

parent-land; but also in after years when they became strangers and pilgrims amid the gloomy wilds of America.

From a letter now before me, written by the Rev. James McQuige and addressed to Mrs. D. immediately after her marriage, the esteem with which she was regarded by both ministers and people unquestionably appears. This together with her ticket of removal from the Rev. Samuel Wood, will be carefully preserved by her sorrowing but resigned partner, as sacred memorials of the past.

In the spring of 1821, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson emigrated to New Brunswick. In many special instances, the good Providence of God very obviously interposed for their safety during the voyage, and, in due time, they landed in peace on the shores of the Baie-de-Chaleur about fifteen miles from the site of the present town of Bathurst, where several families from the vicinity of their native place had previously settled. It would be needless to detail the long series of adventures necessarily blending with the history of a family thus suddenly introduced to the peculiarities of a wild and uncultivated country, where untutored Canadians and more barbarous Aborigines of the soil constituted the greater proportion of the population. But the most distressing circumstance with the protestant community was their destitution of the public means of grace. No Gospel Trumpet had ever proclaimed the redemption of the soul among the rude cabins of the strangers, and our pious couple almost felt themselves to be beyond the farthest verge of civilized society. Yet schooled in grace as they had been for many years, and united together in holy affection as they still were, their hearts burned within them for the salvation of the people. In a word, they formed the laudable resolution of establishing a worshipping assembly in connexion with their household, and the Lord gave strength to that resolve, and rendered it productive of good.

Mrs. D. proved a valuable auxiliary on those deeply interesting occasions. Her language in prayer was at all times chaste, her manner impressive, and her spirit truly devotional. Their little meetings in the wilderness astonishingly increased both in number and in blessedness, and, ere long, a class was actually formed, and a number of the settlers were converted from the error of their ways. Still our new teachers in the desert were not satisfied. They longed to behold the face of a missionary once more, and anxiously prayed that a minister of the gospel might be sent among them. Their prayers were at length answered. Missionaries from the Miramichi station favoured them with a few transient visits, and the long-sought opportunity was eagerly embraced to urge their peculiar claims on the benevolence of the District. A Circuit was formed, and the Rev. J. F. Bent placed in charge of the spiritual concerns of the people. This zealous and laborious minister was soon succeeded by the Rev. R. Douglas, who married a daughter of the deceased, and who was followed in turn by the Rev. W. Bannister, the immediate predecessor of the writer of this article.

Preparatory to my departure for the late District Meeting held at St. John, I visited that part of the station, and conversed some time with the subject of this brief memoir. She was still in lively possession of that kingdom which is "righteousness, peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost;" and, when we parted, our beloved sister expressed a holy confidence that, if we never met again on earth, we should ultimately meet in heaven.

On my return, alas, I was almost immediately summoned to conduct her mortal remains to the churchyard! But "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord: even so, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Let the reader be exhorted to meditate on the uncertainty of human life. Only a week prior to her funeral, Mrs. Dawson visited Bathurst apparently in good health and spirits; and, although nearly fifty-two years of age, her appearance was youthful and blooming. No one can rationally infer a continuance of health from the unbroken constitution of to-day; for "in the midst for life, we are in death!"

Let the Christian rejoice in the additional proof afforded by the last testimony of the departed that the Lord will never forsake his faithful ones. When interrogated respecting her prospects for eternity, the satisfactory response given with her dying grasp was "happy! happy!"

Well might a certain writer against Wesleyanism acknowledge of our people that "they generally die well!"

W. M. LEGGETT.

Bathurst, N. B. 5th July, 1839.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan.

SIR,—Having recently met with the following interesting article entitled—"A Mother's Kiss"—it is respectfully submitted to you for publication; persuaded it will not fail of affording pleasure to some of your numerous readers. The happy effect of judicious, maternal fondness, and well-timed approbation, are conspicuous in the statements, and suggest the importance of ever carefully marking early talent, in order to cherish its first peculiar indications. Some of the most beneficial or pleasing results, under Providence, either to the world, or to individuals themselves, as regards their preferments in life, being not unfrequently connected with it. The observation is a very common one: that "where there is a genius it will discover itself." But perhaps it is not always recollected, that genius is a delicate plant; it often needs the fostering-hand, and the tenderest care that it may not be discouraged, suppressed, or entirely counteracted, by the unwise, stern, or ill-timed authority of those to whom the care of children is intrusted. It is admitted as an uncontroverted truth, that genius will contend with, and struggle through, manifold difficulties, and much opposition, in order to breathe a congenial atmosphere, and exist in its own native element; that it has been known to rise superior to the most disadvantageous circumstances, and flourish. But in three cases to one, perhaps, the full development of its power, from being thus opposed, is frustrated, and the celebrity of the character proportionably diminished, while the comfort of individuals, and perhaps their usefulness in life is marred, through the mere neglect, either of discerning or cultivating the bent of native genius; or because of the frigid and repulsive atmosphere with which it was unfortunately surrounded in childhood's years. Who can tell the effect that might have been produced on the (afterward) celebrated character, to whom the extract refers, had he received flagellation for meddling with the ink and paper, instead of a "mother's kiss?"—or a repulsive frown, instead of an approving smile? But how far, and how justly, the conciliating act was appreciated, as influential in stimulating genius, will appear from his own words.

Guyborough, June 20th.

A.

"A MOTHER'S KISS."

"BOYHOOD OF BENJAMIN WEST.—The first display of talent in Mr. West was curious, and still more so from its occurring when there was nothing to excite it. America contained scarcely a specimen of fine arts; and being the son of a Quaker, he had never seen a picture or a paint. His pencil was of his own invention, his colours were given to him by an Indian; his

whole progress to him, intuitive passion was left with him, and his beautiful child. The and its beauty it with a and observant pens and recreation, and though at graving or a ther and sis had been do sion, asked seeing the p be angry. the drawing ter,—"I dec —and kisse tion. This her any pl flowers she ed, and he pleased his 'my moth West used were descri the taperin year, a cou pieces of c gravings. West now the dawn o where he s began to i chanted w joined the employmer afternoon several da manner, West susp lect of sch employed ed by the s with trans would inte from schoo was exhib same room ed; and th tive touche subsequent pass."

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