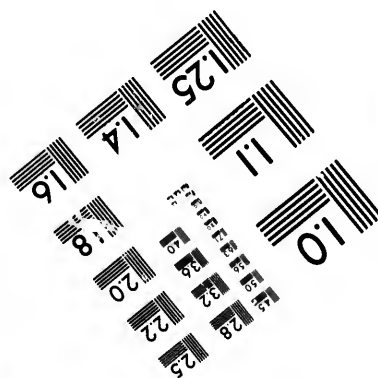
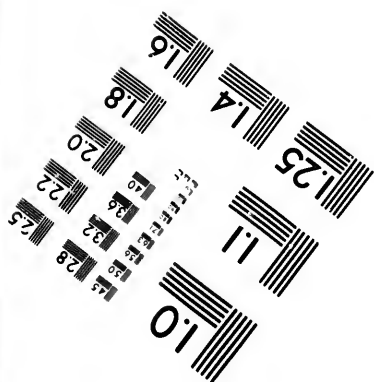
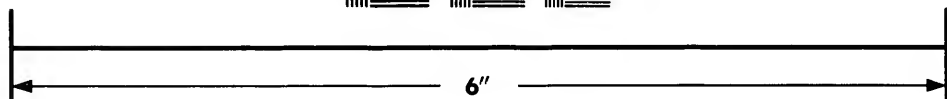
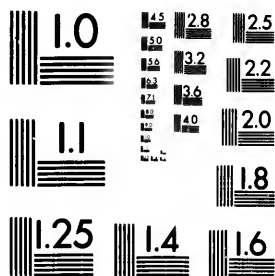


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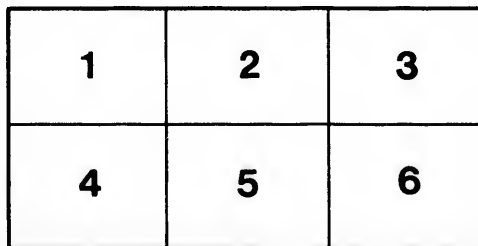
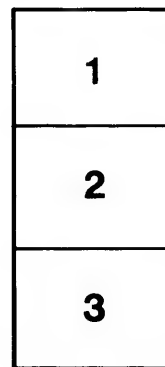
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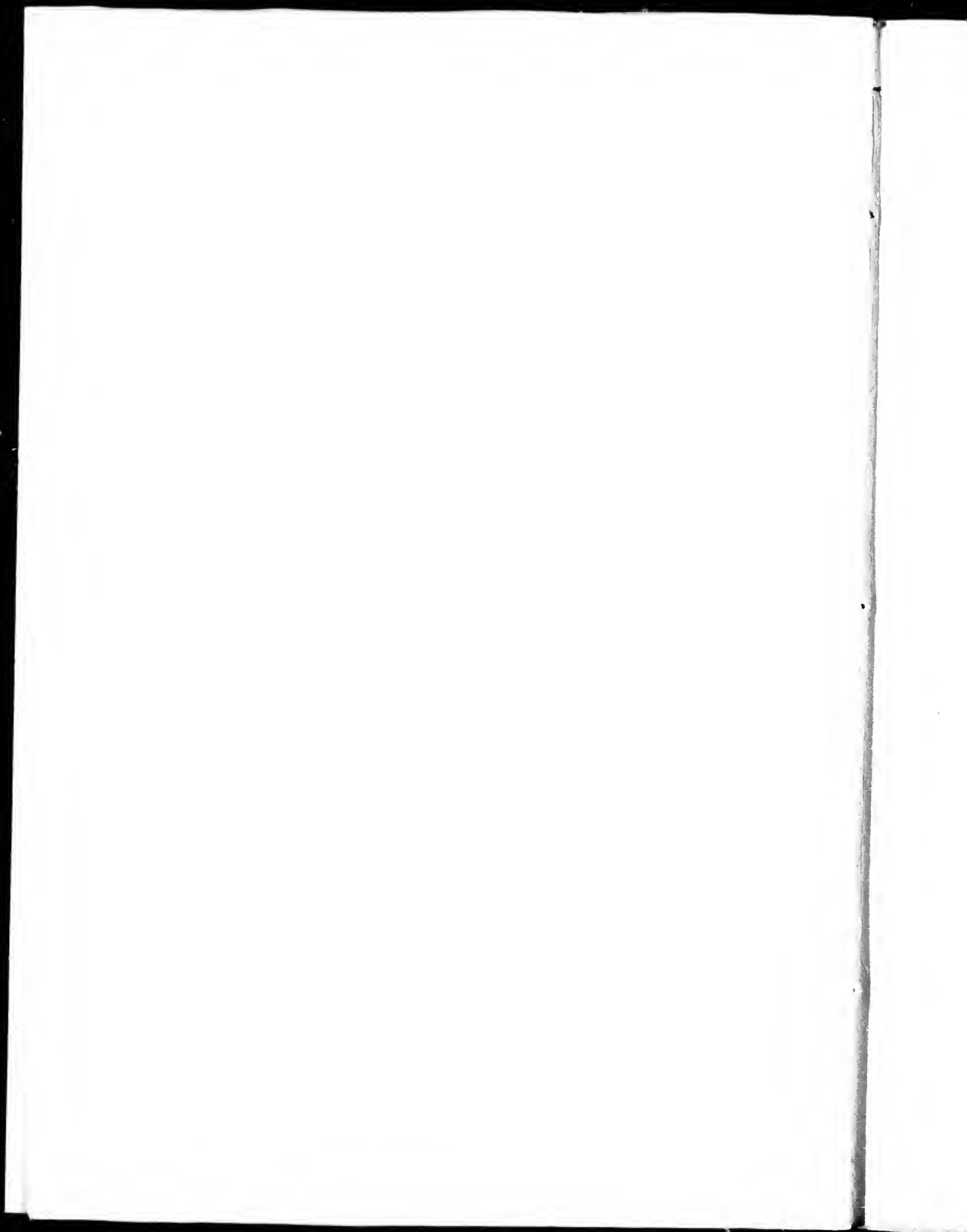
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A RETROSPECT

OF THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1832;

BEING

A SERMON

DELIVERED IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH

OF

QUEBEC,

ON SUNDAY, THE 30th DECEMBER, IN THAT YEAR,

BY THE VENERABLE G. J. MOUNTAIN, D. D. ARCHDEACON OF QUEBEC,
RECTOR OF THE PARISH OF QUEBEC AND EXAMINING
CHAPLAIN TO THE LORD BISHOP
OF QUEBEC.

*With an Appendix containing a selection of some few facts and
particulars of interest connected with the late awful visitation of
the Cholera Morbus.*

QUEBEC:

PRINTED BY THOMAS CARY & CO. FREEMASONS' HALL, BUADE STREET.

1833.

1833
(9)

TO HIS EXCELLENCY,
LIEUTENANT GENERAL LORD AYLMER, K.C.B.

GOVERNOR IN CHIEF,

THE FOLLOWING SERMON,

PUBLISHED

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DESIRE WHICH HE WAS PLEASED TO EXPRESS

TO THAT EFFECT

IS, BY PERMISSION, INSCRIBED,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF SINCERE RESPECT,

BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S OBLIGED,

AND

MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

* * * Subsequently to the communications with which the Author was honored from the Governor in Chief, in relation to the publication of this Sermon and after it was actually in the press, he received a letter, signed by a number of persons of the first respectability in his Congregation, conveying their expression of the same desire. He has only, therefore, to assure them that his deference to their wishes would have induced his ready compliance with that desire, had it not been anticipated as is seen in the preceding page. Fully sensible that it is to the particular nature of the subject, rather than to any skill or success in treating it, that he is to attribute the interest excited by this Sermon, he yet feels grateful for the manner in which his humble endeavours have been appreciated; and happy above all, that such a disposition is seen to exist to unite with him in a religious contemplation of the late awful calamity.

Quebec, 2nd Jany. 1833.

SERMON.

Ezra ix, 15.—O Lord God of Israel, thou art righteous : for we remain yet escaped, as it is this day : behold we are before thee in our trespasses.

The year is fast going from us. Another link will soon have dropped from the length of that fragile chain which holds us to life, and which *may* at any moment be snapped asunder,—must within a short time, be expended. Another division will have been told off, of the little day which we have to run, before the night cometh when no man can work. Another portion will have been measured of the space which lies between our entrance upon the stage of life, and our disappearance from it, to be gathered to our fathers.—Our fathers where are they?†—They are gone, one generation after another, “and their place is no where found”.—We shall go to them, but they shall not return to us.* Our *fathers*?—Alas! where are many of our children, our brothers, our sisters, our companions, who at the commencement of the year now closing, were living beings upon the earth, and as little expecting death as any of us, even of us, who through the mercy of God, “are all of us here alive this day?”—Where are they?—Nowhere above ground, nowhere.—They lie in the cold grave.—They sleep the sleep of death.—Never indeed can we review a departing year without some such melancholy although instructive remembrances: the retrospect of time escaped from us presents always the images of change and uncertainty

† Zech. i. 5.

* 2 Sam. xii. 23.

attaching to all below ; is always of a serious, and at least partakes of a sorrowful character ;—but when did we ever know such a year as this ?—when did this city, since its foundation, witness such scenes ?—pestilence and horror stalking abroad in her streets—dismay in every countenance—death knocking at every door—none knowing who might next be the victim,—“ one taken and another left,” often without any discriminative prognostics,—“ O, and is all forgot ?”—Can it be forgotten by the most thoughtless among us ?—and, because the hand of our God is no longer stretched forth in judgment, can we plunge as deeply as before into the world, its business and its vanities, and with all imaginable gaiety of heart suffer ourselves to be carried away by the stream, without reflecting in what abyss it may terminate ?

We read with wonder, and some of us almost with incredulity, the account of Pharaoh, who in the successive visitations which fell upon his kingdom, was sometimes humbled for the moment under the actual infliction of the plague, but was no sooner relieved from its pressure than he relapsed into his former state of pride, refused to make the surrender required of him, and rudely resisted the messengers of God : “ When Pharaoh saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart, and hearkened not unto them.”—We regard this as an astonishing and unaccountable degree of perverseness ; and no doubt it is an extreme case and referable in part to the hardening influences to which he was, in a special manner, judicially abandoned by God, who thus made him, at the same time, instrumental in the display of Almighty power for the instruction of others. But, after all, we only read in this narrative of the book of God, a lesson to be read also in the book of human nature,—a truth constantly exemplified by our experience of the world. How many, in the late awful visitation, alarmed for themselves,—perhaps

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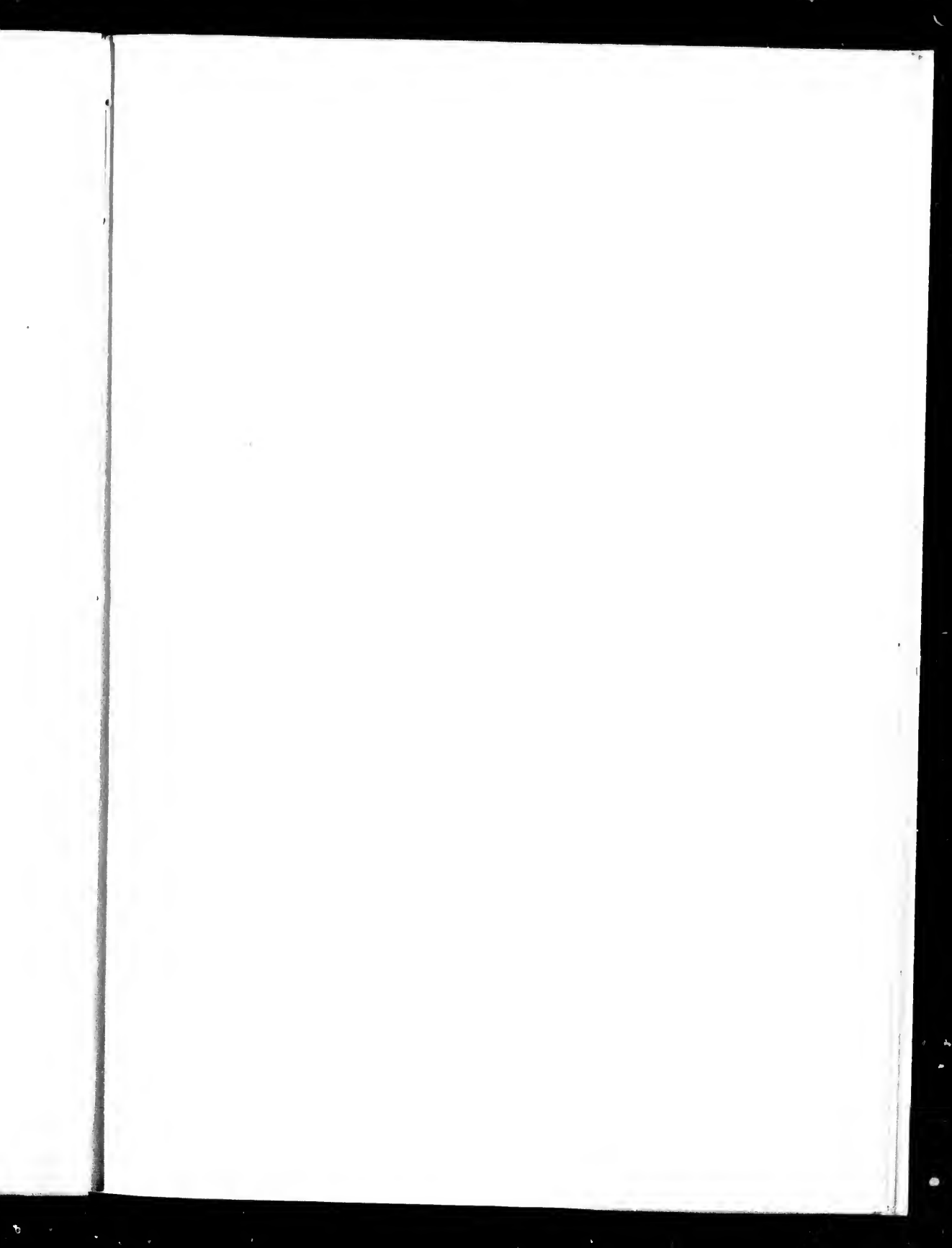
“ where no fear was” beyond the danger in which all might be said to stand,—would send for their Minister and say, “ I have sinned against the Lord my God—intreat the Lord that he would take from me this death only,”—and yet upon the disappearance of danger, all their penitence, their prayers for a new heart, their solemn vows of amendment, disappeared like the early dew,—vanished as the morning vapour which passeth away.—How many in their very humiliation, would attach like Pharaoh, conditions to their submission, and stipulate for reservations in their promised obedience!—How many more, who began in that time of consternation, to ponder upon their ways, to remember that they had immortal souls, to regard their salvation as a concern too long neglected, to put this question to their own breasts,—Am I, if my turn should come, in a prepared condition to face my God,—are now only busy in repairing the interruption of their worldly pleasures and pursuits,—eating and drinking, building and projecting, marrying and giving in marriage, all thought being dismissed of the coming of the Son of Man*—and all the forced suspension of indulgence being considered as taken off! Their consciences, (if I may so express it,) have undergone a kind of quarantine, and they have passed through some formalities of purification, which now leave them at liberty to return with redoubled alacrity to all which engaged before their undivided care. How many who have worn an unwilling seriousness communicated to them by the society in which they mixed, and secretly felt it to be an irksome restraint, have hastened to throw it off, as they would discard “ the inky cloak,” “ and all the forms, modes, shows of grief,” and rushed back with sharpened appetite to partake of the banquet which the world spreads before them, and to drink more deeply of her intoxicating cup!

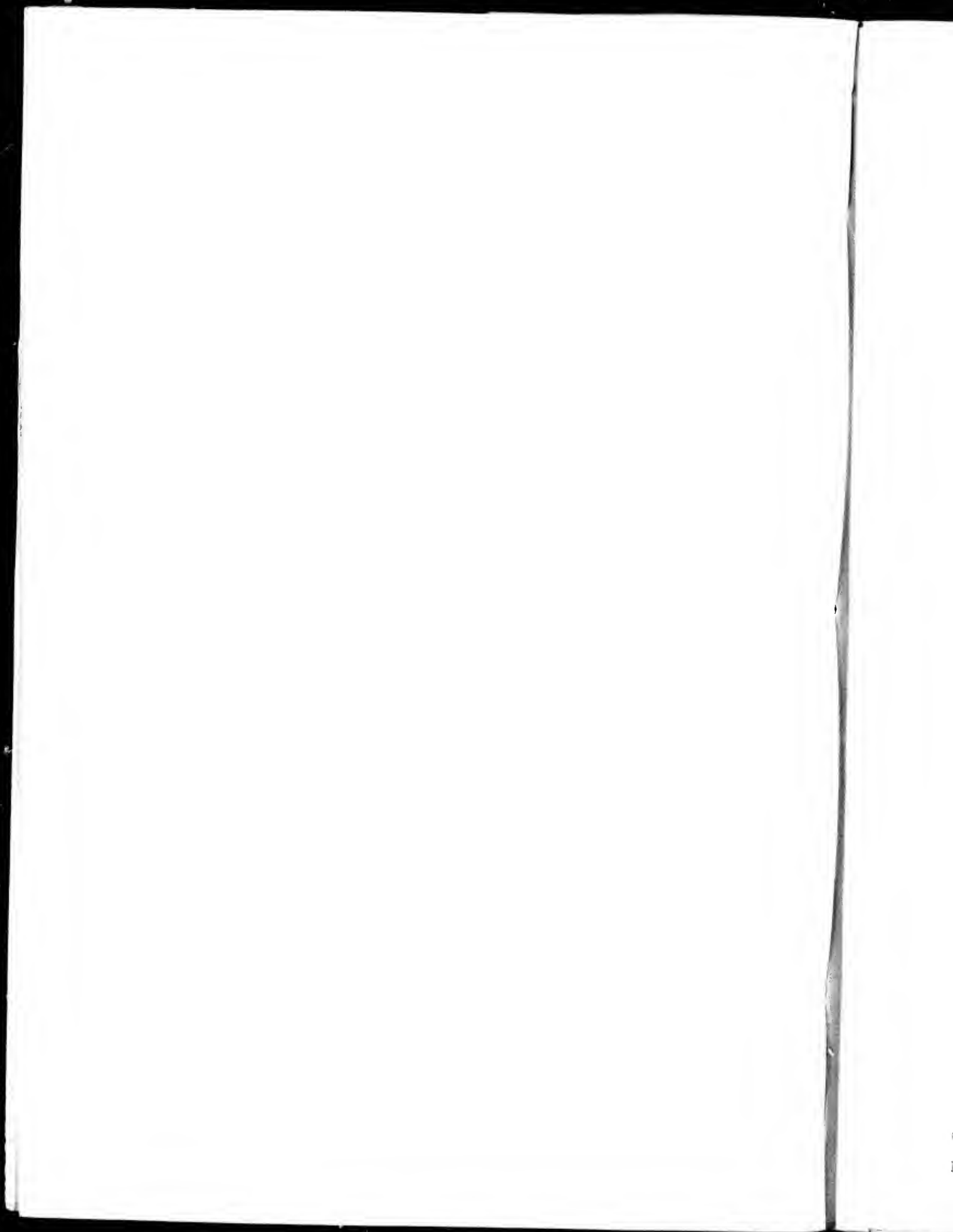
* Matthew, xxiv. 38-9.

There are many, indeed, blessed be God, of whom "we hope better things and things that accompany salvation, although we thus speak." There are many, it is consolatory to indulge a belief, who have received these warnings from their God, not into a stony soil where the blade quickly springs up but perishes because there is "no deepness of earth," but into "an honest and good heart," where *fruit* is brought forth "with patience." But to *all* it must be useful to take a solemn review of the events which have marked the year now closing, and made it for ever sadly memorable in the annals of the country.

Let us then, call back to our minds,—and we must not shrink from the contemplation nor refuse to dwell upon the picture,—the scenes which our city exhibited a few short months ago. Remember the evening on which we were called together by our Bishop, when first the malady began to rage, for an express service of humiliation before our God and of supplication for ourselves and the inhabitants of the land:†—Remember the Sabbath which followed,—although many indeed who are now present, had then fled from the plague-smitten gates,—and suffer me to retrace the impressions which I then made it my endeavour to communicate to your minds, fresh as they were from the scenes in which the Ministers of Religion, in particular, were called upon to take their part. The hurry of such duties had left me no possible leisure to prepare any train of written reflections,—and I was very little accustomed to address *this* Congregation in another way; but it was not a time to fear the exercise of a fastidious criticism, and with the word of God in my hands, I threw myself freely upon your indulgence

† This service would have been repeated at stated intervals, but for an objection made, on the part of the Board of Health, to any unusual meetings during the prevalence of the disorder.





for all the imperfections of the performance and entreated you to consider with me, some passages which I had roughly noted as suited to our case. Let us consider them again.

It is well known that the scourge of pestilence is one of the direct judgments of God, often recorded in Scripture to have been inflicted in order to teach men the fear of his name and to awaken them to repentance for their sins ; “ to humble them, to prove them, to do them good at their latter end.”— And in the various examples of such infliction in its different shapes, there are often circumstances in which they coincide not only with each other, but with the visitations of chastisement which fall upon the children of men, in other times— times in which all *miraculous* intervention is unknown, but in which “ the Lord the everlasting God,” who “ fainteth not, neither is weary,” and whose “ arm is not shortened,” has not resigned the reigns of his Government over us, does not cease to dispense the events of this lower world. In the judgment now under our consideration, which has so widely ravaged the earth, it has been remarked by all serious observers that the hand of God was the more strikingly to be discerned, because all human sagacity and calculation are so utterly baffled by the disease :—Men can neither trace it in its course,—pronounce upon the manner of its propagation, provide against it by preventive measures, nor do more than allay its intenseness by the remedies of art ; neither with respect to place nor with respect to persons, can they augur where it is likely to declare itself : at one time indeed, it seems to travel continuously along a line of communication, but at another to drop, as it were, straight down from Heaven upon a detached population, or upon the devoted head of an individual who has been scrupulously guarded from all contact with the apparent causes of danger : Seemingly capricious in its movements, and sudden, most awfully sudden, in its

operation, it puts to flight all the wisdom of men; and those who have the highest skill in the diseases of this mortal body, either profess the most discordant opinions, or frankly own their accumulated knowledge and their recent melancholy experience, to be equally at a fault.

Comparing, then, this acknowledged JUDGMENT OF GOD with those of which the notices are scattered through the Bible, we find many points of correspondence, some of which are indeed common to all marked public afflictions, others are more peculiar in their character; but combining both, we can descry every feature of the late visitation in the scriptural delineations of plagues executed, or foretold. And certainly we cannot be wrong in making appropriate applications of scripture to the prominent points of our own case.

We turn there, it is true, to pictures, many of which are far more aggravated in their horrors, than the scenes through which we have passed. Our chastisement has been severe, but wrath did not "come upon us to the uttermost." Yet there was *a great cry in the land*;* and, although it cannot be said that "there was not an house where there was not one dead," there was assuredly not a house where death was not apprehended; and, in the *whole number of deaths* there was, I believe, more than one for every house: there was scarcely a family who had not to mourn some relative or beloved friend, or at least some familiar acquaintance.—And as a prelude and accompaniment to the visitation which fell upon man, an extensive mortality, sudden in its character, prevailed among cattle, the effects of which upon the market are felt at this moment,—corresponding to the circumstances of a judgment threatened in Jeremiah, "I will

* Exod. xii. 30.

smite the inhabitants of this city both man and beast ; they shall die of a great pestilence ;” while, in another and a distinct department of creation, the plague was evidently felt, and it is attested by mariners who visit our port that a “*part*” although we know not what part, “of the creatures which were in the sea and had life, died,”* the gulph of our mighty river presenting the unusual spectacle of the huge carcase of the porpoise, and even the whale, afloat here and there upon its surface. But when we read in different parts of Scripture, such descriptions as those which follow : “ I will take from them the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the sound of the millstones and the light of the candle :” “ Every house is shut up that no man may come in :” — “ And it shall be, as with the people so with the priest ; as with the servant so with his master ; as with the maid so with her mistress ; as with the buyer so with the seller ; as with the lender so with the borrower ; as with the taker of usury so with the giver of usury to him :” — “ the mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth, — there is a crying for wine in the streets ; all joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone ; they shall not drink wine with a song, strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it :” — “ they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place,” — do we not recognise in each particular, a resemblance to what we have witnessed, — the general alarm and consternation which prevailed — the gloom of sudden bereavement thrown over the smiling enjoyments of many domestic circles ; the stillness which reigned in scenes of traffic and places of concourse ; the suspension

* Rev. viii. 9. The author has also been informed from a source so highly respectable that he is sure of being sustained in the mention of the fact, that in the River Ottawa the fish were for a considerable time unfit and even dangerous for food.

† See Jer. xxi. 6, xxv. 10. vii. 32, Is. xxiv. passim.

of business,—the interruption of labour,—the closing of houses whose inhabitants fled to the country ; of shops from the death of the dealer, or the cessation of all demand for his articles of trade :—the indiscriminating strokes of death, which although they fell more thickly in some classes of society, found victims in all, and reached those who, according at least to their local title in the Colony, were numbered among “the *honorable* of the earth :”—no prudence could oppose a shield to them, no comforts at command, no habits of life, no temperament of body.—And did we not see *strong drink to be bitter to them that drank it*—the potations of the intemperate to be pregnant with a horrible death?—and yet with all this, *a crying for wine in the streets*, a heedless, hardened abandonment, in many instances, to a repetition of the same destructive indulgence,—men smitten,—I have witnessed it myself—smitten by the avenging Angel in an actual state of staggering drunkenness in the street, and carried to hospital only to die,—yet the companions of such men, desperately regardless of the warning, seeking their comfort in fresh excesses, and resisting or evading all the restrictions of public authority which stood in their way?—and, lastly, did we not see new places of interment opened to receive the aggregations of the dead ; needy labourers who had been bribed high to dig their graves, sometimes abandoning the task in terror ; and the weary Clergy attending at one stated hour, to afford the christian decencies of burial collectively, unwitnessed for the most part by surviving friends, over all the sad deposits of the day—amounting upon two consecutive occasions, when it fell to my own turn to officiate, to seventy and upwards in a day, of the Church of England alone ?

Yes we saw, within our city, all this and more : We saw in our deserted streets, more signs of death than life—hearses

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carrying their load, or hurrying back to answer fresh demands—cart after cart piled up with bodies from the hospitals, met by some vehicle conveying ghastly figures to take their places destined soon to return, as corpses, in the same way—the constituted authorities who watched for the public safety, unceasingly upon the alert, in token of danger; engaged day after day and hour after hour, in active measures and anxious deliberations, doing all that man could do to stay in part the evils of the time, and to infuse confidence into the breasts of their fellow-citizens,*—Physicians and Ministers of Religion traversing the streets night and day with a hurried pace, and unequal to meet their multiplied calls—the few stragglers besides, who appeared abroad, pressing to their nostrils, as they walked, some corrective of the air which they feared to breathe:—fires before every house, loading the atmosphere with vapour from prepared materials supposed of purifying power—or the official guardians of health with their badges profusely scattering lime along the range of the more suspected habitations—these were the spectacles exhibited in our city—and images of deeper horror might be added were I to carry you into the precincts of the hospital in the first burst of the calamity, when its suddenness and overpowering magnitude, far surpassing all previous calculation, could not be met by any existing provisions nor at once mastered by any possible exertions.

At last, however, it pleased the Lord to say to the destroy-

* His Excellency Lord Alymer, (in whose own household three deaths by Cholera occurred,) abstained from his usual practice of taking the family at the Castle to pass the summer in the country, and was in constant communication with the Board of Health at Quebec. He also visited the Hospitals and the quarantine establishment himself. The President of the Board and such of the Members as could give their time to its affairs, both professional and private gentlemen, both natives of the country and others, were indefatigable in their labours. There were indeed some Members and voluntary officers of the Board, who may really be said to have "jeopardied their lives" by extraordinary exertion and fatigue, which brought on symptoms of the prevailing disease.

ing Angel, "It is enough : stay now thine hand." The disease abated, and after some fluctuations, has, for two months past, disappeared. And here we are alive.—Although "thousands" have fallen "beside us,"—(the deaths in this city have reached to *thousands*,) "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" has not been suffered to "come nigh us"—or, if "the Lord hath chastened and corrected us, he hath not given us over unto death."—What then, in these circumstances, what are our reflections, what are our feelings, what are our purposes of heart and plans for future life? Are we losing already the impressions which have been made upon us, and verging to a forgetfulness of all that has befallen?—If we forget the dead, let us look at the living monuments of the calamity—let us count the widowed and bereaved—the fatherless and the orphans who surround us and are dependent upon our charity.—Why are we spared?—is it for our deserts—for our righteousness—our holiness before the Lord?—Had we no sins to be repented of, when death was busy among us?—Had we been then cut off, like others,—dead, confined, sealed up under the earth, against the day of judgment, all within a few hours after the first sense of illness,—were we *then ready* to face our God?—And if not, have we poured out our souls in thankfulness before him, and so used his mercy, so profited by his long-suffering, that we are *ready now*?—Whatever other plague we may have escaped, we have not escaped the plague of sin : we have been bitten by the old serpent and received of his deadly venom into our system—have we, then, looked with an eye of faith to HIM who, as Moses lifted up the serpent of brass, was lifted up to heal the sting of death?—*—"After all that is come upon us," says the inspired historian in the

* Num. xxi. 8, 9. John iii. 14, 15. i. Cor. xv. 56.

verses preceding our text,—“for our evil deeds and for our great trespass, seeing that thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve—and hast given us such a deliverance as this ; should we again break thy commandments, wouldst thou not be angry with us till thou hadst consumed us that there should be no remnant nor escaping ?”—Must we not, must we not make our confession in the words of the text itself: “O Lord God of Israel, thou art righteous : for we remain yet escaped as it is this day : behold we are before thee in our trespasses : for we cannot stand before thee because of this.”

Among those who have been swept off, there were many drunkards—many evil-livers—there were profane persons—profane, in one or two known instances, even in their last hour, and to be resembled to those who blasphemed the God of Heaven because of their pains and their sores and repented not of their deeds—there were jesters upon all that is serious, some of them struck by the disease in the midst of their very jests upon it. But, “suppose ye that these Galileans, were sinners above all Galileans, because they suffered such things ?” “I tell you nay,” says the Saviour of the world, “but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.” “Repent” then, “and be converted that your sins may be blotted out.” It is not only to drunkards, to dissolute livers, to profane scoffers, to men hackneyed in iniquitous practices, that this language is addressed. Enough, indeed, survive of such as these ; but all of us, all of us have committed sins which, in the sight of God, can only be blotted out in the blood of Christ. They are *not* blotted out if they are not repented of. They are not removed from our door, if we are not touched inwardly with any sense of them. We are BEFORE GOD IN OUR TRESPASSES. “We are yet in our sins.”

Have, then, the great truths of Revelation, have the late warning dispensations from the hand of our God, viewed by the light of those truths, taken a true and deep effect upon our hearts? Are we the better for these dispensations,—more humble, more holy, more heavenly-minded, more earnest and constant in prayer,—prayer for the influence of the HOLY SPIRIT,—more prepared in all points for our account? Have we a more serious sense of the purposes of our existence,—of the condition and the destiny of man?—have we an awakened perception of the sinfulness and danger of wasting in frivolous dissipation that time which is given us to “work out our salvation with fear and trembling?” O if any of you, in an hour of alarm, or solemn thought “when the mourners go about the streets,” have been brought, to grieve for the vain, light, worldly, unprofitable part which perhaps you filled before,—never, never return to it again. And let me conjure *all* not to let *this* winter at least, be a winter of dissipation. It would be flying in the face of God.

It is difficult to be precise and minute in laying down some of the rules which should regulate, generally, our intercourse with the world; and there are things which must be left to the conscience of the individual as he finds that they affect the state of his soul: things to which the maxim must be applied, “Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind:”—points in which a Christian Minister will not attempt to dictate to his hearers, or to establish one rule for all, which would abridge their Christian liberty and discretion in matters left open in the word of God, and tend to the introduction of *tests*, uncharitable towards others, and dangerous to those who adopt them: Cases indeed will occur in which his anxiety for his own usefulness will render him afraid, on the one hand, of

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being austere, and on the other, of appearing too easy, remembering that the same dispositions exist in the world which prompted the Jews to say that John had a devil because he practised a marked abstemiousness and seclusion, and of Christ that he was gluttonous and a wine-bibber, because he mixed without constraint in social intercourse, at the tables of those who might benefit by his ministry.

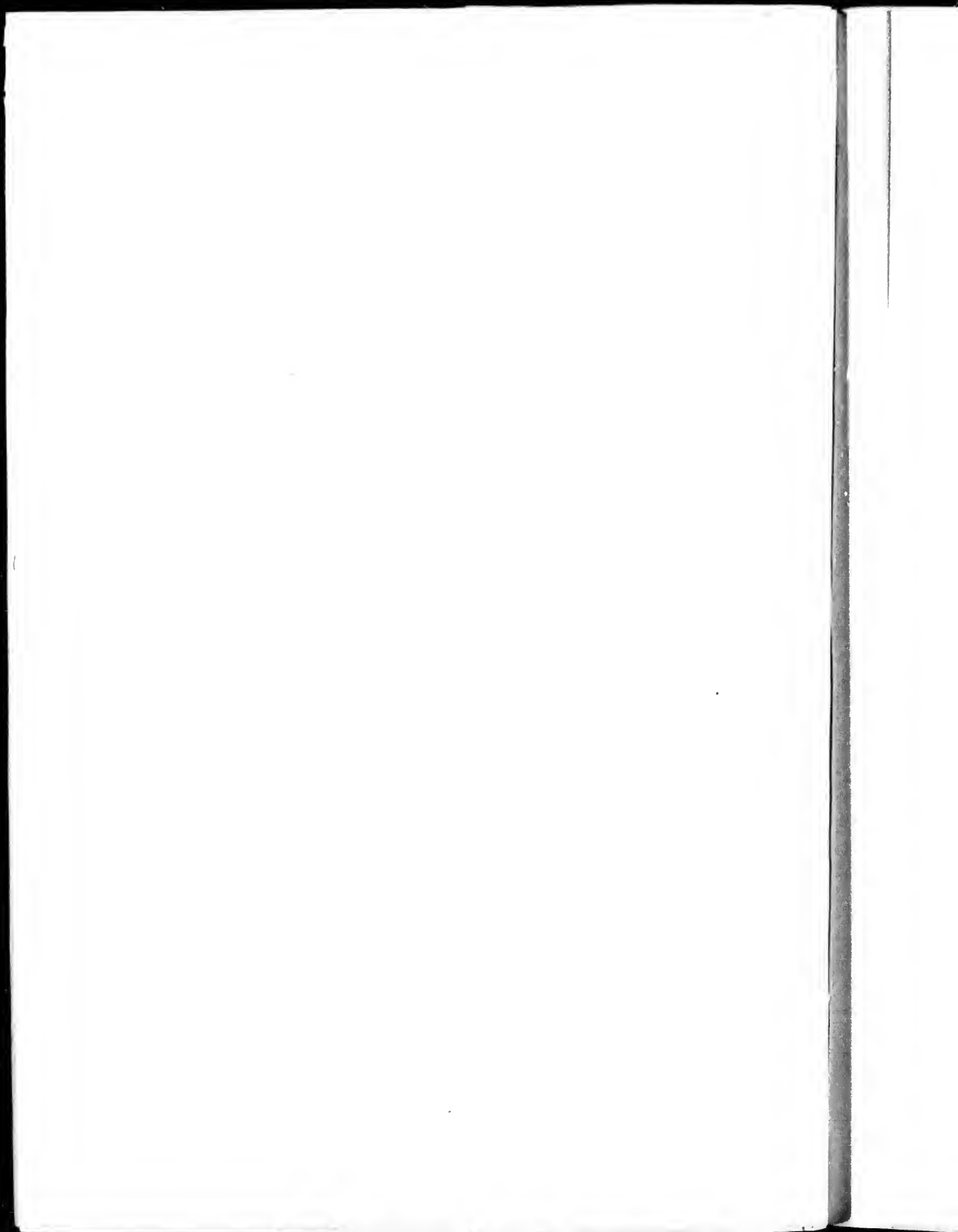
But of whatever varieties these questions may be susceptible, there are two points which may be safely laid down : *First*, that if any Christian feels it safe and right for himself to withdraw wholly from what is called the world, we have no right to blame him, nor reason to urge and press him to a different course : And *secondly*, that Christians who mix at all in the world, should keep at a distance from the dreadful danger of being *lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God* ; should put the question home to their own breasts and clearly resolve themselves in it, which they actually love best ; should tremble at the idea of resembling those of whom it is said that *the harp and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine are in their feasts, but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands* ; should enquire within themselves whether they would preserve an undismayed conscience, if in the midst of the banquet, they saw *fingers of a man's hand* put forth, and the writing of God's sentence upon the wall ; should bear it unceasingly in mind that they are *strangers and sojourners upon earth as all their fathers were and seek a better country, that is an heavenly* ; should keep it, upon all occasions, in view that they are to be doing the work of their Lord, till his return to *take account of his servants*, and that if, year after year they are unfruitful,—

especially after being seriously warned,—their day of grace will be speedily gone by and their doom once for all decided, *Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground* ;—should so walk in short, that they can be said to WALK WITH GOD, and if they should *walk in the valley of the shadow of death*, can say to the Redeemer of their souls, *I will fear no evil for Thou art with me.*

You believe, I am sure, that if preparation has not been made before *that hour*, there is little, in most cases, (for I do not say in *all*) to be hoped for when it comes : little efficacy, little use, in the visits of the Clergy ; little propriety above all, in the administration of what are sometimes called the *rites of the Church*. It was with shame and sorrow that in the trying times which we have now been engaged in reviewing, I found to exist among Protestants, more extensively, I will confess, than I had supposed, a delusive altho' indistinct kind of reliance upon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as if it could operate like a charm to the benefit of souls in an unprepared state ; or as if it were one of a series of *forms* to be gone through, as necessary to complete the proprieties of the occasion, as the rites of sepulture after the decease. And although I never can agree with those who think that the Clergy can be justified, upon the plea of more profitably employing their time, in declining to answer any calls among the dying, which at least afford opportunity of improving to the by-standers, the scene of death ; nor yet with those who would deny to true believers, in dangerous sickness or long-continued infirmity, the comfort and refreshment which I have often known to be conveyed to them by the private administration of this ordinance,—it is rarely, very rarely indeed, that it ought to be administered in the dying hour, to those who have never received it in the days of their

health. Unquestionably if we have part in Christ, we ought to break that bread and drink of that blessed cup which the Apostle tells us are the *communion* of his body and blood. But this bread and this cup will not *give* us part in Christ, if we have it not without them—although they will confirm it, if we have.—THAT is, indeed, the *good part* which if we have *chosen* it, *shall not be taken from us.*—God grant us the wisdom to regard it as the *one thing needful*, the *one pearl of great price*. God grant us—it is the sum of a Christian's prayer—in this world knowledge of his truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting !*

* Prayer of St. Chrysostom in the Liturgy;



A P P E N D I X.

Id quoque quòd vicam munus habere Dei.

The design of this Appendix is to record in a familiar manner, without much regard to method or connection, some few circumstances more or less striking or instructive in their character, which could not well be embodied in the Sermon, and would, perhaps, if they had been committed to the form of notes, have loaded it too much with such appendages.

According to the census taken in pursuance of the Provincial Act in 1831, the population of the City and Banlieue of Quebec amounted then, in round numbers, to something more than 28,000, of whom nearly 21,000 were Roman Catholics, very nearly 5000 of the Church of England, and the remainder (approaching towards 2,500,) of other Protestant denominations. As far as has been hitherto ascertained, the whole number of deaths by Cholera in the year following, has amounted to about 2,800. From these data it would appear that the whole population has been decimated by the pestilence; but besides some increase of the resident population, on the one hand, it is to be taken into the account, on the other, that the *transient* population of the summer, (whatever proportion it may have borne to the whole,) furnished many subjects for the melancholy list—the disease having prevailed among such of the Emigrants as landed and among the sailors also in the port.

The number of interments by the Ministers of the Church of England during the whole of the year 1831, was 382.—In 1832, it was not far short of that number in the month of June alone, and in the whole year has amounted to 975.—The total of interments from Cholera among the whole Protestant population is estimated at 785. Upon the two consecutive days, however, mentioned in the Sermon, (the 15th and 16th of June,) upon each of which upwards of 70 were interred by myself, it appears probable that among the

bodies sent from the hospital to the Church of England Burial-ground in the distracting confusion which then prevailed, there was a considerable proportion of Roman Catholics and very possibly were some Protestants of other communions. And there is no doubt that some persons have been buried without its being known where ; and without any registration of particulars.*

Never can the scene be forgotten by those who witnessed it, which was exhibited in the dusk of one evening, at the Emigrant Hospital, before the forced exertions of some members and agents of the Board of Health had provided another building in the Lower Town exclusively for the reception of Cholera patients. A house opposite to the hospital had been engaged to afford additional accommodation, but the unfortunate subjects for admission came pouring in before any arrangements at all sufficient could be completed, and the desertion, in one afternoon, of part of the servants who had been hired, rendered the attendance, before most inadequate, so miserably inefficient, that the passages and floors were strewn with dying persons, writhing under wants to which it was impossible to minister, some of whom, I believe, actually died before they could be got to a bed. The Health Commissioners, the head of the Medical Staff, and the first Medical practitioners of the city were upon the spot together, and doing all they could, but how could their skill or judgment meet all the exigencies of such a moment ? Women were met at the doors bewailing their affliction, who had come too late to take a last look at their husbands while alive : parents or children were surrounding the death-beds of those dear to them : patients were, some clamouring in vain for assistance, some moaning in the extremity of languor, some shrieking or shouting under the sharp action of the cramp† ; friends of

* The rule uniformly acted upon when it became practicable to observe more order and method, was that a card was placed at the head of each bed, specifying the name, country, religion, &c. of the patient, and the date of his admission. This card after death, was nailed upon the coffin, before the body was sent away for interment.

† The delineations of poetry in representing either affliction or disease were, in many points completely realized in the scene here portrayed ; and in reflecting upon it since, the expressive description of Virgil has come into my mind :—

Lamentis, gemituque et scæmineo ululatu
Tecta sonant—

the sufferers were contending angrily with the bewildered assistants: a voice of authority was occasionally heard enforcing needful directions, but quickly required in some other quarter of the establishment—a voice of prayer was also heard, and the words interchanged between the dying and their pastors were mingled with the confused tumult of the hour.

The Clergy in passing through some quarters of the town to visit the sick, were assailed sometimes by importunate competitors for their services,—persons rushing out of the doors or calling to them from windows to implore their attendance upon their respective friends, and each insisting upon the more imperative urgency of the case for which he pleaded.

I have no reserve whatever, in mentioning my own part in these occurrences, because to suppose that the Clergy are entitled to any extraordinary credit for not flinching from their plain and proper duty in such cases, seems to involve a supposition that men whose whole employment relates to the business of preparation for eternity, and who preach CHRIST as the resurrection and the life, are *less* expected to be armed against the fear of death than all the other persons who are engaged in visiting and tending the sick, and performing the various offices successively required after death. A medical man might argue in the same words, although not throughout used precisely in the same sense, as those which I have heard suggested for the use of a Clergyman: These are cases in which I can do much less good than in other labours of my profession: many of them are almost hopeless, with respect to my doing any good at all: is it right that I should consume my time and expose my life for the sake of such cases, when if it is prolonged, I may be an instrument of saving many of my fellow-creatures?—There is indeed a

as well as parts of the passage in Milton which depicts a scene exhibited in vision to Adam:—

* * * * Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark;
 A lazarus-house it seemed, wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseased; all maladies
 Of ghastly spasm or racking torture, qualms
 Of heart-sick agony. * * * * *
 * * * * *

Dirge was the tossing, deep the groans: despair
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch.

Despair was to be seen every where, as far as concerned the *recovery* of the sufferers. And sometimes despair of their *souls*. It is too late, they would sometimes say to the Minister, themselves.

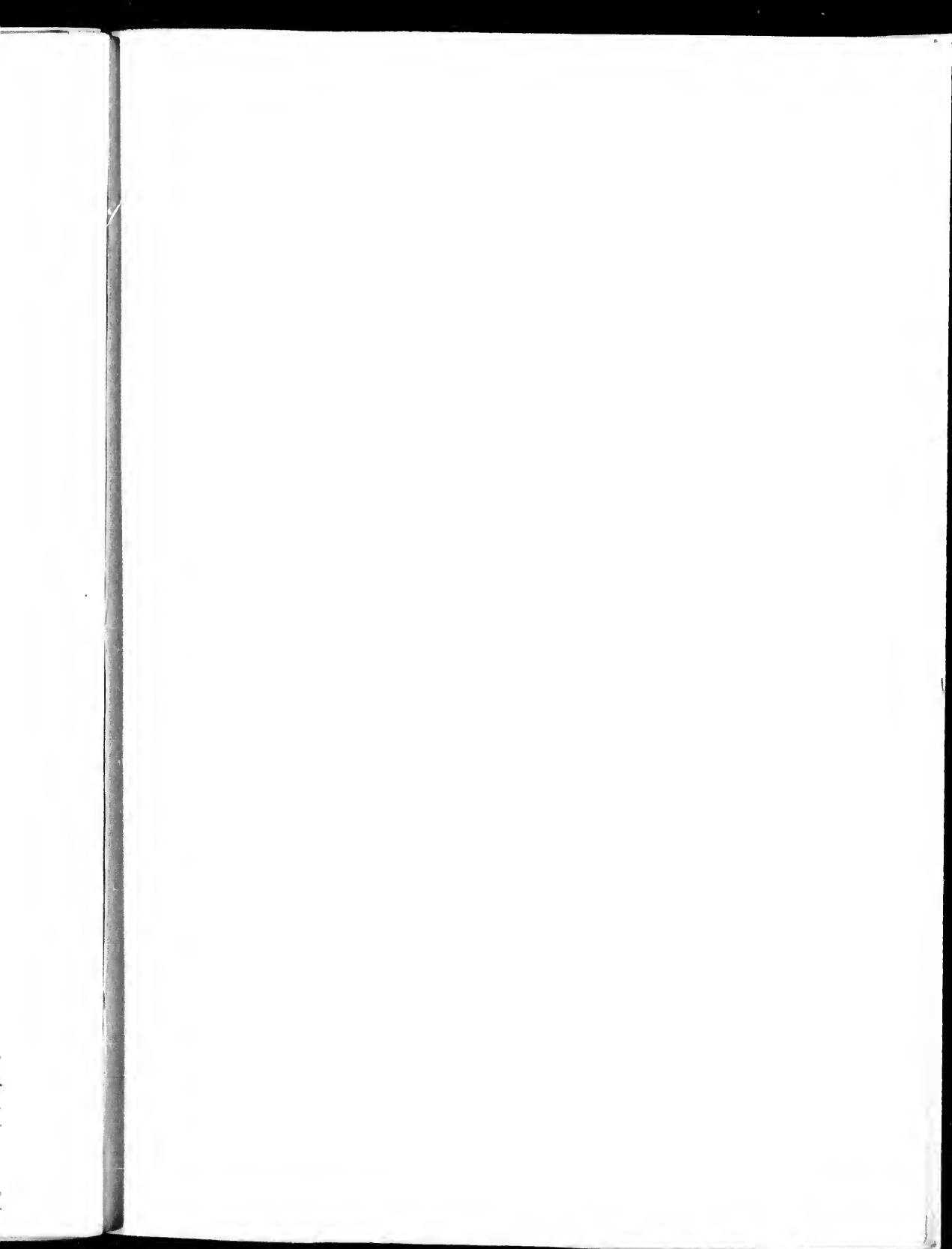
Canon which directs the Clergy to visit their parishioners in sickness, if it be not known or probably suspected to be infectious. But the rubric of the prayer-book was framed in better days, which provides for the case "where none of the parish or neighbours can be gotten to communicate with the sick in their houses for fear of the infection," and assumes it as a matter of course, that their Minister will visit them under those circumstances.

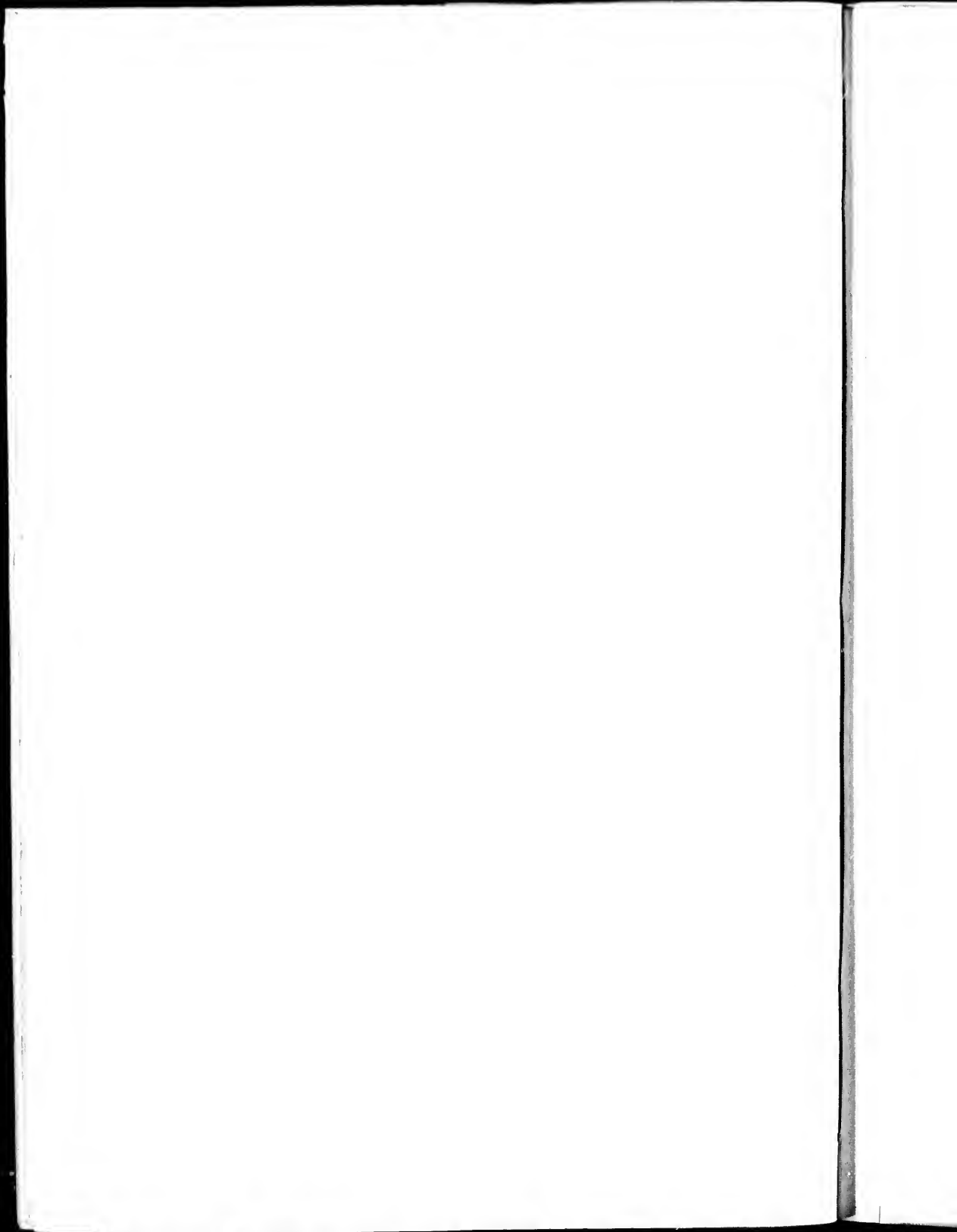
With respect, however, to the much agitated question of the contagious or infectious nature of the Cholera Morbus, the obscurity of the disease in this and in all respects has been the subject of remark in the Sermon; and I am far from offering to lift a presumptuous hand to cut the entanglements of this Gordian knot, nor am I qualified to set the subject in a scientific light, but as it regards simply the courage called into action, in visiting the sick, it does not seem necessarily of a very high order, when it is recollected that the medical gentlemen who are constantly busy in contact with the patients; the Clergy who, to talk with them to any purpose must, in many instances touch them and receive their breath close to their own; *—the friends and attendants about them night and day, who relieve them by friction of the hand till they are themselves perspiring with open pores,—and others who handle their clothing and bedding before and after death, *remained quite as exempt as any other classes of persons, from the disease.* †

That *this* disease may be propagated and made to adhere, in a manner, to particular places by causes which tend to generate diseases at large, appears sufficiently natural and is supported by a variety of instances which are known to have occurred.

* Upon occasions such as these, whatever constitutional repugnance may exist to things apt to create disgust, or whatever of that refinement may, more or less, be found, which is engendered by education and habit, are, (even if not mastered by some previous experience,) overcome by the necessity of the case and lost before long, in the absorbing nature of the occupation. All studied precautions are at the same time almost necessarily discarded. I sometimes administered the Sacrament, by means of a portable apparatus, to different Cholera patients successively in a very short time, in the hospital, or in passing from house to house, and of course used the same cup myself which was used by them all. The only protective that I ever adopted was the suspension of a small bag of camphire round the neck, and this was forgotten after two or three days. The same was the case with junior Clergymen who were full as much engaged in the same general way and much more constantly in the hospitals.

† One physician died of the Cholera in Quebec.—I believe that no Clergyman or Minister of any denomination, exercising any charge in the Province, fell a victim to it. An Irish Roman Catholic Priest who died of it in Quebec, had newly arrived and had not assumed any ecclesiastical duties.





The Roman Catholic Clergy connected with the establishment of the Seminary, gave public notice of the closing of that Institution in order to enable them to assist in the task of attending the sick, in which the whole body were unceasingly engaged. One after another, indeed, all the schools of the city were closed.

The conveyance of bodies to the burial-grounds in open carts piled up with coffins, continued after the Board of Health had provided covered vehicles for this purpose, (attached to the hospitals, but disposable for the same service elsewhere,) from the unavoidable insufficiency of the provision. I saw upon one occasion twelve bodies thus conveyed from *one* hospital and at *one* time to the *Roman Catholic* place of interment *alone*. Many fables were abroad among the lower orders, respecting persons said to have been buried alive in consequence of the order for their interment within a certain number of hours. It is a fact, however, that the hospital-servants were in the act of taking an old Englishman from his bed to the dead-house, when some sign of life appearing, they brought him back, and he ultimately recovered. This I had from his own lips. One of the Roman Catholic Clergy also informed me that a person whom he had visited was found to be alive, after being laid in his coffin, but died shortly afterwards.

The symptoms, in general, were much less horrible, although the disease, I believe, was equally fatal, among children. I do not remember to have seen an instance in which they were affected by the cramps. I saw two little things of the same family, lying, one day, in the same bed, at the hospital, to die quietly together like the babes in the wood.

In some instances the hand of death produced very little immediate change of appearance. I recognised a man one day in hospital, whom I had visited the day before at his lodging; and upon my going up to speak to him, the apothecary said to me, "Sir, that man is dead." His eyes were quite open.

It was one of the characteristic occurrences of the time, that boards were put out in various quarters of the town with the inscription **COFFINS MADE HERE**.

I remember seeing one day at the foot of Mountain-treet, a coffin containing a body, let down from a high garret, on

the outside of the house, by ropes. It had never passed probably in the mind of the unfortunate lodger, that the stairs by which he gained his lodging, would not afford passage to him for his leaving it, in case of death. I was informed of a similar occurrence at another house, where the coffin burst open.

I have mentioned in the Sermon the case of a drunkard smitten in the street in a state of drunkenness. I saw him seized by the cramps, and with the assistance of a couple of health-wardens, got him conveyed to the Emigrants' Hospital. His wife, who was also intoxicated, made violent resistance to his removal. It was, I think, a day or two after this, that the *Cholera* Hospital was opened. Upon my going there, the first person to whom my attention was directed, was this woman. She was then dying. They left two orphans who were afterwards received into the Female Orphan Asylum.

I was once attending to bury a young man who had died of cholera after having just obtained a decent situation in a mercantile house, and while I was still over his grave, an affectionate letter from his sister in Europe was put into my hands, which had arrived too late for him to read it. She reminded him that perhaps *before that letter could reach him*, himself or some of the persons interested about him might be *mingling with the clods of the valley*. She earnestly conjured him to abstain from the seductive poison which it appeared that he had used imprudently before. —I believe that he had not been guilty of intemperance in Quebec.

I have been assured that some men were brought into hospital, having been picked up in the streets under the supposition of being affected by cholera, but found to be only what is vulgarly called dead drunk ; and that the same individuals, having been discharged as soon as sobered, again gave themselves up to drinking and were brought in under no false alarm, a second time, but actually sick and that unto death, of the disease.

In the early part of August, when the pestilence had much abated, the Bishop held a Visitation of the Clergy at Montreal, which, in the earlier stage of the calamity, had been postponed. I was appointed to preach the Visitation Sermon, and of course left Quebec for that purpose. Upon my return, I was in company in the steamboat, with an un-

fortunate gentleman who had lost himself by habitual excess. He was at the breakfast-table with the other passengers, on the morning of the second day. A few hours afterwards, on that same day, his corpse was sewed up in sacking, and thrown overboard with weights attached to it, in conformity with the orders of the Board of Health. I read over the body, part of the burial service appointed to be used at sea, with some slight adaptation to the case. I had been with him in his dying hour, and it was one of the worst cases that I witnessed. He could scarcely articulate; but, in broken half-sentences or single words, was every instant importunately crying for something to assuage his thirst, tossing and turning at the same time without the respite of a moment. A kind of half mucilaginous drivel streamed profusely from his mouth. His countenance was ghastly and his skin clammy in the extreme; and the short work of this wonderful disease was exemplified (as in other cases,) by his having the appearance of a person reduced and worn down by the severe action of some long-continued illness. After his death, the Captain of the boat proceeded to take a kind of inventory of such effects as he had on board. Among these was a snuff-box with a representation upon the lid, of some figures carousing at a table, and a stanza from a drinking-song beneath: *Ah!* said the Captain, *that is the song that he was singing when he came on board yesterday.*

It was a horrid death. I cannot say that the unhappy man could be called *impenitent*—if the term penitence can be applied to the distress of mind under which he laboured. He seemed alarmed about himself, and very anxious that something or other should be tried in behalf of his perishing soul. When I first went in, he was able to say, *I am a dead man.* He afterwards put his finger to his open mouth, as a sign, and uttered the single word *Sacrament*, the administration of which was, of course, utterly out of the question, and I believe that I succeeded in turning him from such an idea.* A minister can hardly be placed in a more painful situation. He can hardly pray with hope; and without hope he can hardly pray with faith.

* It was impossible to suppose that his desire for the Sacrament, was prompted by his having in that moment clearly apprehended a proper interest in the sacrifice which it represents.

Should this publication fall into the hands of any person upon whom a habit of undue indulgence in liquor, is gradually stealing, let him be warned by these fearful examples. And oh ! let those who live by selling what so often carries ruin to soul and body, consider well their own case.

There was another case of cholera among the female passengers in the steerage, but the woman recovered and is now living.

The unfortunate gentleman mentioned above did not belong to the Province.

It is a common idea, and to be found sometimes in the writings of divines, that the death-bed of an evil liver will be sure to afford a warning spectacle of remorse. A familiar experience of such scenes will completely contradict this notion. Such cases do, indeed, occur; but men who have led a godless life, very frequently die either in a stupid or else in a deceived state, saying to their consciences "peace, when there is no peace," and clinging, like drowning men to straws, to any delusive expedient which will "promise life to the wicked." It is thus that they will sometimes demand the sacrament as a kind of *passport* to the other world; and it is thus that when they are past all possible capacity of judging of controverted points, or knowing what the Religion is which they embrace, there are instances of their abjuring Protestantism, if the occasion chances opportunely to offer for settling their account by a nominal transfer of their faith. I am impelled to a notice of this subject because a statement, which I cannot avoid thinking to be enormously exaggerated, of such conversions in this Province during the cholera, has been proclaimed as a matter of triumph in one of the Provincial newspapers. I shall content myself with observing, for the comfort of my Protestant brethren, and in justice to our cause, that, according to the views which *we must entertain* upon the subject, the loss of credit in such cases has certainly not been on the side of the Church so deserted; and the more the circumstances are known, the more strikingly will this truth appear. I believe, however, that the examples in Quebec were extremely few indeed; and among them, were persons who after recovery renounced what they had done.

No person into whose hands these sheets may fall, whatever may be his creed, ought to take umbrage at what I have here said. We *may*, indeed, be called upon to say more.

There are other exemplifications of this propensity to self-deception in death as well as in life, of which one or two which occurred during the late visitation, may here be added.

It may well be supposed that the pestilence made fearful ravages among the unfortunate pensioners from the army under the system of *commuting*, which has inundated this City with one of the worst descriptions of beggars. All the predisposing causes were here commonly combined. I was attending one of these persons who confessedly had been addicted to drinking, and had brought on the attack by a debauch the very night before, and who told me, (although without any marks whatever of deep contrition,) that he had committed every crime except murder,—yet this man,—it is awful to associate the words with such an account,—this man said in the midst of it, *sweet Jesus is my bosom friend*.

Another person of the same habits, standing in a state of intoxication at his own door, told me that he found *comfort* in going to some place of worship which he asked me if I disapproved of his doing; but said he *I want to feel the Holy Ghost*, i. e., it may be presumed, in a way approaching to animal sensation.

An unestablished and confessedly *backsliding* Christian whom I visited in the hospital,—unprofitable in life and unsettled in devotion, when I asked him if he had prayed for himself, replied with great appearance of unconcern, Yes, but I have not *got an answer yet*.

Another whose attention I had at first very great difficulty in rousing, and who could hardly speak, began to argue at last about the resurrection of the body, which as far as I could make him out, he conceived would not be real, but something like a phantom or appearance.

I am writing in the hope of benefiting the living, and I have recorded these instances that they may make their own use of them, and seek by God's grace, to be established and settled in clear and correct views of the Gospel, and to rest prepared upon solid grounds of confidence before their last sickness, instead of resorting to unsound expedients;

indulging in morbid or in presumptuous imaginations ; or vainly looking for sensible intimations from Heaven, in such an hour as that, or when they judge it near. We must never say that the door of mercy is shut against others ; but let us not run all the dangers of loitering without, while it stands freely open to ourselves. For we know that it *will* be shut against some who will knock too late.

It must not be supposed that the Ministers of the Gospel had no comfort in their late duties to indemnify them for the painful trials which have been here described. We may warrantably hope well of every person who dies calmly, after a life apparently influenced by religion, and expresses his reliance to be upon the great and sole foundation of acceptance. We may hope well also of persons different from these, who render evidence of sincere penitence and faith. And there were not a few deaths of which it might be pronounced that the sting was thoroughly drawn out. I must, however, confine myself now to a slight notice of two cases only.

A very few words, or even the manner of uttering them, will sometimes convey the most consoling assurance. The *voice of the bride* is mentioned in a text cited in the Sermon, as being made to cease by the visitation of calamity. The voice of a very youthful and amiable person, newly and advantageously married, was made to cease in death, during the late prevalence of the cholera, which carried her off in a few hours. It was so enfeebled when I saw her, that when she voluntarily repeated after me, the clauses of the Lord's Prayer, the effort was too exhausting and I stopped her before the conclusion ; but I shall never lose the impression produced upon my mind by the marked appearance of resigned and devout feeling with which she said the words, *Thy will be done!* and from all that passed, I have no doubt of her hope having been laid up in Christ. Her spirit was truly humble and her self-abasement of the deepest kind.

The other instance which I propose to notice was that of a young child who had attended one of the Church of England Sunday-Schools in this Parish. When she felt herself dying, she expressed a desire to see the young lady who had acted as her voluntary teacher. This desire being complied with, she said that she wished to kiss her before she died : and in the best manner of which she was capable, expressed her deep thankfulness for having learnt from her, those truths regarding her salvation of which she had been very ignorant before.

But it is the *life* and not the *death* which in general, must afford us grounds of hope. Even in death there may be a triumphant excitement which there is too much reason to fear to be fallacious.

Among the awful examples of levity and even merriment upon the subject of the Cholera, followed by the stroke of judgment, we cannot avoid reverting to the accounts received* of a kind of masquerading performance or dramatic exhibition in a festival-time at Paris, in which the Cholera is said to have been personated, with a train of figures representing in a ludicrous manner, the contortions of persons suffering from that disorder. This is said to have immediately preceded the infliction of the pestilence upon that City, with a severity unknown in other parts of Europe.

Several cases of a similar kind, where individuals were concerned, fell within my own knowledge in Quebec.

A young man who was mimicking the writhings of the patients, was suffering from the reality not many hours afterwards, soon succeeded by the sad realities of death.

A girl near the burial-ground who said in a jesting manner to the sexton, *Well, Mr. Sexton, it will be my turn next!* had hardly spoken the words before she was seized in a manner which obliged her to go into a house, from which she was conveyed home in the first cart that could be procured. I have never been able to trace the account of her any farther.

A carpenter who pressed an acquaintance to drink, and offered to treat him, saying that he was making his fortune by coffins, was, in a few hours more, in a coffin himself.

I told one man who was on his death-bed, of a story which I had heard that one of the first victims had tossed off a glass, on the morning of the day of his death, *to the health of the Cholera!* *Ah!* said he, *that is like me—God has served me right!, for I was making a joke of this Cholera* †

The inhabitants of Quebec of all denominations united in forming an Association, under the name of the *Beneficent*

* I have not means of turning to any recorded account of the occurrence. I repeat it from memory as it was told to me.

† THE natural propensity of the human mind to delight in the *marvellous*, and to prefer occurrences of a striking nature to the plain history of common life, develops itself, no doubt, very frequently in *religion* as

Society, for the relief of sufferers by the Cholera, within the City and Banlieue of Quebec. This Society will of course publish a Report at the close of its operations in the ensuing Spring. The subscriptions amounted to £2750. The Society comprises a Female Branch in which great exertions have been made in the distribution of clothing and bedding.

The Establishment of the *Female Orphan Asylum* over the *National Schools* in this City, has been doubled in consequence of the calamity,—the Ladies who conduct it having caused the additional rooms to be fitted up out of their existing funds raised by the annual Bazar.

The commencement of a Male Orphan Asylum has been formed under similar auspices.

Much valuable private charity has also been called forth among all classes from the heads of the community downwards; and many orphans have been adopted. In that part of the City in particular, which constitutes the Roman Catholic Parish of St. Roch, where the disease raged with great violence, every individual orphan of that communion, was disposed of in this manner among the Canadians.

It was a remark that I often made during the continuance of the Cholera, how little the face of Nature betrayed the sadness of the time, or showed any symptoms of that

in other things, and prompts men to deal in representations respecting the evidence of the hand of God, the sudden conversion of sinners, and a multitude of other points in which the imagination is apt unwarrantably to mix itself, and the religious appetite is fed with *stimulants* which render “the words of truth and soberness” insipid or unpalatable. I am sensible, therefore, that all statements of very remarkable incidents, or visible warnings, should be received at first with caution, if not with distrust. But care must be taken at the same time, that we do not push the rule so far as to reject any well-supported testimony of the marked power of God’s word and grace, or overlook any awful lesson by which he intends that we should profit.

There are, I believe, various instances satisfactorily attested, of facts closely similar to that which is selected in the following extract from *Pinnock’s County Histories* as having occurred at the town of Devizes, in Wiltshire:—

“In the market-place is a monumental stone, on which is recorded a most awful instance of Divine vengeance, almost immediately inflicted on an unhappy wretch, who had repeatedly called God to witness the truth of what she advanced, although it was a falsehood. She solemnly affirmed that she had paid the money for some corn she had bought, and wished God would strike her dead if she had not. She died, and the money was found in her hand.”—*From the Christian Sentinel.*

principle of death which was in such fearful activity among the delegated lords of creation. I was particularly impressed with this kind of feeling upon some of the lovely summer evenings, on which I officiated at the burial-ground, then still unenclosed. The open green, skirted by the remains of a tall avenue of trees, and contiguous to the serpentine windings of the River St. Charles, beyond which you looked across meadows, woods, and fields dotted with rural habitations, to the mountains which bound the prospect, the whole gleaming in the exquisite and varied lights of a Canadian sunset, formed altogether a beautiful and peaceful landscape and seemed a "fit haunt of gods." How melancholy and striking the contrast with all that had been deposited, and which it remained to deposit, in the spot upon which I stood! How full of deep reflection upon the ravages of SIN! How coupled with deep thankfulness to HIM who came to repair those ravages in the end, and to "make all things new!"

The materials composing this Appendix have been hastily thrown together from very rough and very slight notes taken at the first opportunity after the occurrence of each separate incident that was noted; and the sheets have been successively furnished for the press as they were ready, so as to render impossible any attention to nicety of arrangement, or any revision of the whole together, in which it might have occurred to make alterations or retrenchments. With this apology I send them forth, and trust that they will find the indulgence which they require. I believe that between my notes and my memory refreshed by their aid, I have made no statement of facts which is not perfectly correct in all material points.

DA VENIAM SCRIPTIS QUORUM NON GLORIA NOBIS
CAUSA, SED UTILITAS OFFICIUMQUE FUIT.

. Shortly will be Published by THE SAME AUTHOR, and in a manner uniform with the foregoing Sermon, TWO SERMONS on some *prevailing notions respecting THE MILLENNIUM OF REIGN OF SAINTS.*

