

ed to 190 members. Mr. B. was greatly beloved by the people, and the prospects of the Mission were most encouraging--when after labouring eleven months with them he was called to remove to another part of the Missionary field. It was distressing to the society to be so soon deprived of their esteemed pastor, and with a heart filled with painful emotions, he gave them his parting benediction.

From Toronto he proceeded to Montreal. At this station, he laboured with great acceptance and comfort, and soon found himself among a truly affectionate people. His ministry was popular and useful, and it is believed that many will through eternity have to bless God for having had the opportunity in this place of attending his ministry. His next removal was to Bermuda. He arrived in that Island before the extinction of slavery--many of the society were in bondage; but on the memorable first of August he had the pleasure of addressing a crowd of his once enslaved brethren, now restored to their natural rights, by British justice and benevolence. This was a high gratification to him, so cordially hating slavery as he did. Here in the second year of his ministry he ruptured a blood vessel, but still he laboured on even beyond his strength. Having written to the Missionary Committee on the state of his health, and having received from them a very affectionate answer, he thus notices it in a letter to his friend Mr. James Mathewson, of Montreal:--In March last I wrote to the Committee respecting my indisposition, and requested a preacher to take charge of my circuit. I received yesterday their reply, couched in the most affectionate terms. They tell me to proceed to England *immediately*, if necessary, &c. My health is on the whole better. I preach as much as I can. I fear more than I ought, but I cannot see my poor people destitute. But I must leave this country; the climate will not now do for me." In the early part of his sickness his mind was painfully and severely exercised, chiefly from the prospect of being laid aside from his beloved work of preaching the glorious Gospel, and when a little recovered, but before the Doctor gave him permission, he endeavoured to preach. At last he became completely exhausted, and after spending two years and two months on the Island, was obliged once more to embark for England.

He had experienced many providential deliverances during his journeyings by land and by sea, but this voyage was marked by one too remarkable to be passed over. He had engaged his passage in the "Friendship," Captain Thompson, bound to London; but while reloading her cargo of mahogany, the agent received a letter directing him to send the vessel to the Cove of Cork, and that orders would await her there for some other port. She sailed on the 10th September, and after a very stormy passage, arrived at the Cove in October, but had to wait there four days to get her sails repaired. Mr. B. thought it a favourable opportunity to visit his friends in Bandon, being only eighteen miles distant. He went with Mrs. B. and the children, leaving all his luggage on board, and promising to return at the appointed time. He did so, but the vessel had sailed *the night before*; her destination had been changed to Liverpool. Mr. B. took

the Steamer to Liverpool, but the Friendship in proceeding to that port, being overtaken by a storm, struck on Conway Bar and became a total wreck. Three of the crew were lost, the captain, mate, and some others saved themselves in the jolly boat. To save any part of the luggage was impossible, as the ship immediately went to pieces. The loss sustained by Mr. B. in clothes and books amounted to £200 sterling. Mrs. B. had heard of the fate of the vessel, but feared to mention it to her husband, on account of his extremely debilitated state. He, however, soon after heard of it, when, instead of indulging in sorrow or repining, he exclaimed,—"The Lord be praised it is not my little family that is gone! O if I saw one of you struggling with the waves, what would my feelings be! My property is gone, but *I have you all*, come let us return thanks;" and with streaming eyes, and heartfelt gratitude, he poured out his soul in prayer and thanksgiving to that God, who had so signally interposed in his behalf.

On account of the mildness of the winter in Guernsey, he was recommended to reside there for a few months. In that Island the friends were kind and attentive to him and his family, especially the Rev. John W. Button, who was at that time stationed there. He showed all the unremitting attention of an affectionate brother, and often succeeded in cheering the lonely hours of the afflicted invalid. Becoming afflicted himself he was obliged to leave the Island, and Mr. Barry regretted the loss of his society, saying, "Poor affectionate Button, I miss his calls. I love that man. Lord bless him." His own heart was warm and disinterested, and he was grateful for the smallest favour, and in that good man he found a kindred spirit.

In Guernsey he caught the influenza, and after five successive attacks of the same disorder, he again ruptured a blood vessel. A Physician was consulted, who thought that a voyage might be of service to him, and remembering the kind friends he had in Montreal, he resolved once more to cross the Atlantic; and embarking with his family at Liverpool arrived here in September of the last year and met the kind reception which he anticipated. But little however improved in health by the voyage, and fearing the severity of the winter in this climate, he determined upon another visit to Jamaica, still hoping that by spending a few months in a warmer region, he might be spared a little longer to his family, if not so far restored as to be able to resume his work. He sailed from Quebec 19th October, and after a rough and unpleasant passage, during the former part of which he suffered considerably, he landed among his friends in Jamaica, who were delighted to see their beloved minister once more; and hoped that the climate would restore him, and that then he would send for his family and stay with them. Every attention conducive to his comfort and recovery, was paid to him by these kind friends, and for a short time his symptoms were more favourable; but the heat soon became overwhelming, and after a residence of six weeks he was obliged to leave, more debilitated than when he arrived. The prospect before him now was to return, if possible, to Montreal to his family to die. To come to Canada, however, at that season of the year, was impossible for a person