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Religious Miscellany.

Longings.

When shall I be at rest? My eyes grow dim
With aching throes through the gloom; I cease
To weep, and I am glad to see my Saviour left for me!
I grieve and I am glad, and I am glad to see
My Saviour left for me!
When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand
I grasp and climb an ever steeper hill
I grieve and I am glad, and I am glad to see
My Saviour left for me!
When shall I be at rest? A thousand fears
Come thronging o'er me lest I fall at last,
And I am glad to see my Saviour left for me!
When shall I be at rest? Like some I love,
Whose feet look down and ha' my life away,
Seeming to plead that either they might stay
Within my arms, or I with them above.

Do thy eyes dim? Thou didst never
Close thy eyes,
For thy soul was weary for me,
Not weary from that last deep agony,
Shall I breathe my little trials sink?

No, Lord, for when I am at rest,
The deepest deeps will quit my face,
The sweetest memories of my earthly race,
Save that to swell the sense of being blest.

Why God Permitted Sin.

Some little time ago, after the conclusion of
the late Mr. Brown's address in Edin-
burgh, a young man came into the
room where he was receiving persons anxious
to converse with him, and said to him:
"I have heard you preach three times, and
I feel that I have never before heard
any one who so fully explained to me
the reasons why God permitted sin."
"I will do that with pleasure," was the im-
mediate reply; "because he chose it."

The young man, apparently taken by surprise
at the question, and Mr. Brown again re-
peated the question, and said to him:
"I have heard you preach three times, and
I feel that I have never before heard
any one who so fully explained to me
the reasons why God permitted sin."
"I will do that with pleasure," was the im-
mediate reply; "because he chose it."

God Honors His Servants.

Some years ago there lived a barber in the
city of Bath, in England. For a long time he
had been in the habit of keeping his shop open
on Sunday. After awhile he became a Chris-
tian; then he felt that he must stop breaking
the Sabbath, and close his shop on Sunday; yet
he was afraid to do it; he thought if he did so
he should offend his customers, and lose all his
business. He went to consult his minister.

He advised him to close his shop on the Sab-
bath, and trust God to take care of him. He
did so; but it turned out just as the barber
expected. His general customers were offend-
ed. Because he wouldn't shave them on Sun-
day, they refused to come to him through the
week. He lost his business; and he was obliged
to give up his fashionable shop, and open a poor
cottage—where he hardly did business enough to
get himself bread to eat. Well, what then?
Did God's promise fail in the case of the poor
barber? Did he suffer loss, instead of securing
profit by shutting up his shop on the Sabbath
for the sake of Jesus? Wait a little and see.

Moral Heroism.

It will be harder to bear the trials and mi-
nute difficulties of your life than to meet great
trials or encounter gigantic difficulties. It is
easier to lead troops into the hottest fight, up
to the blazing redoubts and into the circle of
cannon belching death by the hundred than to
lead them down demoralization, in the routine
life of camp or post, and yet the latter is as
essential as the former. There is more true
heroism in the essential on his midnight bed
who endures the peril of darkness and the bitter-
ness of temptation because it is duty, than in the
bold trooper who charges, sword in hand, into
the enemy's defenses—the former is sustained
by the interior courage of principle; the latter
may be influenced by the mere bravery of battle
excitement.

So in Christian life, there is often more
heroism among those who move among lowly
duties; they are faithful in the least.

It is comparatively easy to go from place to
place among new excitements and work for the
Master. Come to daily prosaic duty, when the
flash of excitement is gone, where there is no
glare, when your work, like God's kingdom
"cometh not with observation," and happy are
they who endure.

It is easier to pass from place to place, work-
ing among the coarse spirits of the churches,
than to accept some hard duty field for your
spiritual tillage, believing the Master says of it,
"Occupy till I come."

Heroism of soul comes out under the diffi-
culties of ordinary life. You are thrown into a
church of humble grade. You hear the cool
assumption of social superiority made by your
neighbors. Can you endure that and work on?
You find hard work without the prestige of suc-
cess, while on a little way from you is a church
which seems to go smoothly as to have no
difficulty. Now, then, go or stay? Seek the
rest, the prestige, the show, or accept the hum-
ble and the hard unyielding toil?

It may be also that where the Lord places you
you have unpleasant associates, crooked people,
Christians with disagreeable sides to their
character? How now? Desert? Be-
fore doing so try your old hymn again—

Must I carried to the skies
In flowery beds of ease,
Nay, remember Him who looked on the offerings
of the rich and then on the two mites of the
poor, and said, "He hath given more than
they," and remember that in His sight, a faith-
ful though lowly duty is the true badge of his
heroes.—N. Y. Advocate.

Rules for the House of God.

1. Take care of your thoughts: bring them
into subjection to the law of Christ. We have
no right to think our own thoughts, speak our
own words, on the Lord's day. (See Isa. lviii.
13-14).

peny to buy a candle, and if it had not been
for this, the gentleman who had charge of his
office's fortune would not have found him out.
And so we may say that all that property came
to him as a reward for what he did for Jesus
when he closed his shop on Sunday. Certainly
that barber had reason to say that there is profit
in doing for Jesus.

Debts Due to God

Many men are scrupulous in paying all their
debts to their fellow men, but forget their steward-
ship to God, and have no principles of benevo-
lence, and no fixed law to regulate their chari-
ties. If all Christians would remember that the
Bible makes a certain part of their income a debt
due to God, the contributions to religious chari-
ties would be largely increased. Here is a good
example for imitation:

A merchant, in answer to inquiries, refers back
to a period when he says, "In consecrating my
life unto God, aware of the enacting influ-
ences of riches and the necessity of depending on
a plan of which I had no knowledge, and with
judgment, I adopted the following system:

"I decided to balance my accounts, as nearly
as I could, every month; and reserving such por-
tions of profits as might appear adequate to cover
probable losses, to lay aside, by entry on a
beneficial account, one-tenth of the remaining
gross, or small, as a fund for benevolent
contributions, supporting my self and family on the
remaining nine-tenths. I further determined
that if at any time my net profits, that is, profits
from which clerk-hire and store expenses had
been deducted, should exceed \$500 in a month,
I would give twelve and a half per cent. if over
\$700, fifteen per cent.; if over \$900, seventeen
and a half per cent.; if over \$1,100, twenty per
cent.; if over \$1,300, twenty-two and a half per
cent.; thus increasing the proportion of the
whole, as God should prosper, till, at \$1,500, I
should give twenty-five per cent.; or \$375 a
month. As capital was of the utmost importance
to my success in business, I decided not to in-
crease the foregoing scale till I had acquired a
certain capital, after which I would give one-
tenth of all net profits, great or small; and on
the acquisition of another certain amount of capital,
I decided to give half, and on acquiring what
I determined would be a full sufficiency of capital,
then to give the whole of my net profits."

"It is now several years since I adopted this
plan, and under it I have acquired a handsome
capital, and have been prospered beyond my most
 sanguine expectations. Although constantly giv-
ing, I have never yet touched the bottom of my
fund, and have repeatedly been astonished to
find what large drafts it would bear. True, dur-
ing some months I have encountered a salutary
trial of faith, when this rule has led me to lay
by the tenth while the remainder proved inade-
quate to my support; but the tide has soon turned, and
with gratitude I have recognized a heavenly
hand more than making good all past deficiencies.

"This system has been of great advantage to
me, enabling me to feel that my life is directly
employed for God. It has afforded me happi-
ness in enabling me to portion out the Lord's
money, and has enlarged my mind more in the
progress of Christ's cause. Happy privilege,
which the common labors of life with the grateful
service of the Saviour, and of making that which
naturally leads the heart from God subvert the
highest spiritual good!"

"This system has saved me from commercial
ruin; by leading me to simplify business, and
avoid extensive credits. It has made me a bet-
ter merchant; for the monthly pecuniary ob-
servations which I have been wont to take, though
often quite laborious, have brought me to a bet-
ter knowledge of the state of my affairs, and
led me to be more cautious and prudent than I
otherwise should have been."

The China Mission.

Mr. Piery and his invaluable wife are return-
ing to China. They have been sojourning for
some time in their native land, to recruit their
wasted energies by the invigorating air and
bracing breezes of a temperate climate, and to re-
fresh their affections amid the solacements and
delights of intercourse with friends and kindred;
and replenished, we trust, with a new stock of
faith and strength, and armed and weaponed
anew for their great work, they are now pre-
paring to go back to the scene of their arduous
yet happy toil. It is now fifteen years ago since
Mr. Piery went forth single-handed and alone
to confront the stupendous heathenism of China.
Unable to prevail on the Missionary Committee
at that time to undertake a mission to that vast
empire, he equipped himself at his own expense,
he organized his own plans, and with no re-
sources but his own to rely upon, he resolved
to encounter the responsibility of originating
the Mission himself. There is something mor-
tally grand and sublime in the spectacle of this
undoubted, intrepid young Missionary, starting
forth to lift up his solitary voice to arouse the
slumber of China, holding out his solitary lamp
to enlighten her dense darkness, stretching forth
his solitary arm to overturn a gigantic idola-
try! The event has proved that he had mis-
calculated his powers, or mistaken his com-
mission. Mr. Piery has shown himself to be a
Missionary of the noblest stamp. He has a heart
of steel and a soul of fire. He has a boundless
indefatigable purpose, an indomitable energy
of will, he is embedded in the gentlest human af-
fections, encoated with all the kindness and
charities of the Gospel, just as the granite rock
is sometimes seen clasped by the clinging ivy,
and garnished with all pleasant flowers. In his
enterprise of mercy to China, he has visited her
teeming cities, he has traversed her burning
plains, he has sailed along her mighty rivers;
his brain has throbbled in delirious throbbings
beneath her vertical sun. To carry to her the
glad tidings of salvation he has confronted many
a ghastly terror of fever and pestilence; and im-
patient and disatisfied with ease and honour and
comfort while China is wrapped in darkness and
weltering in misery, he is now hastening back
that on that altar, on which he has already laid
the enthusiasm of his youth and the bloom and
fulness of his manly vigour, he may pour in one
full libation all the remaining energies of his
body and soul. Nor is the sharer of his hopes
and joys, and toils and conflicts, one which the
less devoted to that glorious work to which the
Church cannot be too thankful of which the
annals of Methodist Missions present so many

illustrations examples—the praise and glory and
omnipotence of their exalted, combining the courageous
intrepidity of the heroine with the serene and
patient fortitude of the martyr. All honour to
such men and women, true successors to the
Apostles, and their coadjutors in spirit, in zeal,
in devotedness, in labour! May a special
Providence speed them to a distant destination,
and abundantly prosper their christian toil!

In this huge empire, so wonderful for age and
size, with a history reaching further back than
any other nation of the world, and with an ex-
tensive population of between three hundred and
four hundred millions, all moulded by the same
type, influenced by the same mode of educa-
tion, and under the same written language.
The language of China presents one of the great-
est difficulties in the prosecution of christian
missions. A lad has to learn 700 characters be-
fore he can read the easiest book, 6,000 or 7,000
to carry on diplomatic correspondence with any
of the higher authorities. There are 70,000
words in the language, and the large dictionary
consists of 70 volumes folio. With such an enor-
mous vocabulary, it will not be surprising to
learn that with every educational help which
modern science can render, three years of hard
study are necessary before the European mis-
sionary can learn to preach in the language.

For this prodigious Empire, for these perih-
pheral millions, we crave the attention and sym-
pathy, the prayer and faith and effort of the
Church of Christ. Methodism is now repre-
sented there by only six or seven Missionaries.
Well may we ask, "What are these among so
many?" They must be not only useful, but
reinforced. Mr. Piery wants to have a regular
supply of men continually under training, so
that as the present staff of labourers, enervated
and debilitated by a tropical climate, are com-
pelled to seek rest and recovery others may be
prepared to occupy their places, and the work
continuously carried on. Surely for such a
work both men and means can never be want-
ing.—London Recorder.

General Intelligence

Protestantism in France.

According to the last official census there are
about 800,000 Protestants in France; that figure
is somewhat too low, since even pastors have
been known to be registered as Catholics. But
on the other side, the ordinary estimate, 1,600,000,
is also too high. I gather from conversations
on the subject with different well-informed
persons, that we cannot reckon on more than a
million of Protestants in France, 25,000 of
whom are members of independent churches,
The rest are divided between the Lutheran and
the Calvinistic national churches, in the proportion
of about one of the former to two of the latter.
There are 842 pastors' places, of which about thirty
are constantly vacant, especially in the remote
parishes. But the churches out of their own re-
sources employ about a hundred more to supply
the places of old pastors, or here to do special
duties, and here to do special duties, and here to
do special duties, and here to do special duties.

Four Million Sermons in a Year.

In the course of a lecture which has just been
given by Dr. Huxley in Edinburgh, the follow-
ing table was given as to the amount of
episcopal agency annually at work in Great Britain.
Taking the clergy list of the Church of England
in 1864, I find 200 pages—on an average there
are seventy churches or chapels on each page.
This gives 18,200 places of worship for the Es-
tablishment. The Dissenting places of worship,
of all denominations, it is said, are equal in
number with those of the Church, but say they
are 2,000 less. This would give us 16,200 places
of worship more. Then from the Edinburgh Al-
manac we find the Established Church of Scot-
land, with its sixteen Synods and eighty-four
Presbyteries, to contain 1,235 places of worship.
The Free Church, with sixteen Synods, and
twenty-one Presbyteries, about 985. Dissenters
of all persuasions from the Scottish Established
Church (United Presbyterian, Associate Synods,
Independent, Baptist, Roman Catholic, Episcop-
alians), may be taken, I am informed, at 900,
making a total of 27,200 churches in Great Brit-
tain. Now, in some of these one sermon only
is preached. In a good many three are pre-
sented, and in most two. So that giving two
sermons to each would be 54,400 sermons, and
perhaps a low average. This makes 75,000 sermons
delivered every Sabbath-day in the churches of Great
Britain, or the enormous number of 3,920,000—
or 800—4 nearly four millions of sermons dur-
ing the year.

Sanitary Measures.

Hall's Journal of Health gives the following
practical suggestions, which deserve the immedi-
ate attention of all who wish to avert the scourge
of cholera, which threatens to attack us next
summer:

1. Every household must be clean, to his
family, to his neighbor, to the community in
which he resides, to have his house, from cellar
to garret, from the street curb to the rear line
of his lot, most scrupulously cleaned, by sweep-
ing, washing, and whitewashing.

2. Every man who has authority in city or
town government should consider himself bound
to give himself no rest until every street, alley,
close, gutter, and sewer is placed in a state
of as perfect cleanliness as possible; and kept
so until the frosts of next season come.

3. These cleanings should be done now, be-
cause, if put off till warm weather, only tend,
in the essential nature of things, to hasten the
appearance of the disease, to increase its mor-
tality, and to extend the time of its devastations;
because the sun of spring and summer the
sooner warm into life and intensity the vici-
ous and malignant influence, in its remorseless
travels, so much human happiness and
desolates so many heartstombs.

General Miscellany

He Loved to Linger on that Leaf.

Some time ago, I stood bending over a paper
of silk-worms, that a friend of mine had placed
in the sun, watching them with interest as they
crawled along the edges of the fresh lettuce
leaves, which had been given them. We may
be worse occupied than in watching the mo-
tions, and following on the nature, of the low-
ly life of God's creatures.

Now it happened, that a leaf from a mulberry
tree, growing in the adjoining garden, was
carried by the wind over the wall, and fell near
the window at which I was standing; knowing that
silk worms are fond of mulberry leaves, I went
to pick up the fallen leaf, and soon after placed
it near the lettuce leaves. I pity him, who
having the power, would not have some pres-
sure in adding to the enjoyment of even a silk
worm.

It was not long before a worm found its way
to the edge of the mulberry leaf, and I went
greedily did he barque thereon! I oh! how
gladly I was to see him there, he was eating
it so heartily as before. He might, if he
would, have crawled away and mingled with his
companions; but no, he loved to linger on that
leaf.

I like to apply the occurrences that I meet
with, to the affairs of common life; let me then
apply this occurrence of the caterpillar.

I saw a little girl sitting on the ground, with
a picture-book beside her. She had been very
fond of a playfellow of hers, a favourite kitten;
the kitten died, and the child mourned for
it. The book contained twenty other pictures,
but the little girl hardly noticed them. It was
the leaf with the painted kitten on it that
she loved to linger on that leaf.

I saw a fair maiden, who had been brought
up in the care of her father, sitting in a sum-
mer arbor, the sun shone above her head, the
lark sang in the air, and the painted flowers
were in the picture on the passing page; but
neither sun, nor bird, nor flower was regarded by
her, and why? She had received a letter from
her lover, who was worthy of her love; nature was
lovely, but she was absorbed in her occupation;
her eye and her heart were fixed on that letter,
she loved to linger on that leaf.

I saw a man of middle age, who drew from a
trunk, which had been for some time locked,
a large volume, and as he casually opened it, some
light, fluttering object fell from it to the floor;
he started, and picked it gently up with a kind
of reverence in the act, and carefully restored it

to its accustomed place, and as he did so, a tear-
drop gathered in his eye, and fell upon the page.
It was the rich, purple leaf of a West-Indi-
an plant that had fallen, and he remembered
sadly, in a moment, as it met his eye, the un-
counted glory of a golden tropical sunset, when
it was gathered, years gone by; and the tones
of a voice for ever silent, seemed to linger in
his ear,—and he thought mournfully of the
wealth of love that was, then, all his own; and
the little tombstone in the lonely English cem-
etry of a foreign land, very far away, rose be-
fore him with redoubled power, like a flood;
but the volume was before him, and he turned
down from the shelf on which he had placed it,
and opened again. What wonder that he loved
to linger on that leaf, and the sweet, sad mem-
ories that it never failed to call forth?

I knew a poor widow whose son was a sailor,
and her heart yearned towards him. Often at mid-
night, when the blustering wind shook the lat-
tice of her chamber, she watched and wept.
For a time she sought to give her comfort,
and to tell her son, but her son was alive, but
she came a letter written by his own hand.
He was well, and had prospered, and was re-
turning home with curiosities, money; and
what was still better than both, a heart full of
duty and affection. I saw her sitting in her
cottage; wiping her eyes as she read the letter;
she had read it a dozen times before; but what
did that signify? It did her good, it made her
happy, and she loved to linger on that leaf.

I saw an old sergeant, with the *Times* open
in his hand. It gave an account of a battle,
in which a son of his had distinguished
himself by his bravery, preventing the colours
of the regiment from falling into the enemy's
hands, and saving the life of his Captain. I
like not battles, and abhor bloodshed; and
yet, I regarded the sergeant with interest, for
the affection of the father lingered with the
pride of the soldier; the newspaper he was
reading to his comrades told of the gallantry of
his son, and he loved to linger on that leaf.

I saw an aged man bowed down with years
and infirmities; the grey hair was thin upon his
head, and time had grown wrinkles on his
forehead. He sat in an old arm-chair, with the
Bible opened before him. His eyes lacked lustre,
but they seemed to sparkle as his faltering
voice read the words, "Come unto me, all ye
that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give
you rest." He found the word of God as oil to
his joints, and marrow to his bones, and the page
was a precious one that told him where to go for
rest and peace. "He loved to linger on that leaf."

And now, I have told you of the silkworm,
the little child, the fair maiden, the lone widow,
the old sergeant, the soldier, and the aged
Christian, and of the leaves on which they loved
to linger. How is it with you? If there be a
leaf of pleasure on which you are languishing,
a record of affection, or of earthly glory that
absorbs your spirit, fail not to remember that
these are but as the grass that withers, and the
flower that fades. Like the aged Christian, of
whom I have spoken, cling then with reverence
to the word of God. Oh, that we loved, more
than to do, to linger on that leaf; for while the
grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth
away, the word of the Lord endureth forever.

Mrs. J. H. Kinsman of Cornwallis.

Our departed sister was the daughter of the
late James and Sarah Tupper; a family well
known to the first Wesleyan Ministers who
visited Cornwallis. Her father, the subject of this
notice, was converted to God in his fifteenth
year, under the ministry of the Rev. Wm. Ry-
lands, a Free Will Baptist Minister. Sister Kin-
sman's conversion was so perfectly satisfactory
to her own mind, that on this subject her daugh-
ter remarks, "I never heard her express a doubt
of her acceptance with God. This was a point,
to herself so evident, that her spiritual life was
not able to dispute." As this manifestation took
place in the absence of any revival of religion, her
conversion attracted much attention and wonder,
but to all enquirers, she gave a reason of "her
hope," and earnestly invited them to seek the
same blessing. She felt that she had put on
Christ her life, and her future, down to the time
of her death, was a continuous exemplification
of christian character.

She was indeed a living epistle. Her daugh-
ter observes, "From my childhood I have been
familiar with my mother's habit of fasting, and
prayerful spirit. Her earnest prayers for her
children's conversion, often deeply impressed my
mind. My brother James, when dying, exclaim-
ed, 'O mother, your prayers have led me to
God.'" What additional encouragement for
parents, to continue in prayer for their children.

At the time of Mrs. Kinsman's conversion to
God, she united with the Methodists, a class at
that time being established in the neighbourhood,
and continued to profit by christian communion;
but in the course of time, she was disappointed
in the promise of grace, and was led to seek
christian communion in the Free Baptist Church,
whose evangelical spirit she appreciated, and
with whom she spent many seasons of grace.
Within the few last years of her life, her lot was
so cast, that she was not able to meet regularly
with the church in whose communion she had
enjoyed fellowship for many years, and here her
catholicity of spirit, was again manifested, in the
readiness and pleasure with which she again
mingled with the people with whom she at first
associated, who felt pleasure in recognizing her
as a devoted sister in Christ, regardless of mere
names. Why in this day of light, should not
the children of our common parent, in the ab-
sence of the pastorate of their choice, freely unite
without regard to sectarian distinctions with such
as love God? The writer spent an evening with
sister Kinsman but a short time before her death,
and found her in her usual calm and peaceful
state of mind. Her last illness was very sud-
den and of short duration. I saw her about an
hour before she exchanged mortality for life.
Though extremely weak in body her confidence
was unshaken, and though she complained of
dullness of apprehension, she felt assured that
all would be well. In this tranquil state of mind
she passed from her family on earth, to the great
family of God in heaven—on the 7th of March,
1866, in the 67th year of her age.

Her funeral was attended by several ministers,
who regarded her as a sister in Christ. The
writer improved her death before a large congre-
gation in the Congregational Church in Corn-
wallis.
JAMES G. HENNINGER,
Canning, March, 29th, 1866.
The Religious Intelligencer will please copy
J. O. H.

Mrs. J. H. Kinsman of Cornwallis, P. E. I.

Her father, the subject of this notice, was converted to God in his fifteenth year, under the ministry of the Rev. Wm. Rylands, a Free Will Baptist Minister. Sister Kinsman's conversion was so perfectly satisfactory to her own mind, that on this subject her daughter remarks, "I never heard her express a doubt of her acceptance with God. This was a point, to herself so evident, that her spiritual life was not able to dispute." As this manifestation took place in the absence of any revival of religion, her conversion attracted much attention and wonder, but to all enquirers, she gave a reason of "her hope," and earnestly invited them to seek the same blessing. She felt that she had put on Christ her life, and her future, down to the time of her death, was a continuous exemplification of christian character.

She was indeed a living epistle. Her daughter observes, "From my childhood I have been familiar with my mother's habit of fasting, and prayerful spirit. Her earnest prayers for her children's conversion, often deeply impressed my mind. My brother James, when dying, exclaimed, 'O mother, your prayers have led me to God.'" What additional encouragement for parents, to continue in prayer for their children.

At the time of Mrs. Kinsman's conversion to God, she united with the Methodists, a class at that time being established in the neighbourhood, and continued to profit by christian communion; but in the course of time, she was disappointed in the promise of grace, and was led to seek christian communion in the Free Baptist Church, whose evangelical spirit she appreciated, and with whom she spent many seasons of grace. Within the few last years of her life, her lot was so cast, that she was not able to meet regularly with the church in whose communion she had enjoyed fellowship for many years, and here her catholicity of spirit, was again manifested, in the readiness and pleasure with which she again mingled with the people with whom she at first associated, who felt pleasure in recognizing her as a devoted sister in Christ, regardless of mere names. Why in this day of light, should not the children of our common parent, in the absence of the pastorate of their choice, freely unite without regard to sectarian distinctions with such as love God? The writer spent an evening with sister Kinsman but a short time before her death, and found her in her usual calm and peaceful state of mind. Her last illness was very sudden and of short duration. I saw her about an hour before she exchanged mortality for life. Though extremely weak in body her confidence was unshaken, and though she complained of dullness of apprehension, she felt assured that all would be well. In this tranquil state of mind she passed from her family on earth, to the great family of God in heaven—on the 7th of March, 1866, in the 67th year of her age. Her funeral was attended by several ministers, who regarded her as a sister in Christ. The writer improved her death before a large congregation in the Congregational Church in Cornwallis. JAMES G. HENNINGER, Canning, March, 29th, 1866. The Religious Intelligencer will please copy J. O. H.