

Whereas they were weak in number, and despised, and will be respected.

We impressed it upon them that, "now, being made free from sin, and having become Servants to God, they should have their fruit unto holiness, that the end may be everlasting life."

We then commended them to God and to the Word of His Grace and left them.

J. STUBBLEFIELD.
N. DAVIS.

Pleasant Mount, Missouri, Sept., 1854.

THE GREAT INVADER, DEATH.

BELOVED BROTHER BUTLER :

The waters of affliction are around me. A cloud of grief has overshadowed my heart. My cup of affliction is full to overflowing. Would you know the cause of my sorrow? Go ask the monster that invaded my sanctuary of domestic happiness, and tore from my embrace the partner of my bosom.

Mary is gone. A few days ago she was blooming by my side. I looked upon her and my heart beat fast with joy and pride; for she was a tender and lovely flower. But the Destroyer saw her and claimed her as his own. He laid his icy hand upon her; and the lustre of her eye grew dim, her cheek grew pale, and her strength failed. We watched by her bed side during many long weary hours. We hoped and prayed, and labored that she might recover. Physicians exhausted their skill without checking the disease. At length hope fled, and we saw that she must die. "We bowed our heads in grief and said, "Thy will be done."

We laid her in the narrow vault, and covered her with the "cold clod of the valley." O! is death an eternal sleep? Is the grave our everlasting abode? Must I hang my head under the appalling thought that my wife is forever gone? Is the lustre of her eye forever dimmed? Is the music of her voice hushed into an eternal silence? Is her lovely form to lie forever in its narrow bed? No! For Christ has said: "The hour is coming, in the which, all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation." Go, proud skeptic, and look