

were remitted, which position nullifies that great proposition of the Apostle Paul, that we have redemption through the blood of Jesus—the forgiveness of sins; and that without the shedding of blood there is no remission.

I think, however, that *eis* has the force of *into* in all those places, and that the blood of Jesus was shed to bring the many *into* the enjoyment of salvation; and that those who believed in him as the great sin offering and submits themselves to his government, their “trespasses are not imputed unto them,” and hence the Apostle could say, as “many of you as were baptized into Christ were baptized into his death.” By the death of Christ, their pardon was procured, and by our faith and obedience to him in baptism we are introduced *into* the personal enjoyment of remission of sins.

If these hastily written remarks are not sufficiently plain or should not prove satisfactory, let me hear from you again, and I will endeavour to give them more attention. Respectfully yours. EDITOR.

OBITUARY.

It becomes our painful duty to record the death of our beloved SISTER BARRY. Another of the first fruits of the Apostolic Gospel in this City, has gone to her reward. Sister B. was one of the first persons that I immersed. In her room I first lifted my voice in St. John to announce the Apostolic Gospel. The many days which we have spent in our beloved brother Barry's family have endeared them to us beyond what I can now express.

One of the principal inducements for brother Barry's removal to the Country, upwards of fifty miles from the City, was the health of his beloved partner; but the sudden and melancholy death of an affectionate and loved Son, together with an impaired constitution, were too much for her to bear, and she has gone down to the abode of the dead.—Aged 55 years.

A letter from brother B. gives the following intelligence concerning her last hours:

“Dear Brother Eaton,—I write to inform you of the decease of my dear wife; she departed this life on Friday, the 12th inst. after a fortnight's illness; but blessed be God, she died in peace. When I spoke to her of her departure she said, “I am not afraid to die—I have confidence in God—he will not leave me.” And when, afterwards, I expressed a wish that she might recover, she declared that she did not wish it; but, if it was God's will, she would rather die; for she loved her Lord and Saviour, and desired to be with him. Owing to the distress she was in for want of breath, she could speak but little; but manifested a meek and quiet frame of mind.

She was interred this day; and has left me to plod the journey through life alone; but blessed be God, though cast down I am not forsaken; “the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord.”