

dying saint, "all is light." Mr. Bewley, however, after this experienced considerable exercise of mind; but his faith was unwavering, and the promises of God were his unfailing stay. About two hours before he expired, he was asked if Jesus was precious to him, "O yes! O yes," he replied while a heavenly smile beamed upon his countenance. Mr. Bewley talked extremely familiarly about the heavenly world, "O! said he, it is all right. There are Valentine Ward, my father, my grandfather, my little boy, and many more waiting for me." He spoke with considerable emotion of God's faithfulness to the children of the righteous, remarking that his father and grandfather were godly persons, and that he was the child of many prayers. We all felt, while standing or kneeling by his bed, that,

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged above the common walk
Of virtuous life, just on the verge of heaven."

His strong faith and perfect resignation produced a hallowed impression upon our minds. We each inwardly prayed,

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past,
And dying find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

On Friday, Mr. Bewley wished to have his will made; we complied with his request, and after he had thus "set his house in order," he appeared to have nothing to do but wait the coming of his Lord. On Sunday morning, within a few minutes of the very time on which he arrived in Stewart's-town, on the preceding Sabbath, the remains of our deceased brother were consigned to the silent grave in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

At Roseau, Dominica, on Sunday morning, June 24th, of yellow fever, Sarah, the beloved wife of the Rev. William Satchell, Wesleyan Missionary after an illness of only five days. This amiable and pious lady was the fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, of Loddon, in the county of Norfolk, England. In 1836, at the call of divine providence, she cheerfully sacrificed the endearments of the parental roof, and left a numerous circle of affectionate relatives and friends, to accompany her now bereaved husband on his mission to the West Indies, and in December of that year arrived with him in Dominica. During her short residence in the island her Christian spirit and deportment have secured for her the esteem and affection of the numerous friends who enjoyed her acquaintance, and who now deeply mourn the loss which they have been so suddenly called to sustain. They, however, with her sorrowing husband, bow with submission to his will who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Their loss is her eternal gain. Reposing her soul in the merits of her Divine Redeemer, in whom she had long trusted for salvation, she was enabled to meet death with peaceful composure, and laid her body down in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Dominica Colonist*, June 30th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE KEY OF DEATH.

In the collection of curiosities preserved in the arsenal at Venice, there is a Key, whereof the following singular tradition is related:

About the year 600, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader at Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamoured of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest

until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed, that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned, it discovered a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness, that it entered into the flesh and buried itself there without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited in disguise, at the door of the church in which the maiden he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel, unperceived, into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but seized with sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died.

Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days. The alarm which these deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal: every one feared for his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in the convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the grate. The face of the foreigner had been ever displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her, it had become odious, (as though she had a presentiment of his guilt) and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate, and succeeded; the secrecy of the place prevented his movement from being observed. On her return to her room, the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased: the surgeons, who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady: The state-inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.

THE QUEEN'S CLEMENCY.

We have been favoured by a correspondent with the following interesting anecdote, which we believe to be strictly authentic:—During the first days after Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, some sentences of Courts' Martial were presented for her signature. One was of death for desertion—a soldier to be shot. The young sovereign read it, paused, looked up at the official person who laid it before her. "Have you *nothing* to say in behalf of this man?"—"Nothing, he has deserted three times."—"Think again, my Lord," was the reply.—a reply deserving gratitude and love from all posterity. "And," said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstance to his friends, "I seeing her Majesty so earnest about it, said, he is certainly a very bad soldier, but there was somebody spoke as to his character, and he may be a good man, for aught I know to the contrary." "O, thank you for that a thousand times!" exclaimed the Queen, and hastily writing "Pardoned," in large letters, on the fatal paper, she put it across the table, with a hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion." Englishmen, bear in mind the command of your youthful Queen, and "*think again*" before you sanction the avenging penalty of death. "Dearly