

hands clasped, and his heaven-raised countenance, beaming with faith and love.

He died on the first day of June, 1823, at the age of eighty-six, having lived in his parish of Waldbach more than sixty years. The grief of his people was affecting. From every part of that rocky district they gathered, in the midst of a heavy rain, to gaze on the lifeless remains of their pastor and their friend.

The funeral procession stretched from the door of his house to the mouth of his sepulchre, a distance of two miles. Every cottage poured out its inhabitants, and the children of the schools walked two and two, chanting mournful hymns. They paused at the church, in whose burial ground he was to be laid, and a minister ascending the pulpit, read from a paper, the farewell address of their venerated sire.

DR. DOWLING AND BRETHREN BAPTISTS.

A weekly paper, the *Democrat*, published in Philadelphia, sometime last winter, took notice of the immersion of several persons by our friends the Baptists. Dr. Dowling not relishing the remarks of the *Democrat*, wrote as follows to another weekly by way of correction:

To the Editors of the Philadelphia Sun:

Will you allow me to correct an error which I find in the *Sun* of Monday, relating to the belief of that religious denomination of which I am a minister, and large numbers of whom are found among the daily readers of your excellent, and generally fair and honorably conducted paper.

I am too well acquainted with you, gentlemen, to believe that you would knowingly misrepresent the views of any class of your fellow citizens, much less of the *eight hundred thousand* of American Baptist communicants, who are united with you in the defence of one common Protestantism, and in the maintenance of one common soul-liberty, or freedom to worship God. I am satisfied, therefore, that the paragraph to which I allude must have crept into your paper by an inadvertance. I refer to an article headed "Baptism in Winter," which closes in the following words:

"It was a bitter cold day—yet the ceremony was witnessed by an unusual crowd of spectators, who stood shivering in the cold, and admired the moral