

disobey; for those words were strongly impressed upon his mind; "he that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." Ah! it was a time to try his soul, and bitter was his grief at parting, for he was an only son; but he had counted the cost; and, though the trial overwhelmed him with distress, and brought a gloom and continual heaviness upon his spirits, he did not sink, but hastened to Liverpool to make ready for his departure, whence he sailed on the 24th of August, 1800, for Halifax, in North America.—Thus having brought his Sketches down to the 22d year of his age, he bids you adieu for the present, and remains

Your ever affectionate father,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

WILLIAM ROSS, PRINTER,
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