

steamer from Oswego, our honored ancestor, with Rebecca his wife and their two children, full of hope and trust, though in a strange land, but under the British flag. The journey across the sea by sailing vessel had taken about six weeks. Rebecca had thoroughly enjoyed the trip, having been accustomed in her early days to crossing the North Sea from Hull to Rotterdam, her father being in command of a ship sailing between those two ports. She proved herself a great helpmeet to her husband on the voyage, ministering to his needs; for his constitution was a delicate one at best, and required great care. But his spirits rose to this new venture, and he had a strong trust and reliance in that good Providence who had stood by him during all his past life, and the rainbow of hope still spanned his horizon, assuring him, even when he saw it through the mist of a tear-dimmed eye, that sunshine and success were not far away. They found a resting-place at a quiet little Inn, close by the Market Square, and they very soon noticed the kindness and help-

fulness of the people all about them. The inhabitants of the little town were mostly made up of English, Irish and Scotch, and among the former were quite a few Yorkshiremen.

After a night's rest and breakfast, the following day—the Sabbath—a sound of singing on the morning June air was borne in through the open windows, and it being a familiar tune the tutor went out to explore from whence it came, and found a man standing upon a chair in the Market Square, that this was a religious service, and he was giving out this hymn:

‘ We are coming to a King,
Large petitions with us bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can hope or ask too much.”

“ Ah!” thought our newly arrived emigrant, “ surely I can sing that hymn, for the sentiment suits me exactly; for I have a petition.” And he joined heartily, both in the song and the sentiment, for the reasons locked in his own