

dical practitioner of the neighbouring village was called on to visit her. Unfortunately he was a mere pretender—a conceited fop, who had been fonder of adorning his person and gallanting silly girls, than of attending to the studies requisite to fit him for the profession which he adopted. He came—spoke of the illness as a mere trifle, which a night's rest and a little medicine would quickly remove—he walked away, and sent the medicine.

Another day came—the disorder had greatly increased in severity. The surgeon again called; ignorant as he was, he could not help perceiving she was indeed worse. He had recourse to other means and other medicines; but unacquainted with her constitutional tendencies, and completely mistaking the symptoms of the disease, both were the very reverse of what was right. A week passed away, and every day she became more enfeebled, and the appearances more unfavourable. Her husband and friends now became alarmed; and notwithstanding the violent opposition of the village surgeon (who dreaded the exposure of his ignorance and consequent serious mistake,) a practitioner of experience and celebrity from a distance was sent for. He came: and after a minute inquiry into all the circumstances of the case, did not conceal his fears that he was too late in being called. He, however, did every thing that could be done for her relief, and in order to her restoration; and while he did not wish to agitate his patient unnecessarily, he at the same time did not conceal from her the danger of her state, for he was well aware that the disease had made such an inroad on her frame, that there was but the slightest possibility of her recovery. For a week or two hope and fear alternated in the breasts of her husband and her friends. Her new medical attendant, though at some considerable distance, was regular in his visits. All had been done that human skill could devise to mitigate the symptoms and check the disease; but alas! all that art could do was vain; and he thought it his duty to cease from all appliances except some simple medicine to keep her as easy as possible, while at the same time he warned those that loved her to prepare for witnessing her dissolution at no distant date.

From the commencement of her illness, Emily herself viewed her trouble as deadly, and had, when unseen by her husband and sister, (who were her principal attendants,) amid many tears often prayed for resignation to the will of God, and she had not prayed in vain. She felt support given her according to her day; cheerfully she submitted to whatever was proposed, and took what was prescribed. Her conversations with her husband, parents and sister, were of the most pleasing and animating character, evincing her full belief in the promises of God, her humble dependence on the merits of her Saviour, and the hope of a blessed meeting with these so much loved on earth in a deathless world, while it was well known to those who were occasionally attendant on her that she was frequently holding converse by prayer with her Father in heaven.

The third month of her married life was now drawing to a close. Every day she was sinking, and ere its last week had ended she was become so feeble that it was only for a few moments that she could be lifted and laid on a couch while her bed was smoothed for her. Her conversation now became still more heavenly; and though she indeed felt it a trial to part from life so young and with such prospects of happiness before her, and from him too the object of her warmest earthly affection, yet she was enabled to speak with great composure on the subject of the approaching change, and though at times a tear was seen to steal from her, still she seemed rather to comfort those around her than to need their support. A day or two before her death, while her husband and sister were sitting by her bed side, he was reading some passages to her from a favourite author; she said, "O yes, man's words may be very good, but I would wish you would read me occasionally a verse or two of the Bible, for all other books appear to me cold and lifeless compared to that."—Her request was complied with, and from that time till her death, she one or the other from time to time read to her a few sentences from the word of God suited to her state; and sweetly refreshing to her soul did she find them. The last day of the month now dawned on her, and it was destined to be her last day on earth. The night preceding it had been a feverish and a restless one.—At six o'clock in the morning she requested the opportunity of engaging in family worship, and pointed out the hymn she wished to be sung; it was that sweet one of Watts', found in all selections, beginning,

Father of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

She tried to join in singing it, and succeeded, but in a voice scarcely audible. It was her last song on earth. About nine she asked her husband to pray for her, and on his concluding it she said, Robert, raise me up a little, which being done,

"Gently she dried her husband's falling tears,
And breathed her spirit forth upon his breast."

I think it better to draw a veil over the grief of her parents, her sister, and especially his sorrow who had been for a little time her happy husband, than to attempt any description of it. Those only who have been placed in similar circumstances can comprehend their feelings, and to them description is unnecessary. Time moderated their sorrow, while religion, that lovely matron, that kind nursing mother, enabled them to rejoice in the lively hope of that blissful meeting which awaits them in a world where sorrow is unknown. Her husband still remains a widower for her sake who had been so dear to him, calmly cherishing her remembrance, and carefully preserving every thing in which she took pleasure. Dear to him in life—in death she is not forgotten—but

"He bends not o'er the ashes of the dead,
Where loveliness and grace in ruins lie;
In sure and certain hope he lifts his head,
And faith presents her in her native sky."

From this affecting incident should not we learn the necessity of endeavouring that the intimate connections which we form in this life have a stronger bond to cement them than mere earthly love, which, however sweet it may be, cools with advancing years, and passes away in death, nay, which the more ardent it has been, if it have nothing else associated with it, makes the anguish of parting more bitter, and the grief of the survivor more severe. Let us seek to have our unions sanctified by religion, then there will be a bond of attachment which death cannot sever, and a blissful future meeting without a separation.—Then while we may be called to water with our tears the graves of our best loved ones, we shall do so in the exercise of a blessed hope that in a few short years we shall meet them again, and find them more amiable, more lovely, more worthy of our love than ever they could have been here below.

Let married persons endeavour to cherish in their own breasts, and excite in each other still deeper feelings of religion. This will give delightfulness to their union while it continues, and will increase their attachment to each other when the ardency of first love has cooled down into feelings of the surest friendship.

In a word, let us all learn while our earthly unions are continued, to live as those who know that death will interrupt them; let us be careful to guard against their ensnaring influence, lest they steal our hearts from God, and for our punishment God remove from us the idol to which we had given that place in our affections which he claims as his alone, and, oh let us bear constantly impressed on our memory the solemn warning of the apostle,—"The time is short; it remaineth therefore that both they that have wives be as though they had none, and they that weep as though they wept not, and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy as though they possessed not, and they that use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away."

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE PIOUS BOY AND HIS NURSE.

An extract from the Rev. Dr. Reed's history of a little boy, who died about 11 years of age.

The following is an account of his attempt to assist a poor widow who was sent to take care of him on his sick bed. The boy's name was Rolls Plumble.

"He soon learned that his nurse was not only poor, but ignorant and unhappy; that she was so ignorant as not to have a bible, and so unhappy as to have a disobedient and ungrateful son. Rolls immediately set himself to cure a part of this evil. He applied to his mamma, and requested that she would purchase a bible with his pocket money. She readily did as he wished; and when the bible was received, he inquired of her whether she thought, as he was so young, and the nurse so old, there would be any thing wrong in his offering to pray with her when he gave it. His mamma removed his fears on that subject. In the evening of the day he begged that the nurse might be sent up stairs to him. On her entering the room, he requested her to close the door. She came to his bedside, and inquired, what he pleased to want.

"I wish," said Rolls, "to speak with you. I wish to present you with the bible. I have found it to be a very precious book to my soul; its promises have been my support on a bed of sickness. You and I are fast going to an eternal world; and this book alone can show us the way to heaven. I was very anxious that you might have it; and if you read it, with the help of God's Spirit, it will make you wise to salvation."

The poor woman was astonished and over-

come. "And now," said he to his nurse, "will you promise me to keep this book for my sake?"

"O yes, that I will," she said.

"And will you promise me to go to a place of worship as often as you can?"

"Yes, I will," she said again, with emotion.

"And I have one more thing to ask you. Will you permit me to pray with you?"

The poor woman was in a humor to comply with any thing; but this request a little confused her; she hardly knew what he meant by praying with her. She could not think he was capable of it, either with a book or without one; and she did not know whether to stand or kneel, or what. However the child soon set her right, and removed her doubts and difficulties, by modestly begging her to kneel down.

She knelt down at his side. He lifted up his feeble voice to heaven, and wept and prayed for her; and he prayed also for her son in a most affectionate and suitable manner, imploring those things for each of them which they seemed most to need.

The nurse, as you will suppose, was very much affected; and, though she had lived till now without prayer, there is reason to hope that she offered sincere prayer to God. But still she was as much astonished as she was softened. When she found that the prayers offered were all about herself, and her son; and when she saw that Rolls had no book, and that he needed none, she could not understand it. She spoke of him rather as a little angel than a little child. And then again, when she felt all this awe and reverence for him, and considered that he was the very poor sick child that she helped in his weakness, and carried in her arms, she was puzzled afresh, and could not understand it! We need not, however, wonder at this, for many better informed persons would, at least, have been surprised at observing the conduct of this remarkable child.

Rolls, without any wonder on his part, but with much simplicity and modesty, continued his attention to this widow and her son, and, there was reason to hope, not without benefit."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

From the Correspondent of the N. Y. Observer.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Boston, Feb. 6, 1843.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—At the Monthly Concert at Park street last evening, we had news from almost all the world, beginning with

WESTERN AFRICA.—Rev. J. L. Wilson writes from the new station at the Gaboon river, July 26, that all things indicate a promising field of labor. The water was good, the climate healthy for that part of the world, his own health unimpaired, after a residence there of six weeks, and the natives civil and friendly. He had a school of 15 boys, and the young men were impatient for him to open a school for them. The language proved to be radically different from any that he had before known. This mission, your readers will remember, is situated but a few miles north of the equator, 700 or 800 miles in advance of other missions, and on a part of the coast known only to a few traders.

SYRIA.—Mr. Whiting writes from Jerusalem, Sept. 29, expressing the opinion that the mission of Bishop Alexander will not interfere with ours. That mission is to the Jews; and if it was at first expected to operate on the various Christian sects, that hope must have been effectually extinguished by this time. Those sects indeed received the bishop very courteously on his arrival; but their subsequent conduct shows that there is no prospect of a cordial co-operation between him and them. They know that, notwithstanding the Episcopal forms, his Protestantism is essentially different from their religion; and he, on the other hand, is no Puseyite, and will make no compromise with the corruptions of the Greek and other Oriental churches. His whole deportment towards our mission has been marked by kindness and urbanity.

GREECE.—Dr. King, writing from Athens, Nov. 30, mentions an extraordinary mortality among the Greek Bishops. Six or seven of them have died within three or four months, and another is said to be dangerously sick. Dr. King continues to preach, as usual, without disturbance; and is more than usually encouraged with his prospects of usefulness.