

says, my spirit shall not always strive with man." Seeing his brother weep, he said, "weep not for me but rather rejoice for a brother deceased, "Your loss is his infinite gain."

At this time his friends were weeping around his bed; a heavenly smile sat upon his countenance while he said

"When friends stand weeping round his bed,  
"And loath to let him go,  
"He'll shout with his expiring breath,  
"And leave them all below."

He then engaged in prayer with great earnestness of spirit for his brother who was absent: "Gladly," said he, "would I take him in my arms and weep over him all night, could I but persuade him to embrace Jesus for his friend." In the spirit of intercession he continued to solicit the blessings of heaven upon him. The other branches of the family alternately engaged his attention, whom he warned, encouraged, or invited as was best suited to their respective character.

Many pious minds cannot dwell upon the minute circumstances of dissolution and its immediate consequences: 'tis more consonant with their experience to stand firm and collected, fully assured that they shall be more than conquerors thro' Him that hath loved them; rather than to enter the field and rush to the combat with all the confident eagerness of anticipated victory. MICHAEL may be said to have been amongst such with whom death was entirely relieved of its sting, and the grave of its victory. He selected the 4th verse of the 8th of Proverbs for the text of his funeral sermon: and was exceedingly wishful that the Rev. Mr. BURT should preach it, but finding on enquiry that it was impracticable, he said, "then he must die to see me. When I am dead and gone to heaven, do write to him, and tell him that his first spiritual child in this place has left this vale of tears and gone before him, and will stand ready to welcome him on the shores of a blissful eternity." Observing his parents weeping by his bedside, he said to them, "My dear parents, altho' I love you as I do my very life, it is no more trouble for me to leave you than it is for me to raise my hand upon this bed. It is impossible for the oldest Christian upon earth to tell what a soul feels that is just entering into heaven, as I think I am now." Praise and adoration to God marked his every suffering hour: nor could he bear to be informed of the probability of his recovery: a hope which friends occasionally indulged when any abatement took place in his pains.

Rarely are the people of God allowed to enter the land of rest without some severe mental exertion. A short time before the soul took its flight from the "earthen vessel," he strongly solicited the prayers of his parents: "kneel down," he said, "by my bedside, and pray for me that my faith fail not for I am sorely tempted by Satan." After they engaged for him, he also personally entered into the duty, quoting appropriate passages of scripture which directly referred to persons enduring temptation. He then lay for some time perfectly quiet, when he smilingly asserted the time of his deliverance was come, and that the enemy had no more power to harm. Shortly after the brother before alluded to as being absent arrived. As he loved him much, his desire was the greater for his everlasting welfare, he threw his arms, already weakened by the rapid progress of disease, affectingly around him, and then addressed him: "My dearly beloved brother, how I longed to see you before I departed this life, that I might give you my last charge. I am younger than you, and I am going to die, to be ever with my Lord. Do give up your heart to God, this world will do nothing for you upon a dying bed. It will all perish in the using.—O, what should I do now, if it was not for religion; and a blessed hope beyond the grave. It will not be with me as it was with the rich man o' old: he wanted one to be sent from the invisible world to warn his friends, lest they should come to the place where he was: but I exhort all my friends and relations to come to that happy place where I shall be.—"the saints secure abode."

On the day before he died, he appeared to be conversing with angels, and the "spirits of just men made perfect." At one time he exclaimed, "there my exalted Saviour stands, my merciful High Priest, and still extends his wounded hands to take me to his breast. Yes, I shall leave you before to-morrow night; but it will only be a short time be-

fore you follow me to the silent grave, while my happy soul will be rejoicing with God my Saviour."

Then lifting his eyes to heaven he said, "O Jesus, if thou wilt suffer me to come to thee were it possible, I would wash thy feet with my tears, and wipe them with the hairs of my head." When his mother observed that it might probably be the great pains of body which induced him to be so wishful to be gone, he replied "No: for if I were assured that it was the will of God that I should stay in this afflicted state for forty years, and he could make me as happy as I am now, I would be willing to stay.—But it is the great desire I have to go to heaven, to worship God more perfectly, and a fear lest I should ever live to sin against Him, that makes me so desirous to be gone."

About the break of the day on which he died, his bodily pains had increased most alarmingly: all hope of life had now fled, and his friends were constrained to tear him from their affections, and surrender him to the cold embrace of death; but even now "Jesus and glory, falter'd on his tongue."

his high regard to the minister who had been instrumental in his conversion continued to the last. One of the final requests he made to his Mother, was that she would present him with his pocket Hyman Book, as a token of his gratitude and esteem. From this time he said but little. When asked the state of his mind, he would say, "Jesus is precious to my soul, my transport, and my joy. Long as I live let me be thine: Thine also when I die." The closing scene was at hand; life was fast ebbing: his friends were thickly crowding his bed, when one of his Uncles arrived just in time to catch a glimpse of the dying youth. He supposed him so far gone, as not to be able to distinguish him, and therefore, was contented to mingle amongst the rest in this highly privileged room: MICHAEL, however, discovered him, and requested that he would for the last time pray with him, distinctly pronouncing Amen to the several petitions. His Grandmother now came to take leave of him, when he said with peculiar solemnity three times, "O my dear Grandmother, heaven is in my view;" then turning to his Mother said, "my dear Mother, kiss me for the last time; prepare for death, and follow me to heaven!" And when he had said this he fell asleep to be raised again at the morning of the resurrection. An appropriate funeral sermon was preached from the text selected by himself, by the Rev. Mr. MILLER.

'Tis not in the more exalted walks of spiritual life that the preceding remarks will appear illustrious, or worthy of being recorded of the pious dead. We must remember they are principally identified with the sufferings of a child made wise unto salvation: He drew not his instructions from the school of human literature, but from the school of Christ: what philosophers have spoken and written upon, he lived: and in communion with those who once suffered for their Master here, he died truly to prove the greatness of Redeeming love. Viewing him upon the bed of languishment, and witnessing the triumph of his faith, how justly appropriate are the following lines of the amiable and highly-gifted Montgomery:

But he was waning to the tomb;  
The worm of death was in his bloom:  
Yet as the mortal frame declin'd,  
Strong thro' the ruins rose the mind:  
As the dim Moon, when night ascends,  
Slow in the East the darkness rears,  
Through melting clouds, by gradual gleams,  
Pours the mild splendour of her beams,  
Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,  
Free as a disembodied soul!  
Thus, while the veil of flesh decayed,  
His beauties brighten'd thro' the shade,  
Charm which his lowly heart conceal'd;  
In nature's weakness were reveal'd  
And still the unrobbing spirit cast  
Divine glories to the last;  
Dissolv'd its bonds, and clear'd its flight,  
Emerging into perfect light.  
He died in the 15th year of his age.

#### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ANSWER OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

To the Ministers of the Congregational Board of London and its vicinity.

REVEREND AND BELOVED BRETHREN.—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the

United States of America, have received, with no ordinary emotions, your truly Christian communication, under date of March 10th, 1829, and hasten to reciprocate expressions of cordial affection. Ever anxious to strengthen the bonds of union with all who possess like precious faith, and are engaged in the same blessed cause, we feel a high gratification at the correspondence thus happily opened, with a body to which we feel ourselves united by many endearing and sacred relations. Acknowledging the ties of our common ancestry; seeing that the descendants of the martyrs and puritans of your land, and the pilgrim fathers of ours—men who suffered the loss of all things for the sake of truth on earth, and now rejoice together in heaven—should be closely united in heart, and rejoicing in that stronger affinity which arises from unity of doctrinal sentiment and benevolent action, we receive with unfeigned gladness your friendly salutations, and devoutly wish you in return, grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

We should, indeed, prize little of the spirit of the Gospel, if we did not feel an affectionate interest in those who dwell among our fathers' sepulchres, who are honored to hold up the standard of the cross, where martyrs bleed, where glorious triumphs of faith have been achieved, and where such noble enterprises of Christian benevolence are now in progress, to enlighten and save a perishing world. We enter, therefore, with unmingled satisfaction, upon a correspondence so interesting and gratifying in itself, and so eminently conducive to mutual edification. May it long continue and prove the means of strengthening the bonds of Christian fellowship, and of encouraging the bodies by which it is conducted in every good design.

While we would ever cherish a humbling sense of our entire unworthiness, we are constrained to acknowledge, with devout gratitude, the rich blessings which the great head of the church has graciously bestowed upon our country, in those revivals of religion which have occurred during the last thirty years. These blessed seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, though not always exempt from human infirmity and the wiles of the adversary, have signally displayed the power of divine grace, and their results have been most glorious. They have proved the efficient means of widely extending pure religion in our land. Without them, many large regions now full of churches, and seasoned with strong, pervading, and most salutary moral influences, would have remained a dreary desolation. Thus surrounded with the spiritual blessings bestowed by such special effusions of the Holy Spirit, and tracing, as we certainly can, all our light and privileges, our hopes and consolations, to that source, we feel that boasting is excluded, and are humbled in the dust before God, in view of the extent and preciousness of those divine influences which have blessed our land. Instead of being elated by such distinguished, unmerited mercies, it becomes us rather to tremble at our peculiar responsibility.

The means which have been owned and honored by God in producing and promoting revivals among us, have been the plain and earnest exhibition of the great truths of the Gospel; urging men to immediate repentance; warning awakened, inquiring sinners, of their awfully increasing guilt and danger, while they delay to give up their hearts to Christ; visiting from house to house, and pressing upon the hearts and consciences of the worldly and thoughtless, the value and danger of the soul, the necessity of conversion, and the appalling consequences of neglecting or resisting the Holy Spirit; and, above all, fervent importunate prayer for those divine influences, without which; Paul may plant, and Apollis water in vain. The dangers of self-deception, and trusting to the sudden impulses of temporary excitement, have been kept steadily in view, and cautiously guarded against; and a thorough examination of motives, character, and conduct, has been made, before judicious men have admitted the evidence of a saving change. Nevertheless, the proofs which press upon us, that our revivals are the glorious displays of the Redeemer's power and grace, are irresistible and overpowering. Surveying moral deserts rendered fruitful as the garden of the Lord, hundreds of flourishing churches planted and nurtured by his instrumentality, an army of devoted pastors and missionaries, and tens of