

Recollections of a Georgia Loyalist

Part II

by Elizabeth Lichtenstein Johnston

Elizabeth Lichtenstein Johnston (1764-1848) has left one of the earliest surviving memoirs written by a Canadian woman. Born near Savannah, Georgia, in 1764, she married, at the age of fifteen years, William Martin Johnston in 1779. Her husband served in the Third Loyal American Regiment and because of his Loyalist stance emigrated from the

United States at the end of the American War of Independence.

Johnston subsequently studied medicine in Edinburgh and later practiced in Jamaica where he died in 1807. Meanwhile Elizabeth shouldered the major burden of raising her surviving seven children, six of whom eventually

joined her in Nova Scotia where she made her final home.

By her own admission, Elizabeth Johnston was an untypical daughter of colonial North America. An only child, well-schooled and to the manor born, she did not experience the soul-destroying frontier environment that sapped the energies of many of her sisters in the same period. Like many other women, however, she was forced to live her life against a backdrop of war and early widowhood. Under these disciplining influences, the bookish, wilful child became a strong and powerful matriarch. Her values--the political, class, racist, religious and sexist biases which are found between the lines in her story--were passed on to her children and grandchildren, many of whom became prominent in the political and professional life of 19th-century Nova Scotia and Canada.

In 1836, at the age of seventy-two, Elizabeth Johnston wrote her memoirs for the edification of her family and friends. These were edited for publication by historian A.W. Eaton, who recognized the political value of her life story in a period when British imperial sentiment in Canada ran high and the Loyalist cult flourished. The memoirs are now of interest to students of women's history who find the roots of present feminist concerns in the life experiences of Canadian women in the past.



ELIZABETH JOHNSTON IN HER LATER YEARS

The excerpt reproduced below includes Elizabeth Johnston's memoirs of her experiences in Nova Scotia. Excerpts from Elizabeth Johnston's memoirs of her life in the United States, Great Britain and Jamaica up to 1805 are reproduced in Volume 4, No. 2, Part I



When my Eliza was seven years of age, Mr. and Mrs. Wildman were about to leave the island and settle in England, and earnestly requested us to allow them to take her as their own child, to educate. We could not for some weeks make up our minds to part with her, but after much reflection we considered it best for the child, as she was then of an age liable to the fevers of the island and as most persons sent their children from Jamaica to school who had not such good friends to entrust their children to as we. So she went with them. Ann Mackglashan also went under their care until they arrived, when her grandfather and aunt received her. My health now became worse, my constitution much debilitated as the result of ten years' residence

in a warm climate, and the next year it was thought necessary that I should change climate. This I was very averse to doing, as my husband could not possibly leave his practice, and he would not allow the children to be sent unless I went with them. It appeared a duty both to their health and their morals that they should not remain longer in the island, and after many days of painful anxiety, neither being able to give the sad fiat that separate we must, I did resolve with an aching heart, and embarked with my dear little family, for whom the sacrifice was made. Now, after forty years have elapsed, I can say with solemn truth that my own health alone would never have allowed me to leave my beloved husband and I should have risked the consequences of remaining. The ship Roselle for Leith was at Old Harbour, thirty miles from Kingston, where we were to embark, and on the morning of that sad day when I heard that the boat was come to take us on board (even now, when I remember my feelings I cannot refrain from grief) I hardly think I was in my senses. I uttered screams that distressed my poor husband to such a degree that he would then, I am convinced, have been glad if I had given up going. He begged me, if I felt so reluctant, to let him go on board and bring our things back, but all I could say was, "It is too late!" In the midst of my distress I thought how inconsistent it would appear for me to stay, after so

much expense and trouble had been taken in preparation, for though I may often have been thought a vacillating creature, yet where principle or character were concerned, I trust I have been and can be firm. So the idea of the good to my children prevailed, and I bore the separation. My husband also felt it keenly, for he loved his children and adored his wife, but our separation was only to be for one year or a little more.

The war still continued, and my son Andrew, then fifteen years of age, was dissuaded by his Grandfather Johnston from going into the navy, as he wished. The boy had even already gone to Leith with some of his juvenile friends who had chosen that profession, and had actually shipped on board a tender which lay there; and it was with much difficulty that the Rev. Mr. Clive, a friend to whose chapel Dr. Johnston and family went, who had interest with the then regulating captain at Leith, got him off. This was a few weeks previous to my arrival in Edinburgh. Dr. Johnston had an idea that my husband intended his son for the same profession as his own, and knew that he had it in his power to bring him forward in his practice. This being the case, and as he had no interest to bring him on in the navy, he induced Mr. Clive on my arrival to beg me to use my influence with my dear son to choose the medical profession. To our wishes his easiness of disposition and amiable, yielding temper led him to accede, but

how much happier, in all human probability, would it have been for himself and his friends had he firmly adhered to his first choice. That want of firmness had been a marked feature of the child's character from very early infancy, and it proved ruinous to him in his subsequent life. In his early education many traits of character and little faults were kept by his too fond widowed aunt and her maiden sisters from his worthy old Grandfather Johnston's knowledge, which had he known he might have nipped in the bud. One day, when a little fellow, Andrew was with some companions near a stall in the High Street, filled with sugar candy, or "cut throat," as it is termed, and ginger cakes. The woman said to him, "Come, buy, laddie." He had no money, was his answer. "Give me your buttons," said the woman, and the poor foolish child allowed them to be cut off his coat. His aunts, so far as I could learn, neither punished him nor told his grandfather, and before long he went on to greater faults, which their ill-directed affection led them to pass over as well. With more watchful firmness over him he might have been made a sterling character, for his abilities were of a high order and his disposition was truly affectionate and amiable. In features he was remarkably handsome, and he stood six feet high and was well proportioned.

At last his father wrote to desire that he should be sent out to him that he might judge what he was best fitted

for, and a few months after I arrived in Edinburgh he sailed from Leith for Kingston, Jamaica. His docility and quickness pleased his father, and he thought he would do credit to the medical profession, so eighteen months later he was sent back to commence a college course. Thus he was fixed in a profession which he did not fully like, and under the influence of several companions in Edinburgh, young men of fortune whom he had long known and to whom he was much attached, he was led often to neglect his classes and join in idle pleasures. Often of an evening he would order a fire in a separate room, with the fixed purpose of studying, when soon after he was quietly seated a rap would come at the door and he would be desired to be spoken with. Then the door would close and I would be told that Mr. Andrew and a gentleman had gone out. Thus my hopes of his reading for that night were frustrated, and I perhaps would not see him again until the next day. He was an excellent skater, and that robbed the lectures of many an hour's attendance. Yet so quick were his abilities that I have heard my valued friend, Dr. Thomas Duncan, who was most studious and who truly sympathized in my grief, say that he was astonished how much my son knew, though devoting so little time to his classes, or to study at home. Once Dr. Duncan wrote him a letter telling him how much I was afflicted, and saying that if he did not alter his conduct I would be forced to write his father, though dreading

the effects of his displeasure and the grief and disappointment he would feel to have his fond hopes so dashed. Dr. Duncan so earnestly entreated him and begged for an interview, that for the time it melted his heart, and Andrew, having seen our friend, for a short time was all we wished. I had at last to write my husband, finding how dissipated a life Andrew was leading, and he, as soon as an answer could be received, desired him to be sent out to him. The poor fellow consented to go, though feeling the disgrace and misuse of talents that prevented his going with a diploma (a thing that was also bitterly felt by his father). Still, he was ever amiable, and in a letter I received from him on his way to Greenock, he feelingly wrote of the remorse he had at the pain he had given me, and said that he was often ready to throw himself on his knees before me and entreat me to forgive and forget his bad conduct, but that pride prevented. When he reached Jamaica he was received by, and for a while assisted, his father, yet I fear he never found that place in his father's heart he had once had. On his first residence in Jamaica he had the yellow fever, so fatal to new-comers. With unremitting care and with the blessing of Providence he got through it, however, and the second time he was there was very healthy. For four years and eight months before his death he was in practice with a medical man of high character, a Dr. Johnston (no relation of ours), a very liberal-minded

man, who took my son into partnership with him in the mountains of Clarendon, and loved and valued him highly, and saw that his medical knowledge was good.

On Saturday, December 1, 1805, Andrew came with our friend and his very warm one, Mr. Hutchinson, to Kingston, with the intention of coming out to The Penn, our residence, three miles from Kingston, to see me and his sisters and his brother Lewis. We heard he was in Kingston, and expected to see him that evening, but he did not come, for he had a slight headache. His sisters, who dearly loved this affectionate brother, were eagerly looking for him, whose attentions to them were more like a lover's than a brother's. His father thought he should not have left his practice, and as there were races, thought that they had brought him; but I know differently. When his friend offered him a seat he could not resist the wish to see us and his father, who was on bad terms with him, which was a great grief to the poor boy, who was then doing well. The next day we were sure of seeing him. Alas, the servant who was sent in for marketing brought word he was not well. Still I had no idea of danger. His father had remained with him in town, and I had no means of getting to him, the only carriage we had, a chaise, the doctor having in town. To describe my anguish is impossible. What would I not not have given to have seen him! Dr. Mackglashan called. I entreated him to

take me to him, or to ask my husband to send for me. At three o'clock Mr. Johnston came. He said that Andrew had been taken with the black vomit, fatal symptom! in the night, and that his countenance indicated danger. He gradually sank, though tonics and brandy were given him largely, and he, dear child, did not, could not, bear to see our grief, and begged that we would not come.

At six o'clock in the evening Dr. Mackglashan came again. My three daughters were in the parlor. Poor Kitty had been a little better of her dreadful malady for some days, but was not told of her brother's danger. I again urged the doctor to take me, saying that anything was better than the state of suspense I was in. "Could you," he replied, "my dear Mrs. Johnston, submit if you knew the worst?" "Oh, yes!" I cried. "Your son died half an hour ago," was his heart-rending intelligence. As we stood together at the end of the balcony, I scarcely recollect how I felt, but this I know I uttered: "Shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not receive evil!" I then said, "I shall see his remains taken by this house." Even that was denied me. "No," he said, "you must be removed to my house, with the girls, in the morning, on Kitty's account, who might relapse, and you must not let either of the girls know of it to-night." Oh, what a hard trial for me! Yet I struggled until bedtime with my feelings, and

was thankful to get to bed, so that I might give vent to my agonizing grief.

He sank calmly. Often have I thought what a comfort it would have been to me had he had a pious Christian minister or friend, even at the last, to have told him of his merciful Saviour. His father could not help saying (mentioning the calmness and quiet with which he left the world, and the smile that rested on his beautiful countenance) that he was sure there was no vice there. Would he had thought so long before! Less hardness would have had a better effect on his gentle nature. May that God that seeth not as man seeth, but who judgeth in mercy, have pardoned the errors of my ill-fated child, and have received him into glory, for He knoweth what man is, how frail and prone to sin! Our Heavenly Father sees and knows our hearts and will pardon where an earthly one will not.

Let this sad history of one cut off in the prime of life, at twenty-five years of age, with vigorous health, manly beauty (he was, as I have said, tall, well-proportioned, and with a face such as is seldom seen), be a warning to all my grandchildren to avoid idleness and dissolute companions, and to study in youth, that seed-time of knowledge, that they may reap the fruits of honest industry in after life and be an honor and credit to their parents. This dear child possessed every advantage of mind and person. He

had abilities of the highest order, which he laid at the shrine of vice and folly, rendering his parents and friends miserable, his mother sorrowing the more that his father could not cordially overlook his past offences. My beloved offspring, to be sure of acting right, take the Bible for your guide, remember your Creator in the days of your youth, and pray that you may not be led into temptation. My poor son had false indulgence shown him in early life; even while at college his weak aunts rather took part against me, judging me too severe in wishing him to devote more of his time to study. I have had severe trials in this life, yet I am conscious that I deserved many, and none, I believe, have been more than was good for me. This is a long, sad history of my lamented first-born; let it be a warning to youth, and to parents to allow their sons to choose that profession their hearts most incline them to.

My son Lewis had been at an academy at Queen's Ferry and was well-principled and sedate, and his father wished him also to study medicine; accordingly, he wrote to Edinburgh to desire that he might attend some classes, and then go out to Jamaica previous to his ultimate study at college. After he got to Jamaica his mind turned to mercantile business, and his father got him into the office of a friend of his, a merchant of the first consequence, a Mr. Lake, where he remained four or

five years, until 1806, with a salary of £200 per annum. Then he suddenly took a desire to study medicine, and was allowed by his father to go to Edinburgh. I remained in Edinburgh with my three daughters and two younger sons, my father residing with me, when the accounts from Jamaica of my husband's bad health led me to disregard what I most dreaded, a winter's passage in those Northern seas, and embark in the middle of November in the ship Roselle, at Leith, with my girls. I was at Dumfries with Laleah and Eliza on a visit to a friend when I got the letter, and I arranged with my friend Henry Duncan to take charge of my two dear boys, whom I was to leave behind. They were then to be boarded with a Mr. White at Dumfries, but were to be under his care, and I left my house furniture for my father to arrange, and parted from him and my two good little boys with a heavy heart. We had a long, rough passage of ten weeks, and encountered in the North Seas, some degrees beyond the Orkneys, where adverse winds had driven us, most tremendous gales.

While in this awful state my dear girls were calm and composed. My youngest, Laleah, then in her thirteenth year, who was on the same sofa with me, told me with some diffidence she had made some verses. As she had never before been visited by the Muses, it appeared strange at such a time to be inspired, the seas literally

running mountains high. With much persuasion I got her to consent to allow a gentleman to write the verses down, for we could not raise our heads. I must transcribe them, as they show that her mind had early been led to things that are important, and that she was an affectionate and dutiful child:

The warring elements obey
The Lord's Almighty power,
The northern blast's by him con-
troll'd
Even at this very hour.

O why am I so much afraid,
Why does each wave alarm,
Does not the Lord protect me still
And guard me by his arm?

Then let me think I'm here as safe
As when in Scotia's Isle;
A Mother's cheerful countenance
Makes all her children smile.

I observed, upon hearing the last verse, that she might make some lines on her mother, and to my wonder, an hour after she whispered she had done so. These verses also were taken down, and my heart feels too grateful to my affectionate child, even after so many years have rolled on, not to put them also in these recollections of by-gone days, the retrospect of many of which, alas, is too, too sad.

TO MY MOTHER

How can I e'er repay the care
That thou hast ta'en of me,
Or how restore the nights of rest
I oft have stolen from thee?

'Twas thou that taught my infant
heart
To raise itself in prayer,
The goodness of Almighty God
Thou didst to me declare.

May every blessing light on thee
To enrich thy mortal store,
And may the choicest gifts of
Heaven
Be thine for evermore!

We arrived safe and well the 1st of January, 1802, and I found my husband in bad health, but happy to meet us and much pleased with his three dear girls. Catharine, then nineteen, an agreeable, fine-looking woman, with a great flow of spirits and highly accomplished, had great quickness of intellect and ready wit, but a temper unequal, and subject to violent changes. Though she was five or six years older than her sisters, her judgment could not be relied on as much as that of either of them. From being considered a woman so long before they grew up she assumed toward them a haughty superiority, which she could not be brought wholly to lay aside when they went into company, and in this way she caused me much distress of mind. She selfishly desired many expensive

articles, which the others quickly relinquished, knowing their father could not well afford them, and if she was opposed poor Catharine sometimes exhibited a temper that we had to take pains to prevent being made public.

These considerations caused me, weakly perhaps, it may be thought, to yield to her in many things. Had her Grandfather Johnston never taken her from me, thinking to benefit her by the advantages she would gain in Edinburgh, I should have controlled her temper, as I had hitherto done, and given her soberer views, and she would, like my other children, have been obedient to my will. She was only ten years of age when she left me, and four years passed before I joined her in Scotland, and a very different method of training from mine had been pursued with her aunts. They taught her the catechism, made her go to church, boxed her ears when she was wild and giddy, and allowed her free access to a circulating library, where non-subscribers could for a penny get a novel for twenty-four hours. She was fond of reading, and with her quick intellect, had I been with her at first, before the poison took deep hold, could have become interested in studies of a higher kind. When she heard I was coming to Edinburgh, she imagined me like a heroine in a romance, and thought that I would be such a mother as was pictured in the highly wrought novels she was accustomed to read; while on the other hand, as soon as I

arrived, her aunts loaded me with complaints of how foolish and giddy she was. Perhaps I was too anxious to counteract the faults that had been fostered so long, and may have tried to check them too suddenly. Though she saw the docility of her young sister Laleah, yet upon every attempt I made to alter her disposition she imputed to me a preference for her sister, which she thought caused my reproofs to her, and so a fatal jealousy sprang up in her mind. Little by little she brought herself into a highly nervous state, and as her health was beginning to decline from her irritability, we tried several changes for her. When we reached Jamaica she was in excellent health, and very much admired, for she was handsome and well made and was a proper height, and she played, sang, and danced admirably; yet her passions were strong and her judgment weak.

Soon after we arrived in Jamaica my dear Eliza took the yellow fever. A friend of Mr. Johnston, a Mr. Hutchinson, had kindly invited us to his residence, the Papine estate, six miles from Kingston, for the country air and to prevent infection in the hot town, and though we went, Eliza soon sickened. I sent an express off for her father immediately, who lost no time in coming. She had a little headache and languor, and only complained in the middle of the day, yet her father told me that evening that if she was not better in a few hours

she could not recover. It did please God to restore her, and the others continued in good health, six weeks after we removed to our own house near Halfwaytree. Mr. Johnston's health had been declining for some time, and it was now thought necessary that he should have change of climate, though it seemed hard for me after our long separation to be again tried in the same way. But so it was, and he was away two years, though unhappily he did not find much benefit from the change.

During his absence Laleah was attacked with yellow fever and was very ill. After his return Catharine was afflicted with a nervous illness, combined also with symptoms of yellow fever, and was seized with a violent bleeding at the nose, which nearly exhausted her. She got no rest, and was very irritable, and her father was persuaded by Dr. Mackglashan to give her an opiate, which he did, at the same time being aware that if it failed in its effects it would produce dreadful consequences. He gave her eighty drops of laudanum, and his worst fears were verified. It produced the most violent delirium, and she was in a dreadful state, thinking that there was an insurrection of the slaves, that they had set fire to the house, and that the bed she lay on was in flames and we were holding her in it. It took six persons to hold her in bed, and her poor father said to me that night that if she did recover from the

violence and dreadful derangement she showed, he feared something fatal had taken place that would render her an idiot for life. After some days of delirium she sank into a state of insensibility, in which she remained three weeks without motion. Only by holding a glass to her lips could you tell she breathed, and indeed she was with great difficulty kept alive at all. The first sign of returning animation she showed was her shedding a few tears as a gentleman and lady who were fond of her, as she was of them, came into the room dressed in deep black. She was reduced to a skeleton, and for three months said no more than "Yes" or "No" when spoken to, but would scream if her father left her either night or day. Her dear sisters had not their clothes off for three months, and for eighteen did not go out into company. They were young in years, but well schooled in patience and self-denial. Doubtless the trial was of service ultimately in forming their characters and producing in them much sterling worth, though it was a fiery trial in the furnace of affliction. After a time Catharine was so much better that she could converse rationally. Then she told her sisters what she had suffered, how she had though she was in flames and was being dragged over broken bottles. While she lay apparently insensible, she said, she imagined she was in a charnel house, where she was not permitted to move or speak. Such were the sufferings of my unhappy child. Slowly she continued to

improve, and she sometimes appeared to take pleasure in the piano, which she had always been fond of and on which she formerly played and sang so well. Some months after, however, she relapsed into such a state of violence and irritation that a sea voyage was recommended, and worn down as I was with sorrow of various and trying kinds I told her father that as he could not leave his practice to go with her, hard as another separation from him and my beloved boys was, I myself would go. At once a vessel for New York was looked for, and my father, who was then on a visit to us, agreed to accompany me and my three daughters.

Not meeting a vessel quite suitable, a friend chancing to meet my husband said to him: "Why, Doctor, I wonder you who are a loyal subject do not prefer sending your family to a British Province; there is an excellent vessel going to Halifax, Nova Scotia." Little did I then think that I and all my children would ultimately settle in Nova Scotia. When I heard this advice and knew that my father was looking at the accommodations of the Halifax vessel for us, so little intercourse had we with Halifax that I exclaimed, "Send us to Nova Scotia! What, to be frozen to death? Why, better send us to Nova Zembla or Greenland." So it was, however, and early in the summer of 1806 my father and three daughters with myself embarked in a brig of Prescott & Lawson's, for Halifax, perfect strangers to every one in that place except

Mr. Thomson's family, who I had reason to think were not living in town, but at a place called Hamitfield, some distance away. Mrs. Thomson and I were both born and brought up in Savannah, and were schoolfellows there. I had a letter from a merchant in Kingston to Prescott & Lawson, and another to James and William Cochran, merchants. From the gentlemen and their wives to whom the first letter was addressed we met with much more than civility, they were as kind as near relations could have been. Mrs. William Lawson took us four females and my woman to her house, where we remained until I got a house and furnished it. Mr. Prescott took my father to his house, and with great kindness laid in our coal and potatoes and even marketed for us. Old Mr. and Mrs. Lawson were everything that was affectionate and kind, as were all the branches of their family. I found the Thomsons in Halifax, and I was very happy to meet my old friend after so long a separation.

My daughter Catharine for a time appeared to benefit from the change, and went a good deal into private company, and from her playing on the piano, which she did well, and her singing and conversation, she was the delight of all who heard her. But in a few weeks, when the novelty wore off and the effects of the sea air subsided, she relapsed into her former irritable state. I have great reason to think, however, that there was in her case more of temper and nervousness than real mental

disease, though the latter did exist. Her condition was a source of much pain and many privations to myself and her dear sisters. Soon after our arrival in Halifax we met a friend of Mr. Grassie and the Messrs. Lawson, a Mr. Ritchie, a lawyer at Annapolis. He soon became attentive to my beloved daughter Eliza, and some time after made proposals to her. His character standing high in the estimation of his friends and my daughter not objecting, her father was written to at Kingston, Jamaica, for his consent, which from the recommendations he received from several persons in Halifax was readily given. They were married at Halifax, June 30, 1807, and a few days after Mr. Ritchie took Eliza home, accompanied by her beloved sister Laleah, for they were tenderly attached to each other, being only fourteen months apart in age. Laleah remained at Annapolis until bad accounts of my dear husband's health, which called for my immediate departure, made me write for her. Then Mr. Ritchie kindly brought my dear Eliza also with her to stay with me until we sailed.

My good old father has been on a visit to Annapolis but had returned to Halifax, and he could not bring his mind to encounter a second time the climate of Jamaica, which did not agree with his health or habits of life, he being always accustomed to take much exercise on foot in cooler climates. Accordingly he decided to fix himself at Annapolis near his beloved grand-

daughter, to which decision I readily agreed for her sake as well as his, since then Eliza would not be left without one dear relative. As it was, the parting on both sides was severely felt. She was a dear, good child, and her heart was so affectionate, so free from self, that none ever knew her without loving her. At this moment, though more than seventeen years have passed since she was consigned to an early grave, I feel all the tenderness of grief as though it were very recent. My daughter Catharine had been much worse about the time of her sister's marriage, and afterward my troubles with her were great and sore, yet not more than my Heavenly Father thought was needful for me. I humbly pray that every chastisement may bring me more and more from loving the things of this world, and render me daily more patient under trials and disappointments of every kind.

The 4th of December, 1807, we embarked on board the ship Rosina for Kingston, Jamaica, and had a good passage.

The 1st of January we arrived, and there soon after anchoring at Port Royal I had to meet the sad intelligence of my dear husband's death, he having passed away the 9th of December, 1807, three weeks before our arrival. It was a bitter disappointment to me, as I had earnestly trusted we should meet again in life. Dropsy, after a complication of diseases, was the final cause of his death.

I remained in Jamaica three years before our affairs could be so settled as to admit of our leaving the island. The spring after my going there my son James went to Annapolis, Nova Scotia, to his brother-in-law and sister, who resided there. He lived with them until I went there, and it was a great comfort to his sister Eliza to have him with her. At the end of the year my son Lewis came from Edinburgh and commenced the practice of medicine in Kingston, and the January after he was duly elected to the attendance of the workhouse there. My other son John was with Mr. Munro in the office, and had a salary of £200 per annum, Jamaica currency. His character from early life was good and dutiful, and he was strict in his principles. When he came out from Scotland from under the care of his excellent friend and tutor, Duncan, at the age of fifteen, he evinced a strength of character seldom observed in one so young. A friend of mine who was at the head of one of the largest law offices in Kingston, a Mr. Munro, offered as a favor to take him into his office. At that time it was the shocking custom in the law offices to have clerks at the office on Sunday mornings until twelve o'clock. It was then too late to attend divine service, which as in other places began at eleven o'clock. When I told my beloved John of Mr. Munro's offer and asked if he had any objection to the profession, he said he had none, but at the same time he requested that I would ask that his Sundays should be passed as he had

been used from childhood to pass them; that he should not be compelled to be at the office on Sundays at all. When I told Mr. Munro his request, he asked me if John would attend church. "Certainly; it has ever been his custom to do so," was my reply. He then promised me he would grant his request, but no other except the head clerk, Mr. Marshall had the same privilege.

In the summer of 1810 we embarked for Halifax, accompanied by my son John, whose health required a few months' change of climate, and who had obtained leave from Mr. Munro to remain as long as he felt it necessary. On my arrival at Halifax we were kindly received by all our friends there, and not long after Mr. Ritchie came to town with his horse and gig to take us to Annapolis. Catharine and myself went with him in his carriage, and another horse and gig were hired for dear John and Laleah. We arrived safely at Annapolis, where we had the happiness of meeting my father, my beloved Eliza, and my son James, who had left me the year before. My Eliza had two dear boys. John was two and a half years old, Thomas, a stout boy, ten months old. Their mother was looking thin, but well in spirits, the fatigue of nursing and having the charge and attendance of two such children, without a regular servant, was more than a delicate female brought up as she had been was equal to. As soon as I went to house-keeping I relieved her of part of her

care by having John stay with us. We helped Eliza, especially on wash day, a grand event which occurred once a fortnight in every family, at which all the servants assisted, and when it was thought a great indulgence if the mistress had no more labor than to have the fag of all the children. These customs were new to my beloved child, brought up as she had been in the habits and comforts of a lady, who had had that and other work done by servants, all with their regular employments. On those stirring days I had Tom also brought to my house, who if he was not quite as great a favorite with his grandfather as his first great-grandson John, who bore his name, was with his Aunt Laleah and myself a great pet. Mr. Ritchie's mother had the charge of his house and took the head of his table; she was old, but well and active, and would have felt the want of her usual employments had dear Eliza as mistress of the house taken the sole management upon herself. She, however, had enough to occupy her, with a rapidly increasing family and the care of nursing and attending upon them. She was an affectionate wife, and a tender and judicious mother, and she was a great economist. In her lively manner she used to say, when we laughed at her for putting together as many as ten pieces from a pair of her husband's trousers to make a suit of clothes for little Johnny: "While Ritchie has to work so closely in his office, I think it my duty to save all I can." That spirit of pride, or ambition shall I

term it, that led her to try how much butter she could herself make in a season, was more than her delicate frame could long endure. Besides, her rest was always liable to be broken by an infant at night. Until John was past three years of age, however, he lived with me, and from an old-fashioned prayer-book with large print I taught him his letters and to spell little words. I think he will now be glad to find that I wish him to accept the sacred book, and leave it for him to remember his old grandmother and dear aged great-grandfather by, who so greatly doted on him. The book may be valued, too, for its antiquity, it having been printed in Queen Anne's reign. If he has children he may say, "This was your great-grandmother's."

My dear Eliza had dear Laleah added to her family January 16, 1812. Her next was William Johnston, born October 29, 1813. My beloved father died the 4th of November after--making just one week between the birth of the infant and the demise of the aged great-grandparent. He had a rapid dropsy, which was tapped with apparent success, but in a few days the water increased greatly and he went off very suddenly. At his request, I had left him for a few moments sitting up in the arm-chair, for he had been better that day and had conversed a little with me. I could not stay long away, however, fearing he might feel weak if he rose from the chair, and I called at the

door, "Allow me to come in now?" There was no answer, and I went in just in time to save him from falling off the side of the bed where he was, against the edge of the hard bedstead. He was then very faint, and just as I approached fell back on the bed. I was alone. He was a heavy man, his legs were hanging over the bed and he was in danger of falling, but I go on the bed, raised him in my arms, and strength was given me to support him from slipping down. His dear, venerable head lay on my shoulder, he breathing quick, but gently as an infant. There was no creature in the house at the time but my poor daughter Catharine, and I screamed for her. She came to me, and I begged her to fly to Mrs. Fraser, and bring her, Dr. Hinckle, or anybody. She went, and Mrs. Fraser and Dr. Hinckle both came in, and took my be-oved parent from my arms and laid him on the pillow, when with two gentle breathings he was gone. Mr. Ritchie and Dr. Robertson, who were at the Court House, soon came and helped me to my chamber, where I lay completely exhausted after my exertion of mind and body.

My dear Laleah, who had been the tenderest of nurses for weeks, and was ever, as were all my children, the most dutiful and affectionate of grandchildren, seeing him so much better that morning, told me that if I sat with my father she would go and see her sister and get a little fresh air, and also, chief of her errand, get some

eggs to clear jelly for her grandfather, little thinking how soon he was to be called away. He was a fond parent, and thought only too much of his child and her offspring. I hoped I had done my duty but, alas! what child can say, when deprived of a beloved parent, that she has not been wanting in numberless instances whereby she could have shown her love and gratitude.

My beloved Eliza before her confinement was daily with us, helping to take care of her dear grandfather, and feeling that every day would be the last she could expect to keep up. The last day, October 28th, she said: "I will stay as long as I can, for I know I shall not in all likelihood see him again," and she remained until ten o'clock that night. The next morning we heard that her little son William was born. My son James arrived that morning from Halifax, and as soon as my dear father saw him, he said, "You have come, my child, to see one just come into the world and another about quitting it." All who knew the dear old gentleman revered and loved him. He was in his seventy-ninth year, and I, his only child, now recording these events, am past since May last my seventy-second year. But what avails the longest life? It is but as a vapor, so soon passeth it away. "So teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."

My dear Laleah was married, January 29, 1814, after these events, to Dr.

William Almon, and I trust the union has been a happy one. Religion, I mean vital religion, was then at a low ebb, but he was brought up by parents who were regular in their duties and attentive to the morals and religious observances of their children. Great changes have taken place in Halifax since that period, and low as is still the standard of Christianity among the bulk of the community, yet many souls have lately been awakened to see their need of a Saviour's atoning blood, and to rejoice that His free grace can wash them from all their sins if they only have faith in Him. We must all who are concerned in these momentous questions pray that Christ's kingdom may daily be extended over our land, and that our children may be rescued from the dominion of Satan.

On November 20, 1814, their first child was born, a daughter, who was called Laleah. January 27, 1816, their son William Johnston was born. February 9, 1816, my daughter Eliza's son, James Johnston, was born. He was called after his Uncle James, who was also his godfather, which at that time met his wishes. Elizabeth Lightenstone Ritchie was born October 1, 1817, and my daughter Laleah's dear Amelia was born July 20, 1817. Our beloved and ever-to-be-lamented Eliza soon after got a typhus fever, which injured her constitution, and she was in delicate health for some time. I left Annapolis when her child was three weeks old, and

passed the winter in Halifax with my daughter Laleah, but returned to Annapolis in the spring. Myself and all her family were very anxious that our dear Eliza should be taken to another climate, but our entreaties did not prevail and that summer passed away and she was still ailing and weak.

The winter of 1819 found her growing worse; a short cough, hectic flush, and feverish symptoms gave us real cause for dread, and all that winter she was confined between her bedroom and the drawing-room on the same floor. Dear James and Bessy were her constant companions. I also saw her almost daily, no weather keeping me from her. My son James drove his sister Laleah up in May to see their beloved Eliza, and she brought her youngest babe, whom she was nursing, with her. She was called Elizabeth, after me. Our dear invalid rallied a little and was downstairs a few times to dinner, but soon after kept chiefly upstairs. She expected to be confined early in June. James and Laleah could not remain so long, and they parted for ever (at least in this world) from their dear and most beloved sister. She, too, must have had a presentiment that her continuance would be short, by her wishing and proposing that her sister should take her daughter Laleah with her, that at her death she might be brought up by that darling sister whom from infancy she had loved as her own soul. This we conjectured could be her only motive for parting from her child

at such a time. After they were gone she often begged me to request her sister to get her Laleah improved in writing, that she might write her often, and she frequently spoke of it. Whether her Laleah made out a line to her mother I do not remember. She seemed to feel the parting from her, as she was seven years and a half old, and a very companionable child.

On the 14th of June of this, to me, eventful year Mr. Ritchie came in the morning to break the news to me of the death of my dear daughter Catharine, which took place on the 2d of June. It was a shock to me, as I had formed the plan, if dear Eliza recovered from her confinement, to go to Boston to see her. If I found her well enough in mind I intended to bring her home. My son John was to visit us that summer, and what hopes, what happiness were anticipated in such a meeting of dear friends. Alas, my Heavenly Father in His wisdom saw fit to order it far otherwise, and to frustrate our earthly schemes. On the day that I heard of poor Catharine's death I could not venture to see Eliza, lest I should by look or feeling discover the sad news to her. Dear creature, ever mindful of her mother's comfort, and suspecting that I would not eat any fruit or other nice thing I got but keep it until hers were done, that day got some oranges from her brother James, who wrote her he had sent her a larger supply by a vessel. She gave Mr. Ritchie's niece Harriet Ritchie some oranges to take

to me, with strict charges to be sure to cut some of them and see that I ate a part, so thoughtful was she ever for the comfort of others, especially her mother. If I were called upon to bear testimony whose individual character I had ever known most free from selfishness, I could with truth and boldness say it was my beloved Eliza's. In early childhood she evinced the disposition to impart to others whatever she had, and the disposition grew with her growth.

That night she was seized with violent fever, and it was thought had taken cold from imprudently cutting out a piece of Russia sheeting, which might have had a cold dampness about it. Be that as it may, she continued ill all night, and next day labor came on, and in the evening (June 15) dear George was born. She was put to bed that night extremely weak, but she thought herself better and slept a few hours very comfortably. When she awoke she observed that she had not enjoyed so much good sleep for a long time. After that, however, she was not so well. Dr. Randolph had been called away to another female patient and did not see her, but early next day, when he did, he was much alarmed at her situation. She had great pain in her chest and oppression of breathing, and he advised bleeding, and wished to call in Dr. Simpson. I was in agonies to have Mr. Ritchie send express to Kentville for Dr. Bayard, and he had the horse and his faithful man Quin ready to

start, when the doctor said to Mr. Ritchie he thought he had better defer sending until they saw the effects of the bleeding. He yielded, poor man, and I was sadly distressed, for though that was Wednesday night, the doctor could not possibly have got there, using all the haste he might, before Friday night.

It was the will of God. When He is about to call us hence there are many ways of ordering events, which our poor, blind, ignorant minds cannot discern. Submission is our part, yet how hard a lesson it is for most of us to learn.

On Wednesday evening she was bled, but though sensible the first two days after her delivery, she never got any better, and it appeared that she apprehended danger, for upon their bringing her a night-cap to change, she observed that it was one of her best and that the vinegar used about her head might spoil it and she wanted another. When Miss Cross was trying to make the infant take the breast, which he was long doing, Miss Cross said: "Take it, you little fool." My sweet Eliza smiled, and in her playful way said, "That's not a family failing, Margaret." From Thursday she grew worse, wandered a good deal, and often repeated, "What does it avail, what does it avail!" Once when I was standing by her bedside she repeated these words, "My children, my poor children!" I asked what she wished for them, but

she seemed to have gone off from the subject. The post was going, and I wrote my dear James and also Dr. Bayard, to hasten their coming. But it was too late for any human skill to avail. She soon sank into a stupor, and on Saturday afternoon, the 19th of June, 1819, departed this life, after a short mortal struggle, leaving all who had ever known her to deplore deeply her loss. She was only in her thirty-second year, and so was cut off in her prime. Our Heavenly Father, in thus early removing my beloved child, no doubt saw in His infinite wisdom that it was best for her, yet we cannot see things as we ought, and it seems to us that it might have been better for her motherless children had she been spared. May the prayer that has been so often and fervently offered for these children at the throne of grace have been heard, and may they be blessed with all needful temporal good, and above all with the grace that may lead each one to supplicate at the throne of grace for a renovation of heart!

Dr. Bayard and my dear James rode day and night, and arrived on Tuesday night at ten o'clock, and no words can describe the grief of my son, who had not realized her danger, to find his sister a corpse. We had kept her remains with difficulty, in the hope that he would be in time to attend the last solemn offices, and this he was enabled to do. On Wednesday morning her dear remains were interred in the Annapolis churchyard, where my dear

father lies, and where dear Laura was laid some years since and an infant child who was still-born. It is a place hallowed to me, and I could wish my remains might rest in the same spot, but there is little chance of that happening, as I am now in Halifax, and from my age it is not likely I shall ever pay Annapolis another visit.

After these heavy losses, the anticipated pleasures of that expected summer ere overthrown to us survivors. My dearest son John went to New York, intending to visit Boston on his way, that he might see his sister Catharine. When he arrived there he found that she had departed this life a week before. It was no doubt a shock and disappointment to him, yet not one to cause such poignant grief as he was soon after to feel, for Catharine's had been for years a life of suffering and mental disease, with no chance of recovery, and she was now released from its continuance. John soon left Boston for Annapolis, where he arrived a few days after the funeral of our dear Eliza, and where he remained a few months with us.

I soon broke up housekeeping to live with Mr. Ritchie and watch over his children's health and morals. I stood to them now in the place of their dear mother, for I knew well her wishes, plans, and hopes for her children. Her great principle was to exact from them implicit obedience, and those who were old enough at her death evinced by

their conduct the benefit they derived from her discipline. After awhile my dear John went to Halifax to see his sister Mrs. William Almon and her family, and his brother James, who resided there and practised as a barrister. Some time after he returned to Annapolis to see us, and then, about January 7, 1820, he went back to Jamaica.

One evening I received a letter from my dear James, announcing as carefully as he could his intention of going to Madeira for his health. He was going, he said, merely to please his friends, and I must not suppose there was any cause for alarm, for he was not very unwell. It was thought, he said, that escaping the winter would establish his health perfectly. He wrote everything that such an affectionate child would be sure to write, to reconcile me to the dread of what might happen, but after so recently losing my beloved Eliza, his determination fell upon my spirits that night most heavily. At length I betook myself to my only source of consolation, and on my knees prayed at the throne of grace for my child's safety, and then opened the Word of Life. Let it not be called enthusiasm when I say that my eyes lighted on some most consoling texts of Scripture, which did then and after strengthen and comfort me. I felt assured my child would be preserved, and I rose with a firm trust that my prayer was heard. From that time I

was peaceful, and although the day after he sailed, the 1st of February, there was a heavy snow storm and gale, still I knew in whom I trusted and was not cast down. My dear John, the morning after James' letter came, set out on horseback to see his brother. He also was going back to Jamaica, and this event hurried him off sooner than he would otherwise have gone; then he, too, parted from me. Mr. Edward Cutler accompanied him to Halifax, and his presence made the journey less dreary to him. It was hard to part with dear John, though he was then in good health. James arrived safely at Madeira, remained there a month, and returned after three months' absence, in good health, which filled my heart with gratitude to Almighty God, who had been so merciful to me. The cataract on my left eye now became gradually worse, until at length it obscured the sight, and not long after the other eye inflamed, and a cataract was just discernible in an incipient state. Though the use of medicines, however, it was suspended for a time, but at last my sight was almost obscured.

In the year 1821 my son James married Miss Amelia Almon, an amiable and well-principled girl, who, by her tender affection and religious, well-directed mind, has rendered him very happy. They have had a large family, of whom six are now alive, a seventh being expected shortly. My son Lewis removed to this country from Jamaica with his family about May, 1822, and settled in

Halifax. He and his wife had then three daughters, but now their children number fourteen. By the mercy of our Heavenly Father they will, I trust, very soon be the happy parents of their fifteenth child. One they lost in Jamaica, a girl, Mary Ann, and another seven years and a half past, called William, a fine boy about three years of age. May a blessing be upon all my dear grandchildren, that they may be led to love religion and remember their Creator in the days of their youth! How happy was the good Philip Henry (Matthew Henry's father), whose children took religious, pious partners. Of the religious state of his twenty-four grandchildren he thought so well as to venture to say he thought "God had set His seal upon them." . . .

When my sight failed I was very desirous to have something done to restore it if possible, and at one time I was advised to give an oculist from Boston a sum of money to come to Halifax, and pay all his expenses until his return. Indeed, my son Lewis came to Annapolis in June, 1823, to take me to Halifax for that purpose, but I ever felt reluctant to the plan, and Dr. Almon, with an eminent army surgeon, examined my eyes and I think put belladonna on them. The doctors found that the nerve was perfect, and that they were in good condition for an operation, but Dr. Almon, not seeming to think that the doctor from the States could do it better than our own medical

men, entered into what had been ever my own strongest wish, to go to Scotland or England to the fountain head. There was some difficulty for a time as to who would go with me, but my mind was made up to go, and I arranged with my friends the Davidsons that I should go to Edinburgh to them, and that Miss Davidson would attend me to London and remain with me until I was ready to go back with her to Scotland, where I had a pressing invitation to stay with her family a twelvemonth or more. These were the husband and children of my departed friend. However, my son Lewis made up his mind to go himself with me, and we embarked in the Lady Wellington packet, the 20th of April, 1824, for Falmouth. We had a short but severe passage and were nearly lost, the vessel being thrown on her beam ends in the effort to lay her to. We remained lying to for forty-eight hours, the waves breaking over us all the time, but it pleased the Lord to spare us. I was very weak and worn out with the roughness of the passage when I landed at Falmouth, but I went on soon after to London, and was recommended to Mr. Lawrence, a celebrated surgeon and oculist, who was also at the head of the Eye Infirmary and gave lectures there to students. After much inquiry as to who was best, and after some weeks of preparation to bring my system to a more healthful state, he was fixed on, and on the 16th of June I was operated on in my left eye, and but for a faintness coming on after it, should then have had the other eye done also.

Twelve days after, the right eye was operated on, but not with the same success; inflammation ensued and I suffered much from it for weeks, and became reduced and feeble. After all my suffering I have now no sight in it, but I do not regret that, since my sight is so mercifully restored in the other eye, which has since been free from weakness or inflammation. It is now thirteen years, or will be in June, since I received my sight, and for the blessing I can never be grateful enough to my Heavenly Father, who though He chastens yet in mercy gives comfort to His afflicted children. . . .

Lady Mitchell and her daughter, with Miss Uniacke and her brother Mr. James Uniacke, came down the day after us and were at the same hotel. They called on me at my apartments, and were very polite and civil. We were to be fellow-passengers in the same packet, and on the 9th we embarked, I going on board with Lady Mitchell in Captain King's barge, which he sent to take her and her family on board the Cygnet. The lieutenant and commander, Mr. Goodwin, was very attentive and obliging, and the accommodations were very comfortable and the fare excellent.

There was a Mr. Fraser on board, a civil engineer, going to Upper Canada with his newly-married wife. She was a very pretty looking, lady-like woman. Both were Scotch. She had been well-educated, and this was her first sepa-

ration from indulgent parents and kind friends. She and her husband had been only three months married, and the poor lady was dreadfully homesick besides being very seasick; she was so ill the whole passage as never to be able to sit at a single meal, and she seldom even came on deck. She was unused to the sea and did not seem to know in any way how to remedy the evils she labored under, so with my usual wish to aid those who require it (Mr. Ritchie would call it Quixotism) I lectured the steward's mate, made him more attentive to her stateroom comforts, made her take good chicken broth and arrowroot at night with cheese and porter at times, got her into my cabin, which was more airy than hers, and was soon repaid by seeing her grow much better in health and spirits. She was very interesting. I had one letter from her from Upper Canada, and she appeared to estimate my trifling services much beyond their worth.

We arrived at Halifax the 13th of October, 1824, and found all well. I forgot to mention that while at sea my eye inflamed very much, and when I landed my children were disappointed and feared all my expense and exertion would prove useless. It pleased my Heavenly Father, who orders all things wisely, however, though I lost the sight of my right eye from inflammation, to preserve the other, and it has continued ever since healthy and strong. For this blessing I can never be sufficiently thankful. I recovered my

health and strength in a few weeks, and remained at Dr. Almon's until May, 1825, when I heard of the death of Mrs. Ritchie. This induced me to go up immediately to Mr. Ritchie and his children and offer my services and consolation, and once more assume the care of my sweet Bess, who before her father's marriage had been long under my care, the child of my old days. My son John, who married in Jamaica, also came with his wife and settled in Annapolis, and while their house was repairing they visited Mr. Ritchie. My new daughter, dear Laura, was a charming young woman, the meekest and purest-minded being I have ever met with, from her spiritual-mindedness in religion appearing fitter for heaven than earth. Her first child, a fine girl, was still-born, for her sufferings were so long and protracted that the poor babe died just as it entered this world. The mother bore her sufferings with the patience of a saint. My beloved son had been persuaded to pass the night at Judge Ritchie's, and coming home early, finding his wife still suffering and danger apprehended, he fell down in the parlor in a swoon, which greatly alarmed me. Dear Laura had a better recovery than we could have hoped for, and about a year after she had a sweet little girl born, whom they called Mary.

Before her birth I removed to Halifax. Soon John and Laura came on a visit, with Mary, who was then eight months old and had a beautiful, angelic coun-

tenance, and sweet, winning ways. Alas, I fear she was too much an idol with both parents. When John was about to leave Annapolis to attend the House of Assembly at Halifax in the winter, he wished to bring his wife, and she also wished to accompany him, but the fear of risking their child's health in a winter journey (though she might have been guarded in a close-covered sleigh) made my son feel it best that dear Laura should remain at home with Mary, which she as usual meekly assented to. She was alone with two servant women and a boy, but as there were only a few that had minds congenial with her own, and as they could not for a time be with her, she preferred remaining as she was. The session was nearly over, a week more and her husband would again be with her. The first of April, in excellent health and spirits she wrote her husband a letter, her child being within a week of one year old. The stage was to leave next morning. Oh, shall I proceed! for even now after the lapse of eight years my heart sickens at the recollection. That night after reading and praying with her household, she retired to her own room, where she was wont to offer up her private devotions and read the Word of God to herself. The person who attended the child had laid her in bed, had seen that everything was right and that her mistress had no further commands for her, and had gone to the kitchen, which was next her room. Scarcely had she seated herself in the kitchen when she heard two knocks on

the wall. She quickly hastened to the room, where she found Laura in a flame of fire. Another servant ran into the kitchen, where two buckets of water stood, and dashed water over her. But alas! everything on her was burned. Her body was fearfully burned, and she was an agonizing spectacle. A servant was sent for the doctor and for Mrs. Davies, a kind friend, and blankets were put over her for she was then shivering. The words she uttered were: "This is a judgment of God's to bring me nearer to Him," and at another time: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" Everything was done by the doctor and her friends to mitigate her pain, and what medicine was best for her was given her. She was wonderfully patient and calm, and gave what account she could of the accident. She went to snuff her candle, and she thinks the snuff fell on her clothes. My poor child had that day for the first time laid off her merino dress and put on a muslin one with a deep flounce. It is thought that in attempting to light her candle she may have turned hastily round and her flounce caught in the flame, for when she discovered it the lower part of her dress was all on fire. Her clothes were all loosened except the top button of her frock, which she thought of unbuttoning and letting drop off her with the rest of her clothes, but her too nice modesty shrank from this. Her next idea was to wrap herself in the merino curtains of her bedstead, but she feared that she would set fire to the curtains and

risk the baby's life. Her third was to take a pitcher of water and throw over herself. I do not recollect whether all these thoughts passed through her mind before she knocked or not, but she had never been called upon to act for herself and had always had a governess, a parent, or a husband to look to for everything. Had it been otherwise, had she been trained to think and act for herself, she would have resorted to one of these means at the first appearance of the fire. Hers was a strong mind in matters that concerned her spiritual welfare, but in temporal things her diffidence led her to lean on others. It was the will of God. He saw that her pure and gentle spirit was fitter for mansions of bliss than to encounter the storms of adversity here, and the next morning she gradually sank into a stupor, and at 9 o'clock Friday night, April 2d, breathed her last. Thus was my meek, angelic child translated by a painful and sudden death into the presence of her Saviour and her God, where all is praise and adoration.

The sad news of the accident was carried to Halifax by William Ritchie, early on Friday morning. By his exertions he prevailed on the passengers to allow the stage to go off at 2 o'clock in the morning. When he got to Kentville, where the stage was to stop, the dear fellow hired a wagon and travelled all night. The roads at that season were deep and heavy, and he got to town only about 10 o'clock Saturday morning,

bringing a letter from Dr. Bayard telling my son what had happened. He saw his poor uncle in the street on his way to the House of Assembly and had not the heart to tell him, but when he asked how all were, contrived to evade the question by saying he had a letter and would call with it. My dear son was in a hurry to get to the House of Assembly and William came immediately to his Uncle James', where I then resided, and told him the dreadful news. He went for my son Dr. Lewis Johnston, to accompany his poor brother to Annapolis and take whatever was needful for the suffering patient; then he went to the stage office and engaged a wagon to go off directly. Next, he called his uncle from the House and gave him Dr. Bayard's letter, and he and Lewis set out on their journey on Saturday forenoon, the 3d of April. The roads were so bad that with their utmost exertion they did not reach Bridgetown until early Monday morning, and there they heard of Laura's death. The shock to his nervous system, added to the fatigue of his journey and the exhaustion of his winter's work, threw my son into an alarming state, and he went at once into a kind of fit. Fortunately, however, his brother was with him to use means for his recovery, and they got to Annapolis the day before the funeral.

Laura's face had escaped disfigurement, which was a comfort to all her friends, but from dear Lewis' account of the rest of her body it was dreadful to

behold. O how mysterious and past the conception of finite creatures are the ways of God; they are past finding out, yet all is done in wisdom and mercy. We can only wonder, adore, submit, and kiss the rod, praying for that divine aid which may, indeed, enable us to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

I went to Annapolis as soon as the roads were passable, and remained with my son and took care of sweet little Mary, who was more than ever an idol with her only parent. She was certainly a lovely child, with a most amiable disposition, which has always continued with her. Some years after, my age and his anxiety about his dear child induced my son again to think of marriage. What was at first suggested to him by motives of friendship and prudence was by and by urged upon him by stronger feelings. Meeting unexpectedly with a pleasing, amiable young lady, a Miss Kelly, whose character he had heard highly extolled, his heart was soon wholly hers, and he was not long in declaring himself. She also had heard by their mutual friends the Bayards of St. John his character highly praised; and indeed they knew so much of each other from different people that when they first met they were far from being really strangers. They were married the 17th of September, 1832, and lived happily together for the few years it pleased God to spare my son. They had a daughter, a fine child, whom they called Laura after

his former wife, and sixteen months after her birth they had a son, called James Kelly, after his maternal grandfather.

My beloved son always enjoyed good health, and he came up to Annapolis (where I was then on a visit) to attend the September Court. After the Court was over he hurried down to Clare to visit his constituents in that part of the county, and when he returned was in Wilmot also for the same purpose. On Saturday he left Annapolis for Kentville by the stage, a conveyance which often makes traveling very rough and severe. He must have felt it so, from his writing me from Kentville by no means to come in that coach for it would be too much for me. My beloved child was ever mindful of his mother's comfort. He went on Monday in the other stage that travels from Kentville to Halifax, but stopped at Mrs. Fultz's, where his wife and family were, for change of air, and a day or two later they all returned to town together. A few days after they reached Halifax he ruptured a blood vessel, but it was not then thought certain whether the blood he discharged was from his lungs or from some of the vessels in the back of the throat. I returned from Annapolis soon after, and was greatly shocked to find how ill he had been and how weak and pale he still was. After that he never wholly recovered his health and strength, and he often had colds and coughs.

At last he was advised to go immediately to the West Indies. It was then, however, November, and the winter setting in severe he did not go. When the House of Assembly met in January his medical and other friends urged upon him the necessity of not attending the session. My dear child would attend, however, and though promising he would not stay many hours at a time in the House, when he was once there he got too much engaged in what was doing to adhere to his resolution. Indeed, I never knew him enter so much into the spirit of what was doing in the legislature as that winter. For a time he used to write late every night on the currency question, a labour which was fatiguing to both mind and body. On the 19th of March, about 3 o'clock in the morning, he was seized with a vomiting of blood. Though it soon stopped he grew noticeably weaker, showed every symptom of consumption, and constantly lost flesh and strength.

A few weeks later he was able to bear a drive in a closed carriage, and accompanied by his wife he removed to his brother James' house, it being large and in an airy part of town. I remained at his house, where I had been for some months on a visit, and took care of his children. He was still much bent on trying the effects of a sea voyage, and though his medical friends saw little to hope for, they did not wish to prevent the only chance he had of recovery. On the 4th of May, 1836, he embarked

on board the Camden packet, Captain Tilly, for Falmouth, England, but everything was against him. The passage was much longer than usual with packets, the fare was miserable, and when my beloved child got to Falmouth he was quite exhausted, the fatigues and privations of the voyage having tended greatly to aggravate his disease.

After a short time, finding no hope of recovery, he anxiously wished to return by the next packet to Halifax, but the medical gentlemen gave it as their opinion that he could not survive the voyage, and he then gave up the idea, and calmly and patiently and full of the humble Christian's hope in Christ his Redeemer, and in His all-atoning blood, yielded with meekness to the will of his heavenly Father. He found much comfort from the kindness and Christian conversation of some truly pious persons, the Rev. Mr. Burchell of the Baptist Church at Falmouth, and a Mr. Bond of his church. They, their wives, and the doctor who attended him, soon forgot they had lately been strangers to him and felt and acted toward him as if he had been their brother. His deportment was sweet and amiable, calm and resigned, and all his mind was given to reading or hearing read the divine word of God. His wife and little Mary were with him, his two younger children having been sent to their grandmother Kelly's care at St. John, New Brunswick, previous to their parents leaving Halifax.

For a few days he rallied and his appetite was good, but his lungs were gone and he daily wasted away. He was sensible to the moment of his departure to his rest. He asked Mrs. Burchell what her brother the doctor said of the probabilities of his case. She answered with tenderness that he did not think he would live over two days. He appeared solemn and thoughtful, and after a little pause said he was resigned to the will of God. In his conversation he evinced a true faith in his Redeemer's blood and in the divine promises. The day before his death Mrs. Burchell said to him: "Mr. Johnston, do you know you will soon be entering the dark valley of the shadow of death; are you able to realize it?" He calmly and sweetly took up the verse and answered: "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Such was the trust he had, and shall I doubt his happiness now? O no! may I be as well prepared as he was. He spoke a few minutes before his death, and took a teaspoonful or two of wine and water. When asked if it should be cold or warm, he said, "Warm." As soon as he was raised up and supported to swallow it, he shut his eyes and appeared to fall asleep. The doctor was on one side and his wife on the other, and as they laid him on his pillow, with one or two gentle breathings, he passed away.

"One gentle sigh, his fetters break,
We scarce can say he is gone."

My departed child was a truly religious man, pious and holy in his walk in life and deeply reverencing the sacred word of God. He died on the 11th of July, 1836, at Falmouth, England, and was interred in the Baptist burying ground there, far from all his beloved friends. His wife had a stone put over his grave, containing his name and age, with the simple inscription, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Mrs. Johnston, with little Mary, returned in the August packet to Halifax, and the meeting was a trying one to us all. As soon as she had recruited in some measure, with her child set set out for Annapolis on her way to St. John, where her two other children were with her mother and sisters. It was a great trial for her, meeting her fatherless babes. She remained there through the winter, her little boy being ill, and in the spring came with her children to Annapolis, some weeks after going with them to Wilmot, where she remained all summer and autumn. The country air restored James to health and greatly benefited them all. She now resides in Halifax, and it is a great comfort to us to have her here.

In March last, this year 1837, we were called to sustain another heavy affliction by the sudden death of our dear Amelia, the beloved wife of my son James and the tender and exemplary mother of his children. It was her delight to clothe the naked, feed the

hungry, and educate poor little children who were growing up in poverty and vice. Not only was she concerned about people's secular needs, but she strove to impart religious knowledge to the minds of all she had the opportunity of conversing with. Her activity of mind and body in doing good was truly wonderful, and though she performed her outside charities so well, she did not forget her domestic duties nor ever neglect the minds and bodies of her own dear children, who numbered six. By her now bereaved and sorrowing husband (who sorrows, however, not without hope) is her loss deeply felt, for with her Christian conversation and her affectionate sympathy in his every care, sickness, or pain, she was the great solace of his life. Her death was a public loss; the poor of all descriptions mourned for her as their mother; even the Catholic priest, who knew her charities had been equally extended to his poor, lamenting her death, said to a friend of hers, "She was truly a good woman!" Thus mysterious are the ways of our heavenly Father. She was only thirty-five, and we looked for years of usefulness to be hers, but not so was her Lord's will; her work in His vineyard was done, and He perhaps foresaw evil to come and so in love and mercy called her early to Himself. May that blessed Saviour who took our nature upon Him, and who knows that we are weak and frail, be the support and comfort of her dear afflicted husband. The care of their six children devolves wholly upon him, and

deeply does he feel the responsibility. Never was there a tenderer parent, nor one more deeply interested in his children's temporal and eternal welfare. Dear little Agnes, who had been delicate from her birth and about whom dear Amelia was very anxious, is his especial care. She was unwell for a time, but is now robust and hearty. Her sister Amelia, turned five years of age, is a fine, healthy child; his other daughter, in her sixteenth year, is a very promising girl and has an excellent disposition, and I hope by her docile and dutiful conduct will prove a great comfort to her beloved parent. I pray also that his three dear boys may be all he wishes. My prayers are daily offered at the throne of grace that they may be led to love and serve God and seek an abiding interest in

Christ. My fixed home is with Lewis, and in my quiet apartment at his house I have the greatest possible freedom to read, write, and meditate.

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At my time of life it is needful to cause the mind to dwell deeply upon the awful and momentous change which must soon take place in my frail body, and on the great transition of the soul. If prepared, what a delightful change from earth to heaven! If the prize is so great, what manner of persons ought we to be; how little ought we care for the perishing body so soon to be food for worms, and how exclusively ought we take thought for the soul that never dies.