

to which he aspired, and of which—as he carried it within his breast, their darkest dungeons could not deprive him—the consciousness of doing good. The scene to which he was now translated, afforded an ample field for his benevolent labours. The hours of remission from our daily toil were devoted by him to the instruction of his fellow bondsmen; in sickness he was their nurse and physician; in despair, their consoler. The seven years' labour to which he was condemned, had nearly expired, and the companions of his wretchedness, even those on whom his holy exhortations and example had produced the least effect, were deploring the approaching separation, when an unforeseen and calamitous event brought death to many and freedom to a few of the hapless beings doomed to endless bondage.

“The hours allotted to labour were passed. Our torches were trimmed, and many of us, as was our frequent custom, were grouped around our venerable instructor, whilst he described, in his simple and impressive language, the glories of the firmament, the harmony with which innumerable spheres moved through the world of space, and the wonderful discoveries genius had effected in our own times. We were listening with eager and wrapt attention, when suddenly a noise like the distant rolling of thunder passed over our heads; presently the lights were extinguished and water gushed in on every side. We were in total darkness—but I clung to the old man, and being near the machinery by which we ascended to the upper-regions, I succeeded in setting it in motion, drawing him with me. We, with six others, reached the surface of the earth, but thirty of our companions were deprived in a moment of existence. A succession of earthquakes had caused widely spread desolation. In the general calamity we were left free to pursue our course whither we would. I took the road to St. Petersburg, in company with the venerable missionary. With the blessings of air and light around us, those glorious gifts of God from which we had been long debarred, we felt not nor thought not of those artificial wants which man creates—the charity of our fellow beings afforded us subsistence and shelter.

“We had travelled many days with unabated diligence, across the dreary steppes that stretch between the Uralian mountains and the luxurious lands of the Ukraine. It was at the end of this toilsome journey I perceived with alarm that my companion's strength was unequal to further progress. His health had been long declining, the dreadful catastrophe we had witnessed, and from which we so narrowly escaped, together with the exertions to pursue our way in company, proved too much for his debilitated frame. For several weeks we were hospitably sheltered in the humble dwelling of a Russian herdsman. Here I watched by him the slow decay of nature. Day after day his body became more enfeebled, whilst his mental powers

acquired greater force and fastre, as he contemplated the separation of the soul from its frail tenement. His cheerfulness never forsook him; an humble and pious hope, founded on an exalted faith, shed its light around his departing spirit. ‘My friend,’ said he, addressing me a short time before his dissolution, ‘the hour so ardently wished for is at length approaching. A few more struggles with nature—a few more hours solitary watching on your part—and we are both released; you to pursue your course a little longer in this world, unincumbered by a weak old man; I—to spring from this prison house of clay, into a new existence; may, the effulgence of the divine love, manifested in the suffering lamb, interposed between the frailties and errors of my probationary life and the stern justice of the Eternal. I have much to dread, of opportunities neglected, of graces vouchsafed and disregarded. Yet hope predominates in my breast. A serene and firm confidence in the merits of my Redeemer allays the dread of nature at the solemn change.’ It was thus the good man spoke in his last hours, and his words, like the form of prayer he taught me, has remained impressed on my memory.

“Having seen his remains consigned with fitting solemnity to the grave, I pursued my solitary way to St. Petersburg; to that spot my heart clung with ceaseless love. In the dreary days of my captivity, it was my secret and cherished pleasure to sit apart from my fellow slaves—give the reins to fancy, and enter again my happy home—sit beside my wife and listen to the prattle of my child. I would vary the scene at times, and picture Mariamne weeping for her involuntary error, pining at the absence of her husband,—when at my approach all traces of sorrow would disappear from her brow; then followed the rapturous meeting and days and years of happiness; but never did an evil forboding cloud my mind. I came to my home, it was inhabited by strangers. I went amongst my kindred, they affected not to know me, for they inherited my wealth, and I dared not claim it. From a casual acquaintance I learned the deplorable fate of my faithful and high-minded wife, that the child of my love was nourished by the hands that had deprived her of parents. Here was an accumulation of misery; in days past, before a better light had broken on me, I would have poured maledictions on my enemies, cursed the hour of my birth, and arraigned the decrees of the Almighty. I had now made some advancement in self-knowledge, and had learned to trace my calamities to my own unbridled passions. I merited the chastisement, and I blessed the power that had given me strength to bear it with resignation.

“After some time devoted to religious exercises, I took a pilgrim's habit, and proceeded to Italy. You remember, lady, our first interview—my emotion on discovering that Providence had guided me to be the preserver of my child. I became her