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GONE TO REST.

In our last issue we recorded the illness of Mrs. Wolverton. It is now our sorrowful duty to tell of her death.

" 'Tis done, the conflict o'er, the spirit fled,
 Borne on seraphic pinions to the skie",
 Where bliss beyond conception is prepared,
 And pleasures, everlasting pleasures rise."

The long and weary suspense, at times mingled with hopes which again were to be shattered by the return of the fever, has ended. Death has done its work. The body has been reverently laid away until the day of resurrection: the spirit has returned to God who gave it. Her life has been tenderly folded up and placed in memory's casket. Kind deeds fragrant with the sweet spirit of her Master—how could it be forgotten? A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. The funeral was very impressive. All nature wept as we buried one whom we all loved. Beautiful white wreaths