

with a face radiant with holy comfort. And truly his preaching was "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." It was not boisterous, but solemn, spiritual, unctuous, powerful. It is said he carried on a sort of double prayer while leading in public devotion—there was an audible one, in which the people were to join; and there was a suppressed, parenthetical one for his own benefit the while, to keep his own personal relations to God right. And God honored the man who honored him. He was the instrument of a great revival, characterized by depth and comprehensiveness, a revival of the work of sanctification. Under his word the people fell like men slain in battle. This was even the case when he had become so exhausted that he could 'preach no longer, or when his voice was drowned with the cries of the people.' He would stand with angelic countenance and upturned eye, bringing his hands together, and saying in a loud whisper, "Smite them, my Lord! My Lord, smite them!" And "smite them" He did; for the "slain of the Lord were many."

The Rev. Dr. Bangs, one of the earliest historians of American Methodism, who personally knew the ground and many of the parties, thus describes a scene within the Bay Circuit, where he first landed:—"They arrived in safety in time to attend a quarterly meeting. After the preaching on Saturday, while the presiding elder, Darius Dunham, retired with the official brethren to hold the quarterly Conference, Brother Wooster remained in the meeting to pray with some who were under awakenings, and others that were groaning for full redemption in the blood of Christ. While uniting in the exercises, the power of God seemed to overshadow the congregation, and many were filled with joy unspeakable, and were praising the Lord aloud for what he had done for their souls, others with 'speechless awe and silent love,' were prostrated on the floor. When the presiding elder came into the house, he beheld these things with a mixture of wonder and indignation. After gazing for a while, he kneeled down and began to pray God to stop the 'raging of the wildfire,' as he called it. In the meantime, Calvin Wooster, whose soul was burning with the 'fire of the Holy Spirit,' kneeled by the side of Brother Dunham, and softly whispered out a prayer in these words, 'Lord, bless Brother Dunham! Bless Brother Dunham!' Thus they continued for some minutes, when at length the prayer of Bro. Wooster prevailed, and Dunham fell prostrate on the floor; and ere he rose, (he) received a baptism of the fire he had so feelingly deprecated. There was now harmony in their prayers, feelings, and views. This was the commencement of a revival of religion which soon spread through the entire Province; for as Dunham was the presiding elder, he was the instrument of spreading the flame throughout the district, to the joy and salvation of hundreds." The net gain to the Societies in the scattered new settlements of Upper Canada, during the two years of Wooster's stay in the Province, was four hundred and sixteen (416).

At the close of his term in Canada he started homewards to die. We get a glimpse of him in that journey from the Journal of the honest but eccentric Lorenzo Dow. Says Dow, "When I was in the Orange Circuit, I felt something that needed to be done away. Timothy Dewey told me about