

frequent returns of severe headache, to the attacks of which she had been subject for years; but she continued to sink, and at length became sensible that she could not recover. She was enabled to submit to the will of her Heavenly Father, and to yield up her children to his merciful care. During the latter part of her illness, her confidence in God was strong; nor do I remember, when conversing with her during this period, ever to have heard her express a single doubt with regard to her acceptance with God.

On the morning preceding her death, her end appearing very near, she sent for some friends to come in and sing; and then appeared the power of divine grace to give joy even in the prospect of death; she was enabled to triumph in hope of a blessed immortality, and joined her friends in singing for some time, with unusual strength. On my coming in, soon after, I found her still in a most triumphant state of mind, and awaiting her departure, evidently in confident expectation of a blissful home. "O death, where is thy sting?" to the believer?

She continued through the day, sometimes suffering severely, even until within a few moments of her last. The coldness of death was now coming over her, of which she was herself sensible; and when it was suggested to apply something warm to her feet, she refused—she asked not to stay—and about half-past 6 o'clock in the evening fell asleep in Jesus.

March 11, 1854.

Ladies' Department.

The Mission of the Dove.

Unto the peasant's cot, and noble's hall, Go, gentle dove, and herald, speak to all Sweet words of love.

Into the crowded street and busy mart, On tireless wing, Go, for glad tidings to the weary heart Thy flight will bring.

Go to the daring hunter, as he scales The craggy rocks; And to the shepherd, who, in peaceful vales, Watch o'er their flocks.

Speak unto woman, as with trumpet tongue, That she may know What war has brought to her—what cruel wrong, And bitter woe.

To every tribe and kindred, gentle dove, Thy message bear; Till the world's nations dwell in peace and love, A scene most fair.

Through all the long, long ages of the past, Men have been blind; And at the sounding of the trumpet blast Have slain their kind.

Earth's flower-enamelled plain and fair green sod, All died with gore, And ocean's stained waters cry to God, For peace once more.

The thrilling voice of sad humanity Echoes that cry; Love—mercy—justice—plead in unity, That war may die.

The soul of man is longing for the time Foreseen of old, And by prophetic bards, in strains sublime, Plainly foretold.

And the lone watcher, on the mountain height, With eager eye, Sees the first blush of rosy light Glow in the sky.

Though prejudice and ignorance may sneer, Still calm in love, Till on it shines, in bright effulgence clear, The light of love.

Then from the sacred fane—the fire-side hearth, And radiant soul, Shall rise the holy anthem—"Peace on earth" "Glory to God!"

Look Up.

"Look up, and man, by adverse brought, From high to low estate, Play his part in the world's strife, Nor murmur at change and lot, Because the angels look down on the face, For it helps not those who resist, Heaven, and its throne is high by grace—Success, and its home is time."

Nor is it alone in adversity that human spirit is cheered by the encouraging admonition to look above. Even when the pinnacle of earthly grandeur is attained, when every worldly hope that can enter the heart is realized, heavenward should be directed the ardent gaze—in the God of Love should be centered the aspirations of the trusting soul. Fortune's face is not always wreathed in smiles; the bright sun may to-day shine on the proud, wealthy man, and to-morrow the same glories (oh, my beheld him well-nigh crushed) "teach poverty's" fell weight.

Alas! did every weary, scorned victim of adversity turn upward the glance of faith and confide the despairing soul with all its burden to the tender mercies of the "Crucified," and did every hope-enriched child of prosperity look up in humble thankfulness to the great Giver—who could tell the result! Mortal mind cannot conceive—nay, angel-tongue could never depict the happy, almost Paradise-like state of this world whose beauty is now so marred by the dread power of the Evil One.

Oh, let all "Look up." No eyelids may droop—no eyes become weary as progressing the ever-changing battle in which all living are engaged—a contest wherein the weakest need not despair.

There are many miseries beneath which the bravest spirit will bend—storms before whose sharp blast the stoutest heart will quail, but still, dark though they appear, there is hope. The poet says—

"The frail flower droops in the stormy shower, And the shadow of death is night, But it looks to the sun in the after-hour, And takes full measure of light."

So may the stricken, bowed soul receive "full measure" of heavenly "light" from the True and Everlasting Sun.

Oh, let us not bound the gaze of our longing minds by the dull things of earth, but lift it to Heaven.

"Look up, for there a garden there, A world of joys unnumbered by care, Of peace that can never depart."

LILLY LEE. March, 1854.

Fern Leaves.

NIGHT. Night! The pulse of the great city lies still. The echo of hurrying feet has long since died away. The maiden dreams of her lover; the wife, of her absent husband; the sick, of health; the captive, of freedom.

Softly falls the moonlight on those quiet dwellings; yet under those roofs are hearts that are throbbing and breaking with misery too hopeless for tears; forms bent before their time with crushing sorrow; lips that never smile, save when some mocking dream comes to render the morrow's waking tenfold more bitter.

There, on a mother's breast, calm and beautiful, lies the holy bow of infancy. Oh, could it be passed away thus, ere the bow of promise has ceased to span its future—ere that serene sky be darkened with lowering clouds—ere that loving heart shall feel the death-pang of despair!

There, too, sits Remorse, clothed in purple and fine linen "the worm that never dieth" hid in its shining folds. There, the weary watcher by the couch of pain, the dull ticking of the clock striking to the heart a nameless terror. With straining eye its hours are counted; with nervous hand, the draught that brings no healing is held to the pallid lip.

The measured tread of the watchman as he passes his round, the distant rumble of the coach, perchance the disjointed fragment of a song from the neighbouring lips, alone breaks the solemn stillness. At such an hour, serious thoughts, like unbidden guests, rush in. Life appears like the dream it is—Eternity, the waking; and, involuntarily, the most careless eye looks up appealingly to Him by whom the hairs of our heads are all numbered.

Blessed night! wrap thy dark mantle round these weary earth-pilgrims! O'er them all the "Eye that never slumbereth," keepeth its tireless watch. Never a fluttering sigh escapes a human breast unheard by that pitying ear—never an unspoken prayer for help that finds not its pitying response in the bosom of Infinite Mercy.

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trine of Christ, and recommend to others the true religion by a holy life, by letting their light shine before men that they may see their good works and glorify their Father in heaven.

Of a steward it is required that he be found faithful. Diligent in working out his own salvation, no less diligent in saving his neighbour. His zeal should know no bounds; those imposed by the example of Christ and his Apostles, and the most devoted of the primitive Christians.

If the spirit of prayer and the burning flame of love and zeal, which were the distinguishing marks of the love of Christ, and of the holy men of old, were the portion of the modern Church in all her membership, how rapidly would the cause of God extend, how pentecostal days would be witnessed, what multitudes would be converted from the error of their way, what power to save!

There are, we doubt not, in the Church at this day, individual members, who are truly devoted to God, and the interests of his cause. They are a blessing wherever found. Their influence for good is great. The benediction direct and indirect, resulting from their faith and prayers, and zeal, and labours of love, it may be, will never be fully known in time. Their record is on high. They are treasuring up for themselves a full reward.

The great need at the present day, is that this spirit and devotion should pervade the entire Church. The times demand, not that there should be here and there examples of light and love, and zeal and power, but that the Church universal should be a blaze of light, a fountain of love, a flame of zeal, a perfect, mighty reservoir of spiritual power. Thus qualified, and supported by the arm of Omnipotence, she would prove more than an equal to all her enemies, and quite sufficient for the subjugation of the world.

Her influence on the surrounding world, "mass of formalism, and the still grosser mass of iniquity," would be all powerful, and every day would witness her progressive march of triumph, and daily would she win fresh trophies of recovered souls to be laid at Jesus' feet. Then there would be no uncertainty in responding to the question— "Who is she that looks forth as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

To insure these blessed results, the qualification for extensive usefulness before indicated must be the possession of every member of the Church universal; and to this high state of grace is every member imperatively called, not only for his own personal happiness and safety, but for the equal security and well-being of the world at large.

Contracting impulses, strenuously and persistently exerted, are every where opposing the mission of the true Church. In vast regions of the earth, densely populated, Satan and human enmities reveal amid ignorance, vice, and misery, unchecked. The Church of the living God has surely a mission of mercy to the inhabitants of those lands of darkness and sin, in whose temples the Prince of hell sits in grim and tyrannical majesty. Imposture, gross and flat, holds millions in other lands, within its crushing grasp. To these the Church owes a debt of sympathy and brotherly love, to discharge which, she should hasten with swifter steps than have hitherto marked her progress, bearing in her benevolent hands the message of divine truth.

A form of infidelity, baptized with a Christian name, overshadows some of the fairest portions of the earth. Incorporating into its creed doctrines of fundamental import, Romanism has added thereto dogmas which neutralize the true and give promulgation to the false. Its distinguishing peculiarities are not only not to be found in the sacred records, but palpably collide with the most important parts of the doctrinal teachings of divine revelation. If this system do not extend, the failure cannot justly be attributed to a want of zeal on the part of its numerous and diversified agents. The human mind, prolific in error, has given birth, in the exercise of its native propensities, to other forms of religion, whose direct and indirect tendency is, to retard the progress of "pure religion and undefiled," the abettors of which erroneous schemes, as if impelled by diabolic impulse, are active in the diffusion of their moral poison, somewhat in proportion to the magnitude of the mischief to the true faith they hope to effect.

Such, in brief, are the antagonistic forces, marshalled by the grand enemy, in array against the true Church, on the wide-spread theatre of the world. The hope of conquest over these formidable opponents, lies, not primarily, in the potency of divine truth, sustained by an arm whose native strength can dash its foes in pieces like a potter's vessel, before whose slightness Apollyon and his hosts have already quailed and recoiled; and, subordinately, in the faith, and prayers, and purity, and zeal, and unreserved devotedness of the Church of the living God, individually and collectively considered. In prospect of the opposition to be sustained, and the mighty work to be accomplished, the members of the Church should seek the revival of grace in their own hearts, and by the attainment and continued possession of an elevated degree of piety, prepare themselves, as far as they are concerned, to meet the exigencies of the times, and push forward the victories of the Cross in their own vicinities, and throughout the world.

By the aid of the Holy Spirit, and the power of the truth, the members of the Church should seek the revival of grace in their own hearts, and by the attainment and continued possession of an elevated degree of piety, prepare themselves, as far as they are concerned, to meet the exigencies of the times, and push forward the victories of the Cross in their own vicinities, and throughout the world.

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exercises were closed, brother Lockhart being under the necessity of returning to his Circuit. After an excellent tea, at which we were made guests at our own table, these exercises were presented in a short speech from Thomas Chesley, Esq., and of course responded to in the best manner possible, and then I had the great pleasure of handing over the whole amount to Mrs. P., which evidently augmented the happiness of every individual present. Such a scene is rarely witnessed, happiness was truly depicted on every countenance, all seemed to say, it is good to be here, and that this donation act, allied equal if not superior pleasure to the giver as to the receiver. The tie of affection which binds ministers and people together was drawn tighter, confidence in each other was increased. Actions proved the deep interest taken by all present in the comfort of the preacher's family, and the success of his ministrations.

Some persons who were not present on this occasion, came the next day, and a few the Friday following, among whom were some kind friends of other denominations, and with respect to the subsequent meetings, the same good feeling was exhibited. Many that could not come at all sent convincing proofs of their regard. In consequence we had many tokens of their esteem, which we would not gratefully acknowledge, and I hope ever to pray that in this and the world to come, they may receive an abundant reward.

The cash, &c., received at these meetings amounted to seventeen pounds ten shillings, and although I think I know in some degree how to value money, yet this large amount is like a feather in the scales, compared with the hallowed and delightful feelings possessed at these respective meetings, and from the speeches delivered, and prayers presented to God, we shall all of us look back to this visit with no ordinary degree of pleasure.

The gentlemen who favoured us with speeches in addition to those above mentioned, were Messrs. John Milburn, Capt. McKay, James Messenger, and Wm. Shipley. The last speaker affirmed that he had no idea when he came of receiving such a rich treat.

In conclusion I would just say to our friends, that I humbly hope we shall ever be aware of the position which we stand to each other, and to the Divine Being, that we shall faithfully and efficiently discharge the duties that devolve upon us in this life, and that in eternity we may enjoy that blessedness of which we have been so imperatively reminded at this to our "Donation Visit."

M. PICKERS. Bridgetown, March 7, 1854.

Great Tea Meeting at Sackville. DEAR BROTHER,—Tea Meetings are no longer a novelty among us; many hundreds of pounds have been drawn from the grasp of avarice, or received from willing contributors, by the cup which cheers but not inebriates. It is my intention to discuss all the propriety of the Tea Meetings, and to ask whether means less objectionable might not be successfully employed to meet the financial wants of the Church. I merely wish to say, that on the 8th of March a very large Tea Meeting was held in the new Female Academy at Mt. Allison. The object of this Meeting was to pay debts on the Mission House, and also to procure additional furniture. When the Quarterly Meeting decided to adopt this means of raising money, it was thought \$50 would repay our trouble; the result shows how far our expectations exceeded. The arrangements for the Meeting were made with great cheerfulness by the devoted friends of the Church in this place. I am happy also to add, that several friends of other counties entered very cordially into our plans, and assisted very materially, in accomplishing our object. The day proved to be most propitious, and the roads were excellent, but we were scarcely prepared, notwithstanding these favourable omens, for the overwhelming numbers who came from every point of the compass within a radius of 40 miles to form our *Compass Tea Meeting*.

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