

extensively in the older settlements to the east and south of their home. While at this work they met with a religious people holding and teaching doctrines and practices altogether new to them. The people called themselves "Christians," as if they, and they only, had claim to the name believers were given "first in Antioch." People mostly spoke of them as Chrystians, as if spelt with a very long "i" or "y." They were a kind of Unitarian Baptists, holding strongly to baptism by immersion, and denying the Deity of the Blessed Lord. At least this was their teaching at the time of which I am writing. In their worship—the singing, prayers, and preaching—they carried a great appearance of earnestness; seemed to cultivate the emotional in their manner. Our young friends were brought to a good degree under the influence of these people, so much so as to give some fear to the mind of their godly and orthodox father. It was at this time Samuel Rose, a licensed probationer for the ministry of the Methodist Church, had assigned to him a mission to the settlements in the townships west of Yonge-street. In the Record his station is called "Albion." His work, however, extended into all the adjoining townships. The fame of his work must have reached Innisfil, for our friend, Mr. Climie, thinking that Methodist teaching would not be as harmful as some others—it was certainly orthodox—set out in quest of the missionary and found him. After hearing him preach, he sought and obtained an interview. Relating to him his troubles and anxieties, he put to him the question, "Will you undertake to preach a discourse on the great Christian doctrine of the Trinity in unity, and especially to maintain the Godhead, the Deity, of the Blessed Christ?" Mr. Rose answered at once that he could and would, that his attention had been specially directed to that subject lately. An appointment was made and Mr. Climie hastened home to prepare his family and neighbours for the visit of the man of God. The time was not long in coming round. The preacher was on hand and, like Cornelius, Mr. Climie had filled his house with friends and neighbours. The service was held. The preaching must have given satisfaction—to the old gentleman especially—for before the meeting was closed with a last song of praise, he rose up and, grasping the preacher by the hand, he thanked him heartily in his own behalf and for all present for his discourse; for his able presentation of those grand foundation truths of our blessed religion. What the after effect was I am not able to say. I know, however, that Mr. Climie and his family persevered in their good course. Some years afterwards I spent a pleasant Sabbath with them, worshipping in a snug log meeting-house. The eldest son of the family entered the ministry, lived and laboured an honoured and useful minister of the Congregational body. It might be