

Mr. McCracken was of Scottish origin, a native of the Highlands, I think, and very respectably connected in this country. He was a brother of the present venerable widow McLeod, a person of eminent piety in the Wesleyan Church in Kingston. Maitland was converted early in this country, in Montreal, probably; but the instrumentality in bringing it about and the particulars we know not. Some years after he removed to Kingston, where he was a member of the "British Society;" and probably he was in connection with the "Missionaries" in Montreal at the time of his extending assistance to Mr. Ferguson. If so, it showed his great superiority to party strife; for at that time there was a painfully embittered feeling between many in the two societies against each other. With this exception, the state of piety in both connexions was ardent. The old Methodist doctrines were clearly and faithfully preached, and the old measures for promoting piety and holiness vigorously employed.

Mr. McCracken seems to have been more than usually devoted from the first, and early entered into the enjoyment of perfect love; for his profession of that state of grace was understood by all who knew or heard of him; and none who knew him doubted his profession. He was then young, and ever remained single. He was employed in the large mercantile establishment of, if I mistake not, a Mr. Hutchinson, and held, I think, the position of a book-keeper. A fellow-clerk of his, newly from Scotland, with Presbyterian education and prejudices, was so impressed with the character and conversation of young McCracken, that it led to his conversion and union with Methodism. This was Mr. John McLeod, long afterwards one of the principal men of the Quebec church, who never wearied in speaking of the excellencies of his, whilom fellow clerk, to whom he owed so much religiously.

McCracken's piety would in this bustling age be pronounced ascetical, it drove him so much into seclusion. All his spare time was spent in his closet, and mostly on his knees. He redeemed all the time he could for this, and seemed to grudge the time for anything else. Although a reliable man to his employer, as all such men must be, it is said of him that he did his work in a hurry, running along the street, when forced to go out, that he might be the sooner back to his loved communion with God. Yet his secret piety or devotion bore practical fruits. He was "ready to all good works;" his word in the Society meetings "was with power," and I suspect he "gave away all his living." He died early, and well I have no doubt, but have not the particulars: "He was not, for God took him." His piety lives in his younger relations. A nephew, who is an Episcopal clergyman, and who has favored me with a letter, is eminently liberal, evangelical, and pious; and, if I mistake not, believes in and enjoys the state of salvation enjoyed by his saintly uncle. May God fill all the churches with such members and ministers! Amen.

"So may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
And each succeeding race remove,
To join the family above."