

death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory? Although the sting of death is sin and the strength of sin is the law, yet, thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The sickness which closed his valuable life was short and unexpected; but for it, through the abundant grace of God, he was quite prepared. On Wednesday morning the day appointed for a public fast, he rose early, and after offering the usual sacrifice at the family altar, and giving a suitable exhortation to the servants, he prepared himself for the house of the Lord, but, alas! he was arrested in his pious progress by the messenger of death.

His severe affliction prevented him from conversing much after this attack, the few remarks that dropped from his lips proved that God was with him, some of his last expressions (which were to his affectionate wife) were that, "Christ was precious to his soul." The day following he took his leave of all earthly objects, and entered into the invisible world, to take possession of that Crown of Glory that awaits all the faithful followers of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Mantua, 14th June, 1832.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

As I am told you wish for some particulars respecting the character and religious experience of our departed sister, Miss Elber, I feel it my duty altho' very unfit for the task, to give you what information I can upon the subject.

When she was about nine years of age I became a member of the family of which she was the youngest, and of course had an opportunity of observing that she was not only a very amiable and affectionate child, but that she was also the subject of serious impressions while very young. These continued in a greater or less degree, until about the age of seven, when under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Burt, who occasionally visited Elmton, she was more deeply convinced of sin, and of the necessity of its forgiveness, through faith in the precious blood of Christ. This blessing she was enabled to seek with earnestness, and shortly after obtained an evidence of her acceptance with God. About this time she was united to the Methodist Society, which she ever remained a humble and steady member. Although these were the people of her choice, she could not expect, and often held sweet

converse with christians who differed from her in the outward forms of religion. Her views of herself, and her attainments were very humble, always fearing to express any thing which she did not feel; yet, I believe, she in general enjoyed communion with God, and endeavoured to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour. When she was taken ill, last winter, she at once gave up all hopes of recovery; and manifested the greatest patience and resignation to the Divine will. I saw her at that time—she said to me, "I have no wish to live: the Lord will do all things well;" and in this tranquil and peaceful frame, she continued, during the last four months, the latter part of which she suffered much; but no murmuring word ever escaped her lips. On the contrary, her mouth was often filled with thankfulness and praise. At the closing scene, she gave good evidence that her prospects were for heaven. While she could speak, she would often say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" and when asked, if "Christ was precious," she would press her sister's hand, and faintly say, "O yes, happy, happy!" Those who best knew her, have not a doubt of her happy spirit being now in Paradise, adoring the "grace that brought her there," and ascribing all her salvation to the free and unmerited mercy of God. She died in the 28th year of her age.

E. E.

We have to record a painful and mysterious Providence in the death of Mr. William Fawcett of Sackville, New Brunswick. This good man was long a conscientious attendant on the ministry of the Methodists, for whose benefit he had given a piece of land on which a Methodist Chapel had been erected. He was intelligent, affectionate and humble; and delighted in the extension of religion, whose consolations he enjoyed. On Tuesday evening, June 19th, he, as was his usual custom, after family devotion, took a book to read for personal "edification and comfort," when some atrocious monster fired a gun at him through the window, and shot him immediately dead. He never spoke a word, or moved a muscle, after the dreadful deed. But what renders this dispensation more particularly distressing, is that suspicion had fallen on his "ONLY SON," as the perpetrator of the murder; and what was very remarkable, he was reading a