

interests of Acadia College. On our way to Wolfville, we visited a number of friends, bowed at the same family altar, and mingled our prayers in the same bed-chamber. We conversed freely on a great variety of subjects, and we seemed of one heart in all that pertained to the Redeemer's kingdom. He spoke without reserve, and with deep emotion, of his religious experience, and of his entrance upon the work of the Christian ministry. I observed in his conversation and prayers, a spirit of more than usual solemnity. The evening before we separated, we were together in company with Brethren CRAMP, HUNT, HALL, and Professor CHIPMAN, until two o'clock in the morning, discussing matters relating to the progress of the College. I was exceedingly pleased, not only with his fidelity, but with his kind Christian spirit. He manifested an earnest desire to see the entire denomination in the Provinces united, *as the heart of one man*, to build up Acadia College, and to advance the Lord's work. On Saturday morning we took our leave of each other at Wolfville, saying, we shall soon meet in Liverpool. Alas! alas! *we parted to meet no more, until we meet in eternity!* If he had known what was in the womb of Providence for him, he would have charged me with messages of love, of sympathy, and of consolation, to bear to his beloved family and flock. Could I have penetrated the future, I should have endeavoured to strengthen his mind for the final struggle, by telling him of Christ, of the promises, and of heaven. But all was unknown to us. On the Wednesday following, while I was attending the funeral of a beloved friend in Wilmot, the painful tidings reached me. I hastened to Wolfville, and found the place clothed in mourning. The astounding event of Monday had filled all hearts with grief. We sighed, we prayed, we wept together. We felt that man should be silent, *for God was speaking*. Numbers were out searching for the bodies of the departed. Brethren RAND and GRANT were found on Wednesday, and KING on Thursday. On Friday the search was renewed, in the hope that we should obtain the remains of Brother VERY, in time to bring them over on Saturday. My own feeling was, that he must be found. I could not return, and leave him in his watery tomb. I must bring him, that he might be seen by his weeping widow and sorrowing friends. But God had ordered it otherwise, and we had to submit. All search was in vain, and I left with a feeling of *loneliness* and *grief* that no language can describe. The enquiry was constantly in my mind, "How shall I meet the stricken widow and the bereaved Church?"