

emigrants who have lately been removed from the full light of religious institutions to the darkness which spreads its gloomy shades beyond the western main. Their children relieved from Christian restraints are daily ripening to be outcasts from God. The Sabbath returns, but where are its wonted joys? No temple is there, no messenger of salvation, no song of Zion ushers in this blessed morning. The voice of devotion is not heard, except in the whispers of a broken heart, and the children are not baptized except by a mother's tears.

17th.—Sarah is rather better. She took a glass of wine and drank our health, which cheered us greatly and brightened our prospects.

18th.—Sarah is much worse; she never was so ill. This evening she told me that she could give me up to be with Christ which was far better. She took farewell of her father, and gave all good counsel. Her mind is full of immortality.

23rd.—On going in this morning, my dear wife said to me that it was the Sabbath, the day she liked best, and that God had given her ten Sabbaths since she was confined to prepare for eternity. I stated my conviction that in a short time she would enter on an eternal Sabbath. She assented, avoided any positive declaration on that subject, but spoke with humble confidence. I was oppressed with grief. She gently rebuked me, saying that I retarded her in her flight to heaven. During the day I preached at ——. The audience was much affected. I mentioned this circumstance to her, and she was pleased to hear that tears were shed at —— Hill, and she encouraged me to persevere in well-doing.

26th.—On going in this morning, she said to me that she longed to be home at her Father's house.