

accomplish plans previously made, as failures tend to make persons indifferent about future arrangements; and there is something very discouraging in having to move alone.—“Wherefore when we could no longer *forbear*, we thought it good to be left at Athens alone.” A passage in the history of the engineer of the boat that took me to Toronto, I beg leave to subjoin, as it may encourage benevolent attention to strangers on their arrival at Montreal, a virtue for which the inhabitants of that city are justly celebrated.

In the spring of 1832, a year of melancholy remembrance in the history of Montreal, two men, a woman, and two children, called at my house in a most disconsolate state. Far from home, among strangers, without funds, unable to find employment, and with dismal prospects before them, their hearts were surcharged with grief. A few cheering words, a little kind attention, with some suitable direction as to how they should proceed, seemed to revive their drooping spirits, and animate them to renewed effort. Two days after this they returned again, having been unsuccessful in obtaining employment, and now exhibiting the wretchedness of those in whose bosom hope flickers to extinction. The day was unusually gloomy—the rain fell in torrents—drenched, hungry, houseless, and tempted to suffer the last extremity of misery rather than seek relief, they summoned all their remaining energy to intrude once more on the kindness of a stranger. If at all practicable, they were resolved to return home; but being sensible men, they listened to advice, and were dissuaded from their purpose. I stepped into Mr. John Try’s, whose purse and counsel were always at the service of such sufferers, and he provided one of them with employment in his line of business; and so at very little expense and trouble, much misery was prevented, and a prosperous career opened.

The one who went to work for Mr. Try being an engineer, soon obtained a place in a foundry. I had not seen him for three months, when on a beautiful evening in August he made his appearance. During this interval, we had lost about two thousand of our population by the awful scourge of cholera morbus. He had also been seized by it at an early period of its ravages, and apologized for not calling upon me sooner to pay a small trifle which had been lent to him. Being one of the first attacked, the people with whom he boarded fled from the house, and left him to struggle alone. When they came to see whether he were dead, he begged them to go for me, but they did not. He however at length prevailed on a man to get him some medicine, which had the intended effect. Through the great mercy of God he

recovered, and though he was unable to work for some time, he had of late been fully and profitably employed, and was happy to refund what had been so suitably lent him. Being a good tradesman, sober, and industrious, he has succeeded well in this country, is married, and has considerable property. He entertains a grateful sense of the kindness shown him at Montreal, and fails not, as I have learned from others, to eulogize the benevolence of its inhabitants. I fear, however, that he has not yet turned to God through Jesus Christ, in order to walk in newness of life. And what is every other gain compared with this? and every attainment short of likeness to God? “I shall be satisfied, when I wake up in thy likeness.”

On Thursday morning the 26th of May, Brother Coombs and myself left Toronto to attend a meeting to be held at Brantford the following day. I was much struck as we retired from the city, with the truth of Montgomery’s remarks on what he calls the “Poetry of distance.” Should the eye of the passenger turn at any time to the spires of the Kirk of Scotland, and of the Church of England, he will not only be pleased with the massive symmetry of the one, and offended with the diminutive appearance of the other, but as he recedes, be convinced that one has been constructed on true scientific principles, the other not, because as long as the eye can trace in the distance the one, it still retains its fine proportions, the other loses all form, and assumes what I would call a spectral appearance. Truth bears every kind of inspection, and consists in beautiful proportion—so does the holy beauty of religion. The disciple of Christ, who moves at its instance, and only at its instance, is lovely from every point of observation, for God beautifies him with his salvation.

We reached the wharf about noon, and expected Brother Rees to be waiting to convey us to Brantford. Our friend Rees having been misinformed as to the time of the boat’s arrival, became exceedingly uneasy when he discovered his mistake. However, at four o’clock we providentially met, and at six started for Brantford, a distance of 27 miles. The country on leaving Hamilton is very good, and in a state of high cultivation. We reached Odell’s tavern about ten o’clock, where we remained for the night. At the close of the last war, this part of the province became first settled. The soil is somewhat clayey, and yields good crops.

Friday the 27th, at five o’clock, we left for Brantford, and reached it about eight o’clock. The road had—country not so well cleared piny, but well settled. We passed several places of worship. Within three miles of