

scholars the way of Truth and Salvation. Now by this we clearly perceive, that both the old Indians and their children are become new creatures in Christ Jesus. While living in their old ways the parents never conversed with their children in this way, the parents use to think that they possessed power themselves to heal their children.\* But when the Missionaries came among them, and heard that no other being in this world possessed power to heal both body and soul, but Him from whom all blessings flow, then they began to humble themselves before God. I will never forget what one Indian said in a Class Meeting at Grape Island. He rose up (with tears running down on his cheeks) and said "although I am very large and tall, yet I feel like a child before God, I never hardly shed one tear before I experience religion, but now I can weep before God, because my heart of stone is changed." I doubt not many would exclaim "Lord revive thy work," amongst the poor Indians that are yet in total darkness of Superstition of Idolatry, if they were to witness with their own eyes the great change wrought among the Indians in Canada and other places, these ten years past, I mean those "disciples of Christ." "The Israelites indeed in whom is no guile." I remain your very humble Servant,

JOSEPH MARSDEN,

Alias KEWAGAHPOWIIWEN.

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

MRS. M'LAURIN.

Janet M'Intyre, wife of John M'Lauren, Bredalbane, Lochiel, U. C., was born at Killin, Perth-Shire, Scotland. The family emigrated to this country in 1815. Mrs. M'Lauren professed her faith in the Divine Redeemer, and was united in 1821 to the Baptist Church in the Bredalbane Settlement, then under the pastoral care of Allan MacDiarmid. She finished her earthly pilgrimage, and entered her eternal rest, Monday, May 14, 1832. She had been unwell for about seven months previous to her death; her sufferings were sometimes very great, but were all borne by her with patience and resignation to the will of God, and often when her sufferings were very severe she was enabled through faith in the Divine Redeemer to rejoice in the God of her salvation, and to exclaim, "*Bless the Lord, O my soul.*"

When she knew her end approaching she rejoiced at being near her heavenly home, her eternal rest. The night after the Physi-

\*I remember when I was a boy I got very sick and my father began conjuring me, and he would blow very hard in my mouth, I presume to blow the sickness away. This is now entirely abolished among us.

cian said that she would not recover, I asked her if her hope was in Christ, and shall never forget the confidence and delight with which she then said, "*I know that he will never leave nor forsake me.*" At another time she said, her hope "was growing stronger." On being asked whether she had any thing to tell her friends in Scotland, she said, "*Tell them to make their calling and election sure.*" During the last week of her life, after suffering thirst, she said that "she would soon drink plentifully of the living waters," and that, "God bestowed more honour on her, than on us, in taking her first to himself." On some one saying she had been very weak, she replied, "I am, but Christ is strong.—He will never leave nor forsake me.—My Saviour, I trust in thee.—O come with thy salvation."

To her children she said, "I am soon to leave you,—Be good children,—Avoid bad company,—Read the Bible,—Pray to God,—And love, O love the Saviour." Thus she continued praising the Lord, and expressing her hope of being soon released from the pains and sorrows of this world; and of soon enjoying with the people of God, eternal happiness in the world to come, and like a child falling asleep, she quietly closed her eyes on all things beneath the sun.

J. M.

## Poetry.

### THE SAVIOUR.

"*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*"

Weary pilgrim, dost thou toil  
Friendless o'er earth's pathway here?  
Dost thou seek a better soil,  
Where approach not guilt and fear?  
Come to me, and I will guide  
To that ever peaceful shore,  
Where the weary are at rest,  
And the troubled weep no more.  
Pilgrim, trust me when I say,  
I, thy Saviour, am the *Way*.

Troubled sinner, weep no more—  
Come, and place thy trust in me;  
Peace, pure peace, I will restore;  
Calm thy troubled soul shall be  
Cast thy burden—thou shalt find  
I, thy Lord, am strong to save.  
In woes of life, and pains of death,  
And from the darkness of the grave;  
Ever trust me age and youth,  
I, thy Saviour, am the *Truth*.

Weary pilgrim, weep no more;  
Eye of faith, come dry thy tears,  
There are joys for thee in store!  
Hushed be all thy mortal fears.  
Lo! the triumph now is mine—  
Over death is victory given!  
Come ye faithful to my arms,  
Endless bliss is yours in heaven.  
Ever hushed be mortal strife—  
I, thy Saviour, am the *Life*.

T. C.

—Gospel Witness.