

celled upon him, and opened his mind in regard to his desire to go and preach the gospel in heathen lands. He was then pursuing his occupation as a carpenter. Enquiry revealed the fact that even previous to that time he had been prayerful and industrious, and had by diligent study obtained a knowledge of the original languages in which the Scriptures were written, and could read with ease the New Testament in Greek. Conversing upon the course of contemplated preparatory study, he then, in the fullness of a heart alive to the work to which he proposed to consecrate his days, remarked that seven years seemed a very long period before he could accomplish his wish to go as a missionary to the heathen.

That time had passed away, and how short it seemed! He had finished his under graduate course of four years, had concluded his term of three years theological study at the Institution at Hamilton, and had graduated with the esteem of his instructors, and the respect of the whole community. The room which he had so recently occupied in his house was yet filled with the preparations for his departure. Only the day before yesterday, he had received a letter from the Missionary Rooms, at Boston, informing him that a vessel would sail for Calcutta in the ensuing October. And now, he has received a message, not to go to the Gentiles, but up to his Maker and God. Here, in front of this pulpit, where he lies so motionless, he had been but a few weeks ago, united in marriage to his now sorrow-stricken widow.

Only three weeks since, he was present at Hamilton, when he stood up before a delighted audience, who heard, with enthusiastic plaudits, the sentiments to which he gave utterance in relation to the missionary work. How little did we then think, that in the brief space of time that has intervened, the messenger of death would come! When about to leave Hamilton, he had solicited our dear departed brother to take up his residence with him upon reaching New York. He desired the pleasure of his society. He felt a wish for profitable intercourse with one so devoted to his Master's service, and who in that service was so soon to leave, perhaps forever his native land. In pursuance of that invitation, he had arrived at his house a week ago last Saturday. His health seemed to be vigorous until last Friday. The weather, during the week, you remember, had been oppressively warm, and his whole time had been occupied in making preparations for his departure. He had preached—the last sermon he delivered—the Sabbath evening preceding, from Heb. xii, 1, 2.

He had been told by those who enjoyed the advantage of hearing him, on that occasion, that his mind seemed to be in heaven. Subsequently, a friend had called to request him to supply his pulpit at Yonkers. But he complained of soreness of the throat, and on this account declined the invitation. About mid-day, on Saturday, his throat became more painful, and at night it was thought advisable to call in medical attendance. The choice of his medical adviser, Dr. Joslyn, and the mode of treatment, which was that of homopathy, were both selected by himself. On Sunday morning his physician saw him, but did not then anticipate a fatal termination of the disease, nor until Tuesday. Even then, many of the friends who saw him, were buoyed with hope, and he himself, feeling more relieved in his throat, expressed the opinion that he was better. But both myself and family feared, as the result proved, that mortification had already set in, and that this alone had given a seeming relief. Speaking with difficulty, he wrote on a piece of paper that ever since he had been nine years of age he had enjoyed good health, and expressed, however, his resignation to the will of God. Between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, I heard singing in his room, and upon entering it, saw his dear companion by his side, singing for him—

“Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

when she came to the line,

“When I close my eyes in death,”

I heard him endeavouring to unite with her. I then knelt down in prayer. Very much to my surprise, the moment I had closed, he broke out in an audible supplication. He said—

“O Lord, I beseech thee, do answer that prayer! If it can be consistent, O Lord, raise me up, and spare me to go and preach the gospel to the perishing heathen! I ask not for my own sake, but for the sake of the poor Karens. Yet, O dear Saviour, I pray that I may have no will but thine. Do what thou wilt with me. O precious Saviour! let me see the road clear, and help me, without wandering, to concentrate my soul on thee and heaven! And, O Lord, I beseech thee bless all my dear connexions, and O bless this, my dear companion, [putting his arm around her neck as she knelt by his side]. If she must undergo this bereavement, O grant that she may be sustained by all the rich consolations of the blessed gospel! O Lord, pour out a missionary spirit upon all the rising ministry throughout the land. O Lord, bless that dear Institution I have left, and grant that if I should be taken away, it may lead many of the dear young men to consecrate themselves to the missionary work. And, O Jesus! may I feel thee precious! May I feel thee near! And do bless my dear companion, and all my dear connexions. Amen and amen!”

On the evening preceding his death, he asked, “What does the Doctor think of me? I have no anxiety in regard to the future.” Looking at his companion, he said, “Kate, do you remember ‘ready for either’? I do not apprehend a fatal result, yet Jacob Thomas was taken away when in sight of his field of labor.”

Afterwards, he said “I wish brother Dowling would come up and pray again,” and a cloud seemed now to come over his mind. He expressed a doubt about the clearness of his way, referred to the struggle, as if with an adversary, and requested me to repeat some passage of Scripture. When I complied, he objected to them as not appropriately meeting his case. I then repeated the passage, “When the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall raise up a standard against him.” “That is it,” he said, “I see the way clear.” At half-past seven, he was asked if he put all his trust in Christ, he answered that he did, and said, “happy, all bright, all bright.” The last spasm came, and after a few feeble gasps, all was over.

Dr. Dowling was followed by the Rev. Dr. Williams. He said, in this event, we learn several important lessons. For some time past, there has been no little controversy in the denomination as to the amount of education and attainment necessary for the missionary work. Here we found a polished shaft, a brother of the highest order of talent and education, endowed with every conceivable qualification for the work, prostrated before them, and forbidden to enter into it. By this, it appeared to him that God would have us understand that while he condescended to use such instruments, he did not need them.

Another lesson taught by this dispensation was, humility and resignation to the will of God. It was his prerogative to rule, our duty to obey. His providence is inscrutable to us. Human wisdom would have supposed that the labours and presence of the youthful Stephen were absolutely necessary to the infant church of Christ, but God weaned the repose of the saints from their most valued coadjutors to attach it more closely to himself. The instance also of the sainted Thomas, to which allusion had been made, was another illustration. He died with the sickle in his hand in sight of the harvest field, so our beloved brother, put on the armour, God having tried him, as he tried Abraham, discharged him from the war before he had entered into it.

Dr. Williams said another lesson to be learned

from this touching event, was the preciousness of a Saviour—a rock of ages, on which to rest in the hour of death.

He concluded by enforcing upon the attention of all persons the great truth that such a Saviour was just as necessary for those most distinguished for eminence, for learning, and for genius, as for the most humble, the most ignorant, the most debased.

The hymn, which was referred to by Dr. Dowling, was then sung, and the solemn service closed by prayer. The remains were taken to Brookfield, Ct., the residence of his father, on Thursday, where a discourse was to be delivered by the Rev. Mr. Perkins of Danbury. A sermon is to be preached next Sunday evening in the Bureau church, in improvement of the event, by the Rev. Mr. Stone.—*N. Y. Weekly Chronicle, Sept. 20.*

THE TWO DEATH-BEDS;

OR, WHO IS THE HAPPIER?

I had gone from my own home to a distant town, to preach on the Sunday, and was there requested to call on the following morning to converse with a gentleman who was very ill. Having an hour or two of leisure on the Monday, before the appointed time for this visit, I felt desirous of spending it usefully, and determined to seek some abode of poverty, where a word of advice or consolation might be given. The keen winds were blowing fiercely without, and driving the sleet in the face of the passenger; and the dark clouds foreboded a heavy fall of snow. The “hoary frost of heaven” thickened on the panes of glass; and the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and gave an aspect of dreariness to the half-forsaken streets. But I could say, as our Saviour said when on earth, “I must be about my Father’s business;” and wrapping my warm clothing around me, I set forth on my journey.

Leaving behind the wide streets and handsome houses of the city, I proceeded to a humbler neighbourhood, and turning down a narrow and dirty passage, I came to some of the poorest dwellings of poverty. Crowded houses, with broken windows, and with all the marks of want and discomfort, were now before me. The proud man would look on such homes with disgust; the kind-hearted person would sigh as he gazed upon them, call them abodes of wretchedness and dwellings of misery; and a feeling of hopelessness might come over him, as he thought of the ills of life and his own inability to remedy them; but the Christian may contemplate such scenes in the light cast upon them by God’s word, and may feel a hope that some of the inmates of these lowly homes may be meeting for his “Father’s house,” in which there are “many mansions,” since God has often chosen the “poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him.” (Jas. i. 5.)

Descending some steps, I tapped gently at one of the poorest houses, and a faint voice bade me enter. I opened the door of a room which was partly under ground, and went in. The broken panes of glass were filled with rags, which formed but an imperfect barrier to the cold winter wind. No fire was in the room, and in one corner of it lay a man, evidently in the last stage of sickness. A little straw formed his bed, and over his body were spread his few tattered garments as a covering. Not a chair was in the cold and cheerless apartment, but by the side of the sick man stood a low stool, on which were placed a piece of bread and a cup of water. I advanced to the man with words of kindness; but how great was my surprise to hear him say, “Oh, sir, I am very happy; I need nothing!” “And what makes you happy?” I asked. “Oh, sir, it is this—it is this which tells of the Saviour and heaven—it is this which tells me my sins are pardoned.” As he spoke, he drew from under his bed an old Bible, and placed it in my hand.