

Scarboro', about ten miles from the town; and Mr. Richardson somewhat farther eastward, on the Kingston Road. But neither of them thought any difficulty of going twelve or twenty miles on foot to hold a meeting.

Before his marriage, Mr. Richardson taught school, first in one place and then in another; and during the summer of '25 he had been employed in one in the New Purchase, to the west, I think, of the Credit. One Saturday, he was on his way to where his mother and brothers were settled in Scarboro' to see them. He called at a small loghouse at the foot of Spadunk to ask a drink of water. It was occupied by a very old couple, the father and mother of Mr. Bartholomew Bull. He asked them if they loved Christ. They confessed to religious declension since the days when they were first awakened by the preaching of Ouseley in the streets in Ireland—they wept, and Richardson prayed with them, greatly to their revival. Then they bethought themselves of their son, who chanced to be sick in bed, and asked their almost angelic visitant to go and see him, which he consented to with great alacrity. He ascended the hill, entered the house, and saluted the family: was soon in earnest conversation with them as to the state of their souls. There could be no national prejudice against a warm-hearted Methodist of their own section of Methodism and from their native land. All were deeply impressed, the sick man confessing to "leanness of soul" and wishing that it were with him as "in months that were past, when the candle of the Lord shone upon him." But united prayer did much to restore the light of God's countenance; and they began to deliberate what could be done to remedy the dearth of religious opportunities around them, when it was agreed, that Bro. Richardson should hold a meeting the next Sunday, on his way back to

his school, and the neighbours were notified. He was not only punctual to his appointment, and held a most effective meeting, but gave out that his friend Fitzpatrick, with whom he had met and whom he had engaged in the way, would hold a similar meeting the Sunday after that again, which appointment was most impressively conducted. The third Lord's Day from the first meeting, I myself met Mr. Fitzpatrick there, by appointment, at his injunction gave my first public address, and have been a public speaker of some sort ever since, these fifty-three years. We had a house full of people on the day to which I refer, and deep solemnity, and nearly all remained to class-meeting.

This was the beginning of a cause which, in some form, has had no interruption from that day to this. A year after our first commencement, the Rev. Wm. Ryerson rode out on a Sunday afternoon, preached, and organized a class of twenty-nine members, of which Mr. Bull was appointed leader, and continued so for many long years. It thenceforth became a preaching place and "lodging place for wayfaring men," either in connection with the town or country circuit.

The leader soon began to exercise his gifts as a local preacher, and was noted for his ability and acceptability, the number of appointments he took, his great punctuality in supplying them, and this work he continued for forty years in all the adjacent circuits. His manner was calm and tender, and his matter instructive and weighty. He was so far removed from eccentricity of manner or any marked idiosyncrasy of mind as to leave few salient points for the biographer to fasten upon. He went on his way with the uniformity of the sun in the heavens. In all the troubles, or mutations of the Church, he never swerved or wavered from his adherence, or even attachment, to the body which prejudice had made him slow to join,