

Brewerton, N. Y., March 29th, 1853.

BROTHER OLIPHANT:—I want to inform you something of the progress we are making in Brewerton. The Disciples' Meeting House is in process of building, and will be finished on or before the first day of June next. Our brethren meet regularly on the first day of the week to exhort, admonish, comfort, and edify each other the best that we are able. We have no stated preaching, but generally a good and attentive congregation.

Lately I visited brother J. M. Shepard in Ira. He has been very feeble, and though much more comfortable, he does not think he is really any better.

Yours in the bond of the Christian hope.

GEO. WALKUP.

"The Lord's will be done;" but we had hoped that brother Shepard would enjoy life and health to be a blessing to others for many years. Young, talented, and fitted for usefulness, we could wish that his stay on earth might be prolonged; but as this prerogative belongs to Him who is the Highest, and who does all things well, however different from our conceptions of wise arrangement, we should all reverently bow to the Divine will. Who of us will be on this side of Jordan after a brief year or two? And "it is better to depart" if we are fitted "for the inheritance of the saints in light."

D. O.

THE DEATH OF A SAINT.

Near Ira Corners, March 7th, of Consumption, Amelia, consort of Wm. B. Noble, and daughter of Edward Allen, Esq., of Clarksville, aged 40 years.

She departed in the full triumph of the Gospel, giving the most perfect evidence during her last illness, as for the last 20 years of her life—which was the time of her profession of Christianity—of the power of the Christian Faith. It is seldom that the spirit of the Gospel is so powerfully demonstrated, as by the life and death of the subject of this notice. It may be said of her more emphatically than any other person I have known, that she went about doing good. Though in a feeble state of health for many years, she always seemed more mindful of the sufferings of others than her own, and was ever ready, to the utmost of her power, to alleviate the afflictions of all. In her case, death had no terror. Though taken away from her family in the meridian of life, and feeling all the anxieties that a wife and mother could feel, she appeared uniformly resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father, and from the appearance of the first alarming symptoms of the insidious disease which was preying upon her she conversed as freely on this as on any other subject. "The grave," she would say, "never appeared to me as to many—it always looked pleasant to me. What is the use of the promise of God, if we are afraid to die?" "You appear alarmed," she said to her husband a