

which they devoted to the service of the Church, and their own religious advancement. Wherever the work of God was prospering, they were sure to be found there, as at every Quarterly, and Camp Meeting. They frequently travelled as far as Yonge St., and were among the first who introduced Methodism in that part of the Province.

When Peter was convinced of sin the arrows of the Almighty sorely wounded him, frequently would he retire in private, and with strong cries and tears poured out his soul before God. One day, in his barn, when his anguish was more than usually heavy, and his cries for mercy were loud and long continued; his wife having heard the noise, and unaware of the secret, ran out exclaiming,—Pete—Pete—have the horses kicked you and broke your leg: no, was the response, but the Lord has broke my heart. After he had found peace through faith in Christ Jesus, he complained of being sore all over, and assigned as the cause, that the devil had such a strong hold of him, and was so loath to let him go, that he had to be dispossessed by force, and that in the conflict, he had to receive some severe bruises. One day shortly after, whilst plowing, his horses behaved, as though—to use his own expression—they were possessed; he said he went to a fence corner to pray, and to his surprise on his return to the plow, he found that it was Peter who was under the influences ascribed to the horses, as every thing moved quietly and properly. Many years ago at a Quarterly Meeting conducted by the Rev. John Ryerson, at Palermo, he related his first acquaintance with the Methodists, as well as his former prejudices towards them, as follows. “Ven I came to dis country I did not know any ting apout te Metodish; but I hear dat dey pe very pad people. I vas a Luteran, I tought I was very pious and goot, I had in my house one pig old Tutch pible, and some more goot pooks. Vell I tought I would not go hear tese pad Metodishes. But my neighbours go, and dey talk to me, den I tink I vill go and hear dem and prove dat dey are pad people out of my pig Tutch pible, which my father gif me: so I go, but I soon found dat my pig Tutch pible was all for the Methodishes, and all against Peter, not one vord for poor Peter, I look again and again, but it vas wos and wos. Oh; dat hurt me very much—my old Tutch pible to be all wed dey Metodishes, and all against Peter. But I pegin to tink my pig old Tutch pible can’t be wrong—Peter must be wrong, so I pegin to pray to Got, to show me the right way. Ten he pless me, ten I vas a Metodish, I have been a Metodish since dat time, I pe one to day, I vill die a Metodish.”

At a Quarterly Meeting at Bowman’s Church, where the Rev. William Ryerson presided and preached; after sermon he called on Father Bow-slaugh to speak. With apparent reluctance and considerable hesitation