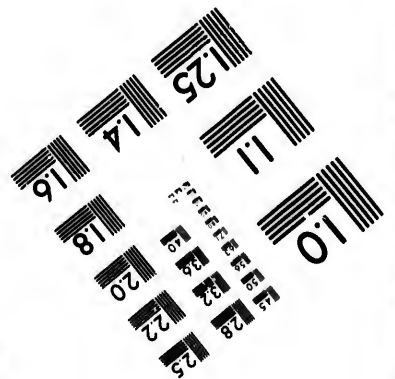
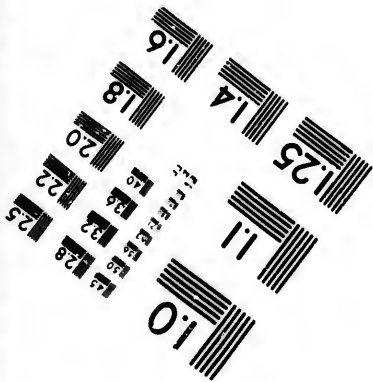
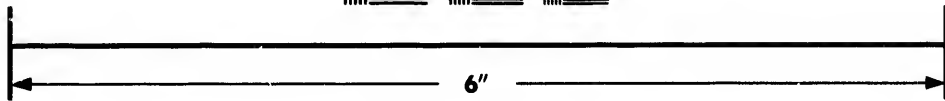
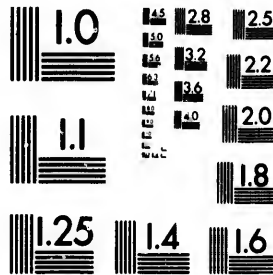


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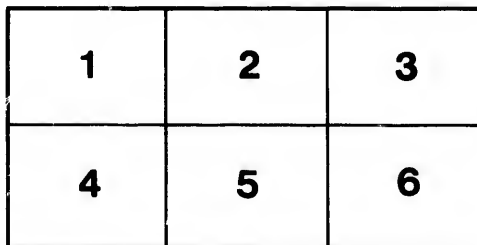
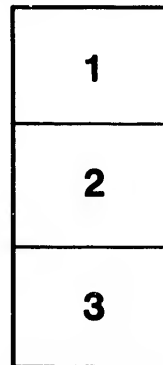
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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A BELOVED PASTOR:

Rev. Robert David Cartwright

By **C. M. M.**

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."
10th chapter Proverbs, 6th verse.

**"WELL DONE THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT
ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THY LORD."**
25th chapter St. Matthew, 21st verse.

*The profits, if any, to be devoted to St. James'
Church, Stuartville.*

KINGSTON.
1845.

Printed at the Office of The News.

WHEN a high honor is offered to us, far higher than we feel we merit, how humbled we become, and what earnest desires are ours that we may be fitted to accept it.

Such an honor has, most unexpectedly, been awarded me in the request made by a highly esteemed friend and Minister, that I would furnish a short sketch of the character of our late beloved and lamented Pastor, the Reverend ROBERT D. CARTWRIGHT, to accompany an engraving taken from a miniature likeness. The profits (if any) will be devoted to the Church of St. James, Stuartville; a part of the sphere of his labor in which he took particular pleasure, and which, on that account, ought to be associated with his name.

Feeling wholly inadequate to the affecting task, yet unwilling to decline it, in lowliness of mind I accept the proposal, trusting alone in that help from above without which all human efforts must fail, and with which the weakest may be useful.

To the interesting Sermon preached by our venerable and greatly respected Archdeacon STUART,

on the death of Mr CARTWRIGHT, and to one other, am I indebted for the outline of our beloved Minister's early life ; a period of course less known, but one which I think cannot be read without pleasure and without profit, indicating as it does the bright promise of a Christian character which was so eminently fulfilled in later life.

“The late Reverend ROBERT DAVID CARTWRIGHT was the sixth and youngest son of the late Honorable RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, of distinguished talent and eminent character, whose name is enrolled among the Loyalists, the first settlers of this country. The deceased early in life discovered and gave indications of genius, accompanied by habits of industry and application.”

With his twin brother he was deprived of the superintending care of his beloved and honored father at the age of ten years ; but they retained through life a vivid remembrance of the instructions and example received from him ; and the ardent desire of emulating their father became in their minds a governing principle through life.

The filial obedience they ever showed to their widowed mother was likewise a distinguishing trait of character, as well as that devoted love to each

other which so remarkably characterized both. Even in their boyish days they were often seen in serious converse together; strengthening each other in good resolves, and laying plans for future life. Together they pursued their youthful studies; nor were they ever separated till at the age of seventeen the subject of this Memoir quitted the maternal roof, and the society of his much loved brother, to seek the advantages of an English University education, preparatory to his admission to the Ministry.

On his arrival in Oxford he was for a time deeply oppressed by the desolate and lonely feelings of a stranger in a strange land; but he soon found kindred spirits with whom to associate; and his studious habits freed him from the society of the gay and thoughtless, who, finding him proof against jeers and bantering, soon relinquished their attempts to draw him into scenes of dissipation, and left him undisturbed to the pursuits of science and the chosen friendship of a few of congenial tastes and habits, to whom he became bound by the enduring ties of Christian friendship, and with several of whom he continued to hold affectionate correspondence to the close of his life. Animated by the anxious desire

of giving pleasure to his beloved mother, he devoted himself with ardor to his classical and scientific pursuits ; and the gratification he expected it would give her to hear of his success became a more powerful stimulus to exertion than all the honors the University could offer. In the attainment of these he was not disappointed, but his beloved parent was not permitted to live to receive the tidings of his success.

To his academical course he ever looked back with warm and grateful feelings ; and often in after-life regretted the leisure he then enjoyed, when constrained by the pressure of incessant occupation to relinquish altogether those studies in which he had once delighted, and the abandonment of which, at the call of duty, formed no small portion of the self-denial to which he was called.

Whilst engaged in the pursuits of science in England, his beloved brother was passing through the painful scenes of attending on the dying beds of their last remaining brother and the mother they so much loved. Oppressed and worn down with long and anxious watching, he sought for consolation by repairing to England to rejoin his beloved and only brother, and the sister to whom they were

both fondly attached. The broken links of family affection now united them more closely than ever; and never were three of a family bound to each other by tenderer feelings of attachment.

At the close of his academical course, whilst awaiting a nomination to a curacy, accompanied by his brother, he rejoined his sister, then travelling on the Continent on account of her husband's health. It was a tour often recalled with gratification, especially the majestic scenery of Switzerland; and would have afforded unmingled pleasure but for the apprehensions that arose of scenes of approaching trial. He was recalled from these wanderings by receiving the nomination to a curacy; and when he again met his beloved sister it was to mourn with her in her widowhood, and to offer her all the consolation of a brother's love.

The curacy of Wargrave, in Berkshire, to which he was nominated, was one in every way suited to his tastes and feelings. Lying on the fertile banks of the Thames, it possessed all the charms of rural scenery; and its cottage homes became endeared to him as the first scene of his Ministerial labors, when in the first warmth of youthful feeling he devoted himself to his Savior's cause. Nor were

the charms of literary society and Christian friendship wanting to render it a spot ever after hallowed to memory. In the family of his Vicar, the Revd. JAMES HITCHINGS, he enjoyed the pleasures of literary as well as Christian converse; and towards him in after-life he ever cherished the most deeply grateful and affectionate feelings. Nor were such feelings unreturned by the simple rural population around, nor by the kind and faithful friend whose counsels he so highly valued. A deep and lasting attachment was then formed which years of absence never effaced, and which still lives in the hearts of some who then learned to appreciate the genuine kindness and tenderness of feeling which made him interested not only in the welfare of others, but in all their feelings and affections; and which, throughout life, rendered him beloved in every circle in which he mingled.

Such were the scenes and occupations which, during seven years' abode in England, so endeared to him the land of his forefathers: but the call of duty summoned him to his native land, and he obeyed that call with alacrity, though not without a deep sense of the sacrifices of personal ease and comfort he would be called on to endure. And can

it be wondered at, that memory sometimes painfully contrasted such scenes of rural quiet, of peaceful parochial labor and literary friendships, with the incessant toil and often harassing duties of a populous frontier town in Canada, with its continually fluctuating inhabitants and its yearly inundations of impoverished emigrants. He felt the contrast; yet has he left it on record, that the years of his Ministerial labors in Kingston were the happiest, because the most useful of his life: and such will be the record of all who truly love the Lord. To be permitted to share in the sacred feelings of Him "who for the joy set before him (in the salvation of sinners) endured the cross, despising the shame, will ever be a source of purer happiness than all that the world seeks after for enjoyment."

In 1832, Mr CARTWRIGHT, in addition to his parochial duties, was appointed Military Chaplain to the Forces. How he discharged this portion of his Ministry all who enjoyed the privilege of knowing him will readily acknowledge.

I came with my husband as a stranger to Kingston in the summer of 1840, and had been there but a few days when I heard the praises of Mr CARTWRIGHT as a faithful Minister of the Gospel.

Soon was I to know him as the valued friend, the amiable and most engaging companion.

For a short time after our arrival he was absent ; and on referring to a journal dated in October, the first sermon we heard him preach was from the 46th Psalm: "God is our refuge." Improvingly did he enlarge upon the text, applying it to the Mosaic law which commanded cities of refuge to be set apart for those who, without malice, were so unfortunate as to slay a man.

MR CARTWRIGHT spoke of the earnest desires and strenuous efforts of the pursued to reach those gates of mercy ; that when once within their walls he was safe from every harm. He compared this man with one who, awakened to a knowledge of his exceeding sinfulness, looks around him in despair for a place of refuge to flee unto, until through the grace and goodness of God he is shewn Jesus Christ as his hope, his fortress, his deliverer.

MR CARTWRIGHT peculiarly possessed the power of addressing the hearts of his people, and this in the most affectionate and earnest manner ; while from his consistent and bright example he clearly shewed how much his own was engaged in the sacred trust committed to his charge.

His discourses were eminently suited to the understandings of his military congregation, in whom he took the warmest interest. Frequently would he introduce familiar allusions to illustrate a higher meaning: one I remember striking me as particularly beautiful, when he said: "That as the bugle is heard above the din of battle, so should the voice of the Minister be heard above the war of human passions."

Never did he suffer an opportunity to pass, or a solemn event to occur, that he did not improve, by impressing it on the minds of his hearers: and many, too many, there were to record. At such times I have beheld him shed tears while dwelling on the painful subject of a sudden and an unprepared death. Indeed, so great was his tenderness of character, that his feelings were often tried too severely for his strength. He knew the worth of souls and the costliness of that sacrifice made to redeem them; and his heart bled when the sinner was being ushered into the "dark valley" without the light that could guide him through its horrors, or land him in safety on the shores of a happy eternity. A Sermon of his upon the importance of making the Holy Scriptures our daily study is

impressed on my memory from its being followed by the happiest results to *one* who obeyed the injunction, and has continued to obey it ever since. The text was from the 12th chapter of St. Mark, the 24th verse: "Do ye not therefore err because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God."

In taking leave of a Regiment how touching was his manner, and how affectingly would he exhort them to become good soldiers of Christ. The arrival of another called forth an equal interest. I remember on one of these occasions, after preaching Jesus as the foundation stone of religion, and of the Christian's hope, he feelingly closed his discourse by the remark, "That he might be called upon to perform the last sad duties for some of them, and exhorted them not to postpone repentance until the dread hour of death: that although there is hope even at the eleventh hour, yet too often it closes without a promise; and the unhappy one who has led a guilty or a thoughtless life, without God in the world, finds Him not when terror bids him look for Him in the closing scene. 'Seek God early and ye shall find him, not in the great water floods when none shall come nigh him.'"

Never was the spirit of love more beautifully exhibited than in our Pastor; that love which beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and which was enjoined by the disciple whom Jesus loved to his followers. No selfishness appeared in his character: if a duty was to be performed he fulfilled it; even when unable to do so without risk, in the heaviest rain and at all hours has this dear man been seen going about doing good, and administering consolation in the abodes of poverty and misery: and when it is remembered how peculiarly sensitive he was, from the nature of his malady, of impure air, his amiable self-denying exertions will be the more appreciated.

The charities of Mr CARTWRIGHT were unbounded. Never was a poor person sent from his gate unrelieved; and as the "rain falls on the just and on the unjust," so was his bounty bestowed perhaps too often on the undeserving. His character for benevolence was so well known that sick persons from a distance were sometimes brought and left at his door in full assurance that his heart and hand would be ready to assist them, even though so improperly appealed to. The tenderness of his disposition was particularly displayed

towards young infants, whom it was his frequent custom to kiss after baptism. "And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

In visiting the schools and distributing prizes, the paternal advice he would accompany with them could not but be admired, and, it is hoped, remembered and blessed to some of those thus admonished. Indeed, the warm interest he took in young people generally was worthy of remark: this was especially shewn towards young military men, with a feeling, no doubt, that their temptations to evil were greater than those of others, and their lives, from the nature of their profession, more uncertain and precarious. I have heard that his Confirmation discourses were pre-eminently affectionate.

His kindness towards *one* youth in particular can never be forgotten: his condescension in seeking his acquaintance, and the interest he evinced in his first feeble efforts after spiritual knowledge, call forth the liveliest gratitude. I may not omit to add, that it was under his Ministry (aided by the counsels of another pious friend) this youth was brought out of darkness (almost approaching to unbelief)

into the marvellous light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

I much regret that I was unable from circumstances to attend the weekly meetings of Mr CARTWRIGHT, held at his house, and which he considered (as they truly were) highly useful. A blessing has been promised to the two or three gathered together in the name of Christ; and our Pastor acted upon this promise. These proved occasions for the discovery of not only his nice *discriminative* and *critical* acquaintance with the Word of God, but his familiarity with the practical and encouraging promises with which it comes charged to us from God the Holy Spirit.

Bright and fervently as the piety of this truly excellent man shone, it was united to a cheerfulness that rendered his society peculiarly engaging; and which even sweetly displayed itself when borne down by increasing illness. No moroseness, no gloom, attached themselves to his religion: all within seemed peace, harmony, and love. With the most perfectly evangelical views, he was strongly attached to the Established Church of England and Ireland; but this did not lessen his regard for faithful Christians, though in minor

points, and in forms of worship, they might have differed from himself. No; he felt that they were equally inheritors of the life to come; hoped to spend an eternity together: why then should they separate on earth? Would that others judged thus leniently, and would unite and form one strong band against our spiritual enemy: how much would they strengthen their cause, and how many disagreements, and how much unchristian warfare would be spared. Are not the promises "unto all and upon all that believe"? Why then give their adversaries reason to say: "Oh, these saints! see how full of wrath they are; how they bite and devour each other."

While Mr CARTWRIGHT was thus tolerant towards minor differences in religion, his doctrinal opinions were equally distant from latitudinarianism. He viewed the Tractarian movements with much concern: he foresaw in them the most serious results to the best interests of the Established Church and the cause of Christ in general; and only two days before his lamented death he conversed on the subject with a brother Minister of the Gospel, expressing his decided disapproval of their doctrines, and his fears for the consequences.

Can there be a true follower of Christ who does not feel the same; who does not tremble at the stealthy approaches of an enemy in disguise, who, when he has cast off the mask, will stand forth as a false priest, an idolater, a worshiper of Saints and Images !!

The subject is one of infinite importance to us all, and commands our constant prayers that the spirit of the Lord would lift up the standard of truth, and our untiring energies to stem the torrent of an evil which perhaps has been permitted to arouse some drowsy professors from their slumbers; to stir up the minds of the people to their best interests; and force them to arise and call upon their God.

In the latter end of 1841, Mr CARTWRIGHT was obliged, from increasing weakness, to lay by for a season: indeed, apprehensions for his valuable life were beginning at this time to be felt. How much such a Minister was missed will readily be acknowledged. The first time I heard him after this I find thus recorded: "The tears came into my eyes as I heard his voice once more from the Communion Table; that voice so long silent from illness; and which, alas! we may so soon hear no more.

Faithful Minister of God! may thy prayers for thy people be abundantly blessed; and may a crown of glory await thee on thy departure from this earth." On that day he put into my hand a paper containing an invitation to united prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, on Saturday the first of January 1842. This was followed on another Sabbath by a Sermon, the text from the 3d chapter of St. John's Gospel, 3d verse: "Jesus answered and said unto him, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.'" Powerfully he appealed to the hearts of others, powerfully he felt himself, closing with an earnest exhortation that those who called themselves Christians would pray fervently for the gift of the Holy Spirit, through whose influence alone the mind can become renewed.

Mr CARTWRIGHT was particularly LOYAL in all his feelings; and the numerous desertions among the soldiers from this garrison caused him much concern. He preached a most interesting Sermon on the subject, explaining the wickedness of making an oath, and then violating it; enlarging upon the privileges of the soldier, his noble profession, and high responsibilities as the defender of his country.

This was the last I ever heard from his lips, and was noted down in these words: "4th Feb'y, 1842: heard dear Mr CARTWRIGHT's last Sermon Sunday 22d January. Oh Lord! may *his* voice again be heard in thy holy temple."

His voice *was* heard again; and those who enjoyed the privilege of being present will doubtless never forget the impression he made: his text, from the 20th chapter of St. Matthew, part of the 23d verse, seemed, indeed, prophetic of the nearness of that event so long dreaded by others, but for which he was so well prepared himself. This Sermon has been generally read, and must be known by numbers far and near: yet I cannot think that it will be considered inappropriate to introduce a few of the most striking passages here. As the dying words of one so beloved, can they be read too often?

"'To sit on my right hand and on my left is not mine to give, but to them for whom it has been prepared by my Father.' My brethren, these words plainly declare that heaven is not to be promiscuously thrown open: they imply that future happiness in the world to come can only be given to a certain class; and that our Lord himself can

bestow it on no others but those for whom it has been prepared." . . . "Those whose faith in Him has worked by love, the fruit of which has been in all goodness, righteousness, and truth."

"Unless we serve Christ here, we shall find that although 'there are many mansions in his heavenly Father's house,' not one has been prepared for us."

. . . "I ask again, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? Take but the last week: try yourselves by it. What evidence do its hours afford that you are Christ's servants, and that you have served him? I wish not to carry on the matter too minutely; to descend to details; but *do you* in the secrecy of your own hearts, and in the privacy of your own chamber, try honestly to review the last six days; and as each successive hour, each successive action, comes before you in that review, see what Christ has had to do with either: if he has had nothing to do with the manner in which you have spent your time, the objects in which you have been engaged, or the spirit by which you have been influenced, can you be said to love the Lord?" . . . "We look not enough to Christ as our example, because we feel not enough our obligations for our redemption; and we feel not this because we pray not enough

to see our sin, our condition naturally, and the glorious liberty by the which he has set us free from the bondage of corruption." . . . "Much disputing has arisen about faith and good works : they are not and cannot be separate." . . . "To the agonized soul, trembling at the terrors of impending death, I would, as the Minister of Christ, speak with tenderness and compassion ; but I would even then deal faithfully ; for if anything is to be done in such an extremity, I feel persuaded it is not by concealing the truth, or speaking smooth things : and while I would point to the all-sufficiency of Christ, I would yet endeavor to show the great hazard which has been incurred : but oh, my brethren, do not peril your own souls so desperately as this : do not try your Minister so painfully. Live to Christ, and then to die is gain. Live to Christ. Live governed by faith and love to Him. That is the way to prepare for death : that is the way to prepare for judgment. At the hour of death you will want faith and hope to sustain you : do not then for the first time have to seek them."

If this Sermon, preached as it was "in pain and suffering," impressed the hearts of his people then, how far more powerfully must it strike us now, and

(as it has been beautifully and affectingly written) “sound in our ears as a voice from his grave, as a solemn appeal from that world of spirits into which he has entered.” Let it not be said that it was uttered in vain, or prove to us as words traced in the sand: but may these, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, be engraved on the tablets of our memory, and bring forth the fruits of righteousness: then when we behold our beloved Pastor in the great day, “they will not testify against any.”

From this period Mr CARTWRIGHT was constrained to withdraw utterly from his Ministerial duties, and retire into the bosom of his family; but such was the fallacious nature of his malady, that he believed it would only be for a time; that rest from his labors would recruit his exhausted strength; and he again be permitted to preach, though not to be so actively employed in his Parish as heretofore. Alas! those who beheld the pale emaciated face, the drooping figure, felt too surely that such could not be; that his days were numbered.

He had made up his mind as the summer advanced to visit Ireland with his family, hoping that the sea voyage and a winter spent in some mild region might prove beneficial to his health. In an

address to his parishioners on the occasion he spoke thus: "To-day completes the twelfth year since at your invitation I came among you as your Minister. I came with the full determination of never leaving you; and to that resolution I have adhered. . . . Although these years have proved to me years of toil and anxiety, yet I cannot but regard them as the happiest, because I believe them to have been the most useful years of a life which barely exceeds three times twelve."

While others felt that our beloved Minister had in nothing been wanting, that he had never spared himself, but that day and night he had continued to serve his Divine Master with the utmost fidelity, how humbly he spoke of himself: "In reviewing this eventful period I am sensible, my dear people, of manifold imperfections: I feel that many points of pastoral duty have been left almost wholly unattended to, and many others most imperfectly performed."

Again how affectionately he speaks: "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God is that I may be permitted to return and labor among you: but the Lord may see fit to order otherwise. He wants not man: He can raise instruments to effect his

purpose from any quarter that seemeth to him good : but of this be assured, that whether I live to return or not ; whether my dust is to repose beside the graves of my kindred or in a foreign land, my heart's affections will rest beneath the floor of yonder Chancel from whence I have so often distributed to you the sacramental emblems of the Savior's body and blood shed for our redemption."

And (it may be asked) had Mr CARTWRIGHT no faults? Was he exempt from *all* failings? Was his a *perfect* character? The answer he would himself have given to such questions would, doubtless, have been this : "For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." As a fallen being we are aware that he must have possessed the common frailties of our nature ; that he had to combat with the evil passions suffered alike by all ; that to grace alone was he indebted for every good thought, word, and work ; that the glory of all his goodness belonged to God, who had called him out from a sinful world, renewed his heart by the Spirit's influence, and redeemed him by the atoning blood of Christ. Such blessings were his ; such may be ours if we as earnestly pray for their possession as this holy man must

have done : prayer is the key to every blessing from on high : the door of Heaven will be opened to its importunity, the veil will be removed from our sight, and every really good thing for time and for eternity be ours through this means, aided by our dear Redeemer, who ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Mr CARTWRIGHT survived not to see the summer : lower and lower waned the flickering lamp : feebler and feebler he became : yet he never was quite confined to the house, but continued occasionally to take the air when the weather permitted him. With the sweetest patience and resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father he bore his sufferings, even now entertaining hopes of being able to fulfil his intention of visiting Ireland. Suddenly these were extinguished : another and a longer journey awaited him : the hour had come when this beloved and faithful Minister was to depart for his Heavenly home. Well was he prepared for the awful summons : the earthly tabernacle was decaying and falling into ruins ; but the spirit was ripe for glory.

It may be imagined by all those who were acquainted with this holy man what communings

with his God took place in the hours of his retirement from the world, and ere the last pure flame became extinguished within his breast forever. A few of these precious thoughts, these blessed aspirations of a spirit hovering between earth and Heaven, it is my privilege to note down as follows :

“Although he generally spoke with the apparent expectation of recovery, and certainly never realized the immediate approach of death, yet were his thoughts continually dwelling on the retrospect of the past, and on visions of the world to come. Death, judgment, and eternity, were never long absent from his mind ; and many a sleepless night was passed in calling his ways to remembrance, and reviewing his Ministerial life. More than once he said : ‘I feel now as I never did in my illness before : God is dealing with me face to face, and bringing my ways to remembrance.’ Once or twice during his illness he seemed much depressed ; but generally his frame of mind was calm and subdued. Solemn and deep thought occupied his soul, and continued meditation on the Word of God, which latterly was his only book. Few chapters were read with deeper interest than the 11th of 2d Corinthians. His thoughts dwelt much on the

retrospect of his Ministerial life; and it afforded him sweet consolation to enter into the Apostle's feelings.

“His conscience bore him testimony that he too might plead that “he had not walked in craftiness, nor handled the Word of God deceitfully.” How applicable to him also were other portions of that chapter: “Death working in him; the outward man perishing, but the inward man renewed day by day;” “Light afflictions but for a moment, working a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

“Yes, he was indeed preparing for the change that was rapidly approaching: silently but effectually were the ties that bound him to earth loosening and falling off: the last murmuring thoughts were quelled; and the distress that he had once felt at the prospect of leaving his work unfinished and resigning to another the charge of that flock in whose service he had been worn and spent, gave way to the one simple and earnest desire of his soul that a godly man might fill his place, and that all glory and honor should be ascribed to him to whom alone it is due.

“During all his illness his frame of mind was

meek, tender, subdued; full of grateful acknowledgment for every little act of attention, almost painfully so, to those around, who felt it a privilege to be able to minister in any way to his ease or comfort.

“In the early part of his confinement to the house many friends had continually pressed to see him. He enjoyed converse at all times, and seemed revived by their visits; but the excitement was not good, and there was but little profit in general conversation. As his weakness increased the exertion became too much; and his mind dwelling continually upon serious thoughts, he lost his relish for earthly themes, and latterly confined his admission almost exclusively to his brethren of the Ministry. In that number was included his Presbyterian friend, Mr M——, whom he scrupled not to invite to kneel beside him in prayer, though not of his communion. It is his dying seal to the great truth, that membership in Christ’s Church consists not so much in any outward conformity as in the Spirit’s work in the heart. Walls of separation have too long divided on earth; but in Heaven we shall rejoice in that communion of Saints which will unite in the song of everlasting praise and

glory to the Lamb ; all who have been led by the Spirit to love the Lord in sincerity and truth.

“ Every earthly arrangement had been attended to : his mind was free from distressing thoughts concerning his family : he had committed “ his soul, his most precious treasure, to the hands of his God ; ” and remembering the Divine Providence which had watched over his own early years, and guarded him from the snares and temptations of an ungodly world when left to a widowed mother’s care, he had consigned his children to the faithfulness and love of that Heavenly Father for guidance and protection, and to the earthly guardianship of the dear brother who was as his own soul to him.

“ God in mercy tempers his dispensations to his children with tenderest compassion to their feelings and their weakness ; and surely it was in mercy and in love to his servant that the veil rested on the future ; and till the last day a ray of hope was left.

“ That last day came. Weak and exhausted as he was, he took his usual drive. The Revd. E. DENROCHE with difficulty assisted him into the carriage, and accompanied him to Government House to inquire for Lady Mary BAGOT’s family,

in whose recent affliction he deeply sympathized." On his return he called at his house for his family to accompany him in the remainder of his drive, which he prolonged for an hour or two. I was walking with M—— when we met him: he stopped to speak to us: the alteration in his appearance since last we had seen him was painful to witness, particularly so when contrasting it with the blooming faces around him; yet he spoke hopefully of his visit to Ireland. He pressed us both by the hand, and we parted. He then drove to Dr R——'s, where he became so weak that they gave him wine and water, after which he was conveyed home. Nothing more occurred during the day to cause particular alarm: that night he fell into a calm sweet sleep: the hours stole on: the morning came, when his afflicted partner found him lifeless by her side. No pain, no struggle, appeared to have been his: he had literally "fallen asleep in Jesus."

The sorrows of that bereaved house *may* be imagined: who but one could record them? Yet God forsook her not in that dark hour: He drew near with his abundant consolations to support and bind up those bleeding hearts. The voice of prayer

was heard above the voice of weeping; and it prevailed.

The shock to us was great; yet in the midst of grief how much to console. Our beloved Minister had been spared all the terrors and pangs of approaching death. "The dark valley had been crossed without knowing he had arrived there, till awaking in joyful and happy release from his earthly tenement." His tender affectionate nature was spared the anguish of parting with his treasured ones. Sureiy God was good to his faithful servant, who has now rest from his labors in perfect and endless bliss.

On Friday H—— went to the house of mourning, requesting permission to see his loved remains: he entered the chamber of death, and beheld him dressed in his Ministerial robes. The scene was solemn and impressive to a degree! On his face was still expressed the same calm. H—— gazed on the lineaments of him who in life had been so dear, and pressing his hand for the last time came sorrowfully away.

Sunday, 4th June.—Most affecting was it on the last Sabbath day to enter that Church where we had so often beheld our dear departed Minister,

and listened to the holy precepts and affectionate admonitions that had issued from those lips now closed and sealed : it was hung with deep mourning. Who could forbear the starting tear ?

Oh Lord ! teach us more and more the nothingness of this life compared with eternity ; that the longest and the happiest, what is it when contrasted with that one word—forever !!

On Monday his remains were consigned to the tomb where repose others of his family : he was borne by soldiers, those soldiers to whom he had so often preached, so often admonished and warned to turn from the evil of their ways. I watched the procession as it wound along, composed of every respectable inhabitant, all the military, and a great many of the clergy. The Sunday School scholars formed an interesting portion among them. Several of the poor had collected to witness the affecting ceremony. H—— affectionately lingered with a few others until the last earth was cast over him. The rest of that day was spent quietly and in solemn meditation.

Inscrutable are the ways of Providence ! We behold a Pastor taken from his flock in the prime of life, when his whole energies were devoted to

the glorious work for which he was so eminently fitted from his high talents, his clear and scriptural views, and his ardent love for souls. This public calamity may be considered in various ways. Perhaps we depended too much on the stream, and neglected the fountain from whence it flowed. Man in his highest and loftiest station is but his Maker's instrument to act by his guidance, to perform what He wills; and when he has finished the work allotted to him, he is called away, and another takes his place. Again, a blessing may be ours, yet not sufficiently valued. The faithful servant of a righteous God continues for a long time to strive with a rebellious people: he exhorts, he warns, he beseeches, in vain: the sinner remains ~~an~~ an impenitent sinner still: the same pursuits, the same pleasures, engross him. It is true, he observes the outward forms of worship, but his heart is far from God: this he has given to the world; and the messenger of peace and mercy is suddenly recalled, and he is left to lament him in vain, and cry: "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!!"

Our dear Minister felt most keenly the little good that appeared to follow his constant and unwearied

exertions. Doubtless, much more was effected than he was permitted to see ; but still, in a place so peculiarly favored as this has been (and, through God's great goodness, continues to be), much fruit ought to be the recompence, the grateful offering of a privileged people.

“Remember, therefore, how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast and repent.”

I cannot close this brief and imperfect sketch without adding the following tribute of affection to the sainted memory of one so dear, from the pen of a brother Minister :

“A more beautiful exhibition of what a Christian man and a Christian Minister ought to be, it has never been my privilege to witness ; and I shall ever consider it one of the greatest blessings of my life to have enjoyed his friendly counsel and fraternal regard from the commencement of my Ministerial career to the period of his lamented death. So devoted was he to the duties of his sacred office, and so signally were they blessed by his Divine Master, that I cannot describe him in more appropriate terms than in those of Holy Writ : ‘when the ear heard him, then it blessed him ; when the eye saw him, then it gave witness unto him ; because

he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him : the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.' How 'blessed is the memory of the just!'"

Pre-eminently as the character of Mr CARTWRIGHT shone as a husband, a father, a brother, a friend, a patriot ; high as were his attainments ; great as were his charities ; many as were his amiable qualities ; did he trust in these to obtain the crown of life ? No : had he done so, well he knew that he would have built his house on the sands.

The foundation of his hopes rested on the "rock of ages," on that Savior who had died to redeem him : his works were the result of that belief, the evidences of a heart renewed by the Holy Spirit of God. In touching on the nearer ties of relationship that engaged his tenderest affections, I must again revert to that beloved brother so dear to him, so esteemed by us all. It has been said they were twins ; and so much alike were they in appearance, voice and manner, that until well acquainted they were constantly taken for each other : the same amiable qualities and superior talents belonged to

both ; the same noble disinterestedness of conduct exhibited itself in their characters ; and, praise be to God, the same faith in Christ Jesus supported their latest hours. They rest now together, awaiting a joyful resurrection. Many have been the tears shed for them by the dear ones left behind : but could an unseen hand raise the veil and display their glorified spirits in Paradise, would not weeping and sorrow flee away ? “Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” Faith *has* restored peace ; religion *has* performed her promises ; and grief, like a dark cloud, has rolled afar off, and restored the sunshine of bright hopes to come in another and a “better land.”

Faintly has my pen fulfilled its task in tracing the character of Mr CARTWRIGHT. Could it have recorded all that might be written, what a broad stream of light would appear. The “day of small things” will not, however, be despised by those who will accept my effort as a last proof of affection and gratitude for the man and the Minister. Dear friends, let us pray for ourselves and for those we love, that his labors may not all prove in vain. Many to whom he preached are already gone to render their dread account. May we who remain

trim our lamps and be ready, that when the summons comes we may receive it without fear, and its execution without shame.

There is *one* ever ready to hear, ever ready to help our infirmities. Sweetly has it been said of Him, that "In the posture of prayer he ascended up into Heaven, where those blessed hands still remain clasped, and will so remain interceding with the Father for us all till he comes again in glory."

KINGSTON, CANADA WEST,

July, A.D. 1845.

