

Stouffville. Visited Sister Kestor, who was very ill, read a portion of Scripture, prayed and commended her to the widow's God. Also visited old Sister Barclay, mother of the Bros. Barclay, she is a great sufferer, her disease is Asthma, of long standing. After quite lengthy religious exercises, by her own request, we parted with them and proceeded to Pickering, to fill the last appointment. After meeting, we journeyed to my own loved home, at which we arrived at a late hour.

This terminated one of the happiest journeys of my life. A good, intelligent, cheerful, traveling companion, a good preacher, and preaching, kind words, joyous hearts, cheerful faces everywhere, will make the heart of the most desolate, cheerful and glad. How often did we remember and speak of the kindness of Brethren Knowles, Wood, Brown, Kestor, Wells, Ross, Campbell, Rutherford, McMullen, Laird and Sister Leary, whose kindness and hospitality we shared. Bro. Hopkins was delighted with our country and people, particularly the brethren. All these he said, were far in advance of his expectations. At the termination of our journey of near two weeks, I delivered him over to the kind Brethren of Bowmanville, and there I leave him, and end my narrative.

JOSEPH ASH.

Oshawa, July, 1864.

FOR THE ADVISER.

Rev. 14 chap. 13. "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

There is no time when a person is so sure to be spoken well of as when he is dead. If there ever is a time when we forget the wrongs of an enemy, it is when the grave is closed over him. It is then, if ever, we say, let his faults die with him, and let both be buried and forgotten together. But reluctant as men are to speak evil of the departed ones on earth, it must be confessed that it is not very common to hear them praise the dead. Such is expected from the parent and other family connections, yet how few monuments would be erected, if left to be reared by the next generation.

We praise the living, while their services benefit us, but let them cease to bless us with their labours, and we soon forget the past. The preacher once said, "there was a little city and

few men within, and there came a great King against it and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city, yet no man remembered that same poor man!" So it is in all countries as well as in all ages, "the poor man's wisdom is despised."

What a sad thought to dwell upon, that when we lie down in death we are soon forgotten. The next generation will have no knowledge of us! But why feel so cast down? Will the Lord forget his people in the grave? *Never*. NO! NEVER. He that is with his people on earth to guide them, will also be with them when they pass through the valley and shadow of death. "Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints."

But just here I am reminded of what John said he heard in that voice from heaven. Yes, thank the Lord the voice was from heaven, and therefore can be relied upon. But what was uttered? I heard a voice saying unto me, "write." Yes, write it in a book, and let it be read by the generations yet unborn. But what was he commanded to write? Why write, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth.' But who are they that are blessed? They are those that have believed in Christ, and have put him on so effectually that the *life of Christ* has been manifested in their mortal bodies. They have walked in his counsels and have finally died in his service. Like many a poor soldier who falls in battle, he may be forgotten by his fellow soldiers, but his Captain keeps the Muster Roll, his name and his deeds are there. So the Lamb has a book in which the names of the saints are written, besides, a book of remembrance is written before Him for them that thought upon His name, and he says that they shall be mine in the day that I come to make up my jewels, &c.

But say pilgrim to the fair land, do you ever get weary and wish to sit down by the way? If you do, cheer up, for the voice said, "they shall rest from their labor." How pleasant the thought that there is rest for the weary. O! is not this a blessed promise? But there is still another pleasing thought in the voice from heaven, "and their works do follow them." It is the case with wicked men that they sometimes run away, so as to get where their works are not known. It would trouble them to have an old neighbor come and report their former works.