

worst fears fully realized. On many a quiet village and retired habitation, have the dusky demons of the forest, burst with horrific yell, in the silent hour of midnight, and, ere morning dawned, blazing dwellings, mangled bodies, scalpless heads and smouldering ruins, were the terrible and ghastly evidences of their fatal work.

Ere closing this chapter let us take a passing review of the almost super-human labours of those early ministers of the gospel, and others who, like them, were engaged in their Divine Master's noble work. They had no costly and splendid churches, filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, in which, and to whom to declare their heavenly message. They could not roll over broad high-ways in easy carriages, in travelling to the scattered people of their charges. But they were obliged often to travel on foot, or, at best, on horse-back, over the roughest roads, climbing snow-clad mountains in winter, not unfrequently on snow shoes, with their feet encased in moccasins, and fording swollen streams in spring and autumn. Often have they stood, at night, after a day of such travelling, in some rude dwelling in the wilderness, and declared to a listening group, gathered from widely scattered habitations, and dressed in the coarsest habiliments, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Not in words of studied elegance of diction, but with tongues of fire, enkindled by a "live coal" from off God's own altar, did they declare and enforce, the sublime and soul-enlivening truths of our holy religion. Nor did their earnest words of burning eloquence, fall powerless upon the ears of their hearers. Believers were thereby edified, and arrows "dipped in Immanuel's blood" pierced the hearts of sinners, bringing them in penitential humility to the Saviour's feet. These were the holy men of God who sowed much of the precious "seed of the Word," which is now producing such an abundant harvest. Oh! if the glorified spirits of these sainted men can look down from their exalted stations before the burning throne, (and who doubts that they can,) and see the abundant fields "whitening for the garner of the Lord," which, partly at least, through their instrumentality now stand on these scenes of their earthly labours, how must they exult and raise the loftiest anthems of praise to Him who crowned those labours with such abundant success!

Those of whom we more particularly write now "rest from their labours." Their spirits, now made perfect, are among the blood-washed throng on high, and their bodies are slumbering in the tomb, awaiting the trump of the Judgment angel, which shall summon them to their great and final reward. Many souls, saved through their honoured instrumentality, shall shine in the crowns of their rejoicing "on that day," shedding upon them such effulgent lustre as shall dazzle even celestial eyes to be-