

solved my heart in love." Need I say, that, after this, we were bound in stronger bonds than ever to each other?

But months rolled around, Conference time came, and I left the circuit and my friend *in tears*. I gave him a memento, and we parted, never to meet *but once* again on earth. One year from the time, I was on my way to Conference, on horse-back, as usual, with two other young ministers, from our northern circuit in the "lower regions," and staid over Sabbath in the township of K——, at the house of an intelligent local preacher. At the public service, what should I meet but the improved appearance and sparkling eyes of my dear young friend. He had served out his time with his first master; had sought out a new home; had obtained good employment, by which he had obtained clothes and books, and looked forward to the time when he might be able to send to Ireland for his friends. His testimony for God in the class-meeting gladdened my heart. He came to my quarters; but a few hours' interview closed our earthly intercourse for ever. I went on to the Conference; received and went to my appointment, and laboured part of the year, when the news arrived that *young Malloy* was dead! His end was tragic: chopping down a tree he miscalculated the way it would fall; it fell on him and ended his earthly toils.

How mysterious the ways of Providence; this lonely young man, with powers and aspirations that would have enabled him to adorn any sphere he might have occupied, is called away early, suddenly, and far from the friends he loved.

"By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed;
By foreign hands his decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands his humble grave adorned;
By strangers honor'd and by strangers mourned."

Some years afterwards I met his aged father, who, with his children, all but the minister, had made their way by some means to Canada. He knew of me from his son's letters, and wept while he spoke of JOHN. By this time the aged man may have overtaken his son. Oh, heaven will make up for all! Praised be God!

This cannot seem a trivial, pointless tale to any, and it has given a subdued pleasure to one heart, to *call back the memory of an early friend*.