

children how happy she was, and that she wished them to meet her in heaven; and to press them to prepare before they come to a sick bed. On Thursday night she said, "This is my class-night; I wish I could be there. I loved to go to class-meetings and prayer-meetings and preaching, for my soul was blessed by so doing." On Friday morning she said, "I shall soon die and go to heaven, Glory to God in the highest." A little while before she departed, she had a dreadful paroxysm of pain, which compelled her to say, "I am afraid I shall despair;" but when told that Christ would never leave her nor forsake her, she was at once relieved, and said, "O no! and though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me." The sister who was most with her remarks, that she does not regret the time she spent with this dear child, for it was made a rich blessing to her, and the remembrance is very precious, I hope that all who read this will become Christians like Lydia Maria, and then they will be happy while they live, and happy whenever they come to die.

W. JEFFERS.

JOHN CANNON, of South Dummer.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

I trust this brief sketch of the conversion, short career, and happy death of a young man, the son of one of our leaders, will be interesting. John Cannon was born July 22nd, 1835. For the last ten years he was the subject of an affliction which excited much anxiety and sympathy, and must sooner or later have removed him. He felt at times the necessity of preparing to

meet God, and his convictions were strengthened by a dream which took place about three months before his departure. During a protracted meeting recently held in Dummer, especially, he sought the Lord carefully with tears, until on the 18th December last he obtained a sense of his acceptance with God and went on his way rejoicing, and warning his young companions to flee from the wrath to come. He had a presentiment that his career would be short, and copying out a hymn called the "Lone churchyard," presented it to a dear friend to keep for his sake. Eleven days after his conversion he took a severe cold, and in a very short time was dismissed from the suffering scenes of mortality. During his illness he said "I am not afraid to die," and to his brother William, "they are in the room—the angels are round your head!" "I am going home!" to another, "Be faithful unto death!" to another, "the best of all is, God is with me!" He sung such hymns as "How happy every child of grace," and "There is a land of pure delight," until he lost the faculty of speech. But his countenance glowed with triumphant rapture until he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Let us not complain if he has gained the prize, with such little effort, and with so short a race. He is the firstfruits of a glorious revival of religion in South Dummer, in which nearly ninety persons have been brought to God, and we may hope that when the remainder of the harvest is fully ripe, it will also be gathered into the heavenly garner.

J. C. SLATER.

Norwood, Feb. 8th, 1854.