

Obituary.

IN giving this notice of the life, last illness, and triumphant departure of our lamented brother, we very much regret that owing to circumstances entirely beyond our control, we are not able now to give so precise an account of the events of the early part of his life, and the various things connected with his conversion to God, as what we could wish, for our own, and the greater satisfaction of his relatives, as well as those who have not had a personal acquaintance with him.

Brother JAMES POWLEY was born in or about the year 1783, on the banks of Lake Ontario, where the town of Oswego now stands; under no other covering than the broad canopy of heaven, while his parents were emigrating to the wilds of Canada. After living without hope and without God in the world for nearly 36 years, he was happily emancipated from the thralldom of sin and brought to enjoy the liberty of the children of God. Very soon after his conversion, his ardent desire for the salvation of others, prompted him zealously and unremittingly to engage in calling sinners to repentance. The Church soon after granted him an Exhorters License, upon which he improved until 1827; when, having been approved of by the Church, he was licensed a Local Preacher. Four years after his eligibility to Deacon's orders, he received ordination; he was zealous and active in his capacity until 1834, when he was received by the Conference held at Yonge Street as an Itinerant Preacher. In the year 1835 he was ordained Elder, and appointed, in conjunction with brother JOHN BAILEY, a Delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, held at Cincinnati, Ohio.

He laboured with faithfulness and assiduity up to the time of his last illness—the *quick consumption*—occasioned by his having been thrown from his horse and his excessive ministerial labours on the circuit. Brother POWLEY preached his last discourse at a school house in Farmersville, to a large, attentive and much affected congregation from, *Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his.* During the following week he visited brother PHILANDER SMITH, at his residence a few miles distant.—On his return from that place homeward he was taken more severely ill and felt apprehensive that, although within 3 miles of his family, he should not survive to see them. About this time he was visited by his colleague, brother H. JOHNSON, who found him much exercised with pain, and very low, but happy in Him who doeth all things well. Brother JOHNSON said, brother