

HAMILTON, CANADA WEST, DEC. 3RD, 1862.

MY DEAREST —

Your long looked for letter has arrived at last; we received one at the same time from Mrs. —; the post-mark is Nov. 10th, but it did not reach us until yesterday. You see that I lose no time in replying. I thought— had given a pretty full account of the meeting at Guelph; but, as you say you wish to hear something about it, and that the dear brethren with you are also desirous of some information concerning it, I will gladly endeavour, for their sakes as well as yours, to send a little outline. You must have heard of our journeyings up to the period of the Guelph meeting—how we landed at Quebec on the 26th of August (having left Liverpool on the 14th), stayed about a week at the dear Scotts, where we had meetings every evening, Mr. Darby preaching at the Baptist Chapel in French, by particular request of the French minister, on the Sunday afternoon; of our leaving by the steamer on Monday evening, Sept. 1st., for Montreal, and arriving there in time for breakfast next morning at —'s, at —, where he is —; of the hospitable reception kindly accorded us; of our meetings there daily, generally twice a day, once in the — Hall, for reading and conversation, two Christian officers of the Artillery generally attending; of the effort to prove that the — Hall meeting — was on the same ground with ourselves, of our incredulity, Mr. D—'s oft repeated remark was, that new wine must be put into new bottles,—that he had no quarrel with them, but they were not on the same ground, practically it was an open Baptist meeting. There is another little assembly there, one with us; they attended all the meetings. I think dear — got on a little, and he earnestly pressed Mr. Darby to return and labour amongst them, which he may possibly do next summer. As we could not break bread with them, so many seemed exercised, we thought it best to move on so as to reach Toronto in time for the meeting on next Lord's day,—leaving the testimony to find its way to the conscience, if it might please God.

Dear Mr. Darby was very unwell all the time, overworked, and no rest, so that he, and indeed we, too, found the solitude of the steamer's deck and the breezes on the beautiful lake not a little refreshing to our wearied bodies and equally wearied minds. We reached Toronto on Sunday morning about 7.30, and found dear M'Kenzie with his carriage waiting for us, and Bell, also, who had left us at Quebec. The character of the greeting, and the mutual joy of the visitors and visited on that day I need not dwell upon; I only add, that the joy which is sealed by the Lord's presence is joy indeed. We remained about a fortnight in Toronto,—meetings, of course, every day, the room at night sometimes quite filled. Mr. D. and I visited. How pleasant it was to take him to the dear ones who had known him, and been blessed through his ministry in England, but never expecting to see him again on earth.

On Tuesday, the 20th of Sept., we left for Guelph. The meeting there was arranged for the 25th. On that evening, the brethren and sisters began to arrive. Dear Arthur Wells provided beds in the house for upwards of thirty; and in the coach-house twenty more found comfortable quarters;

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others went to the hotels or to their friends in the town. A. Wells's house is in the country, about a mile from the town. Nearly one hundred broke bread on the Lord's Day. The farthest points from which our friends came were Clinton in the west, near Lake Huron, and Quebec in the east. Dear Capt. Scott represented Quebec. On the evening of the Lord's Day, Mr. Darby preached in the Town Hall to a large assembly; it was powerful and beautiful (subject, 2 Cor., xii.). Few there, I imagine, had ever heard anything like it. At our reading meetings, we assembled at 9.30, and continued, with intervals, until about ten in the evening. The arrangements were all perfect. Outside, the avenue had been gravelled since last summer's meeting, and when tired we used to go down to the river's side or into a little wooded island in the middle of the stream. The weather was beautiful the whole week. The portions we read were—Colossians, Epistles of John, Romans to the end of eleventh chapter, Ephesians and James. Capt. Scott took notes, and so largely that they had not quite finished reading them at the meetings at Quebec when I last heard from him, a few days ago.

Some Christians in the establishment, who attended the meetings, have since come out; amongst them, Mr.—, son of—, of Canada West, who has had something to suffer for Christ's sake. His wife, also, has since come out. A Mr. and Mrs. Merar, of Guelph, have also come out, and are a comfort to dear Arthur Wells. I have just heard from him, that several others have lately been added, and more enquiring.

There was no one who welcomed us back with more joy than our beloved Mrs. Lake, of Berlin. The other dear Berliners were there also. Yesterday we had a letter from Mrs. Lake, inviting us to Berlin, whither we hope soon to go. She tells me, that, on her way back to Berlin from the Guelph meeting, a gentleman in the railway carriage asked a young man who was accompanying her to Berlin, who had been at the meeting (and, I trust, got blessing), whether he had been at the meeting of P. Brethren at Guelph, of which he had just heard, and, on his replying in the affirmative, the gentleman inquired further what was the difference between the P. Brethren and the Church of England? The young man's ready answer was "they live under the law, and we, under grace." Mr. Darby was much amused when I read the letter to him last night. The gentleman proved to be—. You know he is a Christian; he has expressed a desire to see Mr. Darby when he goes to London.

The dear Grants, the ex-clergymen, were with us at Guelph. They are very dear faithful young men; quite unpretending and intelligent, are both fully in the work, and have given up everything for the Lord's sake. One of them, Robert, and I preached in the little Island I spoke of above, on the Sunday at Guelph; the people of the town came down in great numbers, having heard that we were to have a baptism, which was a mistake; but I trust there was no mistake in what they heard at the Island. At the same time dear Bennett, of Brantford was preaching in the town and the other Grant in another place.

Will you mention the case of these dear Grants to the beloved brethren at —-Street. I have asked George to name them at Birmingham. Robert has been preaching to the Indians near Brantford, and passed through Hamilton on Monday, on his way up to Collingwood, where he is going to labour for some time. But, to return to Guelph, when the general meeting was over and the greater part had returned to their homes, some afar off, a little company of us remained for a few days longer. Mr. Darby lectured at the brethren's meeting-room at night, and he had time to go round to

visit the brethren in the immediate neighbourhood, we then took our departure for Brantford, dear Arthur Wells previously told me that Mr. D's spiritual power was greater than even he had expected to find it; he felt a good deal the being left alone after such a season; but I have no doubt the fellowship of Him, whose love is beyond a brother's—more than made up for the temporary loss of the companionship of his earthly friends; at Brantford, we went to the Brendons and Mr. Darby to the Bennetts; you have heard of the work there, and of our visit to the Indians at Anandago, they were assembled in hundreds.

A temporary platform had been raised. They had a substantial lunch prepared for us in a barn-like building. A grave stalwart Indian, who appeared to have very little knowledge of English, sat at the head of the table, Mr. Darby next to him, then I, Caroline, opposite. The room quite filled, it was, as you may imagine, rather a novel scene. Dinner being over, we got out as well as we could and finally reached the platform in the open air, at one end of which, a little group of Indians were seated, who formed the choir, and sang hymns at intervals, in the Indian language: some of the notes were exceedingly sweet. At length the time of speaking arrived, and Mr. Darby stood up, and addressed them in a very sweet, simple way. He began by telling them how happy he was to come and see them, and speak to them about Jesus. When he had done speaking, the Indian interpreter, a most interesting christian man, translated what had been said into their own language. We heard afterwards that, when we left, they continued their meetings, and one of them said that he had heard words that day which he should remember to his dying day.

You may remember my telling you of my former visit to———, you will be glad to hear that he is preparing to send in his resignation of his appointment, leave the establishment and meet with brethren. He is a very superior young man, has been reading the tracts and well weighing the step he is about to take; perhaps if he had had more simple faith, he would not have spent so much time in *weighing* the matter as people say; his wife, a Christian, is also exercised about *coming out*. He has a nice farm in the neighbourhood. It was quite dark when we reached Brantford; and I doubt if Mr. Darby had ever made a rougher journey than in part of the way at least, where the road was through the bush, or addressed such an audience; he was very happy that evening, but his poor eye, which had been ailing for some days became worse, and he was soon laid up with a bad attack. I had already arranged to go to Clinton, and accordingly left for that locality, leaving our beloved brother in the midst of the tenderest and most loving friends; I mean, of course, the brethren of Brantford. He told them one day, that he felt more at home there than in his own rooms at Islington.

We found the dear Moores at Clinton busy at their farm operations. On the Sunday most of the Brethren from Hullett came in and we had a good day. Having spent some days with them at Clinton, we left for Hullett, where we spent a week, staying at Stephen Hill's (a Devonshire brother) there we had meetings nearly every night, and indeed literally from morning till night, every day from one farm to another, taking tracts with us. I enjoyed that kind of work very much, and as I was so much in the open air, it was refreshing for the body too; for we were both somewhat tired from the unbroken series of meetings since we had landed at Quebec. (Thursday, Dec. 4th.) I wrote thus far yesterday, in the morning, Mr. Darby went over to Toronto, an hour and a half by railway, for the purpose of lecturing at the Room; he commenced his lectures on the Romans there, last

Wednesday. He returns to day, and hopes to lecture here to night at the Room.

You see that at present Hamilton and Toronto form the sphere of his labours. In January, when we hope to have good sleighing, we purpose all going into the interior—Mount Forest, Minto, Hullett, and perhaps Collingwood, to visit the brethren, and for the Gospel. I mean, by *all* we three and A. Wells. The Lord is, I am thankful to say, owning the work here. On Tuesday evening, a very intelligent young man who has been attending the meetings, who had been deeply injured by reading "Essays and Reviews" declared, that he had found full peace at the preaching from Luke xv. on Sunday evening; another young man who has been for many years among the Thomasites, has I hope also got blessing, and some others who I trust will soon be clear and *out*. It has in one sense been an up-hill work here in Hamilton, the whole town being in the paroxysm of a revival. A Mr. Hammond, an American revivalist, has been working here for a month, and most of the ministers with him. We appear very contemptible in the midst of it; but I think it very probable, that had we had the whole town to ourselves, we should not have had more blessing; a greater show of work, no doubt, but not more blessing. I was very much struck with the cheerfulness and patience, in other words, *faith*, of dear Mr. Darby. What a bright, blessed place that is to dwell and walk in the presence of God; there we learn the true value—His own estimate, of all things; and, in communion with Him, His peace fills our souls.

Next week, Caroline and I hope to go to Guelph, en route for Berlin, where I hope to stay a week or fortnight; then, perhaps, to Acton and Guelph, and to remain until joined by Mr. Darby for our northern and western tour. A few days since, I heard from St. Louis—an invitation to visit them all there. The same day we had letters sent from the banks of the Rhine (Mannheim), Mississippi, and St. Lawrence; we realised, in some measure, the unity of the body. Dear Miss — gives us a most interesting sketch of her journeyings among the Dutch and German brethren; tells us the brethren at Mannheim are praying fervently for the work here, and greet us warmly in the Lord. She enclosed a letter from dear Brockhaus at Elberfeld to Mr. Darby, in which he also remembers us in the kindest way. All this was very cheering, and helps to draw us nearer to *Him* who is the source of it all, whose wondrous name is *Love*. Then came a letter from Cordova, in Illinois, to Arthur Wells, to enquire whether it was true that Mr. Darby was really in Canada, and conveying an invitation to him and his companions. While I am talking of the West, I may add that a Christian lady, an influential person amongst the Independents at Chicago, pressed Mr. Darby to visit them there.

We hope to stop a little time at Detroit when we are journeying Southwards; another gathering of French brethren, about fourteen in number, has been lately heard of there. Bell was amongst them lately, and they greatly desire to see Mr. Darby; he would have gone before, but we represented, that it would be better to see them on our way.

You see I have been crowding all my little bits of intelligence together as fast as I could; the post goes out to-day. We, and all, send love to the dear Brethren—each one we greet most heartily; may the Lord bless them with the great blessing of His own presence in power in their midst. Mr. Darby has just come in from Toronto; they had a very good meeting last night; he sends his cordial love to you and the dear brethren,

Ever yours affectionately,

R. E.