

younger members, but lacked the means. Poor *John* was therefore fain to avail himself of the offer of a former neighbour (who had made some money in Canada, and who had returned to the "owle sod" for a wife to cheer his loneliness in the bush) to go out with him; and pay for his passage money by his work after he arrived in this country. His clothing, for a Canadian winter, was very, very thin; and he was forced to give all his wages for several months to pay for his passage. I can remember the gratitude with which he received a trifling article for his person out of my scanty wardrobe. Much cold and hardship of body must he have suffered; and much pain of mind, from his not very considerate employer. For, though of humble origin, his was a tasteful, elevated, and pretty well informed mind. He knew the niceties of theology, was familiar with many of our best authors; and was the best informed person in the history of the past and then existing state of the Irish Wesleyan Connexion of any individual I had met before. It may be asked how had an Irish cottager's son become so well informed? I answer, he owed it, like many others, to *Methodism*. That the circuit preachers had lodged in his father's house, was not in vain. Religion had aroused the inquiries of the family, and those self-denying servants of Christ, referred to, had helped to satisfy their yearnings after knowledge, by their instructive conversation. What incalculable good has sprung out of the old *circuit* system! May it never pass away! Is it any wonder then that my mind should have found delight in the society of this virtuous, amiable, pious young man, with his vivacious conversational powers and loyalty to *Methodism*? What delightful seasons we enjoyed in each other's society in these lonely wilds. We talked of the authors we had read; I told him of Canadian *Methodism*, and he told me of Irish—its *ministers*, their names, gifts, and peculiarities—its usages and economy, embracing funds, &c. I shared the few books I had with him; we read some of our standard parts together; and we compared notes, when we met, of what we had read when absent from each other.

He had been led to the class-room according to the old Irish practice, when a child; and had grown up in the fear and love of God, but had never experienced any remarkable manifestation to his soul at the time I first met with him, and for some months after. But at length such a manifestation was made to him. It happened in one of our Saturday-night Quarterly meeting prayer-meetings, a time of great power and excitement. Of this he had always been afraid; but the next day, in the early morning love-feast, he was evidently much affected, and, rising, declared, while floods of tears ran down his cheeks, "I have been all my life a poor cold-hearted critic; but now, glory be to God! he has dis-