

difficulties which they encounter in selecting a spot on which to settle. A spot is at length found, a rude habitation is constructed, and they are—"dwellers in the wilderness." Henceforth, at least, for years they must live without the blessings and comforts of sweet intercourse with friends and neighbours. Their world is circumscribed to the narrow limits of their own family circle. Day and night they must both labour and watch with untiring perseverance, and unceasing vigilance, to secure a bare subsistence, and their own safety. Whenever they visit their nearest neighbours, if neighbours they may be called, they must travel miles, not over level roads—not even over rough roads, but through a tangled forest often without even a pathway to guide them, climbing hills, fording rivers, and dreading, at every step, to suddenly meet the cruel red man, armed with his awful tomahawk. When by the hardest toil they have succeeded in raising a few bushels of grain the "good-man" cannot put it into waggon or sleigh, and drive it to a neighbouring mill to have it reduced to wholesome flour, but he must either grind it by a most laborious process, in one of those handmills, known, in these primitive days, by the name of *quirns*, or carry it miles upon his back, to some far off settlement, where the convenience of a water-mill is to be found.

When the "sacred day of rest" comes weekly around, he cannot drive in an easy carriage, taking his precious ones with him, to a handsome church, within a mile or two of his humble dwelling, but sabbath after sabbath, he must sit in his cabin, with his family around him, deprived of the priceless privilege of hearing the living truths of the gospel, enunciated and enforced by a minister of religion. One blessed comfort, however, is still his. He can draw forth the well worn Bible, brought from his dear old home, and clasped among his choicest treasures, and while his family listen with the deepest reverence, he can read its sacred pages, and offer in his own homely style, such remarks as to him seem appropriate. It may be, also, that he has a volume of sermons, preached perhaps by the great Whitefield, Wesley, or some other eminent divine, years ago, in his own beloved land. Probably he, himself, has heard the living voice of the man, whose burning words are recorded on the page before him. If so, a joy which no words can describe is his, while he reads these words of fire, and tells his wondering children of the holy man who spake them.

Most of the sabbaths are thus spent, from year to year, but, occasionally a minister—perhaps a Manning, a Baillie, a McGregor, a Black, an Allen, or some other one of those distinguished heralds of the cross, who in these early times scattered the precious seed of the gospel, visits the solitary neighbourhood in which this family reside. Oh! what a privilege