

again the timmers, and whaur ye gatna a sough o' the blessed air o' heaven save what stole in through the wee port-holes. How we tholed it sae lang I dinna ken. We faured better after yon Methody parson came."

"Ay, he wor a good un, he wor," said Tom.

"Who was he?" asked Kate with much interest.

"He wuzn't much to look at," continued Tom; "that is, there wuzn't much of him. But he had a heart a big as a mountain; ther wuz nothin he wouldn't do for them poor prisoners. 'He wuz come to preach salvation,' he said, 'to them that wuz bound.' Case wuz his name,—a leetle man, but worth mor'n a dozen ornary men. I reimember one day he came 'long side with a boat load of tea, coffee, sugar, and several jars of milk for the prisoners; and he preached, and prayed, and exhorted so long that it seemed as if he couldn't tear hissself away."

We may be allowed here to quote, in illustration of the labours of that heroic man, Elder Case, to whom Canadian Methodism owes such a debt of gratitude, extracts of two of his letters written about this period:

"I was present," he says, "a few hours after the battle of Sackett's Harbour, where I witnessed a scene of death and carnage more moving than ever I saw before. Numbers lay cold in death. Many were groaning with their wounds and bleeding in their gore. Myself and two preachers were in Rutland, about ten miles from the Harbour, and were about to commence clearing off a camp-ground, but on hearing the cannon and constant roll of small arms we gave up the idea of work and betook ourselves to prayer. Such sensations I never realized before. We knew many of our acquaintances were there, among whom were brethren in the Lord. We thought on the condition of the women whose husbands and sons were exposed; the welfare of the country, where so much was at stake, and the honour of the nation concerned; but more than this a thousand times—the immortal interests of the thousands who were engaged in the contest, Americans and Englishmen, all of one creation—alike the subjects of redeeming blood, all accountable to the King of kings, and deserving the same condemnation. With these reflections we immediately called the household and fell upon our knees in prayer, and the Lord poured on us the spirit of supplication. We wept aloud and prayed most fervently to the Ruler of nations