

afterwards became a Lawyer, and practised in Stratford. I knew him well—a highly educated man, something after the style of Doctor Dunlop. The polish was about the same, and not much at that. Mr. Stewart, however, was Irish, while Doctor Dunlop was Scotch.

John Stewart was capable of giving, and did give, John Wilson a good education: so good that in his turn he was engaged to teach the children, or some of the children, of the late Honorable William Morris. The Honorable Alexander Morris, of Toronto, was a pupil of his.

About this time the late Honorable Malcolm Cameron was a resident of Perth, carrying on a mercantile business. John Wilson wrote some verses which had found their way to a house in town, where Mr. Cameron saw them, and pronounced them so good that he expressed the opinion that the writer ought to be a lawyer. On inquiry, he found the writer to be John Wilson, and at once took him into his friendship, which stood young Wilson in good stead, and they were ever after friends, so long as life lasted. They were not of the same politics; but that never in the least interfered with their bond of friendship. While in Perth, by his teaching and otherwise, John was able to shew his filial gratitude to his kind mother; not forgetting to furnish her with some little luxuries, which could not be obtained on a newly cleared (or in process of being cleared) farm, twenty miles from Perth. To her he could say, or sing:

“Oh! be it mine, with sweet and pious care,
To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief;
With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,
With fond endearments to impart relief:
With dexterous love, in thy declining hours,
My filial hand shall strew unfading flowers.”

The hopes and prognostications of Mr. Malcolm Cameron were soon fulfilled. Mr. Wilson, by thrift and industry, was soon enabled to present himself to the Benchers of the Law Society, and to be admitted a Student of the Law. He was entered on the Rolls of