

thought by some persons that Mr. Rose was a little venturesome, if nothing worse, for a man so young and with so little experience to undertake so great a work as the exposition and defence of this great Christian mystery—the Trinity in unity, the Deity of the Blessed Christ. Many older, well equipped men would have shrunk from the undertaking. But here we see his sense of duty, his admirable courage. "He was sent for the defence of the gospel;" felt and acted from this conviction. The spirit of that time was different from the present. Preaching was more doctrinal; more exposition and argument on doctrinal matters than now. Even young men were expected to be up in all matters of religious controversy. Back in "the forties" the Methodist Church used means to keep up her people's interest in missions which she uses no longer. Then the method was to have deputations of two or more leading ministers to traverse large sections of country, preach as far as they could in the churches on Sunday, and hold platform meetings through the week. These deputations made some long journeys and were out for some weeks in succession. It was quite a tax on some of our leading men. Mr. Rose had been engaged in that way, and returning towards home he called for a visit and a mid-day rest with a friend in one of the villages. When the time came for resuming the journey his host and he were passing behind a horse in one of the stalls, which threw out its heels and struck Mr. Rose in the side of his head and sent him staggering over the floor, and falling into a condition of unconsciousness, from which he was revived with some difficulty. When he was becoming conscious the doctor was giving him something in a teaspoon, and he asked, "What are you giving me?" "Brandy." He paused a little as if thinking, then asked, "Is it necessary to save my life that I should take brandy?" The doctor said he thought it was. "Well," said Mr. Rose, "as long as you think so, give it me, and when you think I can live without it, give me no more, for I am pledged total abstainer." It is thought that this valuable life would then have been cut short but for the fact that the horse's foot was filled with dung. One of the caulks made a slight abrasion on his temple and another made a mark on his neck. I had the fact from the doctor who attended him. He concluded his story by remarking, "You might trust a man who remembers his pledge like that."

THOS. WILLIAMS.

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