scorner's philosophy, and how energizing, potent, full above measure, the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Hallelujah !

11th. \* \* \* At six preached for Mr.

Boyle in the Primitive Methodist Church ; house two thirds filled with a very earnest, attentive congregation. The Church is very well kept and comfortable.

12th. The ministers resumed their friendly meetings to-day at 4 p.m. in Rev. Mr. Gregg's, Church street, after years of cessation. Long may restored harmony continue. Owing to my having no congregational charge I am not asked to join their circle. God thus begins to draw my tent-pins. I must pack up for the home and glorious circle above.

22nd. At the funeral of Dr. Bull, who was buried with military honours. The cortege was very large.

27th. Heard Mr. Goldsmith on "I love the Lord because He hath heard, &c." A good, profitable discourse.

Feb. 4th. Chief Justice Robinson had a public funeral to-day. Troops, University Students, the Medical Profession, Clergy, Corporation, lawyers. Shops all shut ; Cathedral draped, &c. At 7:30 in the Music Hall at the anti-Slavery meeting. Twelfth Anniversary. Dr. Willis, President. First Resolution, Dr. Burns and myself ; second, Hon. George Brown. \* \* \* Hall well filled ; meeting quite a success ; Mr. Henning, Secretary.

15th. Preached in Yorkville ; at 3 preached in coloured Baptist Church on Queen street ; house full ; at six preached at the Don ; house full, very attentive ; closed with prayer meeting ; got home quarter before 9, weary and thankful.

Feb. 24th. Attended a Soiree of the coloured Methodist Church, Adelaide street. Dr. Lillie and myself the only speakers. The house was full ; the minister was twenty-five years a slave ; his owners Methodists. He was twice sold ; at his first sale he only brought \$300 ; next \$1,000. His wife was sold from him, and their two children. He only stayed six days after that in slavery, his wife escaping with him. She is *branded* on the ball of the leg ; he on the shoulder. About half of the company are escaped slaves ; most of them branded.

March 2nd. Left for London by the 10:20 train. Put up at Mr. Robinson's. Had much conversation with him on the state of Connexional finances. He is more hopeful and his health is improving.

March 4th. Took my seat in the Senate of Toronto University to which position the Governor-General has appointed me. Met Mr. Moss at the door, who introduced me to the Chancellor, Mr. Justice Connor, who took his seat for the first time to-night as successor to the late Chancellor. Mr. Justice Burns, Drs. Willis, Lillie, Wilson, &c., hailed me with hearty welcome. Mr. Moss presented my commission from His Excellency. Broke up at half-past nine.

16th. At the formation of a Young Men's and Women's Association in our Church, Toronto. \* \* \*  
Great unanimity prevailed.

19th. \* \* \* Visited Ben Hamilton. He sinks very fast ; retains his strong confidence in the love of God to him in Christ Jesus. O happy child.

22nd. \* \* \* At six preached in Temperance street on the character, difficulties and conversion of Jacob. Congregation good and very attentive. Felt my subject was not sufficiently digested ; it wanted unity.

April 2nd. At eight p.m. the Young People's Christian Association met. Forty-eight present—Mr. Wilkes in the chair. Minutes read and signed. Magazine read and contained : Preface, by the Editor ; Poetry, a Dream and Queries, by contributors ; all well done and written out by Mr. Spry. Miss Dickey read "The Poor Irish Boy," with taste and effectiveness. Miss Fanny Wilkes recited with excellent character and effect, "The Rescue of a Captive from the Indians. Clarke Tyner read an original essay on Conversation ; very clever ; full of force and humour. Miss E. Crawford also read, and Nathaniel Dickey. These, with some interesting conversation on Magazine queries, yielded us much profit and pleasure.

April 10th. Visited and talked with Mr. Withrow ; he

seems far beyond the reach of all medical skill now, just on the brink of eternity ; and he is so blessedly composed and perfectly devoted to God's will, it does one good even to look at, not to speak of listening to him.

14th \* \* \* At three p.m. attended the great meeting in the Park on "Free Speech and Separate Schools," and seconded the motion of Dr. Caldicott—the Mayor in the chair, and three or four thousand present.

May 17th. Preached in Temperance street twice. \*  
\* \* My heart was much drawn out to God for my hearers, most of whom are young, and very intelligent.

June 1st. \* \* \* Mr. John Withrow called to show me the plans, elevations and tender for the building of my dwelling on Seaton street. \* \* \*

May thy blessing, O, my God, rest on my house from its foundations ; may its erection glorify thee, and if I am carried hence \* \* \* may my death glorify thee. Amen.

Conference. Left Toronto at ten minutes past seven by N. R., and arrived safely in Collingwood at half-past twelve—dined in the Railway Hotel, and at two left by the *Clifton* steamer, Captain Smith, owner. Evening wet and misty. Called at several places on the way, but day so cold and stormy, I sat in the cabin. At half-past four o'clock, when within twelve miles of the Sound, the head of the cylinder was broken to pieces, and piston head broken, with a horrible crash and grating noise, but no further damage done. The anchor was now let down, and we had to send a boat on shore, with two men with instructions, one to go to Collingwood for the Steamer *Plowboy*, and another to the Sound for waggons or boats. And so we composed ourselves to wait till morning. We had no provisions on board, so we sent a boat and deputation to shore, two and a half miles, to procure plunder. These did not return until half-past ten o'clock. In the meantime, the captain had all the flour on board baked, which gave us two little buns each. At ten o'clock, by request of all present, Mr. James Seymour preached to

us,—“How shall we escape, &c.” While so engaged, the boat with provisions arrived. At the close of the service, we had some bread and leakey butter, some tea!!—*sans sucre, sans lait*—and then every man fixed himself as he could—some on floor, some on chairs, some on both, and so continued groaning, sighing, snoring, &c., until the air became gross with unbreathable particles. Mr. Savage rose to rescue life by admitting plenty of good air, and the foul spirit departed into the lake. The night was quiet and beautiful, the moon full orbed, the surrounding scenery broad and sylvan. At eight we had, *sans* plates, spoons, knives or forks, bacon swimming in fat, to finger and chew as we could, with too little bad bread for breakfast—and it was scrambled for in such a rude vulgar manner, as rendered the little good most nauseous to me. On arriving in Owen Sound, Mr. Goldsmith and myself proceeded to Judge Wilkes', where we are billeted, and were kindly received by Mrs. and Miss Wilkes—the Judge is out on Circuit at present in Durham. At twelve o'clock, walked up to the top of the hill above the Chapel, and spent a peaceful hour; after which, went to dinner, and then to Conference, where Mr. Caswell was chosen as President. The Chapel was nearly full all day long, and the evening services were crowded. I was mercifully spared from all committees, and enjoyed myself more than usually falls to my lot.

8th. In the afternoon walked with Judge Wilkes and family to see the falls on the Sydenham River called Ingles Falls. The scenery was very fine, presenting rock and ravine, gushing springs and luxuriant vegetation, the curved and gently flowing Sydenham hiding ever and anon amid the shadows of waving foilage, or foaming and scolding and struggling along its craggy channel, or plunging wildly and recklessly headlong over its granite falls. From this elevated position the view is charming; the hills on both sides widen down to where the town is built; beyond the town the valley is filled with the waters of the Sound, on the left is the Indian peninsula, and on

the right the range of hills which four miles from Collingwood crop out in those remarkable shale beds, so black and full of marine remains and quite saturated with coal oil. No place I have ever seen is so near a fac-simile of Belfast Lough and the Lagan River.

June 10th. Occupied all day in examining eight young men, who have closed their probation.

At this Conference, the basis of the Theological Institute underwent some measure of modification, its functions hereafter having reference to the *entire probationary ministry* of the body, as will be seen by the following clause in the Educational Committee's report, which was adopted by the Conference :—

That examination papers be drawn up from year to year by the tutor under the approval of this Board, a copy to be forwarded to the Chairman of each District, who shall require each of the probationers in his District to attend the District Meeting in May; to whom said questions shall be submitted and written answers to each be required, which questions with their answers shall be forthcoming at Conference, and upon careful examination by the Board, the character of those answers be reported to the Conference, and the questions and replies be filed for future reference.

This *change of base* for the Institute was designed to give a wider scope to its operations; an arrangement which has continued to the present time, and whose beneficial effects have been growingly apparent from year to year.

The Rev. George Brown was appointed to the Superintendence of the Toronto Circuit at this Conference. His brotherly and agreeable associations with Mr. McClure are repeatedly alluded to in the records of the year.

July 31st. Attended the City Hall to see the prizes given to the children of the City Public Schools, and hear some good speeches from the Mayor, who was in the chair, and Messrs. Barber, Beard, Jennings, Lillie.

\* \* \* Received a very wicked and insulting letter from ————. I have laid it up before God, and leave it with Him to answer it for me in his own time and manner.

Aug. 4th. At eight p. m. heard Mr. Grandy preach for the first time.

9th. Preached at eleven in the Evangelical Union Tabernacle, in the absence of Rev. Mr. Melville, who is in Scotland begging for the church debt.

Aug. 7th. Mr. and Mrs. ———— had tea with us. They are in great poverty, and among an ungrateful and cruel people, made so by slavery in the States and unkind class treatment here.

Sept. 17th. Removed from 148 George street to my own house on Seaton street; day very fine. \*

\* \* When all strangers were gone, we knelt down and gave God hearty thanks for his great mercies to me and mine, and most solemnly dedicated my house and being to God. O may He dwell with me for Jesus' sake.

18th. Very busy all day. Yesterday called on Messrs. Robinson and Stacey\* at the Queen's Hotel, and engaged to go round to-day with Mr. Stacey. \* \*

\* I conducted them to the Normal School. \*

\* \* The statuary—they say—is in many instances very fine; the pictures bad as a general rule as copies—their mountings horrid; between high colouring and high varnishing, they are repulsive and painful to the eye of taste. In the afternoon, I walked round with Mr. Stacey to Osgoode Hall, which he admired much—then to the University. Dr. McCaul took every pains

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\* The Rev. Dr. Stacey, who, as a deputation from the English Conference, was at this time on a visit to Canada.

to inform and interest Mr. S.; he also furnished Mr. Stacey with several valuable papers, and showed him all over the building, expressing much pleasure at Mr. S.'s visit and object.

20th. Heard Mr. Brown at eleven. A profitable good sermon.

23rd. No class to-day, owing to the Soiree of Reception for Mr. Robert Wilkes and his bride. It was a well attended, well managed meeting. I read the address.

Oct. 4th. \* \* \* At six preached in Temperance street—attendance and attention good, Assisted by Mr. Brown, administered the Lord's Supper, O how precious is the cross of Jesus becoming to me, how overflowing with peace and blessed hope.

18th. Heard Mr. Stacey at eleven in Temperance street Church, from the xxiii. Psalm—he was copious, practical and beautiful—and at six, from Matt. xxvi. 29. An elaborate, connected, sound, practical sermon, delivered in his own peculiar manner and with much earnestness.  
\* \* \* House full.

21st. Had a visit from the Hon. O. Blake on his way home from Quebec. He looks well. \* \* \*

30th. Called to see Glover Harrison—found he had had a bad night. Got him home to Sligo and days of "Auld land syne." This cheered him up. For his true friendship I bless my Father in Heaven.

Nov. 6th. The young people of the church invited themselves and friends to sup and spend the evening with me, and sure enough above twenty of a party met and enjoyed themselves, each other, and their supper very much. They puzzled and sang, gamed and spechified until twelve o'clock, when they made their exit. This they call a surprise party. Their whole conduct was modest and refined, bending a little more to child's play than sage's.

23rd. At half-past one a. m. a carriage came for me to go and see Mrs. D———, of whose life all hope is

gone. Night beautiful and bright. Just at day-break I left—the scene was grand, grand. Poor Mrs. D—— got a change after my arrival, and became quiet and easy—her heart is fixed trusting in the Lord. While her mother was reading one of Wesley's sermons, fear fled and confidence in God came.

Dec. 6th. At half-past twelve last night or this morning, Mr. Brown's dwelling, with six others, was burned down. \* \* \* I took his services for him at eleven and six.

\* \* \* At seven went to Mr. Marling's Soiree. It was well attended. Speakers, Messrs. Marling, Ebbs, Howard and Gregg. A minister from Georgetown opened and I closed with prayer. The choir sang very sweetly and correctly between the speeches. Cost of the Church as it now stands, including furniture, organ, &c., above \$13,000; already collected and paid, \$7,000. \* \* \* It is a complete, cheap and beautiful edifice; may it not only be an ornament to our city but a Bethel to thousands of souls.

The following account of a visit to Brock appeared duly in the columns of the *Evangelical Witness*:—

#### WINTER WORK.

The 26th December, 1863, was a cold, calm morning, sky overcast, roads hard frozen, and not enough of snow for sleighing. At half-past six in the morning, I left my home, and after about an hour's walk along very icy places, got to the station of the Northern Railway in good time for the first train for Aurora. By the way, is it not a hardship and shame to compel the public to go so far from the centre of business, incurring such inconvenience and cost, to catch the train at this and many other stations of our villages and towns? When Acts of Parliament grant corporate rights to Companies, which give the monopoly of conveying goods and passengers, should it not make some suitable central place for

a depot a positive obligation?—so said I to myself, as I slipped, or balanced, or slid, but hurried on to catch the train. In an hour and a half I stood on the platform in Aurora village, where I found Mr. Thompson, from Brock, in waiting to convey me thither, with a beautiful smart little team. I thankfully and diligently appropriated some nutritious viands kindly ministered by my brother Savage and his excellent wife. The day kept cold and gloomy, but my Jehu was excellent company, a steady good teamster. The road through the long pine woods was now rough, then smooth, up, down, steep, level, dreary, beautiful, or grand betimes, but always, save the singing of the lofty pines, silent as the grave. After a drive of twenty-two miles, into the busy, thriving village of Uxbridge, Mr. Thompson fed his team and himself, and my kind friends, Joseph Dickey, Esq., and his good wife, fully met all my sharp, urgent gastric demands. After which we had to drive to Brock Parsonage—seventeen miles ahead.

As evening shadows deepened, the temperature got colder, but our good team knew the road now, heading homeward with a will; and by twilight closed, my goal for the night was reached in safety, where Bro. Dempsey and his companion gave me a hearty welcome. As the night advanced, the wind increased, and with it the cold. After retiring to rest, the fires got down and the cold got up, and kept biting so relentlessly at my feet and toes, knees, fingers and nose, that only a little bit of me, near the centre, got any sleep, and even that only in snatches.

My first appointment, on Sunday morning, 27th, was the Annual Missionary Sermon in Mount Gilead Church; my second, in Reach Church; my third, in Mount Zion Church. The day was cold and uncomfortable. Very good congregations in the morning and afternoon; not so numerous in the evening, owing, perhaps, to the time and weather. Bro. Dempsey drove me to the parsonage at the close. By the kindness of three different conveyances, I got from place to place to-day, in all a distance of thirty miles.

Monday was a snow tempest from the east, all day long. I often thought of my dear Brother Jefferies, who, in order to keep his appointment, had to come at least forty miles, the storm in his face all the way; how could he possibly endure the cold and fatigue?—my heart often went up to God on his behalf that dreary day. Our Missionary Meeting was

held at six in the evening, and "true as the needle to the pole," Brother Jefferies was in his place; he had left at three o'clock in the morning before the fury of the storm set in, and nobly "stemmed the storm." We had an excellent meeting and good subscriptions. I was taken to his house by Bro. Amos St. John, Sen., "King of Brock," and most comfortably entertained. This brother is the first settler in Brock, the father of a numerous, industrious family, has been very successful in his business, and with his partner in life is now in a ripe old age, in the midst of their family, going hand in hand to a far better inheritance.

Mr. St. John came to this country from the County of Limerick, near Ballincurry, Ireland. Mr. Wesley used to preach in his father's orchard, and his own house in Brock was one of the first places in the township where the Methodist Missionary had a home and a preaching place. More than forty-five years have passed since he first lifted his axe against the thick trees. We had much pleasant talk about Limerick City, the shamrock, and dear old fatherland with its many sunny memories.

On Tuesday, held the Annual Missionary Meeting in Mount Gilead—night very cold—attendance small—very animated, warm and sound addresses—contributions good—people interested. Mr. Way drove me to his hospitable home, and his good wife and himself did their utmost to make me comfortable. Brother Way is an old settler, also a reading and an observant man, ripe in years and knowledge, and all the fruits of an humble walk for many years with God are found with him. It was under this roof I rested on my first visit to Brock, fourteen years ago, and still this house is the home of the "man of God" as he passeth by.

On Wednesday, Mr. Way drove me to the Parsonage, and from thence Brother Dempsey drove me in his cutter to Mr. Beatie's, where we have a good church; night very cold; meeting well attended, animating and successful. I was most comfortably entertained at Mr. Beatie's; his brother lives his neighbour, and both are staunch lovers of our Zion.

On Thursday after dinner we drove to Mr. Amos St. John's, in Reach township, where we took tea and stopped all night. This brother is a good, loving, loyal, hearty fellow. The wind blew strong from the east all day, carrying and whirling the snow every way, most uncomfortable to travellers. The tempest

increased as night came. We found some snow-drifts very difficult to get through. Meeting very small. As we groped and plunged home it blew a tempest with heavy rain, freezing as it fell; but once inside our substantial hospitable resting place, we were safe from cold and rain and storm. No wonder we called upon all within us to bless the Lord.

Friday morning we drove to Zion—a terribly cold, blowing day—had some bad icy snow-drifts to get through. A most discouraging day for a tea-party; however, it was New Year's day, and the meeting was crowded. Tea was served in the ball-room of the tavern, most readily offered by the owner without charge; the tables were abundantly supplied with both substantials and delicacies, while the attention of our good Marthas to their guests was all that could be desired. Tea over, we passed just across the road to our nice Church which was soon filled in every part with a noble yeomanry, whose good order, attention and evident pleasure at the proceedings, made it pleasant and easy for speakers to do well.

\* \* \*

Immediately after my speech, I left for Uxbridge with Mr. Dickey—a twelve-mile drive, wind mostly in our face, and such cold I never endured before. O it was terrible—my friend was badly frozen, and with difficulty I kept my hands, face and feet from freezing. \* \* \* This was the coldest night of my life. Sleep I could not, dared not, for although the house is new, well built and warm, stoves filled with good wood, a bed soft and well provided with warm covering, I yet felt as if I were in the fields without a covering. \* \* \*

Saturday was intensely cold; glass outside the door in a few minutes got nine degrees below zero, and exposed to the wind it descended far below that. I did not dare venture homeward—many were frozen much less tender than I am—so my going homeward was deferred till Monday. In the evening held a very solemn service in Mr. Dickey's parlour, and baptised his two youngest children. I was most hospitably treated all my stay here, and cold as the weather continued, we managed from Saturday morning to keep the cold from gaining the ascendancy inside the house.

On Monday morning, Brother Dempsey called on his way to Penville Circuit Anniversary meetings. The cold was greatly abated, and he took me out with him as far as Aurora. \* \* \* Got home to Toronto at nine

p. m. in good health, safe and thankful, and was not surprised to find that we had not all the cold in Brock and Reach.

W.

TORONTO, Feb. 1st, 1864.

1864, Jan. 9th. Left by 12:20, G. T. R. R., for St. Mary's. Mr. Gundy met me and drove to Mr. Jarvis' on Water street, who with his good wife most hospitably entertained me. Night very cold.

10th. Preached in St. Mary's Church at half-past ten from Gen. xxviii. 17—house full and profoundly attentive. The Free Church minister preached at three p. m. to a full house, from I. Tim. iii. 15—a clear, earnest, appropriate discourse. At half-past six I preached again—Gen. xxxii. 26. House crowded to excess and most attentive. \* \* \*

11th. At Victoria Hall where a very large meeting for tea had assembled. The amateur brass band was there, played well and freely, but O my head. Mr. Gundy presided. \* \* \* The meeting was too full to be orderly—on the whole behaved well. \* \* \* The church is neat and comfortable, and will seat about two hundred.

Feb. 10th. Met my class at three p. m.—a precious season. Mrs. Brett and her father, Dr. Richardson, spent the evening with me, also Mrs. Wilkes, Sen.,—all of them very profitable company. The Dr. is seventy-three years of age, cheerful, active, useful and happy. His sun goes calmly and brightly to its setting.

12th. Left home at six a. m. for Lansdowne—arrived at fifteen minutes to six p.m. Rev. E. F. Brown met me and drove me three miles to Mr. Gowan's, where I stayed all night. Held a very successful Missionary meeting in the school-house—place crowded to suffocation.

13th. Mr. Brown drove me to Delta, in Crosby. Took tea in the parsonage with Mr. Auld, and took up my

abode in the princely mansion of the generous, gentlemanly Mr. De Neute. His wife is a lady of rare Christian kindness, and simple, cordial, unaffected gracefulness. I stayed here until Tuesday morning; all this time the weather was unusually severe, but while under this roof, I knew no cold or discomfort of any kind night or day. I never was so comfortable in such weather when from home before.

14th. At half-past ten opened the new brick church, Beverley. Morning cold—blowing a whole gale with snow, yet the church was full of attentive hearers. \*

\* \* At half-past six I preached to a full house, from Luke xiv. 18. Thus closed an anxious laborious day. God was very present in the evening service. O may the word of the Lord have free course.

16th. After breakfast I took an affectionate leave of Mr. De Neute and family—Mr. Brown conveying me back to Lansdown, over twenty miles. It was cold and snowing very fast. \* \* \* Got to the parsonage in the afternoon. \* \*

\* At a soiree in the evening;—considering the night's severity it was a numerous meeting. \*

\* \* At twelve I lay down for an hour, then to the station to meet the train. Owing to the engine being in a snowbank near Ogdensburg, I had eight mortal hours to wait. This was one of the coldest nights of the winter—glass, eighteen below zero. I was nearly frozen. Got into a friend's house hard by the station, got into bed again until six a. m., then breakfast, and at half-past nine the train came along.

18th. At home. Was glad of rest even for a day or two. Felt very grateful to God for my preservation amid so many dangers and at such a severe season of the year, whose comforts had not failed me by the way, for on the cars Jesus was very precious to me.

N. B. Cold and stormy as the weather was, on my way to Beverley, from Lansdown, on Saturday, I watched two magnificent eagles, closely and leisurely examining the

woods in search of food; plumage dark brown, head white, not less, I judge, than seven feet across from wing point to wing point.

20th. Left by G. W. R. at noon for Ingersoll, where Rev. H. Wilkinson met me and drove me to Tilsonburg, fifteen miles, in his comfortable covered carriage. Mrs. Wilkinson made me very comfortable all my stay. \*

\* \*

21st. Morning soft and threatening. Preached at half-past ten to a full church, and most attentive. At Brownsville at six p. m. Good audience. Collections in both places on behalf of the Institute.

23rd. Returned to Tilsonburg. At one p. m. to-day, the Bazaar was opened in the Agricultural Hall. At four, tea was served to a goodly company; at eight, I commenced my lecture on Astronomy, aided by my Lamp. The room was quite full. Even the young were well behaved. The melodeon and choir occupied the time at intervals up to ten p. m., when the few things left at the Bazaar and supper were disposed of by auction.

25th. At a meeting of the Educational Committee at Mr. Foster's. A full attendance. \* \*

\* It was found that the Connexional necessity does not at present demand more than four annual students; one half of this has been forthcoming at the Institute, and at least four others trying to make their way at home under the direction of the tutor. \* \*

\* But as the tutor positively refuses to go on any longer as things are \* \* \* it was finally arranged to adopt the following plan for recommendation to the Conference:—1st. That, owing to my advanced age, my application to superannuate be recommended to the Conference \* \* \* 2nd.

That we recommend the continuance of the English grant to the tutor, and that he be required to visit such of our Circuits as may be chosen from year to year for the purpose of raising as a minimum \$200 per annum to aid young men in attending the Institute.

March 2nd. L lectured on Temperance at Bradford to a full and attentive audience.

4th. Left at fifteen minutes past seven a. m., per G. T. R. R., for Guelph. At three p. m. by stage for Elora, arriving at six. Mr. Keame met and drove me fifteen miles in his cutter \* \* \* to Bro. Nicholson's.

5th. Up early \* \* \* for Mount Forest. Snowing heavily, and blowing drifts large and difficult to pass. \* \* \* Got to Bro. Cushing's, in Arthur, where we dined. \*

\* \* \* Reached Mount Forest at six. I was taken at once to Mr. Fleming's, where I was very hospitably entertained during my stay in the village.

6th. Day cold but fine. Preached at half-past ten a. m. and two p. m.—house well filled at each service. At six preached from Gen. xxxii. 26—house crowded and deeply impressed. The church is a good brick one. \* \* \* seems substantial, and is well attended on Sabbath day.

7th. \* \* \* Passed on with Mr. Birks to the parsonage to dinner—found Mrs. B. very ill, unable to go about and suffering much. \* \* \* Soiree in the evening—church well filled. \* \* \*

9th. Reached Hamilton at seven. \* \* \* Finding myself advertized as a speaker at the dedication of a new Temperance Hall, I proceeded thither, got my coffee and made my speech, enjoyed the meeting, and returned to Mr. Moore's for the night.

31st. At converzatione in the University Convocation Hall. Dr. McCaul in the chair. The place was crowded. Reading, speaking, singing and piano performance very good. Dr————'s experiments in Electricity successful; but ill understood, unexplained, and nearly invisible, owing to the glare of light from the lamps. Home at eleven.

April 4th. Worked in the garden all day. \* \*

\* Enjoyed myself at my books in the evening, especially "The life of Rev. Peter Jones." My first sight of Peter was in the Dublin Rotunda in 18—, he was in his Indian costume, and gave an interesting account of his early life, Indian superstitions, his own conversion and labours among the Indians. \* \* \*

22nd. At Brownsville. Preached at ten to a good attentive congregation. \* \* \* Dined in Mr. Tegart's. Visited a dying man—found him clear on the subject of salvation—prayed and left. He seemed thankful. \* \* \*





## CHAPTER IX.

SUPERANNUATION. — BEREAVEMENT AGAIN. — SUB-  
EDITORSHIP.—AURORA.—RETURN TO MONTREAL.  
—TORONTO.—DEATH.



HE records which close the previous chapter indicate a year of activity in travel, and in attendance at different points of the Connexional field, on services of special interest and importance, sufficient to tax the strength of a younger man than Mr. McClure. His presence and ministrations however, were always and everywhere in request ; old and young, gentle and simple alike had a welcome for him. In a kindly notice which appeared in the columns of the *Evangelical Witness* on the occasion of Mr. McClure's lamented death, the Rev. Dr. Cocker says :—

By his intelligence, his integrity, his gentleness, his humility, his kindness, and his readiness for every good word and work he secured for himself a high place in the Christian esteem of our people. His abilities were not of the demon-

strative and dazzling order, but they were considerably above the ordinary level. His preaching was not distinguished by the lofty flights of an impassioned eloquence, nor by the charms of rhetorical beauty, but by its clear, affectionate, impressive exhibition of Gospel truth and its solemn enforcement of Christian duty. His delight was not in abstruse speculations nor in subjects of difficult and doubtful disputation, but in the intelligible, the proved, the certain, amongst the truths of Theology, and in things pertaining to experimental and practical godliness. And his sensibility was such that he could rarely dwell on some of these subjects without a gush of tenderness.

To these discriminating remarks it may be in place to add that an element of quaintness which all readers of this book have come to recognize as a constituent element in Mr. McClure's character, and which was allowed free play in other spheres of literary labour, was not altogether silenced by him in his excursions into the realm of Theology. Whilst this tendency appears in the structure and phrasing of Mr. McClure's discourses, perhaps its most marked illustration, and from our limited space the most available for use here is to be found in the *headings* attached to the MSS. sermons he has left behind.

Many hundreds of these discourses have passed through the editor's hands, and they are almost invariably prepared with headings, of which the following may be taken as specimens :—

Small loss and great gain, Phil. iii. 7.

A solemn question requiring an answer, Heb. ii. 3.

The Mourner's Wreath, 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

My only place of safety, Psalm lxii. 8.

Earth and Heaven's true Nobility, John i. 12.

All wrong when the heart is wrong, Acts viii. 22, 3.

Saved or Lost and why, Is. lv. 6, 7.

The closing of Strife, 1 Cor. xvi. 22. Mysteries 1 Tim. iii. 16.

The destroyer destroyed, Heb. ii. 14, 15. Wrath, Rom. i. 18.

Religion our Business, Luke x. 42. Too Late, Luke xiii. 25.

The grand event in the history of a sinner, Luke xv. 10.

Little Sins, 1 Cor. v. 6. The Searching Question, Acts xix. 2.

The Universal Woe and Love's complete remedy, Rev. i. 5, 6.

The Place of all Damned Souls, Matt. xxv. 41.

A Crown and the way to its possession, Rev. ii. 10.

The Sanctified, the Instrument and the Hand using it, John xvii. 17.

Wages and Gifts, Rom. vi. 23. Sin no Trifle, Josh. vii. 26.

The New Man and the New Commandment, John xiii. 34, 5.

Salvation's Wells, Is. xii. 3. Our Real Master, Rom. vi. 16.

The Booth, the Gourd, and the Worm, Jonah iv. 5, 6, 7.

Victory and the Victors, Rev. xii. 10, 11. Profit and Loss, Phil. iii. 7.

Free, Full and Present Salvation, Matt. xxii. 4.

Imperfect Christianity, 1 John iv. 18. The Sluggard, Prov. vi. 6, 11.

The Devil's Mark, 1 John iii. 8. Idlers, Matt. xx. 6.

The Path to Honour and the Path to Shame, 1 Sam. ii. 30.

The Prince and the Beggar, Luke xvi. 19.

The Accursed Service, Mal. i. 8. Mercy's Feast, Luke xiv. 17.

The Coming of a True Friend on a dark day, John xi. 28.

Faulty as Mr. McClure often was, both as a speaker and a writer, in his diffuseness, the above extracts indicate his perfect command of a terse and sententious style when so disposed. The same aptitude also shows itself in his preparation of epitaphs ; occasional applications for which service were made to him, and copies of which, in a number of instances, are still to be found amongst his papers. Here is one :—

Sacred  
TO THE MEMORY  
OF THE  
*Rev. James Jackson,*  
WHO WAS ABOUT  
'36 YEARS  
A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL  
AND ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE  
CANADIAN WESLEYAN METHO-  
DISTS ; AN ACTIVE AGENT  
IN THEIR UNION,  
with the  
METHODIST NEW CONNEXION  
in England,  
Consummated at the Conference  
in Hamilton,  
June, 1841.

—  
He took his flight to  
a better world,  
July 6, 1851,  
In the 61st Year of his Age.

\* \* \* \* \*

June 1, 1864. Left for the Conference in Hamilton. My place of abode was Miss Clarke's, where I was quiet and very comfortable. President, D. D. Rolston ; Secretary, George Brown ; Recording Secretary, J. Histon.

2nd. I commenced to collect and arrange examination papers. There were seventeen from one to three years probation, and thirteen who had travelled four years.

4th. Engaged all day directing the young men, nearly all of whom got through by six p.m.

5th. Heard Mr. Miller at 10:30 ; house crowded. Heard Mr. Robinson at two ; his voice wonderfully changed and enfeebled. He looks so frail. At five took tea with Dr. Irvine, and preached for him at six.

7th. After close working we got the examination papers and essays all marked and ready to report.

8th. Gave in my report to-day of the proficiency of thirty young men : thirteen four years probationers, the best of whom were ————. Those of other terms, seventeen in number, give very excellent promise, their answering was most creditable. The Stationing Committee gave their third reading to-day, after which Conference chose a Committee to apportion grants and levies over the whole Connexion, who went immediately to work. They chose me Chairman, and we worked fairly and hard.

9th. Conference closed this evening at six. This is my last Conference as a Circuit preacher, having, by advice and with approbation of Conference and self, superannuated, having a claim for twenty-five years on the Beneficent Society.

19th. Preached at six p.m. the funeral sermon of the late Mr. J. Withrow ; erred as usual in being too lengthy ; administered the Lord's Supper, Mr. Shuttleworth helping.

July 3rd. Preached at half-past six in the Elm Street Wesleyan Church ; congregation large and attentive.

Aug. 2nd. Accompanied Margaret to Dr. Campbell's to have his opinion and advice. He examined her chest and confirmed Dr. Wright's statement. Her lungs are diseased, especially on the right side. \* \* \*

21st. We had quite a tempest of wind and rain yesterday and last night; raining frequently to-day, making our congregations thin. Heard a searching and profitable sermon from Mr. Caswell at eleven; subject—Saving Faith. It did me good. I dined with G. Harrison. \*

\* \* \* Preached the ordination sermon of Brother S. F. Depew, of Penville. \* \* \*

28th. Morning beautiful; calm, clear and temperate. Margaret with me to Church. Mr. Caswell preached a very sound faithful sermon: "And Lot pitched his tent towards Sodom." This sort of "pitching" is what is ruining religious prosperity among us. O Lord save thy people.

Sept. 11th. At the Wesleyan Church, Yorkville, where I preached to a good, attentive congregation from Psalm ciii, 13, 14. After the service I conducted a prayer meeting, then walked home thankful and happy.

17th. Professor Wickson called to inform me of the sudden indisposition of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Edward Ebbs, of Paris, and to request me to go and fill his pulpit to-morrow. I consented, as he agreed to have Yorkville supplied for me.

27th. Enclosed Mr. G. H———'s first fruit offering to God of \$5, being the first money received on opening his store, and handed it with my note of explanation to J. S. Howard, Esq., to appropriate one-half to the U. C. Bible Society, and the other half to the U. C. Tract Society; he read the note in hearing of the members present, who all seemed deeply gratified.

Nov. 21st. We had our Love Feast. It was the best attended and most blessed one on this Circuit for many years.

Jan. 1st, 1865. At Aurora. Preached old Mr. Tyson's

funeral sermon to a large and deeply affected congregation.

\* \* \*

14th. Saturday evening. All quiet around me. Read an hour in "The Hidden Life." Bless God for its conscious inward movings. O for more of them. Margaret keeps improving, but is weak and helpless. The doctor called. He hopes amid many fears. O, my God, I can only hope in thee, and this my soul loves to do.

March, 10th. Presided at the Committee of the Temperance Reformation Society, who have elected me President for 1865.

26th. Assisted Mr. Robinson in the services of this day. Mr. Gowan's funeral sermon; a crowded house.

April 19th. President Lincoln's funeral at noon. All the flags in Toronto were at half-mast; all the stores closed from twelve to two. In Zion and Richmond Street Churches funeral services were held; crowded attendance. Universal horror of the deed, and deep sympathy with the nation was cordially and voluntarily evidenced by the whole people—Catholic and Protestant. Church bells tolled all the time. O, what a page in the history of the United States.

June 25th. My dear Margaret fell gently asleep in Jesus at eleven o'clock this morning. She was speaking to me and to God in prayer at most one minute before her spirit left, and not even one sigh indicated her flight from earth, where so much bitterness and toil had been her portion. How very earnestly we prayed together this morning since three o'clock that prayer "Come Lord Jesus." How anxiously she looked up and said, "O come, my dear Saviour, come, come, Lord; O do come now. O come," and with these words on her lips, He came and led the redeemed spirit of his suffering child from agony to heaven. \* \* \*

July 9th. \* \* \* At half-past six p.m. Mr. Caswell preached Mrs. McClure's funeral sermon. \* \* \* Congregation very attentive.

Sept. 8th. This morning the Church in Temperance

street was burned down ; nothing saved but the basement.

13th. Met. Mr. Robinson to dinner in Mr. Harrison's. He proposed changing residences with me during the interval between now and Conference \* \* \* to which I assented.

28th. Arrived in London at 6:45 p. m.; stayed all night with Mr. and Mrs. W. Saunders.

It will be understood that Mr. Robinson's removal to Toronto was with a view to meet the exigency caused by the burning of the Temperance Street Church, and that Mr. McClure's removal to London involved on his part the charge to a very considerable extent of the *Evangelical Witness*, the regular publication of which he faithfully supervised, and contributions to whose columns flowed freely from his pen. His position, indeed, with regard to the paper was *de facto* that of sub-editor.

29th. Mr. Saunders showed me his microscope—it is the best I ever looked through ; also his collection of Beetles and Butterflies—it is extensive and beautifully classified. He is quite an enthusiast in this department of natural history.

Oct. 20th. Attended Bible Society Committee—held in Depository ; the Bishop of Huron, President, in the chair. Mr. ——— spoke bitterly and unadvisedly of the Toronto Board. At the request of the meeting, I spoke in defence of the Board, succeeded in silencing the Rev. gentleman, who withdrew his insinuations, apologized to me, and business proceeded harmoniously.

Oct. 26th. \* \* \* O my God, give thy blessing to me in this and in every transaction of mine, giving me uprightness and transparency of purpose,

aptness and self-denial, with patience and increasing diligence to meet all claims on me. \* \* \*

29th. London Church Anniversary. Walked in to hear Mr. Miller at half-past ten. Was called out by a deacon of the Baptist church and asked to fill their pulpit as they have no minister. Consented—had a good and attentive congregation at eleven. Preached at half-past two in our own church. Congregation very good; many of them old friends from other churches.

Nov. 26th. \* \* \* Conducted the Love Feast at two p. m.—rather a good season and very well attended; after which I walked home. and spent a peaceful and profitable evening reading Mr. Stacey's Life of John Ridgway.

Dec. 3rd, Preached at half-past ten an Anniversary Sermon in the Pall Mall Wesleyan Church—Is. xl. ix. A good congregation—many old acquaintances met me there. Thé Hon. John Carling was there, and brought me to dinner with him, where I met his family—his father and mother and Mr. Oates. \* \* \* I then walked over to Mr. Alex. Johnston's, where I spent an hour pleasantly, and after tea went with him to North street Church and heard Mr. Hunter preach.

Dec. 5th, Preached to a large congregation in the Methodist Church in Brick street the funeral sermon of Mrs. Hannah Flint, for thirty years a resident of that neighbourhood.

Jan. 1st, 1866. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." May He be my guide and helper to the end. Amen. \* \* \* I rose at eight a. m., lonely and sad—all my loved ones now absent from me, most of them in heaven \* \* \* nor do I wish them back to this shadowy cruel world to taste my sorrow and mingle their tears with mine; rather let me go to them. To be with my Jesus above I would leave this earth with songs but not one sigh, nor can that day of home-going blessedness be long in coming. \* \* \*

28th. Preached for Mr. Scott in the Free Church at eleven, from Ps. xxvii. 4, to a large and deeply attentive congregation. Mrs. Scott met me after sermon in the vestry, greeting me most kindly, also Mrs. McIntosh, who used to live my neighbour in London. \*

\* Feb. 5th. Walked into town, read over the proofs \* and spoke in the Church at the \* Missionary Meeting. Dr. Salter in the chair for the twen- \* tieth time. \* \* \*

March 3rd. Rev. James Bell called and drove me to his house in Westminster Gore, twelve miles from here. Family very kind.

4th. Preached at half-past ten in the White Chapel—Mr. Kershaw with me in the pulpit. My text—Heb. vi. 18. At half-past seven, preached in the Gore school-house to a very full house.

30th. Good Friday. Heard Mr. Bishop, in the Wesleyan Church, preach from “The veil of the temple was rent,” &c. A sermon and manner much to my taste, as well as my heart’s comfort; so full of the Word of God, so clear, well digested, instructive, attractive, evangelical and unaffectedly earnest. Lord, imbue my soul, heart, matter and manner with beauty like this. \*

\* April 6th. Mr. Rolston drove me seven miles to Zion, a neat brick church in the Beaver Settlement. I preached at half-past ten to a crowded and deeply serious congregation—many had to stand. After preaching and intermission, we proceeded with the Love Feast—house still full and meeting lively and profitable. \* \*

\* After these services I dined with old Mrs. Beaver, who is truly a mother in Israel. We then drove back to St Mary’s just in good time for evening preaching.

20th. Preached in the Congregational Church, King street.

21st. Met Mr. ———, who is in trouble. Poor fellow, he has more than once prided himself on wound-

ing me. Perhaps God gives me this opportunity to revenge myself, by trying to serve and save him from the trouble he is now in. O for grace to do so in the spirit of my Lord.

June 2nd. Great agitation all day in London: Telegrams issued almost every hour; reports of fighting and killing; our soldiers driving the marauders, but no certainty as to results yet. Rumours of other points being taken, viz.: Windsor, Sarnia, Prescott and farther East—but all false.

3rd. Railways had a sleepless night. Fenians were driven into Fort Erie. \* \* \* A bonfire and great joy in London at two this morning. Commenced the preaching service at half-past ten. Very thin congregation. In the midst of the service, bugles sounded, and all volunteers turned out. \* \*

\* There was great running to and fro. A park of Armstrong guns [was soon on board the cars and a company of troops off, when a countermand came. \*

\* \* My sermon was to a deeply moved congregation, so much so that had I not closed I might have been alone.

5th. Left for Conference by G. W. R. at seven a. m. At Paris before nine; breakfasted, and was driven to Mr. Eddy's for dinner, and to Dr. Boulby's, in Waterford, for tea. \* \* \*

6th. Conference opened by Mr. Robinson, Ex-President. Mr. Cocker was chosen President; J. Shaw, Secretary.

7th. Proceeded to examination of young men. \* \*

9th. Had my reports ready and read them. The young men got through very respectably, more so than ever before—their marks gave great satisfaction.

12th. Missionary meeting. Messrs. Scott, Cleaver, Robinson and Cocker were the speakers. Mr. Eddy in the chair. A very full house. \* \* \*

Mr. Cocker gave us a magnificent speech, full of point,

sense and elegance, and produced a fine effect. May his bow abide in strength.

13th. Conference closed. \* \* \*  
 My residence during Conference has been most comfortable. I shall long cherish a grateful sense of Dr. and Mrs. Boulby's attention. \* \* \*

The arrangement between Mr. Robinson and Mr. McClure for an exchange of residences and, to some extent of work, was renewed at this Conference.

June 24th. Preached in Hutton's school-house—house full and attentive. Kept in the house all the afternoon. Mr. Darvil sat an hour with me yesterday evening. We had a very profitable conversation, after which he prayed and left for home.

July 19th. At half-past six this morning, a messenger informed me that Mrs. Plummer died suddenly last night shortly after going to bed. I walked in after breakfast, and sat most of the day with Mr. P. \* \* \*

29th. While dressing for public worship, Mr. Smith, my neighbour, called to say that Mr. Proudfoot is quite ill, having been in Detroit and overworked in the great heat. The request was for me to fill his pulpit in London to-day, which I did morning and evening. \* \* \*

August 6th. I intended to see poor Richard Dempsey, but was so detained, it was too late and I was too weary. Alas, he will never be expecting me on earth again, for, at eleven p. m., he died after much suffering through the day. Thus, friend after friend departs, and my time to leave speeds on. O welcome blessed day, if I am found in Jesus. \* \* \*

26th. Mr. Cameron's buggy came for me this morning, and I supplied for their minister in the Congregational Church both morning and evening. \* \* \*

Sept 9th. At Mr. Hill's Quarterly meeting. Preached at half-past ten to a crowded house. Mr. Hill led the Love Feast, and I took charge of the Sacrament—Mr. Bothwell helped us.

The only sample of Mr. McClure's sub-editorial labours for which room can be found in these pages are the following extracts from an article of his on the now much vexed question of *Methodist Union*. The article appeared in one of the January numbers of the *Evangelical Witness* for 1867 :—

\* \* \* \* \*

And as in the divisions and antagonisms of Reuben "there were great searchings of heart," until a remedy was found, and united and hearty brotherly oneness was secured, so among the various divisions of the grand army of our loved and honoured Methodism, God awakens an earnest holy longing after unity, consolidation, oneness, so as to appropriate those vast resources God has deposited with them for "turning the world upside down"—for the wrong side is still uppermost—not only more economically but more efficiently. And such a spirit augurs well for the dawn of their second century of enterprise. Surely if the "glory of the moon," which rose so dimly in Oxford one century ago, has now become "as the glory of the sun" in our redeemed world, in one century more with the same holy faithful devotedness, in the possession of such an augmented treasury of experience, men, position, resources, and in concert with a revived evangelical Episcopacy, Presbyterianism and Nonconformity in Britain and America, our grand old honoured but long inverted world will be converted. \* \* \* \* \*

So that to those around the throne of God in heaven it may stand forth in moral glory as bright and conspicuous and potent, as to us the orb of day in his meridian fulness stands out from every star of all the host of heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

The victory we long for is the subjugation of the whole of *Wesley's parish* to the cross of Jesus, a lower aim we must not take. United Methodism must keep in front of God's hosts. \* \* \* From flank to flank, from front to rear, the battle cry rings from every bugle: "Forward, united, steady." Let every halting, hidebound, snarling stickler for orders of men, modes of legislation, vows of yore, made more in haste, or passion, or envy, than in love to man and faith in God; let all such put away "all envy, and malice and hatred," and come, offering themselves readily to unity, love, faith—advance.

We do not wish for unity at the cost of New Testament teaching, or manly principle. If heart and deliberate judgment are violated, there can be no real unity, or advantage, or victory. But surely, if some sound-hearted, clear-headed man, with powers of just analysis, would carefully collect our points of agreement and then of difference, it would be found that the former far outweigh the latter. Many of the things in which we differ, will be found resting on mere diversity of opinion, or usage, involving no principle of truth or consistency. And who would stickle for these at the expense of true unity. And even in those questions affecting the position and powers of the laity, in our courts of legislation—and this seems to be considered the most difficult to deal with—we will be found nearer each other than we now admit. Our *practice* is much more in harmony than our *theories*. Now, if we can effect a unity in our nomenclature of offices, without changing any of our modes of doing circuit work, and harmonize the claims of ministers and laity, so as to bring our theories as nearly alike as our modes of operation in the government of the whole family really are, then it would require a good microscope to detect the molecular points of difference. \* \* \*

The journal entries of March, 1867, inform us of a preaching and lecturing tour through Oakland, Waterford, Otterville, Middleton, Simcoe, St. Thomas, &c. The Lectures were with Magic Lamp accompaniment, and the proceeds, in one case, noted at \$70, in another \$60—were generously placed at the service of local church interests. By the

end of April, Mr. McClure had fulfilled his engagements in London. In one of the May numbers of the *Evangelical Witness*, he tells us :—

The evening before leaving London, on my return to Toronto, I enjoyed, as often I had done before, the hospitality of our old and well-proven friend, Mr. John Plummer. After tea, friends Darvill, Saunders, Senr., Pacey, Weston, Gunn, McMechan, Seals, &c., began to drop in and say farewell in our great Master's name, when, after half an hour's intercourse, Mr. McMechan rose and drew from his pocket the following address, at the close of which he made me the possessor of one of the traveller's most necessary and pleasant companions, viz. :—a well-filled purse. This procedure on the part of my friends was none the less pleasing to me because it was unexpected, spontaneous, a handsome sum, and the expression of the respect of a numerous list of contributors, among whom for the last eighteen months I have had a very pleasant sojourn :—

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—We have met to-day in the name of the members and friends of the New Connexion Church in this place, to discharge a duty which we feel is owing alike to ourselves and towards you. On the eve of your departure from our midst, we think it a fitting opportunity of giving expression to those feelings of respect and affection with which, dear sir, your name has ever been associated among us. Now for many years you have been well known among us as an honoured and faithful servant of God. During the lengthened period of our acquaintance, your services as an ambassador of Christ have, as opportunity has offered, been always cheerfully given. Especially, of late, when your assistance has been somewhat more urgently needed, you have readily and faithfully stood by the cause, and rendered us all the aid in your power. We feel all the more obligated to remember your labours, as they were voluntary on your own part and without expectation of remuneration. While meeting the claims of our ministers duly appointed to labour among us, we, nevertheless, cannot permit you to depart without, at least, presenting you with our grateful acknowledgments, and our most fervent prayers that God may greatly bless you and lengthen your useful life yet many years to

come. You will please, dear sir, accept also of this purse, as a small token of our deep respect and abiding affection towards you.

MR. MCMECHAN, and others.

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REPLY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Your present, and unexampled kindness threw me in grateful memory back on the past, when thirteen years ago, Providence called me from among you to another Circuit to supply a vacancy caused by the unfaithfulness of the minister. Then, the companion of many years of activity and toil was by my side, sharing your liberality, and intensifying my gratitude; now, I am alone, “as a sparrow upon the house-top,” sometimes solitary and sad, but nearing home; but by your many acts of warm-hearted, generous love, in the house of God, and in your domestic circles, my path has been lighted with your smiles of confidence, and strewn with flowers of sweetest perfume. Some of us are now white for the harvest of life—our reaping time is near—for years we had worked together, and God gave us many proofs of his acceptance of our labours of love. Soon, very soon, those pledges of His love will all join us above. O how blessed this hope!—how near this consummation! My late residence in your circle of love, has added many tokens that Christian “love cannot die,” nor grow decrepid; age only improves her vigour, only improves her aroma. I have tried in my feebleness to serve you, for my Lord’s dear sake, on whose altar, nearly forty years ago, my being was laid, and from which sacred position it has never been taken down—here may I live and die. Deeply did I sympathize with the unexpected affliction of your pastor, and the suspension of his services; gladly, nay, thankfully, did I tender my aid, for which I was more than repaid by your patience with, and abounding liberality toward him, not only in the past, but the present year, with all its difficulties. Such a course on your part in time of trial, will tell on your public character as a church, and your enjoyment as individuals, when a little time shall mature and correct all present misconceptions of “things that are honest.” Knowing our church in London

as I have for now nearly twenty years, without being blind to your faults, yet, with all your faults, loving you still, I would have been both surprised and disappointed in this, as in past trials, of your character, if you had lost any of your well-tryed, warm-hearted and generous liberality. Brethren, as witnesses for Jesus, let us hold our lamps steady, and keep our vessels full of oil. "The trial of your faith is much more precious than gold," and present trials may be one of God's chosen ways of preparing you for a very glorious outpouring of the Holy Ghost, when the sunburst will be all the more warm and beautiful as you emerge from present shadows and tempests. May Jehovah fill you and your sanctuary and homes with His Spirit.

Farewell! Accept my honest gratitude; and as memory will ever and anon recall our past kindly intercourse, may every such recollection be accompanied with praise, and love, and prayer, until we meet at our Father's house and table in Heaven. Amen. So be it. Amen.

WILLIAM MCCLURE.

The Conference of this year assembled in Aurora, and is thus noticed:—

June 5th. I reached Aurora by the four p. m. train, and found Bros. J. B. Kershaw in the chair, and W. Williams, Secretary. Took my home in Bro. George Brown's, and was most kindly treated and very comfortable.

8th, Saturday. Got through the young mens' papers after very close application, and have cause of gratitude at the result. \* \* \* The weather was very fine 'all through. Attendance on the evening services and on the business sessions of the Conference very good.

\* \* \* I assisted on Sunday evening at the Lord's supper, and on Monday at the Missionary meeting; again on Tuesday at the ordination of Messrs. Pitcher and Dochstader. They gave very suitable answers to the several questions. On Wednesday night, at the request of the President, I gave the closing address; a little before which the young men in a body presented me with an

address of confidence and gratitude, to be framed when engrossed on vellum, also a very handsome album containing their photographs. I had not the slightest intimation of this, and was taken quite aback.

June 16th. At Waterford. Preached the funeral sermon of Mrs. Lutze. My text was Matt. xxv, vi. House crowded, people deeply affected.

18th. Left for Toronto. Reached Hamilton at seven; drove to Mr. Goldsmith's, was cordially received and hospitably entertained for the night. How pleasant is such hearty friendship.

19th. Left for Toronto; reached Mr. Harrison's at ten o'clock, safe and welcome. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Released from his engagements in London, Mr. McClure passed the current ecclesiastical year in Toronto, occupying the pulpit of Temperance Street Church in his turn, conducting a Bible class in the Sunday School, and taking charge for the year of a week afternoon female class. Outside work is indicated in such entries as the following :

June 23rd. Preached in Berkeley St. Church, Matt. xxv. vi.

July 1st. Pic-nic in the Grove, Schomberg.

" 2nd. Penville Church, Jno. xvii. iii.

" 21st. Sharon; opening new Church, Mark xi. xxii.

Aug. 11th. Gould St. Presbyterian Church, Mark xi. xxii.

Sept. 4th. Temperance Meeting in Temp. Hall.

" 15th. Zion Church for Mr. Manly, Col. iii. xvi.

Oct. 21th. At Clarke Tyner's funeral, at three p.m.

1868.

Jan. 26th. Aurora, Union St., Sharon.

" 27th, 8, 9, 30, 31. Missionary meetings, Queensville, Holland Landing, &c.

Feb. 17th. Berkeley St. Christian Temperance Meeting. Good.

Feb. 28th. At the Funeral Hon. R. Spence, in Temperance Procession.

March 22nd. House of Industry.

May 3rd. Preston, Hespeler, and New Church.

“ 8th. Wesleyan breakfast-meeting, Richmond St.

Meeting of Conference in London, June 3rd to 11th, 1868.

Dr. Cocker in the chair, Jas. C. Seymour, Secretary. My time was wholly taken up with the young men from Wednesday till Saturday, and part of Monday. They got through with great credit.

June 7th. Conducted the Conference Sacrament. The body of the house was full of people.

8th. Conducted the reception into full connexion of W. Grandy, W. McCann, and W. Henderson.

11th. Occupied the chair most of the day in the Doctor's absence.

11th. We closed a little after twelve. I left for Toronto at two; called in the Congregational Union Meeting from five till six, and got home at ten-fifteen, safe and thankful.

The following resolution is transferred from the printed Minutes of the London Conference, and speaks for itself:

That this Conference has observed with much pleasure the marked improvement extending over the past few years, that has characterized the examination of our Ministerial Probationers. It is exceedingly gratifying for us to know that whilst the requirements of our educational course were never more faithfully enforced than now, the returns that have been submitted to the present Conference from the examination papers are, taken as a whole, signally in advance of those of any previous year. We cannot but regard this pleasing result as chiefly attributable to the attention and labour

devoted to this important department of our common work, by our esteemed Theological Tutor ; we beg heartily to convey to the Rev. W. McClure our sense of indebtedness to him for the gratifying change in this particular, that has overtaken us in our operations as a church, and re-appoint him to this office.

At this Conference Mr. McClure accepted an arrangement which secured his services to the Aurora Circuit, as a supply for the year. The Rev. S. B. Gundy was Superintendent of the Circuit. In the following characteristic communication our dear old friend hails from his work through the columns of the *Evangelical Witness* :—

#### AURORA CIRCUIT.

MR. EDITOR,—Nearly altogether indebted for connexional information to the columns of the *Witness*, conscience charges me with ingratitude in not acknowledging my many obligations to my welcome weekly visitor. The racy letters of the English correspondent are always up to the mark, both as to meat and spice, and *our* sheet presents, in variety, quantity and quality, a most satisfactory and respectable character amid its compeers of the West.

The duties of my present rustic “cure” are both pleasant and profitable to myself, necessarily leading me by many blessed paths through the still waters and green pastures of God’s word ; also bringing me into direct contact with the ceaseless working of fallen human nature against God, and the far mightier operations of truth and grace against the enmity of the carnal mind, while those vast issues at stake often fill me with awe, or fear, or hope, for “there is no discharge in this war,” nor any compromise, permitted by Emmanuel with Apollyon. Alas, that under such a prince as Jesus, so few victories are gained, so little progress made in and around us ; how palpable the fact, that the cause of Israel’s sad defeat, Ai, still keeps involving in disaster the efforts of God’s militant hosts, and with Joshua the faithful have ever to cry, “Save me from my friends,” whose intense

worldliness, frivolity, apathy, or unsanctified natures, tarnish and blight, and hinder their hopes and toils; yet, while stricken with shame and sorrow, the voice of Jesus says, "Arise, bid the people go forward," for every interest of Israel calls for our courage, and wisdom, and example, to lead them forward.

I have many reasons for bearing witness to the great kindness of our people on this circuit, and the comforts enjoyed in my present happy home; also to the regularity of attendance on the public means of grace. My good brother Brown left this circuit in a united, healthy state, and his memory is ever precious to many here; nor is it more than his devotedness to their spiritual interests deserves, and could I but bear away a similar amount of true and deserved love, I would be proud indeed.

The interests on the circuit seem to keep up pretty well. A deep interest is manifested in hearing the Word, and frequent longings for a special effusion of the Holy Spirit go up to heaven—"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," amen.

My observations here convince me more and more of the value of well conducted Bible classes on all our circuits; not to supersede any of our other means of grace, but as auxiliaries to all of them. There is a class among our hearers with whom we cannot hold direct conversation on personal religion by any other means so easily and so well. I have now a very well attended Bible class on Union Street, and have arranged the formation of one, on my next visit in Queensville, where I go twice in the month.

I do so love those grand old woods! their stately stems and beautiful foliage, with all their happy tenants, some dressed in feathers and some in furs, nor are the ants and bugs, grubs and butterflies, the bees and yellow jackets, less attractive and instructive to me. Their haunts and habits, forms and colours are so many echoes in my heart of the voice of Him whom, though I see Him not, yet I love, for it was He—"My Father, who made them all." And now that the winter frosts and snows have stripped the trees and sealed up so many forms of life for a season, and naught is seen but snow-clad fields, black snake fences, and the bare arms of our forest monarchs, yet who can possibly be so dull as not to see God in those glorious sun-risings and sun-settings, and in the marvellous beauties of the countless ice crystals, in the hail, and rain, and mighty tempests that sweep round the glorious

earth, while we gaze, or hearken, awe-struck with God's mightiness and man's nothingness, amid this war of elements. Nor can we fail even the midst of this reigning of winter death to remember that in a few months these tombs will all open, and winter shall have passed away, and "spring, beautiful spring," make woods, and floods, and birds, and insects, man and beast, mountain and hills, valleys and oceans, to clap their hands in gladness and praise. Then how easy, how natural, how conciliatory to the way worn "faint yet pursuing" heir of heaven to pass onward in blest anticipation, to that season of promise, that wondrous spring time—when "eternal sunshine shall settle on his head," and spring shall visit the mouldering urn, then there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying : dear child of God, be comforted, that spring time shall be surely thine ; hallelujah.

Then blow on, ye winds!—spout; rain!—bind, ye frosts, and drift, snows!—ye do but hold your captives for a brief season in their secure slumbers, for, in spite of all your chills and gloominess, and frail man's fears, leaves shall unfold again, sweet flowers bloom, soft zephyrs fan, and man's hopes in the Sun of Righteousness shall all be found realities. Then as we rise above all taints of sin's dark winter days, this song of songs shall fill every heart and flow from every tongue, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory for ever and ever and ever, amen."

WILLIAM MCCLURE.

UNION ST., SHARON, Dec. 15th, 1868.

From the date of the above communication until the Conference of 1869 the notes of routine work on the Aurora Circuit are varied by the following entries:—

March 21st. Mr. Pitcher's class, and Sabbath School in Toronto.

" 22nd. Mrs. Brown's funeral to Oakland from Toronto.

" 23rd. Mrs. Brown's funeral service in Oakland graveyard.

- April 5th. Evangelical Alliance, Bible Rooms, Toronto.  
 “ 6th. Mrs. Neill’s Social in Basement, Toronto Church.  
 “ 7th. Tract Society Anniversary, Bond Street Congregational Church.

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During the years at present under review, Mr. McClure made it a rule to keep up correspondence by letter with all ministerial probationers throughout the Connexion, directing and encouraging them in their studies, and helping them in preparation for the examinations of the Conference. Many of these epistles are doubtless held to-day by our younger ministers as cherished mementoes of a correspondence, which, on the part of the Theological Tutor, was as free from official assumption as its counsels were dignified and weighty, and its suggestions, in the genial spirit in which they were offered, timely and improving.

At the Conference of 1869, which met in Waterdown, Mr. McClure placed himself at the service of the Montreal Circuit in a similar relation to that he had sustained for the previous year to the Aurora Circuit. In July, he thus wrote to the *Witness*:—

Whether or no a few lines from one accustomed to changes may gratify your numerous readers, it will please myself if permitted to bear testimony to the goodness of God, under whose banner my journeyings are still continued.

It was very painful for me to say farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Lepard, whose unwearied kindness for the past year had so much contributed to my health and happiness; such disinter-

ested love to a lonely stranger has bade many a song to rise to heaven, and many a benediction to go forth from my grateful heart: "Remember them and theirs for good, O my God." Nor do I forget those dear friends in Queensville, the Landing, and Aurora. whose kindness so often soothed my mind and smoothed my way in my humble efforts to minister the Gospel of Christ.

In Toronto, where I stayed a few days, the same kindness everywhere met me, from families long endeared to me. Oh what a crowd of blessed memories gather round me in their company. I missed Mr. Harrison and Mr. Wilkes, then in England on business, but their absence made no change in the kindness of their families toward me. Toronto was my first station in Canada. My home, now desolate, is there, and my graves are there—both of which are as dear to me as it is possible for love and sorrow to make any spots on earth. After visiting my graves, and trimming the sweet-briar I planted there, my tears flowed, my heart rose up to God, and my lips once more said "Farewell."

On Tuesday, June 22nd, at two o'clock, I bade good-bye to the good friends, Martin, and Harrison Senr., and W. Lowe, who were with me to the wharf, and was away skimming over the clear deep waters of Lake Ontario toward Montreal. The day was beautiful, mild, clear and calm; the lake peaceful as the sleeping child, on whose face the sunbeams glanced, dimpling its soft pure surface into sweet smiles of love and beauty.

The numerous passengers were chiefly Americans—all strangers to me save Mr. James Forsythe, from near Hamilton, whose kind intelligent face gladdened my heart, for he and his have often shown me and mine great kindness for my Master's sake, and not me only, but many others engaged in the Lord's work. When Mr. Forsythe left at Port Hope, I was quite alone amid the multitude, and very soon retired to my unquiet berth in the sides of the boat, but the unceasing thumping, splashing, plunging, clanking, hissing, whistling, of the vessel drove all sleep away; however, "when I awake, I am still with thee," and His loved ones ever come with Him, so with these I had sweet communion, nor ever once wished for the day.

We left Kingston early next morning, and were soon among the Thousand Isles, all now beautifully verdant. The rapid motion of the ship, urged along by flood and steam, gave to

the surrounding objects not only a wonderful variety of wood and water, but such strange apparent motions as to make the whole scenery like fairy or dreamland. Here were groups of islands running backward, there—others running in the opposite direction; then the whole were seized with a whirling motion, as if caught in the jaws of some monster maelstrom. Grand masses of clouds near the horizon were caught in the same sweep, and seemed as distant islands, until the whole—ishes and waters, clouds and skies—became inseparably combined into one grand temple, arched and pillared, gilded and frescoed, with forms nature's hand alone can trace, combined with tints in every possible variety of the most exquisitely beautiful colouring. As I gazed with feelings of delight, awe, and wonder, on the scene before me, up rose the god of day from his eastern chambers in the deep waters and as he entered this glorious temple he poured out in lavish abundance on every thing the vast treasure of his fulness; and as my transported eyes gazed, it seemed to me as if skies and clouds, air, earth and water, all together, lifted up their hands and voices in transport and in praise. Just then my whole soul rose with this grand chorus up to God, and into a light of greater brightness than the sun's and a more glorious world than even this beautiful one, and in fellowship with the "glorious company" of friends in earth and heaven, I bowed my head in adoration, while my heart sung the praises of Him "by whom are all things, and for whom are all things," saying "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing," for he hath redeemed us with "His own blood." Amen. Soon after this, the passengers began to creep forth from their hiding places, and the bustle, and jostle, and chatter increased, so that to keep my sacred feeling uninterrupted, I sought retirement. \*

\* \* How deep this solitude feels now, how vast its loneliness!—yet even here do sunbeams smile, for

"Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,  
Adorns and cheers the way;  
And still as darker grows the night,  
Emits a brighter ray."

The cry of "Rapids ho!" drew me to the ship's deck again, but whether the glories of the morning or my own peculiar

tastes were the cause, my feelings partook more of the fearful and dangerous than of the calm and the deep, for our good ship now quivered and plunged, or arrow-like in swiftness, shot through over and among foaming waters, with grim rocks too close to us to look friendly. The swift currents were so completely outstripped in the race with us as to cause the foam of their waves to seem running rapidly against, instead of with us. Then the anxious look of the helmsman and watchfulness of the sailors, and the wreck of a large ship going to pieces on the rock, past which we were swept as if caught in a tornado, had no soothing effect on my fears. Yet these rapids are very grand to look upon. The skill and daring required in shooting them is very great. I like to look on the wild waters, to feel the bounding of the ship so swiftly bearing me onward, yet cannot get free from an uneasy feeling ; ever wishing we were safely through. And we got safely through them all ; passing through the arch of Victoria Bridge and up to the wharf by six o'clock. A few minutes more brought me to the hospitable parsonage of my brother, G. Brown, whose hearty welcome made me feel once more at home. On having my luggage safely deposited, I found the good friends had assembled in force to give Bro. Brown and myself a cordial welcome. The church was filled, and Bro. Irwin had his juveniles on hand in force to give their welcome in many a sweet hosanna. We had supper also, and the renewings of many old sacred friendships. Then came speeches full of kindness and pleasant memories, mingled with fond hopes in the future of our Christian union. The proceedings closed at ten o'clock.

Amid much that was pleasureable there was, to me, much also of the sad, arising from the absence of former companions here, and from the evident changes time had made on others since we met here nine years before. Some of the absent ones are safe home with God—one of these who above all others was dear to me as the angel of God in my home and my path, nor less loved now than ever. Some others have removed from the city, and some are gone other strange ways and gone strangely. Most of the children are grown out of my knowledge, and I out of theirs. Such are the workings of grace, and death, and time, and men, everywhere.

Up to this time the cordial greetings of my friends have been very cheering to me, and if our hopes in each other and in God can only be fully realized, my present visit to Mon-

trual cannot become a subject of regret to me. My post will be no downy bed of ease or indolence ; but one of toil and solicitude. May I fight a good fight, holding fast faith and a good conscience. Complaining and fault-finding with others only irritates ; never heals our own or others' wounds. Be mine the more generous and godlike task of healing and building up. Rather let me prefer to lay down my present work altogether than by my irregularity of tongue or temper scatter around me fire-brands, arrows and death. And may all my brethren in positions of trust and power, on every circuit in the Connexion, not only share with me and my loved colleague a large share of prosperity in their work, but also excel us in all devoted workings and charity unailing.

I hope you may hear from me shortly again about my own impressions of the work and our operations here to promote Israel's peace.

According to promise the following communication appeared under date August 23rd, 1869:—

MR. EDITOR,—Removed so far from the centre of our Connexional gravity, we Down-Easters set a high value on the attractive forces of our *Witness*, into whose columns of light we weekly penetrate in search of Connexional intelligence. We suppose, lately, our brethren in the centre “like Uriel dwelling in the Sun,” forget the outlying planets,—they shed so little Connexional attractions abroad. As the season for missionary meetings is coming on, information from our mission fields is most desirable, we would fain blow the well-known bugle call “*Turn out the whole*,” that from centre to circumference, we energize for Christ, and advance together in this “Holy War.”

Our own impressions are of a mixed nature about matters down here ; an absence of nine years has not only subjected ourselves to many changes, but all things around us. The city has been wonderfully changed for the better, in its extended wharfs, widened streets, and massive beautiful buildings, which for solidity, size, material and architectural beauty, will compare well even with Edinboro' itself, to say nothing of Paris or London. We don't mean your scraps of places called by these great names up West. As we pass along we feel in all parts of the city a vast amount of business is going on,

both *en Gros et Detail*. An everlasting hurry-scurry on the wood, passenger, ocean ships and steam wharfs: what hundreds of travellers, what millions of merchandise! In all the business streets, the endless bawl and rattle of those French fellows, hurrying their noble, smart, durable ponies; never did we see so little mercy shown to horse-flesh. We are pleasantly impressed with the greatly diminished numbers in the streets, of that class of ladies so demure in looks and un-angel like in drapery, called Nuns; and of those equally strange draped gentlemen called "Ecclesiastics." If these dressed like Christians, it would not hinder the many charities they dispense; but men and women will keep sounding trumpets before them, and the ridiculous drapery seems to sound well. There is a very marked improvement in the public observance of the Sabbath from nine years ago. The shops and taverns all closed, or nearly so, markets and stalls on the streets away. This to Protestants is very pleasant, and it must be so to pious Catholics as well. Strenuous efforts by the authorities to maintain this are necessary and are put forth. The rowdy sect try to get up shows and races outside the corporation, and are but too successful. The rail cars also have a profitable business on the Sabbath, and we have no less than four or five lines of these in Montreal. Still we are thankful for advance in the right direction, and hope on, and work on for more. The active efforts of the Temperance Society impress us very favourably; beside indoor work they hold many out-door meetings, and accomplish much. A very steady and effective tent of Templars occupy our West Church basement every Thursday, but the division formerly meeting in our Eastern Church has been defunct for years past, it was once to my knowledge a prosperous, useful division; this impresses us sadly. My impression is, if large expensive Church architecture is an indication of spiritual life and progress, Montreal has made wonderful progress these few years past. One thing is unmistakeable, if these Churches are paid for, the Christian liberality of the members, is unblameable in this direction. Somehow we are impressed with a painful sense of *feverishness* in some parts of Christian enterprise, manifested in those large gatherings called "Conventions," of all kinds, when all pains and expense are taken to concentrate excitements, impossible, even if desirable, to sustain in the daily workings of sound solid means of grace. May not even Maine law men, while they

pour out of their bottles the poisonous stimulants of every name, become parties to a very dangerous use of stimulants in other forms, and as dangerous to spiritual healthiness in our Church Unions, as rum to our physical health? My impressions of our own Zion here, are of a very mingled nature, combining pleasure, sadness and hope. To meet my former companions in the Lord's work and find them still walking in Him, is a very high pleasure, and to be received among them with all, and more than former affection, and treated with such honest and great kindness, is a blessed balm to a heart so long accustomed to bleed as mine; and makes me love and long to serve them in the Lord. But it saddens me to miss some who used never to be absent, to see the effects of years and cares on the forms of others, then to witness the small progress made since my last visit here. Here are honest hands "toiled in rowing," and so little progress made.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

In February, 1870, appeared in the columns of the *Witness* notes of a Missionary tour in the Eastern Townships, and also of a journey westward. Amongst the incidents of the latter were the delivery of a funeral sermon by request, for Mr. Wm. Hamilton, of Toronto, and also the presentation to him at Sharon of an album by his former Bible Class there. The account closes with the statement that "After a tedious ride on the cars I reached my dear Brother Brown, in Montreal, on January 7th, all well and in good time for my delightful Sabbath duties, being a journey in all of 1,100 miles."

The Conference of 1870 met in Northport,—the last, in the proceedings of which our venerated friend was to be permitted to take part. Little thought his brethren this as they tendered him their customary greetings, and observed with pleasure the indications of improved and

indeed robust health with which he had come up amongst them after his sojourn in Montreal. The examinations of the ministerial probationers was carried through by Mr. McClure with his usual care and discrimination—the Conference recording its satisfaction with the results as they appeared in the report which came before them, and re-appointing him to the office of Tutor. Mr. McClure chose Toronto for his home this year, and the writer of these lines in receiving an appointment to the pastorate of the Toronto charge considered himself privileged in being thus brought into association with one whom he had so long respected and loved, and on whose co-operation he could so fully count in the prosecution of his plans for the year. Mr. McClure at once took charge of one of the senior Sunday School classes, and in the month of October re-organized the Young People's Mutual Improvement Association, which in his hands soon grew into strength and influence. His services were also brought into request as leader of the Wednesday afternoon female class.

In February, 1871, the following communication from his pen appeared in the *Witness* :—

I have thought frequently lately that a few general outlines of my wanderings and observings for the past three or four months might not altogether prove uninteresting to your numerous readers, and so at last I venture on your space and patience.

Located, since Conference, in Toronto, I find my old tried friends here unchanged in their kindness to me, and this wonderfully lightens my loneliness and endears them to me, and my hand still finds something to do in the Master's work.

As my friends are not all located in Toronto, I venture now and then beyond the limits of this growing city. On the 1st of August last I was under the hospitable roof of my late Superintendent, Rev. G. Brown, in Hamilton, and a happier little home than this would be hard to find. God has greatly favoured my brother, both in his home and his work. My privilege was to spend several days with him and among the friends, helping him a little on Sabbath and at the Sabbath-school picnic. Our brother's appointment here was wise; his labours are effective and unceasing, and every department shows marked improvement. May no impediment stop their advancing.

On the 29th of October, Brother Caswell met me in Millbrook, taking me to Cavanville parsonage, and thence to Mr. Grahams', as my home while on the Circuit. I was grieved to find this good man in such a hopeless state of bodily weakness, but very glad to witness a vigorous religious life his happy inheritance,—

“That life which pain and death defies,  
More vigorous as the body dies.”

His very kind wife did her utmost to make me comfortable and she succeeded. As the opening of their very commodious, neat and handsome brick church in Cavanville, and the tea-party on the Monday, have been noticed before by Brother Caswell, I require only to say, the whole services greatly delighted me, and the spirit of the pastor and his people seemed the guarantee of old Cavan's stability and progress. On the first of November, Bro. George Jackson drove me over to Omeme, where he resides, and we had a very cordial time together. He is working well, and already some fruits are gathered. This young brother has good natural powers for his present office, and cannot fail to excel. May the great Head of the Church keep him by His power “steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,” and rich, and many be his sheaves at harvest time.

On the 27th of November I found myself again in the Hamilton pulpit, surrounded by the pleasant company of both old and new friends, and enjoyed the season very much, purposing to stay the week to visit round my old walks, and while seeking enjoyments, try also to impart some. I was comforted by the attendance on the services, the unity and

unction apparent and felt, and did congratulate the friends on the success God is giving to their efforts. However, the Monday's telegraph brought word of Mr. Vivian's death, and at the request of the family, I accompanied Mr. Brown to Oaklands, and conducted the solemn services at the funeral. This, of course, took me from Hamilton, but I hope to go back soon and rejoice with my brethren there.

Oh how pleasant it is to see the dry and barren places become as the garden of the Lord!—the myrtle displacing the briar, and thorns and thistles giving way to corn, and wine, and oil. Sometimes my eyes have seen this, and shall again I hope, not only where my wanderings have led me, but here in Toronto, where many a fond hope has been trodden in the dust or spoiled by the Palmer-worm, but where a few still hold fast and hope on.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

The annexed items, furnished by the Rev. R. J. Elliot for the *Evangelical Witness* of April 5th, possess a melancholy interest, as giving the closing passages of Mr. McClure's long life of public service in the cause of that Saviour whose name and honour were so dear to his heart, and whose love was so fully the inspiration in the strength of which he suffered and toiled almost to the appointed bound of three score years and ten.

\*       \*       \*

In January last I wrote him, stating that we purposed having a tea-meeting in Sharon on the 2nd of February, and as he intended coming up on the 4th, probably he could make it convenient to change his engagement and come to our party. He replied that he would be here by the morning train, as I wished. We went to meet him at the station, driving him thence to the residence of Mr. B. Lepard, our host, his old, esteemed and tried friend. Mrs. L. observed a bruised spot on his cheek, and enquired into the cause. He explained it, adding "It's a mercy I was not killed," while at the same time, a fall which occasioned the mark, was silently and secretly doing its work and caused

his death. He often remarked to this good lady in times of temporary indisposition, that he feared nothing in his last days but that he might lie long and be a burden to his friends. A kind Providence seems to have decreed that he should not be, against his wish, a burden to his friends.

In the afternoon he visited a friend or two, and then went to the tea to meet with others who were ever glad to see and converse with him. On the platform he spoke cheerfully and happily on Methodist Union. The following Sabbath, which was the time of our third Quarterly meeting, he occupied the pulpit in the Queensville Chapel, and selected as his text, I. John iii. 1, from which, in his plain, happy and intelligible manner, he gave us a delightful discourse on Love, speaking particularly on the manner of God's love—"Behold what manner of love." In the love-feast we had a gracious time, and our dear brother's experience was unusually clear and beautiful, so sweetly did he state his unceasing confidence in his Divine Master, and his deep love for so gracious a Saviour, that our hearts were feelingly touched. He dined at Brother Wright's, who was another of his warm friends on this circuit, and was very happy, making some sweet expressions in conversation with us. That evening he conducted a service at Union street, where we were engaged in a special revival effort. There he spoke forcibly and with effect to the young people especially.

This was the last time he preached Christ's salvation to his fellow men.

Monday he spent with us at home, and since his decease we have remembered his good words with pleasure and with much profit. Thursday evening he attended a social in Sharon, and was, as usual, cheerful, contented and happy, indeed, many remarked that he spoke with great emphasis. Ah, little did we think that he would no more address us! His subject was "Little Things," and he pointed out the great importance of looking after our so-called trifles. Next day I drove him over to Holland Landing to spend an hour or two with another of his many friends, Mr. A. Jakeway, with whom he had been acquainted for many years. We spent an exceedingly pleasant afternoon, and in the evening, in company, we attended a lecture on "John Wesley," delivered by an Episcopalian clergyman. Friday following that, he left us apparently in the best of health and spirits, having promised (D.V.) to try and make us another visit ere long. We dreamed

not, nor did he, as he conversed with us, as he joined in our social enjoyments, or sat at our fireside, taking God's word, reading a Psalm, and devoutly commending us to God, that it was for the last time. He gave us a word of comfort, and with his blessing left us forever. Forever did I say? No! blessed be our common God, we have the assurance that if faithful to the end, we shall meet and greet him up yonder to part no more forever.

The *Evangelical Witness* of February 22nd startled its constituency of readers with the following:—

## SUDDEN DEATH OF THE REV. WM. MCCLURE.

The following letter reached us just as we were going to press, and we are sure that its mournful intelligence will be received with surprise and sorrow by thousands of our friends, to whom Mr. McClure was so well known, and by whom he was so highly esteemed :—

TORONTO, SUNDAY, 11 P.M.

REV. DR. COCKER :

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is my painful duty to inform you that the Rev. William McClure died suddenly at half-past five p.m. to-day, at the residence of Mr. Glover Harrison, China Hall.

Prior to a *post-mortem* examination, Dr. Richardson, his attending physician, has pronounced the disease that has taken him thus suddenly from us to be congestion of the brain.\* He had been absent from the city for some two weeks. Returning on Friday, the seventeenth, he spent several hours of that day at the house of Mr. John Neill. In the evening he went to China Hall, and was induced by Mr. Harrison to remain with him over night. Not being down at the customary breakfast hour, one of the family knocked at his bed-room door and found that he was still in bed. About half-past nine Mr. Harrison went to his bed-side and found him conscious, but unable to converse intelligibly. Medical attendance was at once procured, but no human help could avail. From the first, the physicians who were called in, entertained no hope in the case. Our dear and venerated friend gradually sunk away until this evening, when, at the time above specified, “his spirit returned unto God who gave it.”

It is the wish of the friends here that you should come down to officiate at the funeral, which is to leave China Hall at 3 p.m., on Tuesday, for the Temperance Street Church, thence to the Necropolis.

Yours, &c.,

D. SAVAGE.

\* It proved to be the formation of an abscess on the brain, occasioned by the fall above referred to.

The following notice also appeared in the *Toronto Globe* of the same date as the above :—

Another of the old and respected clergymen of Toronto has passed away. It was our painful duty, on Monday morning, to announce the sudden death of the excellent and amiable Rev. William McClure, a minister in the New Connexion Methodist Church in this Province; and yesterday he was attended to his long resting place by a concourse of sorrowing friends. Mr. McClure was a native of Ireland. He began his Ministerial career as pastor in the town of Belfast, and continued to labour in his native land for seventeen years. About the year 1847 he emigrated to Canada, and became pastor of the Temperance Street Congregation of Toronto. He continued to fill important positions in the Church with which he was connected up to the time of his death, and among others, the Theological Professorship of that body. Mr. McClure was the most genial and courteous of men, and his truly Christian spirit must have deeply endeared him to his congregation. Though singularly gentle and amiable, he was clear and decided in his opinions, and was firm as a rock when principle was at stake. He took a very deep interest in the Temperance cause and other popular movements; and he acted for a number of years as Senator of the Toronto University. The funeral of the deceased took place yesterday afternoon, from the residence of Mr. Glover Harrison, to the Necropolis. The remains were first borne to the Temperance Street Church, where religious services were held, and thence to the Necropolis. Among the many friends of the deceased who took part in the funeral services, we noticed the Rev. Dr. Cocker, of London; Rev. D. Savage, of Toronto; Rev. S. B. Gundy, of Aurora; Rev. George Brown, of Hamilton; Rev. J. Kay, of Waterdown; Rev. J. C. Caswell, of Ancaster; and Rev. Mr. Elliott, of the New Connexion Methodist Church; the Rev. Mr. Rowe, Primitive Methodist; the Rev. S. Rose, Rev. E. H. Dewart, Rev. W. W. Ross, and Rev. Dr. Ryerson, of the Wesleyan Methodist body; the Rev. Dr. Topp, Rev. Dr. Jennings and Rev. Mr. Reid, of the Presbyterian Church, and a large concourse of prominent citizens.

And then a subsequent number of the *Witness* furnished the subjoined :—

FUNERAL SERMON OF THE LATE REV. WM. M'CLURE.

REV. DR. COCKER :

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I forward you the biographical notes I used in the improvement of the death of Mr. McClure on Sabbath evening, February 26th, in the Temperance Street Church.

Perhaps they will supply as full a memoir as the columns of the *Witness* will allow. A more extended notice of this father in Israel is, of course, due to his memory. For this our coming Conference will probably make provision.

The service, as you may suppose, was a very impressive one. The Church was heavily draped in mourning. Pulpit, communion table, altar railing, cushions, chairs, and organ were hung with rich folds of black cloth.

A large congregation was present, some seeking accommodation in the aisles of the Church. An impressive voluntary was rendered by our organist, Mr. Wright, the son of one of our deceased English ministers, as the congregation was getting seated. We then sang the hymn beginning—

“How long shall death the tyrant reign,  
And triumph o'er the just?”

After prayer the choir rendered “Vital Spark” with taste and effect.

The lesson was taken from 11. Kings ii., the translation of Elijah. I have seldom, if ever, seen a congregation more deeply impressed under the reading of the Scriptures.

We then sang with the spirit and with the understanding, two verses of

“What are these arrayed in white.”

The discourse I had thought of delivering would not have allowed of sufficient time for the unabbreviated use of the biographical notes prepared for the occasion.

I therefore made a few practical remarks founded on Isaiah vi., 9 : “Hear ye the rod and who hath appointed it.”

and proceeded with as little delay as possible to submit, in substance, the hastily drawn up memoir I herewith forward.

Strong men bowed and wept during the delivery. The young and the old wept together. From different congregations in the city, the friends of the honoured dead had come to mingle their tears with ours. For they had known him but to respect and love him too.

The service was the longest I have held in the city, but the interest seemed to be fully sustained throughout. During the collection the choir gave us—

“ Friend after friend departs ;  
 Who hath not lost a friend !  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end.  
 Were this frail world our only rest,  
 Living or dying none were blest.”

I had arranged for the singing at this stage of the service of a few verses of—

“ Come let us join our friends above ”—

but the hour was so far advanced that it seemed expedient to close at once with the benediction ; when the large congregation moved slowly from the Church under feelings of unusual solemnity and, I trust, profit.

The Young People’s Mutual Improvement Society in connection with our Temperance Street Congregation, and of which Mr. McClure was the honoured President, propose holding an “ In Memoriam ” service for the venerated dead on Wednesday evening next.

Oh, how we shall miss him ! I felt relieved of such a burden of care in his charge of the Young Men’s Bible Class in our Sunday School. For some time it has been a large and prosperous class.

May the Lord help us under our heavy loss.

Your affectionately,

D. SAVAGE.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Respecting the pulpit services of the deceased, it occurs to me to say that they were, perhaps, chiefly distinguished by their thoughtfulness and instructiveness. Careful and systematic in preparation, the varied stores of knowledge which he had treasured up were laid under contribution for the most efficient possible fulfilment of this the first and leading function of the clerical office. So abundantly were his ministrations enriched with the wealth of his cultivated and gifted mind, that the words of Christ had unquestioned application to our brother, who, "as a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, brought forth out of his treasure things new and old." It was evidently the aim of our venerated friend to excel in the pulpit as a teacher, and whilst a somewhat deliberate delivery, in the judgment of the sanguine and impulsive, may have detracted in a measure from the showiness of his ministrations, how eminently successful he was in making full proof of his ministry in this, his own idea of its legitimate and primary mission, let the congregations who were privileged to hear him on both sides of the Atlantic testify. In saying this, I do not mean that the pulpit addresses of our beloved brother were simply didactic—coldly intellectual. His sermons were not polished essays, literary and theological lectures. You will bear me witness that a warm current of genuine and sometimes overpowering feeling would run through his discourses. One instance of this comes up with much freshness in my own remembrance now. Can any of you call to mind a Sabbath morning service held in this church eighteen years ago, during the sittings of our annual Conference? It was the ordination sermon, and Mr. McClure was the preacher. Several young men were set apart for the work of the ministry, amongst them the writer of these notes; how on that day an unction from the Holy One rested on the heart of the preacher, and a melting pathos breathed in his words till the glory of the Lord filled his temple, is still in the hearts of some of us, a memory of freshness and of power.

And how shall I speak to you of his worth as a pastor of the flock. What delight he took in shepherding his charge, "seeking that which was lost, bringing again that which was driven away, binding up that which was broken, strengthening that which was sick," is known to you better than any words of mine can set forth. He has wept with you in your sorrow, he has rejoiced with you in your gladness, in prosperity as in adversity his sympathy with you was ever quick, and

true, and strong. The low pleadings of his earnest voice at the bedside of the sick, the consolation his visits brought to the aged and infirm, the distressed and the suffering; his interest in the young, how his blessing was given to some of you at your birth, renewed at your baptism, repeated when you pledged yourselves in marriage vows—all and more than this you know. To act this varied part he was eminently qualified, in the possession of a quickly responsive nature, a heart of genial, kindly, loving sympathy. With the young he made himself young. It is but a few weeks since he told us in one of the interesting Wednesday night gatherings, over which he was wont to preside, that if his body was growing old, it did not follow that his spirit was; and it is in place here for me to say that one of his last references, before the hand of death was laid upon him, was to the coming meetings of the Young Peoples' Mutual Improvement Society of this church. Think of him, my dear young friends, as with you in spirit when you meet again.

Notice is due in this sketch of the ministerial labours of Mr. McClure, to the prominence which the temperance question received from him, whether in the way of pulpit reference, or official connection with its organizations, or personal advocacy of its claims in the home of the inebriate, the workshop of the mechanic, the parlour, the market-house, side by side with Father Matthew on the platform, or on the deck of some vessel with a bevy of sailors clustering about him, touched by the power of his appeals to their better feelings, or enjoying the quiet humour which brimmed in his telling and practical addresses on this subject.

It is known to many of you that the deceased held for some years the Theological Tutorship of the Church of which he was so valued a minister. Of the care and attention, the soundness of judgment and Christian fidelity which he brought to the discharge of the important and weighty duties of this position, the rising ministry of his Church will bear willing and grateful testimony. The burden of his desires in this responsible and wide field of usefulness, was prayerfully and ever that the young men who passed through his hands might become good ministers of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine, and an "example to the believers in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

There will I take it be no difference among us in the judgment that our departed friend was blessed with an evenly

balanced nature. It does seem, as things are in this world, that extreme men are a necessity—extreme men in one direction are the counterpoise of extreme men in the opposite direction. As long as there are those who will go too far on one side, it would seem as though we cannot do without some who will go too far on the other side—to establish an equilibrium. May I venture this apology for a one-sided character, which some of us feel we are chargeable with. Our dear departed brother, however, had the equilibrium in himself. His intellectual forces, in vigour and range, were in advance of, may I not safely say, the most of his associates in the ministry, but were not in advance of the moral power which guided and controlled their action. Of varied and extensive learning, familiar with the common and uncommon walks of literature and science, endowed by Him who dispenses to every man severally as He wills, with an intellect, whose symmetrical proportions appeared in a most acute and subtle power of analysis, a force of penetration which reached down to the roots of things, mastered general principles, and so contributed to the thorough assimilation of the truth with his intellectual being; and all this joined to a comprehensive acquaintance with and appropriation of details, such as a memory of marvellous retentiveness made possible and perhaps comparatively easy.

But above and beyond all this he had entered the school of Christ. Taking His yoke upon him, and learning of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, he had found rest unto his soul. How fully the strife of passion was hushed in his gentle nature by the indwelling presence of Him of whom the prophet declared, "He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall his voice be heard in the streets," to what an extent of attractiveness he was possessed of the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of great price," is known as truly to yourselves as to me. I have thought the language of the poet singularly appropriate as embodying the aspirations of our departed brother's habitual experience :—

" O that I as a little child  
 May follow thee and never rest,  
 Till sweetly thou has breathed thy mild  
 And lowly mind into my breast,  
 Nor ever may we parted be  
 Till I become one spirit with Thee."

It was, I believe, this simplicity of spirit that brought our dear friend so fully into sympathy with Nature—a quality of soul as marked in his case as it was healthful in its symptoms. I remember how in a quiet rural ramble I enjoyed with him some thirteen years since, he remarked, as we surveyed together the surrounding scenery: “I could stand for hours with my back against one of those trees and take in the details of the landscape.”

Imperfect as is this biographical sketch, it would be still more so, did I fail to credit its subject with a deep and abiding love of liberty, both civil and religious, rising, as did this feeling, sometimes to the majesty of a passion in his soul. In proof of this, take the following extracts from his diary:—

Aug. 1, 1834. “This day slavery in all the British Colonies has come to an end. Eight hundred thousand have dropped their shackles and gone forth freemen. Thus one of the foulest stains that ever sullied the glory of Britain has come to an end, and the voice of Mercy that has long been crying, ‘let the oppressed go free,’ has at length been attended to, and justice has been forced on the bloody and cruel slave-holder. Many a dark cloud has burst on England because of the cry of the slave. May her judgment now be averted.”

On March 15th, 1836, after an interesting account of a discussion of the merits of the voluntary principle in the management and support of the Church, led by Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, and Cooke, of Belfast, he says:—

“Dr. C’s object seemed to be the firing of the political passions of his hearers. Dr. Ritchie took another and a happier line. His object was to make the people understand the question and dispassionately judge for themselves, and although shamefully misrepresented and interrupted, also hissed and groaned by the other party, he displayed admirable temper and did honour to his cause; he was neither afraid nor ashamed of it, nor need he, for if justice and mercy are essential to the religion of Jesus, no law religion such as exists in the Established Churches of Britain but violates those essential, those vital principles of the religion of Christ.”

Claiming kinship with this trait of Mr. McClure’s character was the conspicuously broad catholicity of his spirit. While making no attempt to conceal or suppress his preference for a Church in whose ordinances he had been cradled, and to whose principles his judgment and conscience yielded an in-

telligent and loyal adherence, the large-heartedness of his nature forbade his sympathies and attachments from being bounded by the lines of any spirit of narrow, sectarian exclusiveness. Some of the most cherished and valued associations of his life lay beyond the boundaries of his own Church. Let me give a selection from his diary in point:—

April 19, 1837. "Met the Society (at Bangor) this evening. They had asked H—— and myself to tea in Mr. Halliday's for the purpose of bidding us good-bye. Mr. Halliday presided. After tea I gave them as long and as good an address as I could. We were all deeply moved, for God was with us, and the time was one of sorrow and of love. Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Russell were there. The one is a Seceder, and the other a Covenanter. They fully entered into our feelings and wept with us; gave us sensible and Christian addresses, and expressed their great regret that sectarian names and controversies kept Christians strangers to each other, and thus prevented that union of heart and interest and co-operation, and marred the work of God."

How ready and prompt he showed himself to co-operate with all good men on every available occasion in works of philanthropy, and in any general Christian movement, is known in every locality which has been the scene of his ministerial toils.

Mr. McClure was a man of the strongest domestic attachment. His happiest hours, perhaps, were those spent in the seclusion of his quiet home—when he had a home—as side by side with the sharer of its enjoyment he would hold converse with the good and great of his own and other times, appropriating their thoughts from the pages of his well-selected library. This point in the character of the deceased you will all bear me witness, was touchingly illustrated in the strength, and permanence, and tenderness of his personal friendships, which were not indiscriminate, and over all which, with the intercourse they supplied, was thrown a sacredness, whose power rests this night on some of our hearts, and which I pray God may serve as a counteractive for us, amid the dissipations and distractions to which we are subjected in the thick of this world's dust and strife and turmoil. Peace to his memory and peace to us through his memory! How lovingly companionable was our dear old friend! This your homes shall sorrowfully testify, as his familiar face will be no more seen in them; and as his venerable form and kindly greeting

and gentle ways are missed there—a welcome presence only and always, whether he bowed the knee with us to share and lead our domestic devotions, or joined our children in their sports, or gravely counselled us their parents, glad as we felt and honoured to look up to him whose ripe experience gave weight and worth to what he said and did.

“ Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,  
 Tho' sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb ;  
 The Saviour has passed thro' the portals before thee,  
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

“ Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
 And sinners may hope, for the sinless has died.

“ Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,  
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide ;  
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,  
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.”



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