

scenes are frequent. From very many such, I will now select one, and that in the person of a native of what we proudly call our Mother Country. This person was much attached to his native land, and to the religion of his forefathers. His house was many miles from my residence, in the heart of the wilderness, whither he had been forced to go, to seek a support for his family,—separated as he thus was from all the endearing ties, of what he still called *Home*,—and unable to go up, as was once his practice, to the House of God on holy days, his spirits became dejected; his family was large, his circumstances straitened, and rendered more embarrassing from a long illness. I had seen him often—but on this occasion had been called to see him, and to baptize his infant child. I found him evidently fast drawing near his last conflict with the king of terrors! Here then was a scene of distress which would have touched the most unfeeling heart, and at the remembrance of which the soul is still “cast down”! In one corner of the only room in the house lay the father in the agonies of death,—in another the eldest daughter on a bed of suffering, to which she had been confined for some weeks,—from another the disconsolate wife had, with her infant child, only a few days old, slowly moved, that she might kneel beside her dying husband, and present for his parting blessing the last pledge of their affection, (just dedicated to God in Baptism,) and join in prayer that his soul might be received, for Jesus’ sake, into the Kingdom of Heaven. Where, I ask, then, if not here, were required those consolations which our most holy religion affords? These, surely, stood in need of the comfort which the hope of another and better world holds out to the Christian; and to their aching bosoms no truth could be so cheering as the knowledge of a life beyond the grave,—where every tear, for Jesus’ sake, shall be wiped from every eye, and sorrow, separation, and death, be known no more. I remained with the family for some time, and returned to my home about midnight. The next day I heard of his death! Shall then, I ask, the consolations of religion, for want of funds, be denied to such sufferers? God forbid! Freely ye have received freely give—that so some travelling Missionary of the Gospel, as also more resident Clergymen, may be engaged and provided for, and thus others be partakers of your joy!