

of sixteen she joined the church there, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Timothy East. She came with her husband to Canada in 1832, and to this city in 1834.

At the formation of this church, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Merri-
field, she became one of its members, and continued in its fellowship till her
death, in her 87th year, on the 11th inst. Of her nine children only one survives.
Three of them died in England and five of them in Canada. On their account,
in illness and death, she had much sorrow, and to herself and her husband the
first part of their Canadian life was one of much trial. But her faith in God
never failed; and through bereavement, difficulties, disappointments, losses,
bodily weakness, and growing infirmities, she held on her way to the better land.

She was known and respected by many, and during the years of her detention
at home, by the weakness and infirmities of old age, she was often visited and
communed with. Of late she appeared to be maturing for the skies, triumphing
over physical feebleness and irritability, and looking calmly forward to the rest
and home above. In her the words of the text, Job v. 26, have been fulfilled.
She came to her grave in a full age, sixteen years beyond the Psalmist's estimate,
as a shock of corn cometh in its season. Through the seventy years of her
religious life she was ripening for the skies. Through various changes, through
blessings and bereavements, through joys and sorrows, through health and
sickness, with helps and hindrances, through youth, maturity and old age, the
preparation went on, under the Supreme Husbandman's eye, till the golden
grain was ripe; and then the transfer gently and quietly took place to the
kingdom of heaven. And now the partner of a married life of sixty-five years
survives, not so much to mourn separation as to expect reunion, not so much to
remember the past as to prepare for the future.

Gleanings.

EPISCOPAL GNATS AND CAMELS.

[The *Independent* has the following capital verses, from the pen of a good churchman,
suggested by certain recent events.]

I saw a bishop lying flat,
Choking in gasps of agony,
Trying to swallow down a gnat
That in his gullet chanced to fly.
The insect had, while on the wing,
Seemed buzzing out, Tyng, Tyng, Tyng, Tyng!

Again I looked: with mouth agape
The bishop takes a stertorous nap;
When lo! a camel staggers by,
Loaded with priestly panoply:
Bales of vestments on his hump,
While here a crucifix appears,
A box of candles galled his rump,
And smoking censers scorched his ears.
Before, behind, a savory crowd
Of greasy monks, with alb and cope,
Intoned and chanted, crossed and bowed,
Like Father Agapius or the Pope.
The bishop slept; he took no note;
The caravan marched down his throat.

Was't Rome I saw, or was it not her?
Or did I dream, dear Bishop Potter?