

whole of his illness, his will appeared to have been made conformable to the will of Him who ordereth all things well.—On Thursday evening, he read and explained to the family part of the 14th chapter of St. Luke, as was his usual custom before prayers. On Friday, feeling incapable of much exertion, he requested one of the family to read a Psalm, after which he prayed with them. On Saturday, he appeared to be sinking very fast; but, still anxious for the good of others, desired to see a little boy who was at the house, and going to school from thence, saying, I will speak to him for two minutes. He gave him a Prayer-book; warned him against those failings to which he appeared most addicted, and earnestly entreated him to pray to God to make him good, as only his grace could do so. Unable in the evening to lead the devotions of the family, he knelt beside them, and for the last time mingled his supplications with theirs: then walked up stairs with great firmness, and thanked God for enabling him to do so, as he did when he came down in the middle of the day. This grateful acknowledgement was not a momentary emotion, but the general feeling of his mind; his every action seemed to say, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits;" and while lingering in this wilderness, he appeared to have imbibed the spirit of those celestial beings who surround "the throne of God and of the Lamb" with ceaseless adoration—Early on Sunday March the 21st, the person who was with him found his debility increasing, but did not imagine his end so near; he was free from pain, and appeared at intervals to sleep; she observed his lips moving, and believes him to have been engaged in prayer, as he seemed unwilling to be interrupted. On the family coming to inquire for him, he answered he was tolerable. An intimation that he was worse soon brought them all to his bed side—he sat up and looked anxiously around, but he saw them

not. Convinced that his end drew near, he had just strength enough to embrace his afflicted parent: she gently closed his eyes, and he opened them on earth no more.—He lingered speechless until half past four, then entered into the joy of his Lord.

His remains were deposited in the family burying ground, St. Augustine's church-yard, preceded by the children from the Orphan Asylum, who seemed in him to have lost a second father. Eight clergymen bore the pall; and a large number of sincere mourners followed, anxious to pay their last tribute of respect to one so justly valued in life, so deeply regretted in death; to whose instructions they had so lately listened with delight, but whose voice they will hear no more, until that moment when, released from the burden of mortality, their ear shall catch the song of the redeemed. In that song, through the merits of a crucified Redeemer, may they unite, and be presented by their departed minister as the children whom God hath given him!

B.

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ON THE CEMETARIES AND CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

WE cannot close this article more appropriately than by a church-yard poem, written by a youth who soon afterwards was laid in the grave himself.—His life had been eventful and unfortunate, till his extraordinary merits were discovered by persons capable of appreciating, and willing and able to assist him. He was then placed under a kind and able instructor, and arrangements had been made for supporting him at the University; but he had not enjoyed that prospect many weeks, before it pleased God