

MEMORY'S TRIBUTE TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

Brother minister, did you ever "travel a two-weeks bush Circuit," of course *alone*, in the days of yore, when the *single* preacher's allowance was *one hundred dollars*, paid in odds and ends, and when he did not get it *all* either; when he kept going round and round for want of any particular *home*, lodging with one family to-night and another to-morrow? Do you remember how lonely you often felt, for some congenial spirit to commune with, when the usual topics of pigs, potash, and potatoes were exhausted with the good folks among whom you sojourned? And do you remember what a solace it was, when, by chance, you encountered a kindred mind for any period, however brief? you "do." Well, that pleasure I felt on going to a remote settlement of Irish Methodists, from the County of Sligo, in the township of South S., in the year 183—. That was indeed an out-of-the-way sort of place, rough and new. The laws about taxes, road-works, militia duty, *et cetera*, had not yet come into force in that settlement, and every man did pretty much "what was right in his own eyes." Still, they put themselves under the Gospel law; and I brought them the news from the outer world in the *Christian Guardian* which I carried in my saddle-bags. They were a companionable people, and always collected at night-fall into one of the three shanties that "took in the preachers." They were by no means parsimonious in conversation with the few ideas they had, but then they had not many of them, and these had become rather stale, when the following event occurred:—One Indian summer-like afternoon in the autumn of the year, I took my fortnightly journey from "R.'s Mills," through the woods and across sundry small clearings, the heavy log fences, of which I had to take down, (and faithfully I put them up again) the distance of *twelve* or *fifteen* miles to the neighbourhood indicated. A strange face was a rarity, but I discovered a youthful stranger in the congregation, very attentive and intelligent-looking. After meeting we were duly introduced, and became acquainted at once. He was a tall, slight, wiry lad of *twenty-two* or *three*, without anything in the appendages of the outer man to make him attractive. Nor will the reader be surprised at this, when I inform him that he was the son of a *small* farmer in the north of Ireland, with a very large family, who had exhausted all his available means a year or two before to fit out his eldest son for the itinerant Wesleyan Ministry in Ireland, with horse, saddle, bridle, valise, and suitable clothing, a no small achievement for his humble resources. *This* son, whom I now met, wished to come to America, to provide for himself, and open a way for the parents and