

she was this day fortnight being the day of her confinement. She cannot sit with a lame leg, but she is free of pain. I hope she will recover. That true religion, which has been the business and bliss of her life, has supported her during this trying period.

28th.—This day I counted my manuscript sermons. I have about 120 bound, and about 30 in loose papers—a small stock. I hope to add 10 every year.

2nd Feb.—One of the greatest storms I have seen in Nova Scotia. No person called on us but Mr. Stevenson. I went to the Ferry farm on foot. It was as much as I could do. I was nearly exhausted with fatigue. I could scarcely face the storm. It nearly choked me.

11th.—Sarah is better, but awful and anxious times pass over our heads, and our minds are agitated by fear and hope.

24th.—Had some affecting conversation with Sarah on the probable issue of the disorder and the final prospect of man. She has all that consolation which a well-spent life and unshaken faith in the merits of the Redeemer can afford. In the evening we had a prayer meeting for her recovery. She took great delight in the meeting, and most cheerfully raised her feeble voice in the praises of her Redeemer.

16th Mar.—There has not been such a storm since 1798. Sarah has been nine weeks confined to her bed, and has had heavy affliction all that time. She said to me that she had no wish to live, that we must part soon to meet again. Resignation is the highest attainment of a Christian, and she seems to possess it in a high degree. I still hope she will recover and have reason to bless God for her present affliction.

This is the Sabbath day. The roads are so bad that I cannot go to Newport. Hard is the lot of many