

as she had been with them, rejoicing in their joys, so she contemplated, with equal pleasure, being with them in their trials, "glorying in tribulation also." The watchful care of the Great Head of the Church averted the blow that was aimed at it; but there was another reason why our sister was not permitted to "suffer affliction with the people of God." Her Saviour had designed to remove her to the church triumphant. Making a visit to her friends at her father's house, she was taken ill, and never again left her bed. It is from that deathbed we take the other instance of her attachment to her brethren. Ruth not only determined to go where her mother-in-law went, but to her it would also be a privilege to die where she died, and even to be buried near her tomb. So our dying sister, a few days before her death, desired her sister to write a letter to the church, which she dictated: in which, after expressing her dear love for them all, and assuring them of the steadiness of her hope in Christ, and the firm expectation she had of meeting them with Him in heaven, she begged the privilege of mingling her dust with theirs, by being interred in the burying ground of the church at Woodstock. She afterwards desired her father to promise her that this request, on his part, should be acceded to, though the distance was fifteen miles, and none of her kindred were members of that church. Her last illness was long and exceedingly painful; but she bore it without a murmur. She was perfectly aware for many days that death was approaching; yet she contemplated it without fear. She had no extasies, and she had no fearful apprehensions, no doubts: enabled through the whole to rely upon the Saviour of the world, she passed the whole length of the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," and feared no evil. Though in the morning of her days, beloved and admired by a numerous circle of friends, whom she tenderly loved in return, she left the world without regret, knowing that "to be with Christ is far better." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Pursuant to her request, her remains were removed to Woodstock and committed to the earth, accompanied by the tears and lamentations of a very numerous assembly, a large proportion of which were truly united with her friends, and sisters and brothers, as mourners in deep and sincere grief. The occasion was improved by a funeral discourse, preached by her pastor, from Rev. xxii. 3, 4. Her flesh now rests in hope, ready to be clothed upon with her house, which is from heaven. May all her surviving friends follow in her steps and share in her reward.

W. H. L.

THE BAPTISM.—A solemn stillness reigned through the vast multitude, collected there to witness heart-offering and sacrifice indeed acceptable. Nought broke the silence save the quiet music of the river, or the gentle breath of zephyr as it sighed along. The voice of the man of God soon mingled, and broke upon the ear in tones, rich, deep, and full,—as with uncovered head, and hand uplifted, he invoked the aid and countenance of the Holy One. And methought his supplication ascended not unheard to Him who is the Lord of Sabaoth. For though no audible sound indicative of His pleasure met the ear,—yet from the blue arch above, the still small voice whispering, thrilled through each heart a firm conviction. And there were those who in manhood's fullness and strength yielded their hearts, and they of fewer years, yet with hopes and feelings more ardent, who offered up their youth a sacrifice to God well pleasing.—*Ch. Watchman.*

POETRY.

ON A BIBLE BEING FOUND ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO AFTER THE BATTLE.

When war, that terror and that crime of man,
Which rose to being when his guilt began,
In dreadful state, throned on the embattled plain,
Strews carnage o'er the ensanguined scene;
From each fell flash of his infuriate eye,
Ten thousand deaths of tenfold sorrow fly;
E'en 'neath his shade all hope does prostrate lie,
And 'neath his foot all living creatures die.
With demon rage, roll o'er the blood soaked ground
Horror and devastation, all around.

Despair, and tumult in his front appear,
Silence, perpetual silence in his rear.

This scene, that makes imagination reel,
Demands a heart encased in triple steel;
The sun himself might sicken at the sight,
And veil his glories in the gloom of night.
Oh! for a world, where happiness and peace
Rest on each heart, and beam from every face
Oh! for a world, where not another's woe
Shall cause the tear of agony to flow.

But see, amidst the havoc of the plain,
Which ne'er may desolation sweep again!
Sweet as pure air 'midst pestilential breath,
Abeam of heaven shed o'er the night of death.