

any time that my superior might direct me to do, asking no questions about it. Such was my state of mind when I received this letter from Elder Case about one o'clock in the afternoon; and at six I was on my way to my first circuit with my saddle-bags on my back." The letter of Elder Case is equally characteristic of the spirit of the olden time. It concludes thus: "Now my young brother, enter into this great and good work with the spirit and dependence of a child—and with the courage and perseverance of a man—and with the faith, prudence and piety of the Christian, and God will be your support and crown your labors with encouraging success. As you stand as an exhorter, you are not to attempt to preach. This might be construed into assumption. The importance of the exercise of this gift is so considered, that our Church directs that young preachers often exhort without a text. God bless you. Farewell."

After spending a year and a half under the presiding elder, first as an exhorter and then as a local preacher, during which time his labors were greatly owned of God, and the membership of the old Augusta Circuit enlarged by nearly 400 new members, Mr. Jones was received on trial for the ministry in 1827, and ordained deacon in 1829.

The first ten years of his ministry were spent in the ordinary circuit work, first as junior preacher, and then from 1829 onwards as superintendent. In 1829, he found a truly consecrated partner in his work in Maria Wright, who for fifty-nine years of rarely felicitous married life, was the sharer of his joys and sorrows. In these ten years the gatherings into the Church under his own ministry exceeded 1,000 souls, and Methodism fully doubled its membership in the country. From this point Mr. Jones began to bear that responsibility of connexional office for which his energy of character and military respect for law and order gave him remarkable fitness. His presiding eldership dates from 1836, and for thirty-one consecutive years he filled this important office, with marked ability, in the Hamilton, Bytown, Bay of Quinte, Cobourg, Belleville, Toronto and London Districts. During this period, also, his name stood on all the important executive committees of the Church, and three times he filled the highest office in the gift of his brethren, twice as President and once as Co-Delegate. During all those years he was a leading member of that host of workers through whose labors Methodism grew to be the leading Church in the Province of Ontario, multiplying in the course of his active ministry its membership sevenfold, and in the course of his ministerial life nearly twenty-fold.

On his retirement from itinerant work, in 1868, Father Jones devoted his executive ability and energy to the service of our University. From its inception he had taken a deep interest in this institution. He was a pastor in Cobourg when the foundation stone was laid in 1832, and was from the very first a member of its Board of Management, and one of that noble roll of Methodist preachers who were originally the largest contributors to its building fund. The year 1868 was a crisis in the financial history of the institution. It had just been freed from debt, but was entirely without endowment. Its yearly income of less than \$10,000 was made up of students' fees, the educational collection and a grant from the Legislature of \$5,000 a year, and barely sufficient to meet expenses. That year the grant was withdrawn, and the very continuance of Victoria became a question. The courageous efforts of four or five men appealing to Methodist liberality carried us through. Dr. Punshon, Dr. Nelles, Mr. Kerr and Mr. Jones were of that number. Some ministers present to-day will remember his Annual Conference addresses at that date. He lived to see the income of Victoria University more than double what it had been before the reverse, and more than four times the fragment that was left when he gave his remaining strength to help meet its difficulties.

Of the character of the man whose record we have thus briefly epitomized we need to say but very little. He was a man who had learned how to obey and who knew how to command. He was a man of purpose, of energy, of action. His courage never failed, though again and again he was called to pass