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A REFUGE OF LIES DEMOLISHED.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

To the Editor.

Having related the following account to some pious and judicious friends, they have expressed the opinion that it ought to have a place in your *Magazine*. And having a humble hope myself, that it may be blessed to the benefit of some who are trusting to similar refuges of lies, and illustrate to others the soul-destroying tendency of infant baptism as practised by the Church of England, I now place it at your disposal; to make such a use of it as you may think proper. I have thought it proper to conceal the names, for obvious reasons, but assure you that the whole account is substantially true. L.

In the latter part of the winter of 183—, as I was one evening watching by the sick bed of a very dear friend, I was informed that there was a person without wishing to speak with me. Upon going to the door, I was addressed by a woman, of rather a youthful and interesting appearance, and with enough of the foreign accent to tell that this was her adopted country. She asked if this was Mr. L., and being answered in the affirmative, said that her mother was very ill, and as Mr. —, the Church minister, was from home, and as her mother was very anxious to see a minister before she died, which she feared would be very soon, she had taken the liberty to call on me, to beg the favour that I would just step down and see her mother. I dismissed her with the assurance that I would see her mother in a few minutes. Accordingly wrapping

my cloak around me (for it was a raw cold night in February), I very shortly followed the woman to the place she had mentioned. It was a very small house, scarcely more than a hut just upon the road side, without any kind of screen between the door and highway. Within, however, there was an air of comfort which you would hardly expect to find in so small a place. There were two beds in the back part of the room, extending quite across it, with the exception of a passage no more than a foot wide between them. They were both nicely curtained, and there were as many other articles of furniture as could be properly arranged in the little room. A cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and a man and two little children were sitting before it. Every thing I saw or heard convinced me that the inmates had sometime had more convenient lodgings. The daughter, taking a candle in her hand, led me to the side of one of the beds, and drew aside the curtains, when an aged woman, pale and emaciated, and having every appearance of being within one step of death, reached out her clammy, withered hand, and began to apologize for having troubled me. She had sent for Mr. —, she said, but he was from home, and was not expected to return for so many days. She was sure she should not live so long, and as she could not think of dying without seeing a minister, she had taken the liberty to send for me. I assured her that I