

month if it should be in my power, though the prospect at present is rather dull.

There are several of our brethren here that I think will take the *Witness* next year. I will do all I can to get good subscribers for it. I think that if we had an able brother to proclaim among us, there would be a number yield obedience to the Lord. It takes a good talent to attract attention. The Methodists are exerting themselves, and a camp-meeting came off here this week.

May the Lord stand by you, and keep you in the path of usefulness and uprightness is the prayer of

Yours in the good hope,

WM. TROUT.

OBITUARIES.

Pompey, August 26th, 1849.

BROTHER OLIPHANT:—Our sister ADELINE M. BALL, wife of CALVIN S. BALL, of this place, is no more. After a protracted illness she expired in the triumphs of the christian hope, on Friday, the 21th of August, in the fortieth year of her age.

She was one of the pure spirits of earth; and we feel that in losing her we have lost one of our christian ornaments. We fondly cherish her memory, and trust that when the storms of life shall all be past, we shall meet her in those realms where full fruition follows love.

J. M. SHEPARD.

LINES

On the death of ALBERT, youngest son of DANIEL and LUCINA MASSEY, which occurred on the 28th ultimo, by his friend and former Physician, R. H. C.

He's gone—the lovely youth is gone—
From earth and all its scenes below;
His brilliant sun but deign'd to dawn,
To set beneath a cloud of woe.

But sable cloud, untimely cloud,
Can but obscure it for a while;
When Gabriel's trumpet shrill and loud,
Shall bid this son arise and smile.

In yonder bright eternal sky,
Amid the burnished lights above—
Around the throne celestial fly,
And brighten with a Father's love.

Dear friends—tried and afflicted friends,
Weep not at what our Father's done—
All means adapted to all ends—
Salvation to yourselves and son.

Rejoice, then, evermore rejoice:
That when life's pilgrimage is o'er
You may unite with Albert's voice
To praise your God and part no more.