

CALCUTTA.

LAL BAZAAR CHURCH.

With much pleasure we give insertion to the following communication from the pastor of this church:—

February 11, 1840.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am happy to be able to inform you, that the state of the church in Lal Bazaar appears, upon the whole, improving. We are now, I believe, dwelling in peace and unity; not without additions to our number of such as, we hope, are ordained to eternal life. On Sabbath week three were "buried with Christ in baptism."

I may mention, as an encouragement to the performance of the much-neglected duty of family worship, that this service has been blessed to the conversion of one soul, and the restoration from backsliding of another in the same house. One of those who, by this impressive ordinance of our Lord's appointment, put on Christ, was formerly a bigoted papist, and was a stumbling-block to her husband instead of a help-mate; but she has now, by Divine mercy, been brought out of the darkness of Popery into the marvellous light of the Gospel; and she and her husband are now striving to walk together, in all the commandments of the Lord, blameless. I am your's affectionately, R. BAYNE.

DEATH-BED

OF THE

REV. W. H. PEARCE,

LATE MISSIONARY AT CALCUTTA.

"It only remains that I should add some account of the manner in which a life so honoured and useful was closed. This I am enabled to do with accuracy, having been favoured with several communications from India in which the last scene is described by those who were present to witness its holy peacefulness.

"On Monday, the 16th of March, after corresponding with friends in England and America, on the translations of the word of God and other kindred subjects, he was engaged till a late hour instructing in familiar conversation some of the members of his native church. In the course of that night he was attacked by cholera, and before the next his lips were mute, and his hand motionless, and his blessed spirit before the throne. Early on Tuesday morning, the tidings of his danger soon gathered the brethren and sisters connected with the mission around his dying couch. Dr. Yates asked him if he thought the disease would terminate his earthly career. He replied, 'There can be

no doubt of it.' He then asked him if he felt joyful in the prospect. He replied, 'Peaceful, but not joyful—peaceful, but not joyful.' His friend inquired why he was not joyful at the prospect of entering into glory. He said 'I thought there had been something more for me to do for the good of India.' His friend rejoined, 'God has work for his people in another world besides this:' to which he silently assented. Just at this time the physician entered the room, and said to him, 'I hope, Mr. Pearce, you feel happy.' Taking his hand, he replied, 'Doctor, I have a good hope through grace. Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Ellis being at one time alone with him, he said to them, 'Love one another, cleave to Christ, win souls to him.' The former asked him for a parting word, he said, 'Stay in the mission; do what you can, and the peace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit for ever, Amen!' A little while after, another friend approached him, and after quoting some consolatory passages of Scripture, to which he responded by occasionally raising his hand, asked him how he felt: he replied, 'I hope in Christ.' His friend quoted the words, 'Unto you that believe he is precious,' he answered, 'I know him to be so infinitely.' Perceiving that all would soon be over, his friend said, 'You are going to your Lord and Master;' he instantly replied, 'A most unworthy servant.' These were nearly the last words he spoke audibly, the powerful medicine administered seemed to impair his utterance. There was one incident, however, which the brethren mention as having greatly struck the minds of all who witnessed it. Being raised suddenly in bed, to relieve the oppression on his chest, his eye fell on Sujatali. Sujatali was born and educated a Mahomedan, but for many years has been a consistent and devoted Christian. A heavenly smile instantly broke over the face of the sufferer, and said what his lips could no longer tell. The converted Mussulman, catching the expression of his eye, and addressing him in Bengali, exclaimed, 'Fear not, fear not the Lord is standing by thee!' The dying saint bowed his head in sweet concurrent testimony, and all around were melted with the spectacle, while they beheld one in the garb, and with the mien of an oriental, and in a strange tongue, soothing the death-bed of a British Christian with the sublime consolations of the gospel.

"Death was now evidently at hand. The struggle with the last enemy lasted about twenty minutes, and the scene was closed for ever. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints!'—Rev. E. Stearns in *Funeral Discourse*.

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