

certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life," and while the earth was thrown upon the coffin lid to the words, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," the feeling of every heart was the prayer of the prophet of Mesopotamia, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

"How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes;
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore."

Phoebe Elizabeth Burpee, his beloved wife, was born in Sheffield, Sunbury County, New Brunswick, on the 20th of September, A. D., 1797. She was the second daughter of Moses and Hannah Coburn, who come originally from Rawly, Massachusetts, and settled here about A. D. 1762. All that has been said in the previous sketch of the then state of the country, the character of the people, and the privations to which they were exposed, is as applicable to the family of Mrs. Burpee, as to that of her husband, and need not be repeated here. Like others they toiled, like others they triumphed, and their descendants reap the rewards to-day.

Her parents were members of the Methodist Church, and laboured to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

When Phoebe was about seventeen years of age, she was brought to see and feel herself a sinner in the sight of God, and to seek forgiveness through the merits of the Crucified. In the revival of religion already alluded to, under the faithful ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Birt, she happily experienced