

# REV. EGERTON RYERSON.

The Story of an Active and Useful Life.

## AN HONORED CANADIAN.

(Globe, February 20th.)

By the death of Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D. D., is severed one of the few remaining links uniting the present with the early days of Canadian settlement. Dr. Ryerson has had a long, a busy, and a memorable career, and there is so much of interest and historic association in the annals of his family that even had his own part in public affairs been much less prominent his passing away would have been a noteworthy event. The late Dr. Ryerson was upwards of 78 years of age, having been born in the Township of Charlotteville, County of Norfolk, on the 24th of March, 1803. His father, Colonel Joseph Ryerson, a native of New Jersey, distinguished himself for his bravery during the revolutionary war, having entered the ranks of the loyalists when a mere lad of 15 and taken part in many battles and skirmishes. When hostilities came to an end he and his brother Samuel, another distinguished loyalist, settled in New Brunswick, where Colonel Ryerson married Miss Mehetabel Stuckey, said to have been the first child of English stock born in the colony. In 1794 Samuel removed to Upper Canada and settled near Long Point, and five years afterwards he was followed by Col. Joseph Ryerson and his family, who endured great hardships during the journey, as well as during the earlier years of their pioneer life in this Province. Col. Ryerson became the father of six sons, five of whom became ministers of the Gospel. The three elder sons all took an active part in repelling the American invaders in the war of 1812, doing good service at Detroit, Fort Erie, Beaver Dams, Lundy's Lane and elsewhere. At this time the subject of this notice was only 10 years of age, and was fully imbued with the patriotic ardor of his elder brothers, being filled with regret that his tender years did not permit him to share their experiences. Young Egerton, as well as his brothers, was bred to farming pursuits, and expected to do a man's work long before he was a man in years. He was always given to study, however, and even when his daily employments were most exacting could always find time to acquire useful knowledge. He attended the District Grammar School as opportunity offered. When 18 years of age he united in membership with the Methodist Church, having for some time previous been in sympathy with its views and doctrines. His father, however, was deeply opposed to this step, and gave Egerton the choice of leaving the Church or quitting his home. Needless to say, he chose the latter alternative. Thus thrown upon the world he obtained a situation as assistant teacher in the London District Grammar School, where he taught successfully for two years, when at his father's request he returned home and again devoted himself to farming pursuits. He continued his studies with the object of entering the ministry, and when 22 years of age was received as a minister of the Methodist Church and was assigned to the Niagara Circuit. For many years his life was one of constant strenuous toil and effort. He was frequently compelled to compose his sermons while riding on horseback from one part of his circuit to another. After doing duty for some time in the Niagara Peninsula he was transferred to the Youngstreet Circuit, embracing the town of York and nine adjacent townships. He was subsequently stationed as a missionary among the Indians at the Credit, and the other ministerial appointments he held are too numerous to be particularized here. It is estimated that during his long and active ministerial career he preached at least ten thousand sermons.

of replying to him, put himself in communication with Mr. Ryerson, who was present in the gallery, and from the materials furnished by the latter made a speech which sealed the fate of the petition. The rebellion broke out in 1837, a few months after Mr. Ryerson's return. Though, as has been shown, he had no sympathy with the revolutionists, he was opposed to the employment of harsh measures against Mackenzie's followers, and succeeded in procuring the release of several of them from imprisonment. He strongly championed the cause of the former Speaker of the House of Assembly, Marshall Spring Bidwell, wrongfully accused of participation in the rising, and during the controversy which ensued attacked the course of Attorney-General Hagerman in a very vigorous and pointed letter, in which the establishment of constitutional freedom was advocated for the first time since the restoration of order. During Lord Durham's memorable mission to this country he had frequent interviews with Mr. Ryerson, who furnished numerous data for the celebrated report of that nobleman. In 1840 Mr. Ryerson again attended the English Conference as a delegate from Canada. Upon the incorporation of the University of Victoria College in 1841 Mr. Ryerson was unanimously chosen President of the institution, and the same year saw the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him by the Wesleyan University of Middletown, Conn.

During Sir Charles Metcalfe's administration of affairs in Canada Dr. Ryerson warmly espoused his part in his contest with the Reform party. The question at issue was the right of the Governor to make appointments irrespective of the advice of his Ministry, and in addition to numerous letters and articles in the newspaper press, Dr. Ryerson wrote and published an elaborate "Defence" of Sir Charles, which was published separately in pamphlet form, in which all that could be urged in favor of the untenable position of the Governor was strongly presented. In 1844 Dr. Ryerson received the appointment of Superintendent of Public Schools for Upper Canada. He accepted this post and at once devoted himself to the task of remodeling the educational system of the Province, making an extensive tour in the United States, England and continental Europe to familiarize himself with the most modern educational systems. The results of his tour were embodied in an elaborate report published in 1846. His ideas, though strongly opposed by some, commended themselves to a majority of the members of the Legislature, and a School Act drafted by him became law. It remained in force about three years, when a new Education Act, making many radical changes in his system, was passed under the Baldwin-Lafontaine Ministry. Owing to the representations of Dr. Ryerson, however, the Governor-General suspended its operation, and Mr. Baldwin and Dr. Ryerson prepared an Act retaining many of the characteristics of the Act of 1846, and adding new features necessitated by the progress of the country. This new measure was sanctioned in 1850, and forms the basis of our present educational system.

A NEGLECTED PARENT.  
Henry M Stanley's Mother Reported to be in a Charitable Institution.  
The Baltimore Herald publishes a long article founded on the statement which it makes, that the aged mother of Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, is living in the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor in that city. The Herald says: Mrs. Johanna Eastway, the old lady under discussion, was born in the County Cork, Ireland, nearly seventy years ago. Her father was a butcher named Hauckens, and lived until she had grown to womanhood. She married Capt. Henry Eastway, a worthy rover of the deep, in 1837, and shortly thereafter the couple left Great Britain and came to Baltimore, from which port the captain sailed on periodic voyages accompanied by his wife. After living there for a few years the captain, on invitation of Capt. James Pendergast, a ship-owner of New York, removed with his wife to the American metropolis, where they took up their residence, Capt. Eastway commanding one of the steamers engaged in the trade between New York and Charleston, S. C. In New York City on the 26th of October, in the year 1843, six years after marriage, the first child was born to Mrs. Eastway. The infant was a fine, healthy boy, and when the mother was convalescing she told her husband that she wanted to have their son baptized in the Catholic faith. Mrs. Eastway was a Catholic, but the captain was a Protestant. He loved his wife dearly, however, and made no objection to her wish. The child was christened by Father Smith and named William Henry Eastway, which name when he grew to manhood he saw fit, for some unknown reason, to change to Henry M. Stanley. Thus was begun the life which was destined to prove so distinguished, and to lead to such grand results. Thus began the career of the individual upon whom the admiration of the civilized world is centered, and his name will, in all probability, henceforth possess an undying fame. When "Stanley," the name which Mrs. Eastway now invariably uses in speaking of her son, and by which he will be called throughout this article, was 7 years of age, Capt. Eastway removed his family back to Europe. For fifteen years after their marriage Mrs. Eastway accompanied her husband on all his voyages, and Stanley was often taken with them. In a voyage to the Crimea, during the great struggle between France and England on the one side and Russia as their foe on the other, Capt. Eastway left his wife at home and took young Stanley with him to learn something of the sea and of the world. In 1869 Capt. Eastway died away from home, and in the same year Stanley ran away to sea. They were then living on their aunt's farm at Clay Castle, County Cork, Ireland. "Stanley was always a good boy," says his mother, "but wild and reckless."  
"One day," says Mrs. Eastway to the Herald reporter, "I was in the house when a little boy ran in and said Stanley was drowning little Peter Gibbons, his companion, in the bog. I ran out and over the field and found what the boy had said to be true. When Stanley saw me he let little Peter go. I was greatly excited, and wringing my hands, said to him: 'Would that the mother of God had you somewhere away from me!'"  
"Never mind, mother," replied the reckless little rascal, "as soon as I can get a ship I will take care that I never will come back. If I get to America I will claim it as my birthplace."  
He was as good as his word, and sailed from Queenstown in the barque Jacob Keller in the year 1858. The last Mrs. Eastway saw of her son was the day when he left her at Clay Castle and ran away to sea until she saw him at Livingstone's funeral in Westminster Abbey. Although many years had elapsed since she saw her son, and the wild stripping had grown into the man, the instinct of the true mother's heart was not to be baffled, and she recognized him among six other pall-bearers. Her companion, Capt. Lamont, to satisfy her, asked who Stanley was, and the reply came: "Why, that is Henry M. Stanley, the man who discovered Livingstone." Shortly after the question had been asked and answered, Stanley's eye met that of his mother. He trembled visibly, and hid his face in the flag that covered Livingstone's coffin. The next day Mrs. Eastway sought her recreant son at the Langham Hotel, where he was stopping. Before the messenger who ushered her into Stanley's spacious parlors had time to withdraw Mrs. Eastway, declining his proffered hand, exclaimed, "Are you not a nice son?"  
"Well," he answered, "I fancy there must be some mistake here."  
"Then you can easily rectify it."  
His next reply was: "Well, any money you want you can have."  
"Why do you offer me money if I am not your mother? I do not want aid, only to relieve my distracted mind."  
"Have patience, Mrs. Eastway, for a year or so, and your son will turn up."  
With a heart almost bursting, the distracted mother replied: "He may turn up to be a brother to your brothers, but never a son of mine."  
During this memorable interview Mrs. Eastway says Stanley stood in the embrasure of a window with his face partly turned from her. She asked if he was afraid to look her straight in the face, and he replied: "Oh, no, I am not," and turned round facing her.  
He asked her if her son had any marks about his person by which he could be recognized, and she returned quickly: "Yes; on his wrist he has some peculiar India ink marks, made by a sailor during the voyage to the Crimea, and on his neck a mole." Although she repeatedly asked him to draw up his cuff in order to reveal the marks on his wrist, or to pull down his collar slightly to show the mole, he would not do it, and the interview was ended by her leaving the hotel in great anger.

Pay U  
LE GOSSIP.  
A Death Parting.  
Leaves and rain and the days of the year,  
(Water willow and we'll away.)  
All these fall, and my soul gives ear,  
And she is hence who once was here,  
(With a wind blown night and day.)  
Ah! but now, for a sacred sign,  
The willow's wan and the water white  
In the held breath of the day's decline  
Her very face seemed pressed to mine,  
(With a wind blown day and night.)  
O love, of my death my life is fair;  
(The willows wave on the water-way)  
Your cheek and mine are cold in the rain,  
But warm they'll be when we meet again,  
(With a wind blown night and day.)  
Mists are heaved and cover the sky  
(The willows wait in the waning light)  
O loose your lips, leave space for a sigh  
Then seal my soul, I cannot die,  
(With a wind blown day and night.)  
Leaves and rain and the days of the year,  
(Water willow and we'll away.)  
All these fall, and I still give ear,  
And she is hence and I am here,  
(With a wind blown night and day.)  
Evening Dress and the Laws of Health.  
(D. J. Milner Fothergill in "Gossip.")  
What has physiology to say to evening dress? Decency hid her head in shame long ago at low dresses, and has been silent. Physiology says such dresses are a violation of the laws of health. Let it be granted they do not entail much harm in the heated atmosphere of dining-room and drawing-room, yet what of the drive backwards and forwards, even with the help of numberless rugs and wraps? What remarks have been made from time to time about the long tarrying in cold auto-rooms, halls and passages at royal drawing-rooms. Of colds and chills and of unprotected lungs injured thereby? It becoms us not to parade the horrors of a "drawing-room" here; but the fact is well enough known that many a residence along the shores of the Mediterranean has been the long outcome of such exposure. Whether it be that he is a less esthetic creature, or that convenience presses more strongly upon him than upon the gentler sex, man certainly escapes the grave changes of dress seen in the other sex. He mildly oscillates from the weakness of peg-tops or knickerbockers to continuations of a fan-like character, where the trousers almost conceal the boot, as is the apparently permanent fashion with our blue-jackets. The lappel of the coat covers the tip of the lung just where the low dress leaves it exposed, as if inviting disease to settle there. The shirt-front is exposed in a very liberal manner in man, but a well-starched linen shirt-front is no bad protection against a rude blast, provided the exposure be not too prolonged. Even when there is no low dress the upper portion of the chest in women is often far too thinly clad. Fair reader, my connection with a hospital for diseases of the chest tells me somewhat about female underclothing, or, perhaps, rather the want of it. In private practice, too, opportunities are afforded for observation of the scanty and utterly insufficient underclothing worn by many whose means do not prevent their indulgence in proper raiment. If ladies would only wear something approaching the merino vests, etc., seen in gentlemen's hosiers' windows, they would not require the heated rooms at present rendered necessary from the insufficient attire now in vogue. To be sure, this admits of heavy overclothing being worn when out of doors—cloth jackets, furs trimmed with fur, and all the paraphernalia of costly outer attire in which the female heart rejoices. But stouter underclothing would be far, far better in every way. It would admit of lighter outer clothes and be compatible with a healthy stroll, even for those who are not unfamiliar with a carriage.

## The Girl Everybody Likes.

She is not beautiful—oh, no! nobody thinks of calling her that. Not one of a dozen can tell whether her eyes are black or blue. If you should ask them to describe her, they would only say: "She is just right," and there it would end.  
She is a merry-hearted, fun-loving, bewitching maid, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She enjoys herself and wants everybody else to do the same. She has always a kind word and a pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman; in fact, I can think of nothing she resembles more than a sunbeam, which brightens everything it comes in contact with.  
All pay her marked attention, from rich Mr. Watts, who lives in a mansion on the hill, to negro Sam, the sweep. All look after her with an admiring eye, and say to themselves, "She is just the right sort of a girl." The young men of the town vie with one another as to who shall show her the most attention, but she never encourages them beyond being simply kind and jolly; so no one can call her a flirt; no, indeed, the young men would deny such an assertion as quickly as she.  
Girls—wonderful to relate—like her too for she never delights in hurting their feelings or saying spiteful things behind their backs. She is always willing to join in their little plans and assist them in any way. They go to her with their love affairs, and she manages adroitly to see Willie or Peter and drop a good word for Ida or Jennie, until their little difficulties are all patched up, and everything goes on smoothly again—thanks to her.  
Old ladies say she is "delightful." The sly witch—she knows how to manage them. She listens patiently to complaints of the rheumatism or neuralgia, and then sympathizes with them so heartily that they are half cured.  
But she cannot be always with us. A young man comes from a neighboring town by-and-by and marries her. The villagers crowd around to tell him what a prize he has won, but he seems to know it pretty well without any telling, and judge from his face. So she leaves us, to it is not long before we hear from that place. She is there the woman everybody likes.  
It used to be called "moderate drinking," but now that science has invaded the subject, it is regarded as "taking it in true physiological quantity."  
Mr. Charlton is preparing a Bill to be submitted to the House of Commons whereby seduction will be made a criminal offence under certain conditions.  
On Sunday, while cavorting on a horse on Colborne street, London, Nicholas Rananah, a baker, was thrown off and broke his leg. He once before met with a similar accident in the same way.

WRITE WRITTEN RIGHT.  
If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;  
If nobody's noticed you, you must be tall;  
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;  
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly we know;  
If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;  
If nobody's flattered you, flatter yourself;  
If nobody's cheated you, you're a knave;  
If nobody's hated you, you're a slave;  
If nobody's called you a fool to your face,  
Somebody's wished for your back in its place;  
If nobody's scolded you a tyrant or scold,  
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mould;  
If nobody knows of your faults but a friend,  
Nobody'll miss them at the world's end;  
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,  
Nobody'll run like a hound when its gone;  
If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,  
Somebody thinks you a miserly bore;  
If nobody's slandered you, here is our pen,  
Sign yours "Nobody," as quick as you can.

APPROPRIATE NAMES.  
For the wife of a farmer—Tilly.  
For the wife of a gambler—Bet or Loo.  
For the wife of a fisherman—Annette or Barbara.  
For the wife of a solicitor—Phoebe, Laura or Sue.  
For the wife of a gardener—Lettice.  
For the wife of a confectioner—Patty.  
For the wife of a burglar—Mil-dred.  
For the wife of a clergyman—Grace.  
For the wife of a jockey—Rhoda.  
For the wife of a bootmaker—Peggy.  
For the wife of a man with corns—Hil-dred.  
For the wife of a hypochondriac—Minnerva.  
For the wife of a second-hand clothier—Chlo.  
For the wife of a singer—Caroline.  
For the wife of a man in want of assistance—Ada.  
For the wife of a beggar—Pan-line.  
For the wife of a sexton—Belle.

With woman, turbulence is an unfaulproof proof of interest. If a girl tells you, "I'll never speak to you again in my life—there!" rejoice and return; but if she says, "I shall always be glad to see you at any time," travel. When a woman loves you she will pardon all—even your crimes; but when she no longer loves you, she will not even forgive you your virtues.

Lines by a hearty eater:  
We may live without poetry, music and art,  
We may live without conscience, and live without heart,  
We may live without friends; we may live without books,  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.  
We may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?  
We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?  
We may live without passion—what is passion but pining?  
But where is the man that can live without dining?