

mental energy, or even capacity, or decision of character." From her, too, came religious instruction, "poured into his mind in childhood (as he said) by a mother's counsels, and infused into his heart by a mother's prayers and tears." When first under the influence of an awakened conscience, he became an ascetic, almost as pronounced in his methods of mental self-mortification as the veriest Trappist, with whose severe discipline Wesley himself was somewhat enamoured. When duty, however, called the youthful Egerton back to his father's farm, he obeyed "for the honour of religion," as he said; and in that spirit, he tells us, he "ploughed every acre of ground for the season, cradled every stalk of wheat, rye and oats, and mowed every spear of grass, pitched the whole, first on a waggon, and then from the waggon onto the hay-mow, or stack." While the neighbours were astonished at one man doing so much work, he said: "I neither felt fatigue nor depression, for 'the joy of the Lord was my strength.'"

Then, as usher, or master, in his gifted Brother's school, and as missionary and farm-instructor to the Indians at the Credit, in 1826, you see the same zeal, the same self-sacrifice and devotion to duty—never flinching and never holding back.

Again, as the higher calls of the ministry required him to apply himself to acquire the necessary knowledge, he entered into that practical school of itinerancy, so noted in the history of the early Methodist preachers, and so celebrated in producing noble and heroic men in the early days of Methodism in this country.

And here I would pay a willing tribute, from my own experience, to the self-denying labours of these devoted men—the early Methodist preachers. It is now over sixty years (1833) since I left my father's house, in Dublin, to settle in the backwoods—first near London, and afterwards in Trafalgar. The years which I spent there are fragrant with many memories, and with pleasant associations of primitive farm life. And no less so, for the tender recollections of the simple services in school-houses in humble homes, or around the fires of the undisturbed camp-meeting in the woods. My own strong conviction is that the debt which Canada owes to the early Methodist preachers, to the single-hearted exhorters and class-leaders, as well as the devoted Presbyterians and Baptists, who come later into the field, can never be repaid. To them is this country indebted for keeping alive, in those early days, the deep religious feeling and devotion which they themselves had created and developed.

In Dr. Ryerson's case, the contact with the writings of Wesley, of Blair, of Fletcher, and also of Blackstone, Locke and Paley, in that silent, thoughtful study, for which the long round of the