

the Chairman, have since gone to their heavenly inheritance. We were accepted; and then I felt what preparations and final farewells were. My noble Father said, "Lad, I am going to bury thee!" and my first letter from home told me he was dead: but the remembered prayers of my exemplary Mother, that I might be a Missionary, inspired me in leaving incomparable England for life: I sold my lace machinery; met my Brethren for embarkation at Liverpool, and then laid aside my Local Preacher's Walking-Stick for an Atlantic ship.

What the cabined brothers and sisters of this privileged Missionary company thought of each other, the secrecy of journalism does not say yet. They adored the Providence which conducted them. They often got their maps out, and stationed themselves,—one, I remember, at Hull, on the Ottawa! They reached their adopted country, and the greetings of the General Superintendent of Missions, Dr. Stinson, and of others, were reviving indeed after forty-nine days and nights of ocean life. Our first lodging-place in Canada was the princely mansion of John Counter, Esq., of Kingston, who had fetched us in a yacht from Oswego, and who has soul enough for six bodies as many as his own, much like Robert Hall's. God bless *him* and *his* forever! Since then my heart has often in the backwoods thanked the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, then Editor, for his friendly, scriptural welcome in the *Christian Guardian*.

One of these British Missionaries was soon removed to the West Indies, and there died as he lived, a good man. Another was not long before he exchanged faithful labours here for the labourer's perpetual rest. Another, of research, and disinterested Wesleyan fidelity and spiritual zeal, has gone from us followed by his works. Another, with a large family, deploras retirement from duties, for which his deep piety, and biblical acquisitions, fitted him. Another has, by a Yorkshire piety, practical thought, reputation for promoting Wesleyan order, and unwearying exertions, won offices and deserved respect from his discerning brethren. The two devoted Wives in that company are spared in their infirmities to witness the prosperity of the Methodism of Canada. Another has ever deemed it the selectest earthly honour to share the frank esteem and confidence of his brethren of the Canada Conference, and asks in age no other privilege, than still to be permitted to do something with them—by Wesleyan Methodism—to spread the kingdom of Christ.

My first appointment in magnificent Canada was on an Island among kind and well taught Indians. My routine of labour was, a week with them, and a week twelve miles away, among other Indians and whites. I went in a birch-bark canoe on Saturday, and on reaching the shore, started on my week's "round" with nothing, "save a staff only," and when