

frost had taken deadly hold upon his exposed extremities, and he was carried home utterly helpless, and after a short period of great suffering, died, giving no sign of moral consciousness.

The widow came to me after the funeral, requesting that I would preach a funeral sermon the following Sabbath. In reply to my objection that her poor husband was entirely unknown to my congregation, and that I could say nothing about him, but what would pain her, she eagerly rejoined: "And can't you tell my children not to follow their poor father to a drunkard's grave?" With this charge, I undertook the painful duty of preaching my first Funeral Sermon, and a solemn discourse it was, on the text: Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" I followed closely the keynote supplied by the poor widow, showing the sure and sad end of a course of indulgence in the use of strong drink; pointing out the only safe means of escape from the fatal snare, and the *Saviour* who is mighty to save even the confirmed drunkard. The truth took effect upon the widow, and in a few months after, she came forward as a candidate for Church membership, referring to that Sermon, as the means employed by the Divine Spirit in turning her deeply benighted heart from the same downward road, into the way of life. Her enlightenment, and growth in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ was truly remarkable. Previously she could not read; but so eagerly did she apply herself to the task of learning, and this under every disadvantage, being exceedingly poor, well on in years, and with much impaired eye-sight,—that within a year, she could spell out a few verses of the 3rd Chapter of the Gospel by John. Often have I found her in her log cabin, seated in the strongest light, with *two pairs* of spectacles upon her nose, and her large-type Bible in her lap, bending with all-absorbing interest over the sacred lines. These visits were to my own heart, most instructive and quickening. Her simple remarks upon the wonderful ways of Divine grace often furnished me material for self-abasement before God at the meagre improvement I had made of much greater privileges and opportunities, and her bright experience of the Saviour's presence and help, so sensibly enjoyed, afforded me a *study*, which greatly enlarged my faith, and encouraged my zeal. To that dear old saint I was indebted for many happy hours, and not a few pulpit themes. Her life yielded rich fruits of the Spirit, by whom she seemed to be taught, and led in a surprising manner, almost superseding the aid of her pastor. Her children also have shared the blessing. One after another they have all been taught of the Lord, and yielded their hearts to Christ. Even in temporalities she and they have had a rich experience of the truth that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

If you think this worthy of a place on your pages, I will send you other sketches; appreciating very highly your labour of love,

I remain, Your's affectionately,
EPSILON.

Dear Independent,—Will you kindly favour by inserting the following article, which appeared in the October number of a new Scotch paper, pub-