

balance of the sanctuary. I have been preaching all my life to others—how far am I myself interested in these great truths? Yes, God is searching me, and proving me, and seeing if there be any wicked way in me." "He will do more," said his friend, than this—he will lead you in the way everlasting." "God grant it," he replied; "God grant I may have as assured a hope for myself, as I have for my beloved child." "The tears flowed down his cheeks," says his biographer, with whom the conversation was held, "during these few remarks, and his whole manner evinced the inward conflict and agitation of his mind."

The last two Sabbaths on which Mr. R. preached were in the beginning of March, 1827. On the first of these occasions, the word was blessed to the conversion of a great enemy to the truth. The text was, Psalm li. 10. On the last Sabbath of Mr. R.'s ministry, his discourses were peculiarly solemn. The texts were Col. iii. 2., and Psalm cxix. 52, 53. An individual, who heard the last, said—"This sounds as if it came from the lips of a dying man." From this time his disorder increased. He caught a fresh cold, and could leave his habitation no more. A gleam of sorrow overspread his parish, "and prayer was made without ceasing of the Church to God," for his recovery. But the time was come when he was to enter into his rest. His experience, when dying, was somewhat defective; but his hope was in Christ, and him crucified. His searchings of heart were great: but his *principles* were held with a firm grasp. A sweet spirit of chastened, holy devotion marked all he did, and said, and *looked*, to the last, which forbade any of his dear family or friends to doubt of his security. Two days before he died, he received a letter, mentioning the conversion of two individuals, one a clergyman, by the perusal of "The Dairyman's Daughter." He raised himself in his chair, lifted up his hand, and then let it fall down again, while he repeatedly shook his head. His manner spoke the greatest humility, as if

he would say—"How unworthy of such honour." He died on Tuesday, the 8th of May, 1827, about half-past ten, P. M. His funeral sermon was preached on the Sunday after his interment, by his friend, Mr. Fry, from a text selected by the deceased—Rom. vii. 24, 25. Few lives, perhaps, have been more useful, and few deaths more deplored.

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**EPITAPH on the YOUNG COTTAGER in BRADING Church-yard, ISLE OF WIGHT.**

Sacred to the Memory of 'Little Jane,' who died 30th January, 1799, in the 15th year of her age.

Ye, who the power of God delight to trace,  
 And mark with joy each monument of grace,  
 Tread lightly o'er this grave, as ye explore,  
 "The short and simple annals of the poor."  
 A child reposes underneath this sod,—  
 A child to memory dear, and dear to God.  
 Rejoice—yet shed the sympathetic tear—  
 Jane, "the Young Cottager," lies buried here.

**EPITAPH on the DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER, in ARRETON Church-yard.**

To the Memory of ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE, 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' who died May 30, 1801, aged 31 years.

*She 'being dead, yet speaketh.'*

Stranger, if e'er, by chance or feeling led,  
 Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,  
 Turn from the contemplation of this sod,  
 And think on her whose spirit rests with God.  
 Lowly her lot on earth—but He, who bore  
 Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,  
 Gave her his truth and faithfulness to prove,  
 The choicest treasures of his boundless love.  
 (Faith, that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom,  
 Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb,  
 Peace, that not hell's dark legions could destroy,  
 And love that filled the soul with heavenly joy.)  
 Death of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear;  
 But tasted heaven, ev'n while she lingered here.  
 O, happy saint! May we, like thee, be blest,—  
 In life be faithful, and in death find rest.

The former of these was composed by Mr. Richmond himself, and the latter by a Lady, who is the author of "Elijah, and other Poems."

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**FADING AND UNFADING CROWNS.**

The honours and rewards granted to the victors in the Grecian games were of several kinds. They were animated in their course by the rapturous applauses of the countless multitudes that lined the stadium, and waited the issue of the contest with eager anxiety; and their success was