

rounded, and they followed her remains to the grave. The "remarkably decent looking woman," of whom Mr. Richmond speaks in his beautiful description of Elizabeth's funeral, was the late Mrs. Prangnell, of Merston, the Leader of a class there, and truly a mother in our Israel: in whose class Elizabeth occasionally met, and of whom an interesting memoir was published by the Rev. A. B. Seckerson, when he travelled in the island. The singing in the open air, with which Mr. Richmond was so surprised, delighted, and edified, and of which he has given an account at once impressive and attractive, was led by one who has been an important, and is now a venerable, member, of the Wesleyan society at Newport.

As this account has been written partly to correct a mistake into which Mr. Richmond has fallen, it is necessary to take some notice of it before I close. He not only gives no hint of the fact, that "the Dairyman's Daughter" was a Methodist,—this might have been very proper, circumstanced as he was,—but he conducts the reader to the full impression that she was indebted to a Clergyman of the established Church for the instrumentality of her conversion. By this means, not only are those deprived of the honour which is their due, but it is ascribed to a quarter to which it does not belong. On this account, the author of that perhaps unequalled tract has been even severely censured—not indeed by those who had the privilege of knowing his character, and his truly catholic and most affectionate spirit,—but by those who have been but imperfectly informed of the facts of the case. The matter is scarcely worth explanation, except as it is one of those overwhelmingly numerous instances which abundantly prove that God does work, not as though bestowing his "uncovenanted mercies" sparingly, occasionally, and as an evident exception to his established order, but liberally, constantly, regularly, by the instrumentality of persons not occupying a certain position in what has too often been asserted to be the exclusive order of the ministry. By those who are not in that order God so evidently works, that he is plainly blessing an instrumentality which he himself has created, and which therefore he recognises; and is not overruling in mercy the evil product of human infirmity, and making it an occasion of good.

Whether Mr. Richmond did or did not know that Elizabeth Wallbridge was a member of the Methodist society, I cannot learn; but I have a full conviction that, when he represents her as informing him that she was awakened in the established "Church" by a sermon from a Missionary Clergyman, it was a mere mistake, very naturally resulting from the imperfect recollection he would have of the terms which she employed. Mr. Crabb would at that time be called a Missionary, as the tract of country over which his labours were spread would then be called a Home Mission amongst us; and as Mr. Richmond wrote from memory, some years after the events had occurred, and when he had left the island, and resided in another part of the kingdom, he might easily confound the words which were floating in his memory, and suppose it was some wind-bound Missionary who had

come on shore at the island, while the vessel was detained on the coast.

As the Rev. J. Crabb is still living, now a venerable and highly respected Minister of a congregation at Southampton, and has very kindly furnished the writer of this account with a letter on the subject, an extract from it will set the mistake in a clear and candid light. Mr. Crabb says—

"You request me to give you some information relating to the conversion of the late Elizabeth Wallbridge, known by the name of 'the Dairyman's Daughter.' Perhaps it is known to thousands that I was the honoured though unworthy instrument of leading her to Christ Jesus, her only and dearest Friend. Several friends have urged me many times publicly to correct the little inaccuracies in Mr. Richmond's narrative; but I have felt very unwilling to do it, lest I should in any measure lessen the importance and value of the tract; especially as these little mistakes no more affect the truth of the facts stated, than if a man were, through forgetfulness, to make a mistake as to the right name of the person by whom a very fruitful vineyard had been planted. What does that signify when it is seen that the trees live and bear fruit? And no one doubts the fact that it is the Supreme Ruler of the universe who gave life to the trees, and who preserves them in life. I was well acquainted with that highly and deservedly beloved servant of Christ, who visited the interesting family in their affliction; and I once ventured to ask him at his own house,—'Pray, did you know the instrument of Elizabeth's conversion?' 'No,' was the answer; but I expect it was under the ministry of a Missionary who was going abroad,—to New South Wales,—I think it must have been Mr. Marsden.' The remark evidently showed how he had misunderstood Elizabeth's reference to a Missionary. I said no more, only rejoicing in my own heart that the Holy Spirit had converted her. Mr. Richmond must have fallen into the mistake by only writing from his memory some years after the events had occurred, and not having understood at the time the exact import of the words which fell from the dying lips of Elizabeth. I lost sight of her myself for several years, being obliged to retire from my public duties on account of ill health; but one day a friend came to me and said, 'I have a guinea sent to me by the brother of Elizabeth Wallbridge for you. It comes from her death-bed, and she desires your acceptance of it as a small token of Christian love to you as the instrument of her conversion.' I valued the manner in which it was done, and received the token as the grateful gift of a dying Christian. I love her memory, and rejoice that the memoir has been the instrument of converting and comforting thousands of my poor fellow-sinners; and I most fervently pray that it may long continue to be a blessing to the church and to the world. And I trust also, that your account of dear Elizabeth may satisfy all who have heard imperfect statements of the business. May all the glory be given to God for all his grace bestowed on us mortals!"

This sainted young woman, the influence of whose fervent and consistent piety has been so extensively

diffused, and is so at Hale-Common, triumph of faith thirty-first year of where "the Dairyman's Daughter" her dying prayer and the horseman receive her happy burden of the Gospel has, not long since secured to the chapel, and as it is desirable to can who love the name bridge, and rest Christians to who for her saving kindness donation to the an appropriate and dable feeling wh

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