

waiting for the steamers which were to convey us to the appointed place. Our coloured friends were of course in the majority. They had donned their holiday attire, and were apparently resolved to enjoy themselves. At length the objects of our expectation arrived,—the *Enoch Deau* which sails direct to Flushing, and the *Island City* which sails in connection with the railroad to the same place. The former of these vessels was in a short time completely crowded, so I determined to go by the latter. A few minutes sail brought us to "Hunter's Point," where we found the cars in readiness. We took our seats—the whistle sounded, and away we flew—After passing through Winfield, Newton &c., we arrived at our halting-place. We dismounted, and having walked a short distance, found ourselves at the rendezvous—a beautiful grove on the summit of an eminence which overlooks the river. It is a favourite resort of pleasure parties for whose accommodation every arrangement has been made. One of the attractions is St. Ronan's Well, which is of considerable depth, and surmounted by a beautiful rustic canopy. "From the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well," the thirsty visitor can obtain a draught of delicious water. The disconsolate lover in the old ballad says,

"St. Ronan's well shall be my drink,
Sin' my true love's forsaken me."

If the waters of the Scottish well were like those of its Yankee namesake, I do not think that epid lover was much to be pitied. I wish that all admirers of Alcohol would forsake their true love, and take a similar vow. This however by the way. About 11 o'clock the chair was taken; an Anti-slavery hymn was then sung, after which a coloured gentleman engaged in prayer. The Hon. Horace Greely, editor of the *Tribune*, next addressed the meeting. The substance of his remarks (I speak from memory) was, the injustice of slavery, the evils which it inflicts on these countries in which it exists (the Southern States in particular)—a retrospect of the Anti-Slavery movement; and an appeal to the coloured persons present to conduct themselves in a becoming manner, and thereby in some measure to stop the mouths of their adversaries. In the course of his address, referring to the Emancipation of the West India slaves, he said "whether Britain remain our friend, or become our foe, I will ever venerate her for that act."

* There is a sketch of Mr. C. from recollection. About medium height—hair of a "sandy" color—forehead rather bald, not unlike that of Shakespeare—countenance of a mild cast, and apparently that of one in the prime of life. With the title "Honourable" we are apt to associate "the best of black," and an aristocratic air. That however will not apply to Horace. He seems to have too much self-esteem to make himself a tailor's lay-figure. As is the man, so is his style of speaking; easy off-hand—plain common sense, with no pretensions to eloquence.

At the conclusion of Mr. Greely's address, the meeting adjourned till 2½ p. m. The interval was spent in refreshments, and such amusements as fancy suggested. At the appointed hour the chair was resumed. Another Anti-slavery hymn was sung, after which the meeting was addressed by the Rev. S. J. May of Syracuse, N. Y., who visited Toronto some years ago in company with the celebrated George Thompson. He contrasted the 4th of July with the 1st of August, to the advantage of the latter. He stated several facts which would show that the "Revolutionary Fathers" were (to speak mildly), but men. Although a warm lover of his native land, Mr. May is not blind to her faults, or the virtues of the mother country. The terms of high respect, nay, affection, in which he spoke of Britain, displayed a more noble spirit than that exhibited in certain New York journals, which I understood to be edited by renegade Britons. What a pity, thought I, that such a warm and talented friend

of the slave, should be engaged in disseminating the Christ dishonouring, soul-destroying errors of Socinianism.

As a public speaker, Mr. May's style is majestic, sometimes approaching to stiffness. This arises in a great measure from his "using the paper," (as the Scotch term it.) He has very little gesture, expressing his feelings by the modulations of his voice.

The meeting was next addressed by Mr. Johnson and others, whose names have escaped my memory. Some of the speakers had in former days, writhed under the driver's lash. This imparted to their language, a warmth which to many more highly favored might appear extreme. It is one thing, however, to be a listener—a very different thing to be a sufferer.

The exercises were enlivened by the singing of Anti-slavery hymns in which our coloured friends joined with heart as well as art. The effect was very pleasant. At length the setting sun reminded us of home. About 7 o'clock, the meeting broke up. For the sake of variety, I returned by a different route. We had a most delightful sail down the river. Twilight had spread her gray mantle over the scenery. Here and there, from a ship or cottage window, streamed a light which was reflected far down in the trembling waters beneath. From several of our colored friends arose "the choral hymn of praise:—the shrill voices of the females, blending harmoniously with those of the "sterner sex," while the dashing of the waves which was heard at intervals, formed a not unpleasing accompaniment. On our way, we passed the wreck of a British Man-of-war; also Blackwell's Island, on which are erected the Penitentiary and Lunatic Asylum. At length we arrived at our landing-place, when "each took off his several way" well pleased with the day's proceedings. So ended the celebration of the first of August, 1851, by the New York Anti-slavery Society. God of the nations of the earth, hasten that happy day, when the Babylon of American Slavery shall be thrown down, never to return!

THURSDAY.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS. INGLIS.

[FOR THE RECORD.]

Mrs. INGLIS, of Montreal, died suddenly on the 8th of June, 1854.

The dying experience of every child of God, who has left a testimony of the truth of the promise, "I am with thee," is like another stone added to the pillars of memorial which assure the faithful, that the river of death is a divided stream over which they shall pass dry shod. This stone of memorial we would raise to the glory of the faithful and true Witness—and that others, even timid and fainting believers, may be encouraged to venture in the full assurance of faith.

Jano Meldrum was the daughter of pious parents; her father, who still survives, is a valued elder in the Presbyterian Church of Penrith, England. Under the pastoral instruction of Dr. Thompson, and the parental instructions of her godly parents, she grew up in the fear of the Lord; and at an early age, after much exercise of mind and heart, she united with the church of her fathers. At this period her discovery of her own lost and helpless condition as a sinner was clear and humbling, and she was then brought to Christ by the power of the Holy Ghost—though this was followed by manifold doubts and perplexities, and hence the frequent interruptions of aer joy and comfort in the Lord.

She entered heartily into the work of the Lord as a Sabbath School teacher and a Missionary collector, and was wont in after years to recall with much tenderness her connection with the venerable pastor and the church of her youth. Nearly nine years ago she was separated from

country, kindred and father's house, and united in marriage to the Rev. David Inglis.

As a minister's wife, she discharged her duties with devoted and untiring faithfulness; her responsibilities she met timely, yet unshrinkingly, her trials and disappointments she bore with increasing patience and gentleness of spirit. Called to pass through many changes and much suffering in body, she was enabled to tread the rough and weary paths of the desert with an increasing faith and brightening hope, and she came out of each new trial, with a glowing likeness to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Impressing even the stranger with her gentleness of manner, those who knew her longest and most intimately, loved and valued her the most. When parting from the congregation to which her husband ministered, before his removal to Montreal, many of the pious women of that congregation clung to her with tears, while she with a strong effort controlled her emotion till she had lost sight of the man that had become endeared to her, the scene of many joys and sorrows, when she covered her face and wept. And when a few weeks ago, her death was announced to that congregation, they mourned for though the bereavement had been that of one of their own households.

A year ago she returned to the home of her youth, and there amid the caressments of her first home, her impaired health was greatly restored. She returned to Montreal with new strength and vigour—and yet with a strong impression that she was drawing near the close of her pilgrimage.

One week after the birth of a son, she was laid upon the bed of death. "So swift trode sorrow on the heels of joy!" After an illness of about thirty hours she fell asleep. On the evening before her death, her husband had read to her the fourth and fifth chapters of First John. She spoke of the love of the Father in the gift of his Son—and of the privileges of the sons of God. She quoted the Saviour's promise, "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him and will manifest myself to him;" and added, "I know now what that word 'manifest' means. Jesus has manifested himself to me, I have seen his glory." It was just after sunset, and the sunlit clouds rested on the mountain, behind which the sun had gone down. She raised herself in bed, and said, "I see him now, beyond yon clouds, and the tribes, the glorious tribes are following him. O, if you could only see him!" It may be that her mind wandered for a moment. Or may it not be, that heaven opens to the eye of the dying saint, in a way in which we cannot conceive?

A little while later, she told her husband that she was dying, and wished to speak to him. Of herself she said that in the morning she had feared to die, and had been in great distress and conflict; but now all fear of death was taken away. She saw the glory and simplicity of salvation by Christ Jesus, as she had never seen it before. "Jesus is the Saviour of sinners, and he is my Saviour. I can only trust, but I have no fear. All is peace."⁴

Although one of the most devoted of mothers, yet the grace of God enabled her to give up her children without a murmur. After expressing all her wishes regarding them, she only added, "And don't let them forget their mamma." Of her friends she spoke with unabated affection and interest, expressing her sorrow for her parents in their grief for her death. From this time she was scarcely able to speak, until just before her death, when she commended her spirit to her Father and Saviour, and bid a sad but hopeful farewell to those around her. She died,

"As sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."

Of the four children whom she left, three were