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Rest in Heaven.

Should sorrow o'er thy brow
Be darkened shadowing,
And hopes that cheer thee now
Die in their early spring—
Should pleasure, at its birth,
Fade like the bloom of even,
Turn thou away from earth—
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

If life shall ever seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day—
If, like the weary dove,
O'er shadowed oceans driven,
Raise thou thine eyes above;
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

But, O! if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom;
And gaily fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom—
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Nor always be forgot
Thy better rest in Heaven.

When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustre eye,
And pulses low and weak
Tell of a time to die—
Sweet hope shall whisper then,
Thought thou from earth be riven,
There's bliss beyond thy ken—
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

Prayer.

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never slumbers
When the beams of light
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throne,
That ear is filled with angels' songs,
That arm upholds the worlds on high;
That love is thrown beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky!
Gems of English Poetry.

A Reverie.

SUGGESTED BY THE LOSS OF THE BARRINGTON.

And is it so? Tell me ye winds, that to my shuddering spirit seem howling some mournful requiem; ye light, changeable clouds, swift-fleeting o'er your azure sky; though loud of day, who at thy Creator's bidding made darkness light—tell me, is it so? Shall never more the voice of prayer and praise be heard to ascend from the place, where, when weary of life's toiling our footsteps delighted to hasten? Shall our feet, with thoughtful brow, silver-haired, and tottering steps; they in life's vigour, the noble and manly, with artless, trusting childhood, never again go up to worship in the temple, the foot of those "brimning good tidings," never more ascend that sacred desk? Shall the ambassadors of Christ these never more "point the Eternal's message o'er the souls of dying men?"—and shall no heaven-sent messenger hasten from that hallowed spot, bearing to the "infinite company" who dwell in glory, glorious tidings that another soul is born for the skies? Mournfully, mournfully comes the darkening truth, the dismal reality, "Our holy and beautiful house is burned up with fire, and all her pleasant things are laid waste." Summer's golden sunbeams shall not rest there, nor peaceful rays from night's luminary play thereon; the angry storm-cloud shall never more lower above it, neither shall the bright stars—leaves alphabet—where we may learn the wisdom, power, and goodness of nature's great Builder, peep out to behold the number of his wonders; when no eye saw, but that of Omnipotence, the devastating work commenced. Dread-inspiring and horridly-terrible was the cry, arising unconscious slumbers from downy repose; but vain—'all vain, the cry, the rush, the effort,—no, powerful man failed to curb the impetuous element. Onward,—onward still, rushed the destroyer, crashing and tearing its victim with malicious violence—column after column of smoke and flame ascended to the midnight sky, each bearing on its crest wild prayers and cries of anguish. But why essay to paint the scene? vain the attempt, unless 'twere with a pen of fire! Ah! 'twas a fearful hour when the grand yet awful work was accomplished, and might remain for the eye to gaze on, save scattered relics of what had been,—a hope forsaken her throne in the heart, and dark despair reigned triumphant. Let the tears flow fast—and faster,—let the cheek wax pale with sadness,—let the sigh escape unfeigned for the Ark where our tired spirits found shelter from life's storms, and ruin have left their foot-prints there. Like to the parting of bygone scenes. Within that sacred edifice have I beheld the youthful pair, their future clothed in dazzling brightness, their side by side, and speak with trembling lips while the blossoms of their years were brightest; while life's changeful sea was yet untroubled, close the "better part" and turned their feet toward Heaven,—and within those walls has been placed the mortal part of some who grew weary of life's toils, put their armour off, and went to the spirit home. There have the lost and erring been who may return to their Father's house,—the guilty and thoughtless that their souls were deemed so fair, will "be burned up," but the soul will live forever—*there* hath the mourner been comforted, the poor spirit received richest consolation, and those

whose life-sands were almost run, heard of a home beyond the stars,—a crown prepared for the faithful. Scenes of the past! precious flowers of memory! ye shall never die;—time's rude foot-falls may not crush ye, his chilly breath blast your loveliness. And though our cherished hopes have been blighted,—though dark melancholy shadows have crossed our life-path, shall we not acknowledge the never-erring hand of Him "whose path is in the great waters, whose footsteps are known to the nations, who beheld and drove asunder the nations, at whose word the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow, whose ways are everlasting," and yet hath declared not a sparrow fall to the ground without His notice, and the very hairs of our head are all numbered?

LIZZIE LESLIE.

Piedmont and the Pope.

We have more than once bespoken the attention and sympathies of the public for the Kingdom of Sardinia. This State, small in comparison with some European Powers, but considerable both in resources and strength when contrasted with the other Governments of Italy, has been for some time reforming its internal administration with an earnestness, wisdom, and success, entitling it to the admiration and support of all enlightened communities. It is not possible—on the contrary—it is highly probable—that we may ultimately see in Piedmont an Italian State rationally governed, an Italian people contented with rational liberty, and an Italian Sovereign relying upon those popular affections which form the basis of durable monarchies. An administration, framed upon the plan of a double Chamber and a responsible Cabinet, with a comparatively free press, has been hitherto the result of the reforms. The Sardinian State has yet escaped the inevitable troubles of a novitate, it is, upon the whole, one of the strongest States of its class, and its chief perils, indeed, now arise from the envy and malice of those rulers who can ill endure the spectacle of institutions so signally contrasted with their own.

A lesson instructive to all nations, and not without its moral for ourselves, may be learnt from the question which now threatens the Sardinian Government with its chief difficulty. Sardinia, as the reader must be aware, is not only a Roman Catholic country, but a country most emphatically Popish and priest-ridden. About the soundness of its faith in the eyes of the Pope See there is no manner of doubt, and the reforms now projected by its Government in ecclesiastical matters are entirely free from any heretical leaning towards religious liberty or spiritual emancipation, in the Protestant sense of the terms. The simple truth is that Piedmont is overrun, and, as we may literally say, eaten up, by its Church establishments and clergy,—the idle and least serviceable members of the profession obtaining, as usual, a lion's share of the consecrated revenues, to the prejudice of their working brethren and the scandal of religion in general. The extravagance of the prevalent abuses will be appreciated when we state that the number of bishops is 41, and that of the clergy, 2540 are subsisting upon incomes which, even when eked out by stipends from the State, average only some £30 per annum. The Sardinian Government therefore, with the full concurrence and approval of the Lower Chamber and the public, proposes—first, a reduction in the number of bishops; secondly, the suppression of the mendicant and idle religious orders—the charitable and industrious orders being preserved; thirdly, a reduction in the number of canons, especially in cases where the original object of the foundation has become obsolete; fourthly, the equalisation of canonical stipends; fifthly, the appointment of what we may call an Ecclesiastical Commission, with a view to a more equitable arrangement of their distribution.

The English reader will recognise in these proposals the identical principles which have invariably commended themselves to all wise and prudent governments. Nevertheless, or, as we should perhaps say, very naturally, although there is no attack made, or intended against the tenets of the Papal faith, the Court of Rome is violently opposed to the projected reforms; nor is it at all likely that this insidious and unscrupulous power will omit any efforts, however malicious, to defeat the scheme. The views of Roman politicians would be better satisfied by the immersion of Piedmont and its people in the slough of Neapolitan barbarism than by the progress of this State towards a popular enlightenment and freedom. It is not sound and rational views of political liberty would infallibly come, as the Court of Rome well knows, an indisposition to submit to its dictation and interference; and, as its own power is a considerably more precious object in its eyes than the welfare of others, it resolutely commences all efforts in the direction of national im-

provement. Even as regards this particular scheme of Church reform, it is probable that the Popish emissaries discern more danger in the regeneration of the Sardinian Kingdom than in the redistribution of ecclesiastical patronage, or the visitation of religious houses. To such measures, indeed, when unattended by any prospect of general reforms, the Papal See has not unfrequently given its consent, but never yet has its concurrence been obtained for any scheme conducive to popular knowledge or national independence. In this case, however, we sincerely trust that its devices may be frustrated by the good sense of the Piedmontese people, and the accord subsisting between them and their sovereign. Seldom, indeed, has an experiment been attempted with stronger claims to the aid and support of all free and liberal Governments.—*London Times.*

"It comes from above."

There was once in France a boy, who was called "Little Peter." He was a poor, ragged, and begged his bread from door to door.—He sang very prettily, and people seldom sent him away empty-handed. It was an idle and uncomfortable life which he led; but Peter had no one to care for him, and he did not know what to do. He had the singular custom of saying on every occasion, "It comes from above." I will tell you why. When his father was on his death-bed, if, indeed, he had a bed, for he was very poor—he said to his son, "My dear Peter, you will now be left alone, and many troubles you will have in the world. But always remember, that all comes from above; then you will find it easy to bear everything with patience." Little Peter understood him, and in order not to forget the words, he often thought them over. He acknowledged every gift with the words, "It comes from above." As he grew up, he used to consider what the expression meant. He was intelligent enough to see, that as God rules the world, we may well believe of everything that happens in the way of his providence, "It comes from above."

This faith of Little Peter frequently turned out for his benefit. Once as he was passing through the town, a sudden wind blew off a roof-tile, which fell upon his shoulder, and struck him to the ground. His first words were, "It comes from above." The bystanders laughed, and thought he must be out of his senses, for of course it could not fall from above; but they did not understand him. A minute after, the wind tore off an entire roof in the same street, which crushed three men to death. Little Peter went on, he would probably have been at that moment just where the roof fell.

Another time, a distinguished gentleman employed him to carry a letter to a neighboring town, bidding him to make all haste. On his way he tried to spring over a ditch, but it was so wide that he fell in, and was nearly drowned. The letter was lost in the mud, and could not be recovered. The gentleman was angry when Little Peter told him of his misfortune, and drove him out of doors with his whip. "It comes from above," answered Peter, as he stood on the steps. The next day the gentleman sent for him. "See here," said he, "there are two half-crowns for you for tumbling into the ditch. Circumstances have so changed on a sudden, that it would have been a misfortune to me, had that letter gone to the bottom of the sea." I can tell you much more about Peter. When he had become a great boy, he was still called, "Little Peter." A rich gentleman who came into the town having heard his story, sent for him, in order to give him something. When Little Peter entered the room, the gentleman said, "What think you, Peter, will I have sent for you?" "It comes from above," replied Peter. This answer greatly pleased the gentleman. After thinking awhile, he said, "You are right; I will take you into my service, and provide well for you. Will you agree to that?" "It comes from above," answered Peter. "God is very good to me; I will gladly go with you."

So the rich Englishman took him away. It was a good thing for the poor boy, who had been taught no trade. Long afterwards, we learned that when his master died, he left him a large sum of money to carry on his business. "It comes from above," said then a wealthy man in Birmingham.—But he still said of every occurrence, "It comes from above."—*Dr. Barth.*

Sebastopol.

The following account of the town and port of Sebastopol, by a vocabulary, the Russian topographer will be found interesting at the present moment:— This famous stronghold of the Russians in the Black Sea is one of the most modern creations in the rapidly growing empire of the Czars, its site, until 1786, having been occupied by nothing more pretentious than a miserable village of Tartar huts named Akhtier. The splendid natural advantages of its harbour for a first-rate naval port, however, attracted the notice of Catherine II., and in 1780 the first stone of the new fortress and arsenal was laid, and from that period it has rapidly increased in strength and importance. Sebastopol is situated on the western coast of the peninsula of the Crimea, in an amphitheatre to the south of the harbour, extending along a point of land which separates the Bay of Yuznisk-Buklia, which forms the port, from Artillery Bay, a small indentation on the other side. The town stands on a chalky stratum, which rises from a height of 30 feet at the extremity of the point to an elevation 190 feet above the sea in the upper part. This elevation, with the steep coast opposite, which also consists of a calcareous rock, perfectly defends the bay, which, from the summit of the heights, appears to lie at the bottom of the deep cavity, and, indeed, at a very short distance from the shore is land it is impossible to perceive the tops of the highest mountains. The town is composed of parallel streets, running up the steep of the bay, and is divided into quarters by a few transverse streets. It is not much above a mile in length, and is nowhere more than 400 yards wide; but it is a half-mile from the barracks erected at a half-mile from the upper part of the town, nor those for the sailors, opposite the town itself, nor the hospitals, are included within this space.

The harbour, as being the most important

feature of Sebastopol, and which has been compared to that of Malta, merits a more minute description. The principal bay is about three miles and a-half in depth, with a width of three-quarters of a mile at the mouth, widening to nearly a mile, and then narrowing to 600 or 700 yards at the head. The average depth at the mouth is not above 10 to 12 fathoms; as far as the ancient village of Akhtier, where the naval magazines now are, it is about nine fathoms; and from there diminishes gradually towards the two ports to three fathoms. There is not a rock or shoal in the whole harbour, except opposite the Severnaia Kossa, or northern point, where there is a small sandbank, which ships entering the bay have to cross, and where the water is shallow. The bay is a bay of the entering end of the port the water becomes gradually shallower, in the direction of Inkerman, and near the little river Byjujassen is not more than a yard or half a yard in depth, with a muddy bottom.

A beautifully planned nursery which was suppressed in 1838, and converted into a hospital, though the sisters are permitted to live and die there, without adding to their number. This is the largest of all the Swiss lakes, and lies 1255 feet above the level of the sea. We floated around until the evening became so cool that we were glad to go ashore. Passing an ancient looking church, of which the door was standing open, we walked in; a solitary lamp was burning near the altar, and the sound of voices led us down the aisle to a door opening into one of the cloisters, where a group of boys were on their knees, repeating prayers in concert, and vying with each other in the loudness and sing-song tone with which they performed their services. There were other points of interest about this ancient town, which I examined, but I must not dwell longer here. I walked to the Hecht Hotel by the light of lamps hung in the middle of a chain stretched across the street, and went early to bed as we were early to rise.—*N.Y. Observer.*

Jerusalem.

BY PROFESSOR UPHAM.

The city of Jerusalem is built upon a hill or rather a connected range of hills—the hill of Zion, the hill of Moriah, the hill of Akra. But considered in reference to the city, it seems to be almost in a valley. So that in looking upon it, we readily feel the propriety of the expression of the Scriptures: "the mountains are round about Jerusalem." We approached it over one of these surrounding heights, and it almost without reference to the valley, it is thickly covered with rocks. And the narrow way which winds over it, is exceedingly rough and difficult—so much so, as to perplex even the careful tread of the camel and the experienced foot of the mule. This gate opens nearly under the massive tower of David. As I passed beneath its heavy arch, I felt that the desire of a life was accomplished. What a scene! What associations! Other lands have their history, their character, their associations, their greatness. But Palestine, as compared with all others, is emphatically the Sacred Land;—the dwelling-place of patriarchs, prophets, apostles;—the scene of visits and holy communications between heaven and earth. Every valley is a tomb—every mountain a monument. "Wherever I turn my eyes, I see the dimness of distant history before me. I look from my windows, and my eyes rest upon the hill of the temple of Solomon upon the Mount of Olives, and upon the supposed place of the Crucifixion.

Peep at Constance—John Huss.

And this brings us to Constance. 40,000 people once lived within these walls; now less than 7,000 are here; but the old and curious houses still stand, many without inhabitants, and the whole city apparently asleep at noonday as we walked through the streets, and peeped at Constance is very great, and will always render it attractive to the traveler. On the borders of the lake of Constance, and but very few feet from the landing, we saw the *Kaufhaus*, built in 1338, and memorable as the place in which the first Council of Constance was held in 1414-15, whose decisions for good and for evil were so momentous in the Church of Rome. We walked up the solid steps in the second story, one wide low room supported by heavy wooden pillars, and with a rough plank floor like that of a barn. Here assembled from all parts of the Christian world, no less than 30 cardinals, 4 patriarchs, 20 archbishops, 150 bishops, 200 professors of theology, besides princes, ambassadors, civil and ecclesiastical, abbots, priors, and inferior churchmen. The great celebrant, the Emperor Sigismund sat, and the chair in which the Pope presided, stand as they stood then, and various relics of those times, historically associated with the Council, are gathered, forming a Museum of unusual interest. Before this Council, John Huss and Jerome of Prague were brought from their dungeons, and though the Council was assembled professedly to reform the church, it condemned these holy men to the flames. I stood in the old Cathedral here where these martyrs stood, when the sentence of death was passed upon them, and saw the model of the tower, which was three feet wide and ten feet long, with the identical door and window in it, where Huss was confined for many weary months. Here, too, is the hurdle on which he was dragged to the place of execution; and when I had examined these and many other interesting objects which a Catholic, claiming, however, to be the friend of Huss, showed me, I walked out of the old chamber, and following the long street to the Huss Gate, I found beyond the walls of the town, in the midst of a garden, the spots were these blessed men were caught up into heaven. In an old Capuchin convent, deserted now, is standing near it, and so peaceful and fertile seemed these fields, as I stood in the midst of the fruits and flowers, it was hard to believe that an infuriated mood once raged here, and a religious persecution kindled the first martyrdom on the flesh of men of whom the world was not worthy.

In the Council Chamber are war figures of these martyrs, bearing the records which I copied. "Jerome of Prague, called Faulfish, a learned man of great celebrity, the friend and defender of John Huss, born at Prague, March 14th, 1362, burned alive in consequence of the order of the Council of Constance, May 30th, 1417, in the 55th year of his age. Jerome walked to the place of punishment, as though he went to a place of rejoicing. When the executioner was placed to set fire to the pile behind him, Jerome said to him, "Come here, light it before me, for if I had feared the fire I would not have been here."

"John Huss, of Hosenitz in Bohemia, born July 6th, 1373, resistor of the University, and lecturer at Prague, burned alive at

Constance, in consequence of the order of the Council, July 6th, 1415, in the 42nd year of his age. His last words were, "I resign my soul to the hands of my God and of my Redeemer."

Returning from the place of execution, I passed in front of the house in which John Huss lodged before he was imprisoned. A rude image in stone of the Reformer, but a strongly marked likeness was on the outside. Every one we met could tell us which way to find the Huss house, and though there are but a few hundred Protestants in the whole city, the idea seemed to be general that a good man was wrongfully and cruelly murdered when Huss was burned.

Retribution.

"There is a God in history," however infidelity may endeavour to exclude him from the government of the world. Now and then we see his retributive justice obviously exhibited in the exemplary punishment of individual crime, and brought about by agencies which we could never have anticipated. When Napoleon I. had Toussaint, the St. Domingo patriot, transported to France, and chained in a dungeon, where he died, he seemed to be placed far above all human power to avenge and punish the great injury done to him. A few years and we see this same Napoleon a prisoner on an island so small that voyagers in search of it have returned without finding it, and declaring it was not. On this little barren rock he lingered out a miserable existence; but which of the great allied powers who captured him thought of avenging Toussaint? And Louis Philippe, one of his successors as ruler of France, in the pride of his power sent a fleet to compel the inhabitants of Tahiti to admit into their island two agents most destructive to the incipient civilization and Christianity—French brandy and French Jesuits. They resisted and he bombarded their town, landed, and burnt their houses, cut down their breadfruit trees, and laid waste their beautiful island. This goes open nearly under the massive tower of David. As I passed beneath its heavy arch, I felt that the desire of a life was accomplished. What a scene! What associations! Other lands have their history, their character, their associations, their greatness. But Palestine, as compared with all others, is emphatically the Sacred Land;—the dwelling-place of patriarchs, prophets, apostles;—the scene of visits and holy communications between heaven and earth. Every valley is a tomb—every mountain a monument. "Wherever I turn my eyes, I see the dimness of distant history before me. I look from my windows, and my eyes rest upon the hill of the temple of Solomon upon the Mount of Olives, and upon the supposed place of the Crucifixion.

How wise is the prayer of Agur! And how few are there who imbibes its spirit, and discern the perils of riches! Insensibly the desire of wealth grows upon us, and while our convictions are all the other way, we find our hearts clinging to the world's possessions as to their best good, and our hands are busily engaged in performing what the heart, wrapped in the love of the world, designs. The desire for wealth, "covetousness, which is idolatry," is one of the most dangerous and degrading influences which can affect our Christian life. It coarsens our hearts against the appeals which must constantly be made to us, while the world is still unconverted, and there are any spots in foreign lands unvisited by the messengers of the cross, or in our own unimproved hearts, the great ministrations of the gospel. If all that is unwisely hoarded, and all that is worse than foolishly expended, could be turned to the great object of evangelizing the world; if men were more intent upon building up the kingdom of Christ and less upon the gratification of selfishness and pleasures, how different would be the report from the ends of the earth—and how would ignorance, vice and suffering diminish our world.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Rills from the Fountain.

TAKE YOUR CHILDREN TO CLASS.— Many Methodist parents are culpably backward (often from good motives) in introducing their children to class. They think that the good impressions made are not deep enough, or that the children are too light-hearted, or too fickle, or that they do not fully comprehend the responsibilities connected with church communion. But these are not sufficient reasons for keeping them away. A child eleven or twelve years old may be the subject of Divine grace, and capable of understanding and keeping every precept of the Christian religion. The parents of a child who is not often visited with them? The child should at once be put into church communion. We avail ourselves of the force of habit in every department of training, and in the same manner when an excessive revival of religion took place, as she had not been baptized in infancy, she (with several other persons, among whom was her mother), was baptized a short time after she had obtained a sense of her Father's love. Nor was she unmindful of her solemn obligations to God as a professor of religion; but we believe, was pious, humble, constant, and faithful until the period of her death. She was often speak his experience every week; and it

Land of the soul! for ever dear;
Wide o'er the world the words impart,
Which turn to love despairing fear,
Which dry the patient's weeping heart.
—*Congregationalist.*

The Man who had a Gift for Public Prayer.

Who was the man who had the last prayer? said Miss M., who was on a visit to Brockford, and felt the same disposition to attend the prayer meeting there as at home.

"Mr. Hamilton," said Mrs. Stewart. "He must be a man of prayer. It is not often that one hears a prayer so appropriate and easy to unite with."

"Mr. Hamilton has a gift for prayer, especially in public."

"I should think they could easily pray with him, his petitions are so natural, and suited to our wants, and withal so fervently offered."

"There are some who complain that his practice does not correspond with his prayers."

"I hope there are none who do not think him to be a good man."

"I believe he is generally thought to be a good man. He is a very passionate man, and often in a few moments after a very earnest prayer with his family, that they may be meek and gentle, and Christ-like, he has been known to fall into a violent passion with some of them. It is true that his passion is soon over, and that he is sorry for it; still the effect on the minds of many is very unhappy. Many think it would better for him not to pray at all in public until he can make his practice correspond better with his prayers."

"Mr. Hamilton is not the only man whose prayers are less edifying than they would be if there were no contradiction between their prayers and their practice."

"How is it with the reader? Do you not pray in the social meeting and in your family? Do you not pray for meekness, yet exhibit anger? Do you pray for nonconformity to the world, and yet mingle in its gay scenes? Do you pray for sobriety and a spiritual mind, and yet exhibit a frivolous and trifling spirit? Do you pray for the coming of Christ's kingdom and yet do nothing to promote that object? Do you pray that the treasury of the Lord may be filled, and yet cling close to the property God has entrusted to your care?"

"That such a contradiction should be noticed by men is sad, and the effect produced on their minds disastrous. But let it not be forgotten that this contradiction does not escape the notice of God.—*Quarterly Messenger.*

Obituary Notices.

MR. JAMES ALBORN, OF HALIFAX, N. B. My brother James Alborn departed this life in peace on the 4th of February, in the 21st year of his age, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with great patience and resignation to the will of the Almighty. He had been indisposed for several years previous to his death, but his friends always entertained the hope that he would be restored to health, and to a comfort to himself and useful in Society. But when he moved in a mysterious way, had otherwise despaired, on the 18th of October 1852, after a severe cough he had a severe hemorrhage from the lungs which produced much weakness. He applied to the most skillful physicians in St. John for relief, thinking that they might be the means of restoring him to health, but they all pronounced his case one which would soon terminate in death. On the 9th of September 1853, he sailed for the United States, but scarcely had he arrived at this his desired haven, when he commenced to bleed at the lungs, from which time he continued to grow weaker, until he departed. He did not leave us, however, without giving a testimony that our Father's love had been in his heart.

About eleven months ago, at a series of meetings held at Salem River by the Rev. R. A. CHELSEY, my brother was enabled by Divine grace to give his heart to God, and receive Christ by faith; from which time he began to comfort himself by saying,—"Weep not for me, I am going to be forever with the Lord, and you will soon be in heaven with me." I asked him,—"Are you willing to die?" He answered,—"Yes, with God, my people as I have saved by faith the souls of righteous men reached out for him to wear. Some who came to visit him would say, 'James, I am sorry to see you so weak,' and I continued rapidly to decline. His parents saw he was fast sinking, and began to sorrow for the anticipated loss of their only and affectionate child. He comforted them to comfort them by saying,—"Weep not for me, I am going to be forever with the Lord, and you will soon be in heaven with me." I asked him,—"Are you willing to die?" 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