

serious and attractive. I baptized sixteen children. They are anxious for my return. I have no objection to visit them again. There are many pious people among them, and it is a rising settlement.

In the end of September I set out for Shelburne, and was overtaken at La Have by the equinoctial gales. It rained hard for three days. I reached Shelburne on the Friday. The kind attentions of that ministering angel, Mrs. Dripps, prevented me from feeling the injuries of the weather. I assisted at the sacrament, preached six times, and attended three prayer meetings. I never spent the time more agreeably. I must visit them again.

I was daily in company with Miss C. L. I had some affection for this lady before I was married, but at that time Miss Sarah Clarke was the idol of my soul. Her name still operates on my feelings like a charm.

21st Nov.—Visited Sarah's grave to record my sympathy for her sufferings, my gratitude for her friendly services, my admiration for her virtues, my veneration for her piety and attachment to her principles.

22nd.—I never spend a day without thinking on Sarah, but she is now in the land of deep forgetfulness. She is rushing into oblivion, but though she has faded from my view, I still see her through the lustre of her virtues.

C. L. sometimes comes across my mind; my affections are increasing for her. She has good sense and prudence, and these qualities are the jewels of a woman and wife. Miss C. L. is a sprig of Caledonia. I love her on that account—she will honour her country. The women of this country make good wives, but they have little that is cheerful or playful, and nothing romantic in their dispositions.

16th Dec.—Had a letter from the favourite maid of the west. Miss Clarke kept alive the flame of love by