

INTRODUCTION.

ONE of my earliest recollections of my introduction to the good city of Peterborough, Ontario, in 1878, is that of a brief conversation with the wife of the then superannuated Methodist minister, Rev. John Sanderson, the subject of this book.

I shall never forget the graphic account which Mrs. Sanderson gave of her early experiences of the itinerancy—the little log parsonage, set in the midst of a tiny clearing in the woods, walled in on every side with the dark, stately, primeval forest; her loneliness during the long absences of her husband on his extensive itineraries; her horror of the wolf's long howl through the dreary night. I count it a great pleasure to have known Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson and their family and now to be allowed to write a few words of introduction to this delightful volume.

Rev. John Sanderson was a typical Methodist minister of the old school, a man of excellent ability, a genial Irish temperament which made him at home everywhere, an unsullied record, a thoroughly useful career. He and his good English wife are to be