

weeks, anticipated by an hour his usual time of rising. There was much in the King's language and manner this morning which bespoke his sense of approaching death. On awaking, he observed to the Queen, 'I shall get up once more to do the business of the country,' and when being wheeled in his chair from his bed-room to his dressing-room, he turned round, and looking with a benign and gracious smile on the Queen's attendants, who were standing in tears near the door, said, 'God bless you!' and waved his hand.

At nine o'clock, by the desire of the Queen, who was naturally anxious that the hope fervently expressed by the King on the preceding night might be gratified as soon as possible, the Archbishop entered the King's room, and was received, as at all other times, with the significant token of joy and thankfulness which his Grace's presence never failed to call forth.

On this occasion, the Archbishop read the service for the Visitation of the Sick. The King was seated, as usual, in his easy chair; the Queen affectionately kneeling by his side, making the responses, and assisting him to turn over the leaves of the large Prayer-book which was placed before him. His Majesty's demeanour was characterised by the most genuine spirit of devotion. Though unable to join audibly in the responses which occur in the service, yet when the archbishop had rehearsed the articles of our creed, his Majesty, in the fulness of his faith, and labouring to collect all the energies of sinking nature, enunciated with distinct and solemn emphasis the words, 'All this I steadfastly believe.'

During the whole service, his Majesty retained hold of the Queen's hand, and in the absence of physical strength to give utterance to his feelings, signified by his fervent pressure of it, not only his humble acquiescence in the doctrines of our holy faith, but his grateful acknowledgment of those promises of grace and succour which so many passages of this affecting portion of the Liturgy hold out to the dying Christian, and the belief of which his Majesty so thankfully appreciated in this his hour of need.

With the other hand his Majesty frequently covered his eyes and pressed his brow, as if to concentrate all his powers of devotion, and to restrain the warmest emotions of his heart; which were so painfully excited by the distress of those who surrounded him. His Majesty did not allow the Archbishop to withdraw without the usual significant expression of his gratitude, 'A thousand, thousand thanks.'

It was when the Archbishop pronounced the solemn and truly affecting form of blessing contained in the 'service for the visitation of the sick,' that the Queen for the first time in his Majesty's apartment was overpowered by the weight of affliction.

The King observed her emotion and said in a tone of kind encouragement, 'Bear up, bear up.'

At the conclusion of the prayers, his Majesty saw all his children; and as they successively knelt to kiss the hand, gave them his blessing in the most affectionate terms, suitable to the character and circumstances of each. They had all manifested the most truly filial affection to his Majesty during his illness; but on Lady Mary Fox, the eldest of his Majesty's surviving daughters, had chiefly devolved the painful yet consolatory duty of assisting the Queen in her attendance on the King.

During this afternoon, to such an extremity of weakness was the King reduced, that he scarcely opened his eyes, save to raise them in prayer to heaven, with a look expressive of the most perfect resignation. Once or twice indeed, this feeling found expression in the words 'Thy will be done!' and on one occasion he was heard to utter the words, 'the Church—the Church!' and the name of the archbishop.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening of this day that the archbishop visited the King for the last time.

His Majesty's state altogether incapacitated him from joining in any act or exercise of devotion; but, as at each preceding interview, his grace's presence proved a source of joy and consolation to the dying Monarch, who strove in vain to convey any audible acknowledgments of the blessings which he sensibly enjoyed; but when, on leaving the room, the arch-

bishop said, 'My best prayers are offered up for your Majesty,' the King replied, with slow and feeble yet distinct utterance, 'Believe me, I am a religious man.'

After this exertion his Majesty gently moved his hand in token of his last farewell, and the archbishop withdrew.

As the night advanced, a more rapid diminution of his Majesty's vital powers was perceptible.

His weakness now rendered it impracticable to remove him into his usual bed room, and a bed was accordingly prepared in the royal closet, which communicates with the apartment in which his Majesty had passed the last ten days of his life. At half-past ten the King was seized with a fainting fit, the effects of which were mistaken by many for the stroke of death. However, his Majesty gradually, though imperfectly, revived, and was then removed into his bed.

From this time his voice was not heard, except to pronounce the name of his valet. In less than an hour his Majesty expired, without a struggle and without a groan, the Queen kneeling at the bedside, and still affectionately holding his hand, the comfortable warmth of which rendered her unwilling to believe the reality of the sad event.

Thus expired in the 78d year of his age, in firm reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, King William the Fourth, a just and upright King, a forgiving enemy, a sincere friend, and a most gracious and indulgent master.

Bushy House, July 14, 1827.

J. R. W.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1837.

THANKSGIVING.—We are happy to find that Thursday the 23d instant has been appointed by his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, as a day of public Thanksgiving, for the preservation of our land during the past year from the horrors of pestilence, and for the blessings of an abundant harvest. We doubt not that this command will meet with glad obedience throughout our happy country, upon which the mercies of God in rich abundance have so long been showered down. Never, it is believed, has such a harvest been gathered in, since the first settlement of the Province. Let all then, as on every day, so especially on that set apart by authority, offer unto God their heartfelt thanksgivings, and be careful to shew forth His praise, not only with their lips but in their lives.

OBITUARY.—Died, at Chester, on Sunday Oct. 29, aged 90 years, Mrs. ELIZABETH ANDERSON, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, but for more than 50 years a resident in this place. In her death christianity has lost a sincere and zealous supporter, and the church a pious and consistent member. When first she took up her residence in this town, it was to her a barren and dreary place, for there was no Temple of the living God to which, on Holy days, she could resort, as she was wont to do in the land of her nativity, to offer up her praises and thanksgivings to her Redeemer and her God. Ofttimes in some lonely place did she sit down and weep when she remembered the sacred, though in this our day, too lightly thought of, privilege, she once enjoyed of going with the multitude to the House of God.—After the lapse of ten tedious years, she had the pleasure to see a church erected, and again to hear the admirable liturgy, and join in the scriptural worship of the church she loved. The sudden and melancholy death of her beloved pastor (Rev. Mr. Lloyd), too soon deprived her of this highly prized privilege; but to remedy this privation, now more keenly felt than ever, she regularly went for several years at stated periods, more than twenty miles, to the neighbouring parish of Lunenburg, to unite in sweet communion with fellow worshippers at the altar of her God.—And when, by the good providence of the Almighty, a resident Minister was again sent, through

the liberality of the Venerable Society P. G. F., the hour of morning and evening sacrifice found her (while health and strength permitted) regularly in her place, "to hear and receive God's holy word," from which she never could be seduced by caprice or the love of novelty. Ever glad to converse with members of other denominations who loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, she yet preeminently loved her church, and was not afraid to vindicate its claims. Never led from false notions of liberality to compromise her principles, she kept in view the Apostle's exhortation to "hold fast the form of sound words," and not to be "tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine." Blessed with a good constitution, she lived to see a beloved Diocesan, surrounded by many of his clergy, administering the holy rite of confirmation at the altar where for many years she had looked in vain for even one ministering servant of Jesus Christ. It was also her happy lot to behold the little band of fellow worshippers become a goodly number, being herself one of more than one hundred and seventy communicants who partake of the symbols of their Saviour's dying love at the altar of St. Stephens.—Thus to be spared to witness an answer to her prayers, which in many a lonely hour she had offered up to the Throne of Grace, made her oftentimes bless the Heaven-born liberality of that Society, which under God, was the means of supplying her and many others with spiritual bread here in the wilderness, and convinced her that God would not forsake His church and people, but would be with them "always even to the end of the world." When unable any longer to go up to the house of God, and by increasing infirmities prevented from reading the sacred Scriptures, she heard from others the Gospel of her Saviour,—the reading of which, with other works on religious subjects, was a pleasing task to many who had derived comfort and support from her pious advice and conversation.—Thus was matter afforded her for contemplation, which, together with the well remembered good instruction she had in early life received, cheered many a lonely midnight hour.—Having seen her husband and all her sons consigned to the grave, she was left "a widow indeed and desolate;" but still the theme she most delighted to converse upon, was the goodness, the kindness, and love of God, with prayers that she might have a more thankful heart for the mercies, both temporal and spiritual, she received from the liberal hand of her God. And although she could not understand his will in keeping her so long in the world, when others younger than herself were almost daily called to leave it, yet knowing His time to be the best, her earnest prayer was to be resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father. Her remains were followed to the grave on Wednesday the 1st of November, by her two remaining daughters, and many of her children's children. On Sunday an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rector, from 2d Tim. 4th c. 7th & 8th verses, to a large and attentive congregation. She has "gone down to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season." Having been watered by Divine grace, and obtained her full ripeness in a lengthened life, she has been taken only to be transplanted, and to flourish forever in the Paradise of God.

Indiscriminately to praise the dead is certainly improper; but it seems no more than an act of justice to commend those pious persons, the virtues of whose lives have been bright and exemplary.—It is due indeed to departed worth, and it is also an act of kindness to the living, as it places a pattern of well doing before their eyes, very apt and powerful to incite and encourage others to go and do likewise, "mark the perfect and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—Communicated.

MARRIED.

On Thursday 18th ult. by the Rev. R. F. Uniacke, Rector of St. George's, Mr. J. N. Kaulback, merchant, of Lunenburg, to Sophia Edwina, daughter of Mr. N. LeCain.