

tokens for good which humbled me; and I *must* praise God for his grace; and cannot forget my Sabbath Walking-Stick.

I do *not* intend these statements to be my autobiography, yet the connection of circumstances renders it necessary for me to say, that my earliest thoughts of the Ministry and Missions go much farther back than that period, and that the first intimation of them at the Wesleyan Mission House, Hatton Garden, was unknown to me. One memorable Sabbath, when I was out on the Circuit, a Missionary just accepted for a Wesleyan Foreign Station, supplied Melbourne for one of the Circuit Ministers, and stayed at our cottage; and then it was that a good London wife, unbidden, did a work of strange supererogation, and divulged to the Missionary the tale of my impressions and yearnings! This was carried by him to London, and I had soon to correspond with the General Secretaries. Then shortly arrived, with "Speed" capitalized upon it, the following business letter, in elegant, dignified hand, from the Senior General Secretary, the Rev. Dr. Jabez Bunting, to the Rev. Thomas Newton, Superintendent of the Ashbydelazouch Circuit, which I shall for many reasons only part with at death: wishing assuredly, as I frequently do, that I had likewise autographs of the Wesleys, Fletcher, Coke, Asbury, and Losee.

*London, March 8th, 1834.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

We want six preachers for Upper Canada; and, among numerous other applications, have considered that from———of your Circuit. If you can fully and heartily recommend him, and his wife, *in all respects*, we shall be glad to confer with him on the subject. Please to desire him, in that case, to come to London for the usual examination. He should be here by Saturday evening next.

I am, my Dear Brother,

Your's very affectionately,

J. BUNTING.

I obeyed the summons with trembling and extasy, travelled all night, arrived at Hatton Garden in my jean over-alls, was with other brethren a guest at a Secretary's house, worshipped in City Road, glanced at London wonders, preached one evening a trial sermon on Christian perfection, soon loved Dr. Bunting for his fatherliness, and in a day or two the Candidates stood by a bench for three hours and a half before a large Committee, then, as now, worthy of the distinguished Missionary character of our primitive Methodism. The venerated and beloved Joseph Entwistle presided with the meekness of St. John; and there were among the eminent Ministers, Bunting, Beecham, Lessey, Bell, Farrar, who, with