

ritual necessities of the most wretched of his race. He sought and obtained the confidence and friendship of the Emperor of Russia, but only as a means towards an end. Under the imperial auspices, he obtained access to the prisons both of the modern and the ancient capital—introduced many improvements into the discipline of those receptacles of crime—and was soon hailed as the friend and benefactor of the worst outcasts of society. At this period, the writer first knew him, joined with him in the communion of the Church, and enjoyed many precious seasons of free, fraternal fellowship. Often has this distinguished man come directly from the winter palace of the Sovereign, to the writer's lowly habitation. We took sweet counsel together. He had once sought happiness in the varied paths in which multitudes so vainly seek it still, but light had broke upon his mind, he was convinced of sin; the prayer of the publican became his own: "God be merciful to me a sinner."—The prayer was answered. He heard and believed that faithful saying that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, he found peace and joy in believing, and the calm serenity which ever sat on his noble countenance, was but the reflection of that peace of God which reigned in his heart, that hope which was full of immortality. O how eloquently, how energetically would he expatiate on the sublime realities of the Christian faith!—With what unfeigned humility adore the riches of that grace which had constituted him a child of God, an heir of heaven! His heart yearned over the selected objects of his philanthropic efforts. He daily visited them in their gloomy cells, read and expounded to them the "word of truth, the gospel of salvation," and often was his heart gladdened by the sight of the penitential tear bursting from the eye, and falling on the manacles and chains of the awakened malefactor. The official duties of the writer subsequently called him into the interior of the empire. He never saw this man of God again. He caught a malignant fever in one of the city prisons and died. But his memory will long survive—it is inscribed indelibly on many a heart—and the casual visitor of the English Church-Yard in St. Williams Island will turn aside and view with peculiar emotion, the simple tomb which Imperial gratitude and admiration erected over his remains, and which bears the

record of the Christian philanthropy of the "Second Howard." But his record is on high—a record more imperishable by far than the most lasting memorials of human gratitude and admiration.

This good man had a brother, for whose spiritual interests and those of his lady and only son, he was most solicitous. This brother was very wealthy—and lived in the full enjoyment of all the luxury which wealth could procure. Princes and nobles were his frequent guests. But he was never happy—never until, won by the meekness and gentleness—the holy consistency and cheerful tranquillity of his Christian brother, he began to enquire into the causes of effects like these. He soon found the explanation which he sought. He heard, believed, obeyed the gospel of the grace of God. He chose the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Trusting in the merits of Christ's propitiation he asked and obtained the forgiveness of sins, acceptance with God, the spirit of adoption, the blessed hope of a glorious immortality—and his brother, when dying, was cheered and consoled by the assurance that the approaching separation would be but temporary and that the survivor would speedily follow him to glory. One of the first evidences of true conversion is found in practical solicitude for the spiritual good of others. Divine grace sanctifies the affections of the heart—diverts them into a new channel—and gives them a new direction. This was delightfully exhibited in the present instance. With all the ardour and intensity of a new born soul, this surviving and now Christian brother, sought instrumentally to make his beloved partner the partaker of the happiness he enjoyed—the hope he entertained. For a considerable time, his prayers, his efforts seemed utterly abortive. She was accomplished, amiable, warmly attached to her husband—but still absorbed in worldly amusement. She scorned the humiliating, self-sacrificing, sanctifying doctrine of the Cross. She lived in pleasure, and was dead whilst she lived. Well does the writer remember, how, when she had, at her table fulfilled with elegant and easy courtesy, the rites of hospitality, she would glide away from the apartment, and leave her husband and his guests to unite in those devotional exercises which she so exceedingly disrelished. Such was the state of things when the writer