

OBITUARY.

DIED, in this city, on the 19th instant, after a brief but painful affliction, which she bore with remarkable patience and fortitude, CAROLINE E. GILLIS, wife of Mr. A. Watt, in the 18th year of her age. Solemn and mysterious Providence! May it fully answer the end for which it was sent!

At the request of the surviving relatives, we publish the following Address delivered at her funeral—for which we are indebted to the kindness of the Rev. author.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY THE REV. A. MATHIESON, D.D., AT THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MRS. A. WATT.

(Published by Request.)

There is not an event that occurs, but if properly considered, would remind us of our latter end.—Every falling leaf—every passing stream—every year and season as they revolve—every successive event in the history of nations and of men—are silent but impressive monitors of death. Every opening grave admits, as it were, a warning voice, saying—

"Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

Come, ye proud ones, and contemplate the closing scene of earthly grandeur in the rottenness of the tomb. Come, ye votaries of pleasure, and behold how all the noise and gaiety of your revelries is hushed in the dark and narrow house, "where worms and corruption dwell." Come, ye votaries of ambition, to whose unbounded desires even the world is too little, and behold where a small portion of it shall be your lot at last. Come, ye who look not beyond the passing moment—ye thoughtless ones who think no change shall pass upon your condition, look into this lowly, this lovely, this loveless mansion, and see where you must at last repose your heads. There all earthly distinctions are reduced to the same level. "Here the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest; the prisoners rest together—they hear not the voice of the oppressor; the small and the great are here; the servant is free from his master." To this condition all must come at last. There is no avoiding it. Money cannot bribe Death to avert his shaft, nor the richest treasures redeem from the grave. Look around you; you will see the mouldering remains of the young and of the old—of the rich and of the poor—of the strong and of the weak—of friends and of foes, mingling in silence and in peace.

Was death an event that had no other consequences than belonged to this world? Did it only convert into loathsome carcases those frail, but graceful forms of which we are so proud, and reduce them to "kindred dust?" Did it only cut us off from the light of day and all cheerful intercourse with men, and consign us to that abode where no signs of life or love shall come upon the ear, till the trumpet of the archangel shall rend the earth? Such circumstances, alone, we should think, were sufficient to repress all impious levity—sufficient to check the career of mad ambition, and in a great measure put an end to cruelty and crime. But when we consider that these, though solemn, are not the more important consequences in the state of the dead. When we consider that the body which shall lie mouldering in the dust till the latest period of time, shall arise and stand before the judgment seat of God—that the soul, when it quits its earthly tenement, shall go into the presence of God—that we shall be all judged according to our works, and that we shall be forever happy, or forever miserable, according to the award that shall then be given.—O, what madness and folly is it to spend our time, and act in a manner that must necessarily exclude us from the presence of God, and consign us to the regions of eternal woe. O, surely there is nothing in the sickening short-lived pleasures of sin that can compensate for the loss of Heaven and its blessedness. There is nothing in the character of God that should lead us for a moment to believe that he will not accomplish all that he hath declared in his holy word. "Hath he determined, and shall he not do it; hath he said, and shall it not come to pass."

My brethren, let me therefore beseech you to lay these things to heart. When you are abandoning yourselves to the influence of the "things that are seen;" when you are distracted with the cares, or absorbed in the pursuits of the world; when you are resting upon earthly pleasures as your supreme good, consider the uncertainty of life—consider the fatal consequences of a sinful and impenitent life, and let these reflections lead you into a better path; let them lead you to pass the remainder of your time here in fear; let them lead you to begin the work of Heaven, upon the earth, and to seek to be possessed of that holiness "without which no man can see the Lord." Even were you assured that you were to live to the utmost period allotted to man in this world, O, surely the

foretaste of Heavenly happiness should not be disagreeable to you; nor the incipient character and progressive lineaments of the saints be unbecoming you, even while you are sojourners on the earth. But O, how important is it, that we should be sanctified by grace, and prepared for Heaven when we know not what a day, what even an hour may bring forth.—And O, how wise is it to have our hopes of happiness resting on a surer foundation, than any object in this world. Do we not see the infant of days cut off, as the opening flower that "perishes in its sweetness" when nipped by an untimely frost? Do we not see the young carried away in the bloom of their beauty? Do we not see matured and manly vigour struck down in the pride of strength?—and at length we see the old and well stricken in years come to their grave in a full age "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." While the short and uncertain tenure of human life exhorts "to do with all our might whatsoever our hands findeth to do, since there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave," whither we are hastening, it no less impressively warns us not to allow our hearts to be inseparably entwined in affection with any of the objects of time, however deservedly they may be dear to us. Our fairest, brightest hopes that are dependent on their earthly existence, often "rise in a night and perish in a night." Like the shade of his gourd to the prophet, the objects of affection are delightful to us. By their society we are cheered and refreshed when the cares and troubles of life come crowding upon us. By their love we are led to forget our toils; and the hope of continued enjoyment irresistibly takes possession of our hearts, and binds us by a firmer chain to this world. But how soon does all our earthly happiness vanish. How soon are all the fair visions of future bliss dissipated. They who were dear to us as the light of day are called hence and are no more forever, and we look back upon all that we have enjoyed of happiness as the illusions of a vain dream, and forward on all that we hoped of delight, as a mockery. But it is God who thus warns us. It is the High and the Holy One that bereaves us of the objects of our earthly delight. But He does it in mercy and in love. He breaks the chain that binds us to the earth, that it may bend to the world of spirits. He makes us feel that the objects of our tender regard are mortal, that we may more truly feel that they are also, through Jesus Christ, immortal, and indulge the lofty thoughts and ennobling hopes that life and immortality, as brought to light by the gospel, is fitted to inspire.

Weep not, then, for the dead who fall asleep in Christ, neither bemoan them. They are not dead—they live. "He that believeth in me," said the Redeemer, "shall never see death." It is that which is mortal only that falls a prey to the grave. That which is immortal passes into glory. Even the very dust of His Saints is dear unto God. It shall be gathered, and compacted, and presented in Heaven at the resurrection day a glorified body. Weep not for the dead that die in the Lord. They are dead only to sin and to suffering—dead to the world and its cares and troubles; but they are alive to happiness—alive to the love of the Redeemer—alive forever to the joys of Heaven.

Let these thoughts extract the sting from your grief. As the children of the dust, you have much to grieve for. If gentleness—if meek and modest worth—if Christian simplicity, blended with moral loveliness, be qualities that endear their possessor to the heart, then you have much cause to mourn over your bereavement. If the cup of sorrow be bitterest when our fairest hopes are suddenly and unexpectedly crushed, then bitter must be your anguish. But the consolations of the gospel are sufficient to assuage even your grief. Appropriately then by faith, that you may not "sorrow as those who have no hope." Bedew with your tears if you will the grave of that beloved one, who has, in the inscrutable providence of God, been removed from you. Christ hath hallowed such tributes of love for the dead by the tears which he shed at the tomb of Lazarus; but at the same time permit the light of Christian hope to enter your souls. If by the grace of God you walk in the steps of them who have been followers of Christ Jesus, you shall be gladdened with their communion in that better world, where your intercourse with them shall be full of joy, and shall never be interrupted. Let the thought cheer and console your hearts, while you sorrow because you shall see their face no more in this world, that you shall see it in another world, where the tears shall be wiped from every eye.

HAPPINESS IN DEATH.—As one said to Philip J. Jenks just before he expired, "How hard it is to die," he replied, "O no, no—easy dying, blessed dying, glorious dying." Looking up at the clock, he said, "I have experienced more happiness in dying two hours this day than in my whole life. It is worth a whole life to have such an end as this. I have long desired that I might glorify God in my death, but O I never thought that such a poor worm as I could come to such a glorious death."—*Banner and Pioneer.*

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

THE BIBLE.

In the spring of the year 372, a young man in the thirty-first year of his age, in evident distress of mind, entered into his garden at Milan. The sins of his youth,—a youth spent in sensuality and impiety, weighed heavily on his soul. Lying under a fig-tree, moaning and pouring out abundant tears, he heard, from a neighbouring house, a young voice, saying, and repeating in rapid succession,—*"Tolle, lege, Tolle, lege!"* Take and read, take and read. Receiving this as a divine admonition, he returned to the place where he left his friend Alypius to procure the roll of St. Paul's epistle, which he had a short time before left with him. "I seized the roll," says he, in describing this scene, "I opened it, and read in silence the chapter on which my eyes first alighted." It was the thirteenth of Romans. "Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof."—All was decided by a word. "I did not want to read any more," said he, "nor was there any need; every doubt was banished." The morning star had risen in his heart. In the language of Gaussen:—Jesus had conquered; and the grand career of Augustine, the holiest of the Fathers, commenced. A passage of God's word had kindled the glorious luminary, which was to enlighten the church for ten centuries; and whose beams gladden her even to this present day. After thirty-one years of revolt, of combats, of falls, of misery; faith, life, eternal peace came to this erring soul: a new day, an eternal day came upon it.

Go to the Bible, dear reader; take it, open it, read in silence; and may God bless the exercise to your soul's salvation.—*Boston Recorder.*

PROPAGATION AND EXTENT OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE prophetic success and extent of the gospel is not less obvious in the New Testament than in the Old. A single instance may suffice:—"I saw an angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." These are the words of a banished man, secluded on a small island from which he could not remove; a believer in a new religion every where spoken against and persecuted. They were uttered at a time when their truth could not possibly have been realized to the degree to which it actually is at present, even if all human power had been combined for extending instead of extinguishing the gospel. The diffusion of knowledge was then extremely difficult; the art of printing was then unknown; and many countries which the gospel has now reached were then undiscovered. And multiplied as books now are, more than at any former period of the history of man,—extensive as the range of commerce is, beyond what Tyre, or Carthage, or Rome could have ever boasted,—the dissemination of the scriptures surpasses both one and the other;—they have penetrated regions unknown to any work of human genius, and untouched even by the ardour of commercial speculation, and with the prescription of more than seventeen centuries in its favour, the prophecy of the poor prisoner at Patmos is now exemplified, and thus proved to be more than a moral vision in the unexampled communication of the everlasting gospel unto them that dwell on the earth, to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. Christianity is professed over Europe and America. Christians are settled throughout every part of the earth.—The gospel is now translated into one hundred and fifty languages and dialects, which are prevalent in countries from the one extremity of the world to the other; and what other book since the creation has ever been read or known in a tenth part of the number?—*Keith on Prophecy.*

The commerce of Trebizond is rapidly increasing. When Mr. Perkins first visited that place, it was estimated that 18,000 camel loads of goods passed through it annually; when he came there again, on his return to America, the business had increased to 26,000 loads; and now it is 30,000.—*Puritan.*