

of the thatch-covered cottage in which we dwelt. There was no one to pray for him; but sinner as I was, I breathed a *hope* for the future happiness of his soul. It is said that "the prayers of the wicked avail nothing." This may be so; but if it be so, then who among this world's creatures shall pray the prayers of the righteous? At last my cowardly heart mustered a little courage, and sitting on the side of my expiring friend's couch, I gazed into his burning, glistening eyes. They were large, manly eyes—eyes that in their health and vigor could sparkle forth kindly glances, or cast out bitter, piercing frowns. But not so now; their beauty had left this world. They were preparing for new scenes; they were closing on the fading objects of this life to open, I trust, among the verdant hills of Heaven. I was just in the act of handing him a draught of water, when I perceived that he had turned away from me, as if desirous of changing his attitude. "Donald!" I whispered, shaking his arm gently. He answered not; he moved not. His spirit had quietly drifted into the dark "stream that flows forever to the mysterious ocean. He was buried I before noon the following day.

Death found him in a foreign land,

Where thatch and red woods grow;

'Mong sandy hills and coral shores,

Where strong trade-breezes blow.

We laid him in a lowly spot,

Close by the restless sea;

Sweet be thy sleep, my early friend,

Beneath the mangrove tree.

And now, adieu! young Scot farewell,

Thy memory fills mine eye;

The shady river's borne thee past—

Donald, good-bye! good-bye!

Here I met several of my own countrymen, (St. John boys) who were penniless, sick, and miserable indeed. I did what I could for their comfort. Massa Captain gave them employment for a time. One young fellow (a wild chap) who had been an old school-chum of mine, was about the hardest up youth I had ever met. His wardrobe—when I first discovered him, consisted of only a pair of pants and half a shirt. If my memory serves me right, he possessed no *sombrero*, at all. His bare feet were swollen and blistered from the sun's fiery rays. I took him to our office, and