

all the sinners of the church, were fully met; and on every circuit he has left his fruits of his labor, living witnesses that Christ has power on earth to forgive sin. In his disposition he was gentle and kind, and won the respect of all who knew him.

Being visited by his father in his last illness, he said, "Pa, don't pray for my recovery; I want to go and be with Jesus. I promised ma when a little boy, as I took her hand almost cold in death, that I would meet her in heaven. I see her on the other shore. The waters are opening; I soon shall meet her, and you will soon follow me."

During the whole of his sickness he was resigned, and always confident that to die was gain. With regard to his brother ministers, he said, "Tell them that I die at my post." His last words were in answer to the question, "How do you feel?" to which he replied, "My feet are on the rock; my feet are on the rock." Thus on the 11th of May, 1868, passed away in the prime of life one of the most faithful and devoted Christian ministers. The Church has indeed sustained a great loss; but they cannot mourn as do the parents, the widow and orphans.

Rest, brother, rest,
Beneath the quiet sod;
With faith and hope and prayer,
We give thee up to God.

REV. JOHN WESLEY BYAM JOHNSTON died at Embro on the 4th of April, 1869, in the 31st year of his age.

He was married to Cynthia Mitchell, daughter of the late Rev. James Mitchell, of this Conference. He was grandson of the venerable Rev. J. W. Byam, also for many years a member of this Conference. The immediate cause of his death was bleeding at the lungs. He had traveled nearly five years in connection with the N. A. Conference and one year under the P. E. He traveled two years on the St. Davids circuit, one year on Dunville station, and nearly two years on the Embro circuit.

Bro. Johnson was a zealous, devoted servant of God, and was highly esteemed by his numerous friends, and his early death is mourned by all who knew him.

On the night before his death he requested that his wife should be awakened. This was the only time during his illness that he was able to converse to any extent. He wished to tell her and his mother, and all others present, how he felt. He said, "I am inexpressibly happy. I cannot find language to tell you how happy I feel." It seemed that his whole soul was in a flame of Divine