

**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF
CANADIAN
LIFE: WITH A STUDY
OF BIBLE PROPHECY**

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Twenty-five years of Canadian life: With a study of Bible prophecy by Mrs. Rosa Portlock

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MRS. ROSA PORTLOCK

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~~POSTER~~

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF CANADIAN LIFE

WITH A STUDY ON BIBLE PROPHECY

BY
MRS. ROSA PORTLOCK
(WOODSTOCK, ONT.)

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INTRODUCTION.

I AM reminded by many things of having made a promise, to the effect that I would at some time give to the public a further history of myself and God's dealings with me and mine ; but how or where to begin is a question ?

A boy who had a large apple given to him wished to divide it into five pieces ; but how was this to be done ? " I could cut it through the middle," he said, " and divide it into four or six pieces, but five equal parts is a puzzle."

I feel somewhat like that boy. I could begin, as it were, at the beginning, and give an account of things I have seen or done as they come to my mind, and this perhaps would be rather amusing, but it would not satisfy me. Canada to-day, with all its civilization, is not the same as it was thirty years ago. Movement is so rapid ; science is making such gigantic strides ; men are trying to look into the future, making themselves as gods, while yet the work given them to do is unaccomplished.

" Replenish the earth and subdue it," was the first unconditional command (Gen. 1-28).

When that command has been fully obeyed, " The

earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Hab. 2: 14) "I would that they may be one even as we are one," prayed our blessed Lord when He was upon earth; but are we one? No! We have opinions many, creeds many, and ways and means many for accomplishing the work given to us to do, whereas the directions are so simple that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

There are questions of the day to answer, and I feel I should be a coward if I did not try to meet them. Yet the attempt to do so may be considered presumptuous on the part of one in so humble a position, but most things come from small beginnings.

In England, near the River Ouse, there is an old oak so large that more than a hundred persons can dine under its branches, yet it grew from a very small seed. Our great men grow from tiny babes, and "In the beginning God made (one) man;" now we count men by millions.

The Earl of Shaftesbury once said: "Other and better men have preceded me, and I entered into their labors; other and better men will follow me and enter into mine."

So, sitting in the pretty town of Berlin, where, as a stranger, I have met with much kindness, I will make my humble effort, trusting that in trying to please the reader I may not forget to put before them the beauty of a consistent life—a life lived in Christ, for Christ, and with Christ.

R. P.

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

A THRIVING ONTARIO TOWN.

“ Those who watch Providence will never want a providence to watch.”

“ Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you ” (Matt. 6: 33).

“ How e'er it be, it seems to me,
’Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

—*Tennyson.*

BERLIN is the capital of Waterloo, and received its name in 1826. In 1820 it had one blacksmith’s shop ; in 1825 the first factory was built and a store opened. Now, in 1899, it is one of the most thriving towns in Ontario, and well deserves the name, so often given to it, of “ busy Berlin.”

It was settled chiefly by Pennsylvania Dutch. It has a population of about 9,000, is situate on the Grand Trunk railway about sixty-two miles west of Toronto: it is cleanly, healthy, and has a great number of beautiful residences, chiefly brick.

It has thirty-four manufactories, three banks, an opera house, a free public library, a college, schools and parks, also twenty-six places for the worship of Almighty God.

It is essentially a religious town; the people are kindly and do not forget to entertain strangers. Speaking for myself, I may say that as a stranger among strangers I was most graciously received and invited to their houses and their tables; and this, not because they could possibly expect a return of compliments, for I am not only a stranger to them, but in so humble a position of life that I am astonished.

They have an orphanage, too, with eight small specimens of humanity—one, a colored girl about ten years old, was spoken of as a most lovable child, taking care of the younger ones in a tender, motherly way. I heard her spoken of in several houses as well as by the matron herself. I went over the gaol, in which there were four prisoners: also over the poor-house, in which I found about ninety old, old people—some not responsible at all, and none of them able to earn their own living. I felt that it was a good thing to have them there to be taken care of and kept clean.

There was only one thing I found to object to in this beautiful little town: the small wages paid to the working-man, though I expect to find this same blot in many other places.

When will the time come that man shall love his neighbor as himself? I think I hear some one say, That is more general now than it ever was. I ask in