

Rev. Editor



VOL. XII.

MONREAL, JANUARY, 1855.

No. 1.

[For the M. and S. S. Record.]

The Retrospect and the Anticipation.

There was once a king who reigned over a mighty kingdom. He had many nations and peoples under his command, and he watched over and cared for the happiness of each of his subjects with all the affectionate tenderness of a father. His dominions were very vast, containing mountains and plains, seas and rivers, with all the beauty of native forests and highly cultivated scenery. The king once sent one of his subjects upon a mission to a far distant country, giving him due instructions for his journey, and telling him if he was faithful to the end, his reward would be great, and his future happiness secure. The king did not conceal from his servant that it was a service of some peril, but bid him be of good cheer, anticipating the glory that should afterwards be revealed to him.

The mission was undertaken, and the traveller set out upon his journey. Our story finds him, at the close of a long and weary day's march, ascending an eminence, whose precipitous and rocky sides jut out into the sea, which stretches away as far as the eye can reach, until it melts into the

grey horizon, upon which the shades of evening are rapidly falling. Here the traveller stops and looks around him. His way points him across that dreary ocean; true, a bark awaits him, but it looks too feeble and frail a thing to tempt those restless billows, that toss their foaming heads so wildly—and seem to threaten to engulf whatever is bold enough to trust itself to their mercy. The heart of the wayfarer sinks within him; he sits down, sadly, to review the long, weary way he has already passed, not daring to think of what has yet to be encountered.— He recalls the danger she has passed through. At one time, while quietly resting by the way, how he was fiercely attacked by a wild animal rushing from the neighbouring forest; at another time, how all his provisions for the way, carefully hoarded and laboriously carried, had, in a day, corrupted and destroyed; and how for many days he was obliged to live upon the pulse and herbs of the field, gathered by his own hand as he passed along the road. How at one time, when, in order to avoid going up a steep hill that lay in the direct road, he had found a smooth path that wound round the hill, and would, he thought, in time, reach the top, on ex-