

tains about 300, and is well attended. The Methodists have a regular appointment here, and there is a Church of Scotland place of worship being erected, but as yet there is no minister appointed to officiate. I saw no local advantage around the place predictive of its future greatness. It may, however, become a respectable town of 2000 or 3000 inhabitants, as the neighbourhood contains good soil.

An appointment having been previously made, I preached at the Baptist Meeting House on the 31st of May, when the attendance was very good, solemn and attentive. Events were now transpiring in the village which read to the inhabitants a lesson on the vanity of human life, the importance of being prepared for death, and the consequent value of that religion which brings life and immortality to light; and we cherish the hope that such a lesson was not read to them in vain. I preached from, "To you is the word of this salvation sent," and at the close of the service met with several hearers, acquaintances and friends; and among them some who had been members of the church at Aberdeen, of which eleven years before I had been the pastor. They were Miss Wilson, and Francis Malcolm and his wife. I was happy to learn that Christ was still precious to their souls, and though faint they were still pursuing. How pleasant after having travelled the wilderness for eleven years in a different company, to fall in with a group in which we had formerly journeyed, and find them still tending to the same land of promise, moved onward by the same principles, and animated by the same expectations. It is a refreshing draught drunk from a spring of ancient friendship, and reminds us of the fountain whence all these rills flow, and which after a few more tiresome journeys we expect to reach, when we shall enjoy unbroken friendship in that Eden of glorious repose, watered by streams emanating immediately from beneath the throne.

Having consented to remain at Woodstock over Thursday the 1st June, I attended the funeral of Mr. W. Burch. He had reached his twenty-second year, had professed religion four, and been married twelve days previous to his death. At 4 o'clock the service commenced, and the place was crowded to excess with attentive hearers. The coffin was placed in front of the pulpit, the mourning friends in sable weeds together on the right of the preacher. There is something impressive in the thought of preaching over the dead to dying men, and though afflictive, it is not a hopeless opportunity of addressing them on their eternal interests. The most careless on such an occasion become thoughtful, the most hardened feel a wave of softness

pass over them, and the more worldly pause and say, is this the end of all flesh? The text was, "Be ye ready also," &c. Towards the close of the sermon, as I turned to the relatives of the deceased more especially to address them, they rose from their seats and stood. It being new to me, the scene was affecting and impressive. How the truths of salvation then delivered were received and improved I know not, but sure I am that occurrences so favourable for improvement rarely happen. A young man had been taken away in the bloom of life, his days cut short in the midst of flattering prospects, snatched from the domestic circle as it began more kindly to embrace him. The surviving partner was closely pursued by the last enemy, death; and an epidemic abroad was admonishing all to prepare to meet their God. As we moved to the grave, events additionally impressive had just occurred: all hopes of recovery in the case of the surviving widow were given up, and a brother who had come to the funeral, became affected by the disease, and was obliged to return home. By special request, I made a few remarks at the side of the grave, and retired. Several others were also taken ill. Four days after the young widow also died, and was buried in the same grave. Yes, on the 17th May they were joined together in matrimony, and the young man rejoicing over his bride conveyed her to his neat little cottage, Villafield; but within little more than two short weeks they were both conveyed to the narrow house of all living. Theirs is a short and mournful history. The sorrow of surviving parents, and other relatives is unusually heavy, and the loss of the community, Church, and Sunday School is painfully felt; but the whole admits of happy mitigation, "death was stripped of his terror and robbed of his sting," their former piety and lively hope in death, allow the pleasing persuasion that they sleep in Jesus, and that they are now among the spirits of the just made perfect in heaven. "And he died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."

June the 2nd, at 6 o'clock, left Woodstock and passed through Beechville, a village of about 180 souls, and reached Elder Mabey's about 8 o'clock, where I again joined Elder Rees, who had gone before to preach the preceding night. I was glad to meet this good old man, who now labours in the township of Oxford, but came into Canada about forty-nine years ago, and settled at Long Point, having emigrated from New Brunswick. He was then about fifteen years of age, wild and careless, his mother who was a Quakeress told him about heaven and hell, but he knew not how to be saved; the holy consistent conduct of a female who