

tion resolved to defer their further consideration until the next meeting.

After various missionary and other appointments had been arranged, the Presbytery agreed to adjourn until Tuesday the 16th of October, proximo, to meet in Knox's College at 12 o'clock noon, and the session was closed with prayer.

P. GRAY, Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF COBOURG.

This Presbytery met in Cobourg, on the 5th September. Mr. Andrew Hudson, Student, from Knox's College, and Catechist, delivered the usual probationary discourses. These drew the commendation of all the members of the Presbytery. He was thereafter licensed as a preacher of the Gospel, and received appropriate addresses on the occasion, both from the moderator, Mr. Roger, of Peterboro', and from Mr. McLeod, of Gourock, Free Church Deputy, who was present in the Presbytery.

The Presbytery appointed a committee, for the examination of Students, preparatory to their admission to Knox's College, and made various arrangements for the dispensation of the Lord's Supper, and the supply of preaching to vacant Congregations and Mission Stations; besides the stated members of the Presbytery there were in attendance two of the Assessors appointed to this Presbytery, by the Synod, viz., Mr. Gregg of Belleville and Mr. Rintoul, of Toronto.

At this meeting, Mr. Smith, missionary from the Irish Presbyterian Church, received appointments within the bounds of that Presbytery, until the meeting of the Home Mission Committee.

ACCOUNT OF MARY ADELAIDE GILBERT,

Who died of Cholera, after a few hours' illness, aged sixteen years,

IN A LETTER ADDRESSED TO HER FORMER COMPANIONS IN THE BIBLE CLASS, BY THEIR TEACHER.

TORONTO, 18th August, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

Since I had lost the pleasure of meeting with you, very solemn and awakening events have been taking place around us. God has been dealing very closely with us as a congregation.—His voice is still addressing us in louder and louder accents—it is "even the voice and the day of the Lord—Zeph. i. 15—a day of wrath—a day of trouble and distress—a day of wasteness and desolation—a day of darkness and gloominess—a day of clouds and thick darkness." While we hold our peace at the presence of the Lord, let His own people gather themselves together—it may be, they shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger—Zeph. ii. 1-3—yea, they will be hid, for the Lord is good—a stronghold in the day of trouble—He preserveth them that trust in Him.

My dear friends, God has many ways of teaching us. He has long been speaking to us by the gentle word of His grace, and now he is arousing us by the fearful voice of His judgment—it is all, that we may learn righteousness. Judgment is God's strange work—mercy is his darling attribute. When we look at abounding iniquity, we need not wonder that the sword of justice is drawn now—the wonder is, that it should ever be sheathed! Had he dealt with man as we have dealt with God, who among us would have been left unpunished? In looking round upon our congregation, we see the blanks that have been made, within these two or three weeks—one here, two there—in some cases, the roots "pulled up"—in others, the branches "lopped off"—family links broken—houses made desolate—our people "bowed down by the spirit of heaviness," and clothed with the garments of mourning—from the aged pilgrim to the smiling babe, the destroyer has been doing his work. The Lord gave him his commission—he is faithfully and speedily executing it. We are still spared—

"Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to strike my heart"—

but how long! We know not—some of us must be the next. The voice of the dead speaks to the living—"Prepare to meet thy God." It is a solemn thing to die. Every death is to us another note of warning—"Be ye also ready." In the meantime, God's servants are receiving the seal upon their foreheads, even while He gives to His angel the carry; out of this awful sentence in Ezek. ix. 5—"Go ye through the city and smite—let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity—slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children and women—begun at my sanctuary, but come not near any man upon whom is the mark." The angel's hand is not stayed, till he reports the matter. v. 11, "I have done as thou hast commanded me." But in the midst of darkness there is light—to the wide commission there is a limit—against the much-dreaded pestilence there is an antidote. It is the mark—the seal—the blood. Ah, yes! the destroyer has no power there—he is arrested by the Divine prohibition, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." He lays down his weapon—he changes his character—to the Heaven-stamped heirs he becomes a ministering spirit—a messenger of peace—it may be, a herald to glory.

"The flock of Christ, however, is a little flock, and none are safe but they." It would be a cause of joy to Pastor and Teachers, if, in marking the blanks around us, we could cherish the thought that the thinning of our ranks below, was the filling of the Church above,—that while there are vacant seats here, the mansions in Heaven are receiving blessed occupants—the company of the redeemed daily increasing, and our glorious Emmanuel gadding new jewels to His Mediatorial Crown. Is not this the end of all christian labours and prayers? Is it not thus that Jesus is glorified, in seeing His seed and dividing the spoil? Is not this the motto upon the seal of Heaven's own message? "Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen. Behold he cometh! and His reward is with Him, Blessed are they that enter in by the gates into the City."

We have just had the privilege of attending the dying bed of Mary Adelaide Gilbert, a dear young disciple, one of the "pleasant fruits of the valley," who grew under the shadow of the apple tree, and was found ripe when the Beloved visited the garden. Adelaide was taken from the midst of us, as with a stroke—no long pining sickness, or gradual decay of the earthly tabernacle—no, in a few short hours the work was done. The spirit did not long to struggle with its mortal prison house—the cords were soon loosed—the stakes were soon taken down—at mid-day the cry came, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" Praise be to God, she had only to rise and trim her lamp,—there was oil in her vessel, and with joy she went forth to meet Him whom her soul loved. What a privilege to be with her while trimming her lamp!—When she heard the cry and footsteps of the Bridegroom, there was no terror, no surprise, no confusion; all was peace; she was safe within the hiding-place; her feet were steady upon the rock; her face was like the face of the children of a King." In her case, even the dire disease was stript of its appalling future—the edge of the sword was blunted—"God staved his rough wind in the day of his east wind"—Jesus, the best Physician, was with her, and the balm of Gilead was administered to her by His own hand. As long as strength remained it was spent on one subject,—Jesus and the great salvation. We saw her at a very early period of her illness—she sent for us and received us with the warmest affection. Naturally quiet and reserved, we were struck with her power and eloquence—her lips were opened to tell the praises of the Lord—as if conscious that but a short space was given her, she seemed unwilling to lose a moment on anything apart from the great question. Her pain, her ease, her recovery, gave her no concern. She meekly submit-

ted to every remedy, but expressed no wish as to the result; only, said she, "be sure to ask God's blessing on all you try."

Among the first things she said to me was, "Oh! my dear Mrs. B. charge all the members of your class to meet me at the right hand of the Judge. Oh! tell them to be in earnest—what would I do now without the righteousness of Christ! Tell them that though I am now suffering, I am upon the Rock of Ages."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me
Let me hide myself in thee."

I am thus, my dear friends, a message-bearer to you; I feel as if standing in a solemn position, between the living and the dead. Could I convey to you, any idea of her earnestness, her deep concern for each and all of you, I think your hearts would be touched,—perhaps not, if the piercing entreaties of the blessed Saviour Himself will not be listened to, "neither will ye hear though one should rise from the dead." Place yourselves beside or upon a death-bed, and you will not think us too urgent. It must be sure work then—nothing taken for granted. See then that you have your oil, as well as your lamp, for there is no time to buy when the Bridegroom comes.

Mary Adelaide was one of the first members of this class, four years ago. She rejoiced in the opportunity of attending, and never was she absent from any of our meetings, if health permitted. It cheered me to have her among us, for I knew that she relished our exercises, and profited by them. This may be expected, from the spirit with which she attended and engaged in them. We have been favored with the perusal of some of her written remarks, and she thus expresses herself:—

"I went down to the bible class, and, Heavenly Father, I thank thee that thou didst answer the prayer I offered on entering the room. When, Oh when, did I enjoy the Saviour's presence more—when was my mind kept so much from wandering!"

She had attended a Sabbath School from the time she was about two years' old, and she grew upon the "milk of the word," and gradually acquired a taste for the stronger meat. She spoke with much affection of her first teachers, Miss B., and Miss McC., who had sowed the early seed in her young mind—they had watched her progress with interest—their instructions were carried out and impressed, by the example and precept of her affectionate parents at home; and she was observed to be growing like a fair flower in the garden below—one of the Lord's planting—promising to become a tall tree bearing much fruit.—"It was planted" in a good soil, but it pleased the Lord, that "it should wither in all the leaves of its spring." He has transplanted it early to the Paradise above, where its verdure and its fruit shall be ever green and everlasting." She continued a member of the class till the interesting period of becoming a member of the church, two years ago. Her pastor had great pleasure in admitting her, seeing that she had already the marks of a true disciple. He therefore bade her welcome to the table, and, with joy, put into her hand the token of admission. One or two letters, written by her at this time, and a few extracts from her private meditations, shew the state of her mind. We give these, not because we would praise the dead, but because we would desire to benefit the living; to show that the peace she enjoyed at her latter end, was indeed the peace of believing; that religion, with her, was not an act, but a habit; that the work had been going on progressively, her path shining brighter and brighter, till it ended in glory.

"Jan. 19th, 1847.—Having resolved to give myself to the church, and, I trust first given myself to God, I went to speak to-day with Dr. B. Satan endeavored to intimidate me, but I have an Advocate on High. I feel very much enlightened,