

42. John Reynolds has the Yonge Street Circuit as his first charge. He labors indefatigably, visiting from house to house even among the Quakers, who will allow him to pray, but will not kneel with him; and a little child who knelt, (it was predicted by an old Quaker preacher) was to become a Methodist! While here, on one occasion, he had a sharp trial, and a pleasant surprise. His Quarterly Meeting was appointed but the expected Presiding Elder did not come on Saturday; and he had to preach himself and preside in the "Quarterly Conference" as best he could. In the evening of that day he held the accustomed prayer-meeting, but no Presiding Elder. He hoped he would come on to the invariable Sunday-morning Love-feast; but no, he had to hold it by himself. While the people were speaking he cast many a wishful eye to the door, but in vain. At length the hour of preaching was so near he must look up a text, whether he can frame a sermon or not; but the Methodist preachers of that day, as he used to express it, were "minute men." While his eyes are occupied with the sacred page there is time for a stranger to enter unobserved. And just as his own eyes rest on the words "God who comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus," a stranger arose, not the Rev. Mr. Sawyer, but a younger and a bluff-looking man, who uttered the word "Love," in a full, clear, ringing voice. It is a voice unknown to Mr. Reynolds, but familiar to the people, and it sends a thrill of joy among them, while words of a similar character follow thick and fast from his lips. It is no other than the fervent Robert Perry, who had labored on the Circuit with great acceptability the year before, and whom the Presiding Elder has sent to supply his place for that time among his old friends. A sermon from Perry ensued and a lively time. It was needless to say, the anxious young pastor was greatly relieved and delighted. The above two incidents