

is now presented of hearing the "joyful sound!" It is by no means to be lost, and though the appointed place is miles away, yet the whole household must go. And go they do, although the journey must be performed on foot, without the convenience even of a road. Thus they live on from year to year, their little ones in the mean time growing up around them. But *how* are they growing up? They are industrious and virtuous, like their parents, it is true, but they are deprived of the invaluable blessings of education, except the little that their parents can do for them, in this great work. There is no school near them, or if there is one, it is necessarily of so humble a character, that nothing, beyond the merest rudiments of learning, can be obtained from it.

Still, amid all their toils, sufferings and privations, they would be comparatively happy, if they could repose in safety beneath the sheltering wing of Peace. This inestimable blessing, however, is not theirs. While labouring a-field by day the anxious father's heart is ever filled with dismal forebodings that the savages will visit his dwelling, murder his wife and children, or carry them away captives, to live in cruel bondage, and, perhaps, at length, to die under such tortures as none but savages can inflict. Nor does night bring relief to his burthened mind. On the contrary it increases his terrors, for it is generally at night that these acts of barbarity are perpetrated.

Let us imagine the feelings of that loving husband and father, as, after a day of toil, he sits at night in his humble dwelling. He gazes, Oh! how fondly and tenderly, upon the countenance of her whom, in other days and in another land, he vowed to "love, honour and cherish," and who, from the happy day when he led her, a blushing bride from the sacred altar, to the present hour, has been truly "a help meet for him"—one who has heightened his every joy and lightened his every sorrow. He gazes upon her and upon the dear pledges of their conjugal affection who are clustering around his knees, while the horrible thought is "borne and branded on his soul," that, perhaps, ere the morning light shall streak the eastern segment of the horizon, their blood, commingled with his own, shall drench his hearth stone! Imagine his feelings as, after having committed himself and them to the care of Him who "never slumbers nor sleeps," he bolts and bars the doors of his cabin, and places his trusty fire-lock, with other deadly weapons, within easy reach, sternly resolving that, ere one hair of those beloved heads shall be ruffled by a ruthless hand, he will shed the last drop of the crimson fluid that courses through his veins in their defence.

Such were the toils, such the privations, such the trials, and such the fears, of many of our honoured forefathers. And frequently were their