

am I from partaking in the death-dealing passion of the town, that disgust most frequently, and sometimes pity, are the feelings of my mind."—Fraught with the fruits of travel, untainted by the scenes of dissipation through which he had passed, with what sensations of delight must he have hurried from a clime where, while health invigorated the emaciated frame, dissipation, with unnumbered temptations, endangered the soul. How must he have longed to breathe the purer moral atmosphere of his own less civilized, but far more virtuous country.

And now the compiler hastens to a close of his humble task, fearful that by his own remarks, he has injured the effect of the communications, which so ably and faithfully portray the character of the deceased. In after time, when years shall have revolved, and Upper Canada have advanced in commercial wealth, and national importance, perhaps, some one or other of those who then shall wield the destinies of this vast and fertile region, may trace the first direction of their footsteps into the paths of virtue to the example of William Ruttan, as here presented to them. At all events, this Memorial, will preserve the recollection of his worth more durably, more faithfully, and more fully, than marble tablet or ostentatious bust. It will be a beacon to guide his younger brothers through the wilderness of life,—a lamp to lighten their passage through the shadows of that valley, which must be trodden by us all. In the compiler himself, it has awakened many a serious and awful reflection; and he concludes with this prayer, that,—while he hopes to breathe his last amid the scenes