

And where are they? No glad friend greets them; no pleasant looks fall to their lot. They see people, it is true; and if they ask a question respecting anything, if they receive a reply, it is such that reminds them that they are in a *strange land*, far from home. What a fit of grief bursts upon them, as they wipe away the tear silently stealing from the eye! They have to *seek employ*, instead of being *sought*. And whilst they looked for good appointments, they are glad to get into *anything for food and raiment*! They march the streets of our cities, seeking something to do. They are careworn, they are full of sorrow—of sorrow well nigh mounting to despair. They gaze on the mighty St. Lawrence rolling down to the sea; they visit their ship, and wish they had means or courage to go home again. All is disappointment. They remember what they left behind, and distance lends its enhancing charm. They go here and there; they are told that nothing is to be had, or if anything is to be had, that they are not the men. Some are told that they had better go back again. They are *willing* to work—they despise not the most menial tasks. They cannot go back. Onwards they plod their way. No one seems to care for them; no friendly hand grasps theirs; no homely countenance meets theirs. All is so different to home! The Lord's day comes. No sweet sounding chimes greet their ear; but finding out the church, they wend their way thither. Then at once they begin to feel—how different! They gaze no longer on the old ivy-mantled tower; and as they enter the portals, they find, that though in the House of the King of kings, the House of their Father, yet all is owned, by private individuals, in small lots. They know not which way to go; they feel to wish that they had not come. They stay, however, and they worship; and as the voice of God's ministering servant is heard, the glories of the old churches at home rush suddenly upon them, and a thousand associations pass in review before them, and they think of the place where their fathers knelt, where they worshipped for years, and where generations of their ancestors lie mouldering in the dust, awaiting the resurrection. They feel as though in exile, and they are inclined to take up Israel's lamentation and say, "By the waters of Baby-