

weeks of her death. In this way she sought not only to gain a livelihood for herself and family, but to train her pupils in the knowledge of divine things, and bring them to Christ; and many there are in Brantford, and elsewhere, who will forever have reason to bless God for the instruction they received in her humble school. Several times have her pupils, and their friends "surprised" her with presents and testimonials of various kinds, in token of their appreciation of her instructions and interest in their behalf; the last of these being a purse, given to her about two years ago, containing \$240.

In the advancement of the cause of God, and especially of the Congregational Church in Brantford, Mrs. Day always felt the warmest interest. For thirty-eight years it was her chief joy to see it prosper, and her greatest grief to see it languish. In times of dissension or division, like Eli's, her "heart trembled for the ark of God," and the last words she spoke to the writer, relative to the arrangements for her funeral, as he stood beside her dying bed, showed how deep and tender was her desire for the peace and prosperity of both the churches in Brantford.

She was specially interested in the Maternal Association, which she was chiefly instrumental in organizing, and carrying on, having acted as its President for many years. She had an intense sympathy for young mothers in all their difficulties and responsibilities, and she longed to bring them to Him who alone could give them wisdom and grace to bear them.

The end of so beautiful and useful a life could only be in harmony with her whole career.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

It was so in her case. The attitude of her soul was like that of good old Jacob, as he lay expecting the summons into his Father's presence,—“I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.”

The end came slowly but without any alarm to her trustful spirit. She knew whom she had believed. To any expres-

sions of anxiety on the part of her family that she might yet be spared a little longer to them, she usually replied, “I'm going home;” “don't pray for my recovery; do give me up!” Her one desire was “to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.”

On hearing that her son had been summoned to come immediately, and that she was rapidly sinking, the writer, fearing that he would not be able to see her again in the flesh, sent her a message of love, and asked that 1 Cor. xv. 57 be read to her. But before the passage could be turned up, she remembered the words, and said, “Oh! that is the verse I have been living on all the morning,—‘Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.’”

She was always of a remarkably thankful disposition, and was so even amid great physical prostration and suffering. “See,” she said, as we stood by her bedside, “the Lord has given me more than I can ask or think; my son has come, and two of my grandsons, and now you are come; ‘Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace!’” One week more and her prayer was granted. She passed away without a struggle, and literally “fell asleep.” Her parting words to almost every one who came to see her were,—“Cleave to Jesus!”

Her remains were carried to the church she loved so well, where a large company, of all classes, awaited them to pay her their last tribute of respect and affection, and where the writer, her former pastor, tried to gather up the lessons of her singularly beautiful and useful life, from the verse he had sent her in his message the week before. “She rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.” May her pupils and her friends all remember the words she spake unto them while she was yet present with them.

J. W.

HENRY WILKES SHERRILL.

Died, in Troy, N.Y., on the 28th of September, 1875, Henry Wilkes Sherrill, youngest son of the Rev. E. J. Sherrill, late of Eaton, Quebec, aged 28 years.