

leave them for a temporary sojourn in Ohio. The dying chamber of Dorcas could hardly have been more affecting. How much her faithfulness and self-denial were appreciated by the church also, may be judged of by the beautiful and costly copy of Bagster's Comprehensive Bible, and other gifts, which were presented to her on her retiring from the work.

She was never permitted to resume it, though her heart was still in it. Somewhat more than a year ago she returned to Brantford, but was so feeble in body as scarcely ever to be able to leave her dwelling. Several times was she so prostrated by illness as to be at the very verge of the grave. Four months since she became very anxious to reach Wilkesport, where her sister and family are residing. It seemed almost madness to attempt to convey her thither. Fellow-passengers looked at her aghast, and feared she would die on the journey. But God heard her prayer, and gave her strength for it, and she accomplished her last earthly remove *just alive*. With good nursing and the change of air, however, she shortly rallied again, and continued slightly to improve until about the end of February, when she was again prostrated with her last illness. Even the Sabbath before her death she was able to take part, while sitting in her chair, in the prayer-meeting held in the house. It was her last earthly Sabbath. A week of extreme suffering ensued; the weary body could endure no more, and on Saturday evening, at about twenty minutes after nine o'clock, her ransomed spirit entered into rest. She seemed scarcely conscious of the approach of death, and uttered but few parting words; but we know in whom she had believed, and need not the assurance of any bright pre-visions of glory to comfort us concerning her.

Her remains await the dawn of the resurrection morning in the grave yard around the little village church, where, at her interment, on Wednesday afternoon, the writer preached a funeral discourse to a large audience from 2 Cor. v, 6-8.

“Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
 Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
 And death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died.”

J. W.

Gleanings.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A SINGING CLERK.—The following advertisement, said to have been extracted from the cover of a magazine published in London, is commended to the attention of all who conduct the service of song in the house of the Lord:—“Surrey Tabernacle. A clerk wanted to conduct the singing at the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough Road. He must be one who knows vitally the truth for himself, and be able to give a scriptural reason for the hope that is in him. One who lives as well as professes the Gospel. He must also be a decided, a strict Baptist. Also, he must have a competent knowledge of music, and a voice suited for giving the hymns out as well as singing, suited to the largeness of the place and congregation. Also, he must be one who can both give the hymns out in their significance as one who knows in his own soul what he is saying; also, he must be sufficiently acquainted with the English language to pronounce his words with propriety; one who knows whereabouts accent and emphasis ought to rest. It is not desired that the hymn in giving out should be growled out, nor bawled out, nor squeaked nor whispered out, nor hurried out, nor dandied out, but given out as dictated by common sense and a feeling heart, in a voice distinct, earnest