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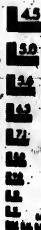
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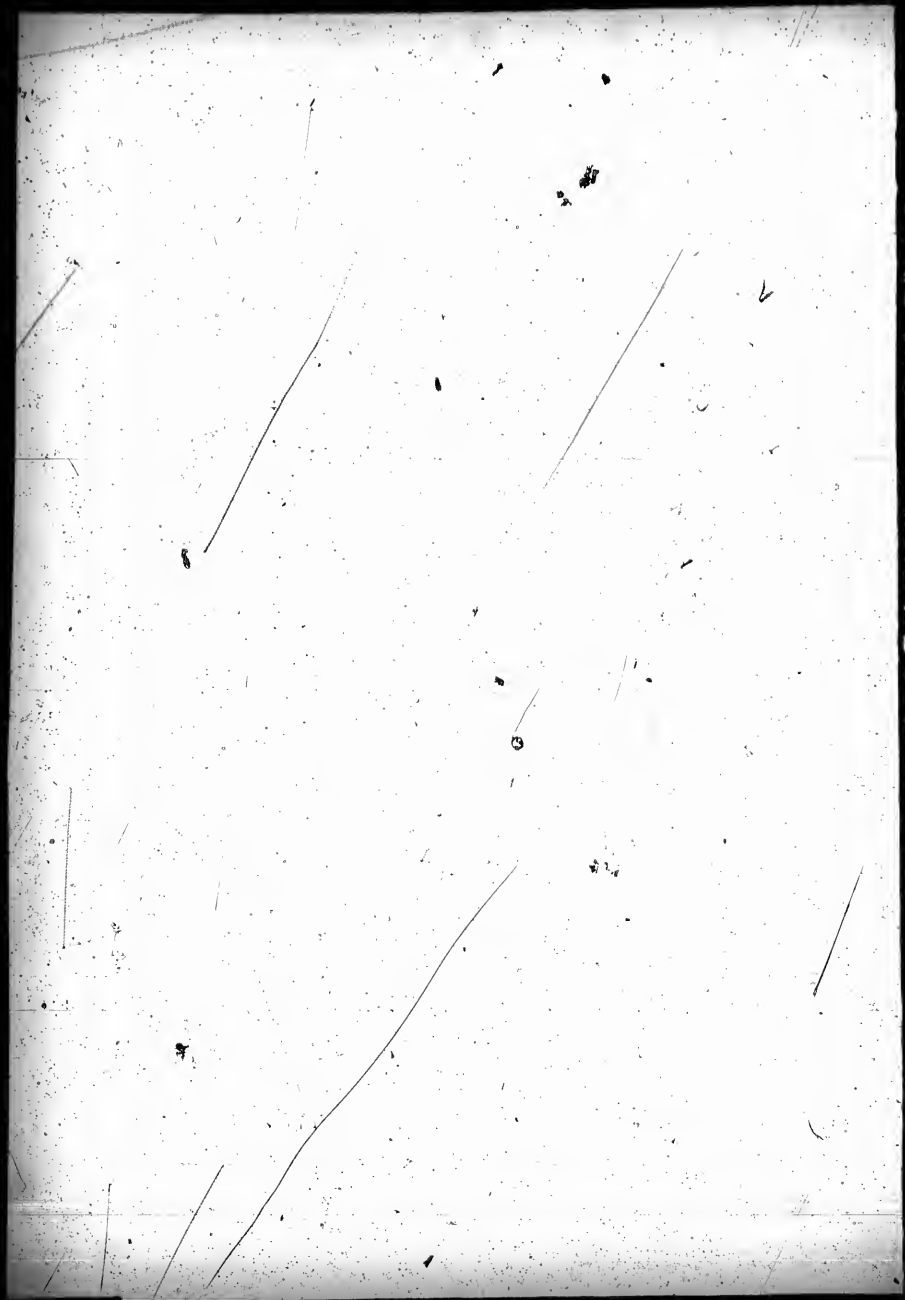
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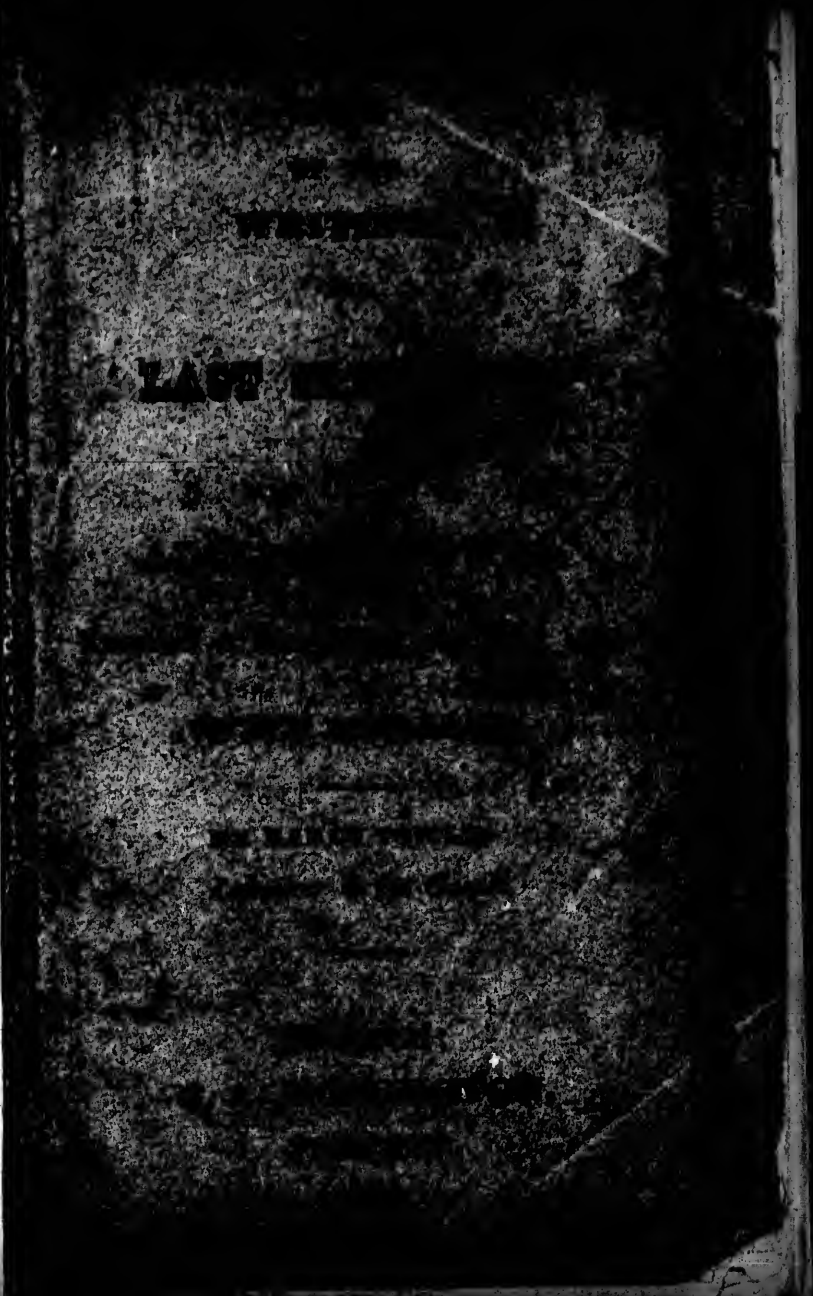
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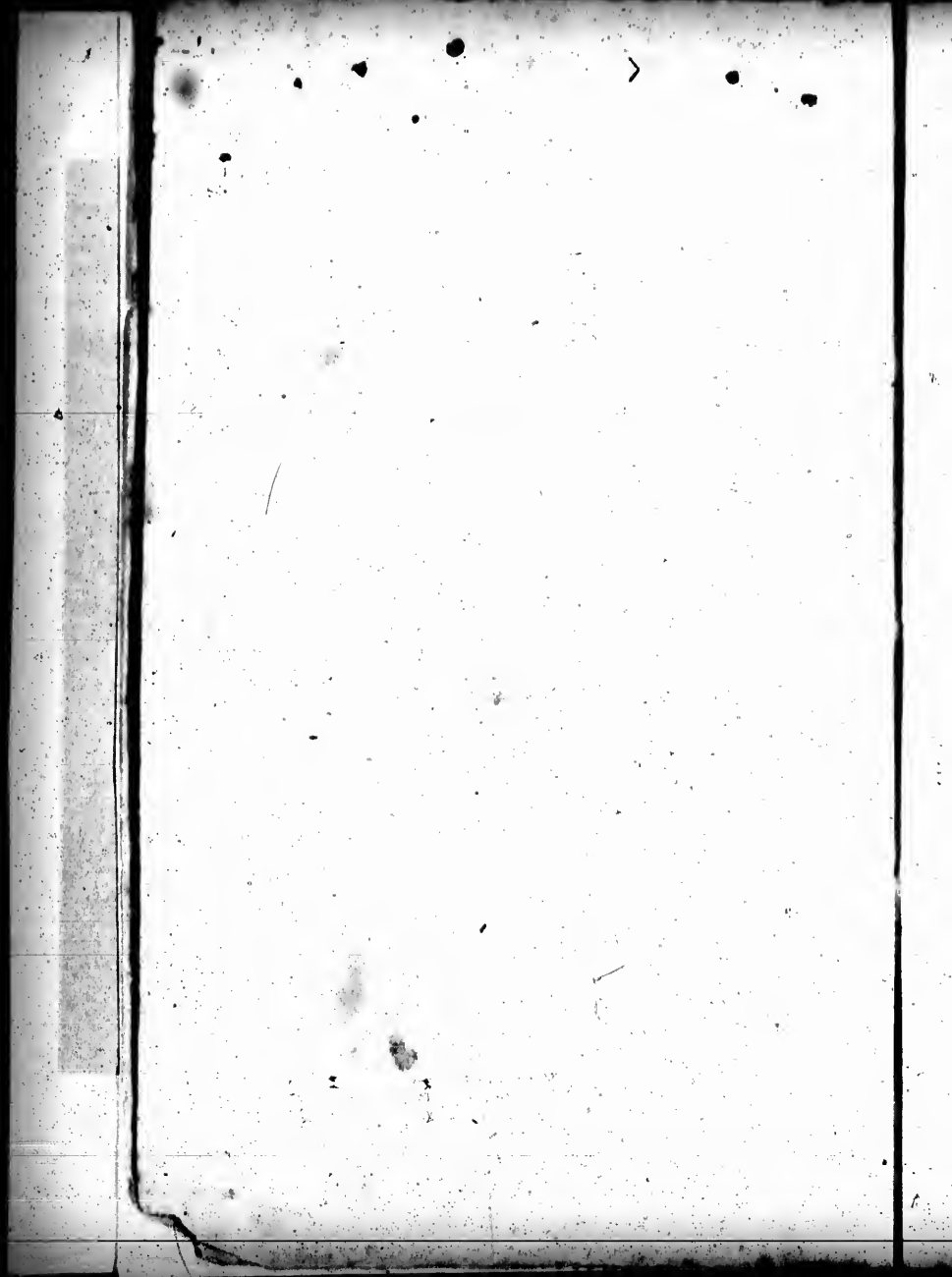


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SOME
OF THE
WRITINGS,
AND
LAST SENTENCES
OF
ADOLPHUS DEWEY.

Executed at MONTREAL, Aug. 30th 1833.

WITH REMARKS,

BY NANCY TOWLE,
Labourer in the Gospel.

Montreal;
J. A. HOISINGTON,
PRINTER.

1833.

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LAST SENTENCES &c.

Having been favoured with some communication with the unfortunate *Adolphus Dewey*;—in justice to him,—and as a consolation to the numerous circle of his friends and acquaintances, I consider it my duty and privilege, to give a brief account of the conversation that passed between him and myself, a few days prior to his execution:—and to add thereunto, the *testimony of his penitence*, left behind in his cell, in his own hand writing,—when *he was no more.*"

On the 16th of August I arrived in the city of Montreal a stranger, from the United States:—at which time somewhat was suggested—of the trial of a person in Court, for the crime of murder. That weighed little with me, wherefore, until the 20th inst—when it happened again to be expressed in my hearing, "that a man was to be executed in the city the ensuing Friday," for the *murder of his wife.*" I was then aroused to the enquiry, "How stands the case between God and his soul—of such amazing worth? Though it be the eleventh hour, and he still hardened in his crimes; is not the arm of Jehovah full of power? and His love, yet mighty to compel? I desired to recommend to him the *unssearchable riches of Christ*; Viewing no time to lose, (in company with a female friend,) in one half hour I was at the entry of the prison. Providentially, I obtained leave for the interview proposed, namely, "To address the *prisoner under sentence of death*, on the

* Though that was a mistake, it was not till the next Friday-week.

subject of his soul's salvation,—although alleged by the Jailer, as contrary to the instructions he had received: Consequently, we were led from the front, to the back of the prison—passed the sentinel, and descended through huge, bolted doors, and dismal apartments, (frightful indeed for a dwelling of human beings,) insomuch that my companion drew back, saying, "I am afraid to go!" But I hastened her forward,—and at length the door grated upon its rough hinges, which disclosed to our surprised eyes, a fine young gentleman! He was standing erect,—his feet weighed down with heavy chains,—in his hand a prayer-book, —at his side a large Bible unfolded,—and oh! he was one of my own countrymen. He received us with a graceful bow;—and I proceeded to notice the object of our visit, "To sympathize with him in his affliction, and if possible, to give him some comforting word, in the name of the Lord,"—with desire that we might not be considered intruders. He replied, That as he made *it his chief business to attend to the concerns of his soul, he would receive with gratitude a word of counsel from any christain friend.*

I continued, by reminding him of the word written "*Call upon me in the time of trouble and I will hear you* ;—likewise, of the unbounded love and compassion of the Lord Jesus,—especially, towards the poor, the prisoner, the widow and the fatherless;—that He had expressly styled himself, a Father to the fatherless children, and the widow's God :—moreover, that He had promised, to bring forth the prisoner from the prison-house,—and guide his feet in paths of peace.

I asked, if he had not happily obtained an evi-

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dence of his acceptance with God, and that his iniquities were blotted out. He made answer, that he had indulged a hope in the Lord; but could not say positively, he *knew* Heaven would be the "place of his rest." I said, Have you any desire that life might be prolonged? He rejoined, "I cannot say I have no desire; But I have deserved my sentence, and I submit myself without complaint." Though my hands, and my feet, for the space of four months, have been borne down with irons, I have not been disposed to murmur; may I but atone for my crimes in any degree, by these miseries; I am willing to suffer. Had I, in the first place been inclined, I might have escaped:—but I chose, rather to return and deliver myself up, to the penalty incurred. When asked, concerning a reprieve, (continued he) or, whether I would have my *execution*, this week, or the next, I said, You can do as you please." I here suggested a word, in reference to the occasion of his offence, (having been misinformed;) to which he replied, "The crime whereby I forfeited my life, was of a heinous nature; but it all proceeded from love! Were it otherwise, I might despair of mercy. My wife I loved to distraction, and the judgment of the most High is upon me in consequence. Notwithstanding He is very gracious, therefore have I hope alone in Him. ————— At the time of my marriage Oh, I was one the most miserable creatures existing; (being of a quick temper &c. —during the period of my confinement I have been comparatively happy, to what I then was!" — More he would have said, (though not with the least disposition to accuse any one but himself,) had I not remarked, that the design of my coming,

was not to learn, what he had been,—or the extent of his crime; but what he then was—and what was his hope, of everlasting life:—and as our time limited had far expired, I should esteem it a privilege to spend the remainder in solemn, humble prayer—with his consent.——He readily assented, and knelt with us.——

We continued fervently, and incessantly, to plead in his behalf:—Israel like, I think, we wrestled;—and as Israel, I trust, we prevailed! The place was awful, and yet glorious! In the meanwhile he wept much, and arose for his handkerchief to wipe the falling tears; but returned again to the same humble position;—(his head reclining upon the wall, and his face covered.)—That season, I shall ever rejoice to number, with the most joyful of my life! Such a sense had I, of the presence of OMNIPOTENCE;—His unparalleled, love, and pity to poor outcast, miserable sinners; that my whole soul exulted! Especially, while I realized that the bereaved orphau, by the stratagems of an arch adversary, laid prostrate;—an abhorrance of mortals, and a detestation to himself;—that even then, *When all men forsook him; a merciful Saviour would take him up; and own him as his child—“Bind up his wounds at his own expense; Cancel the debt, and pay the cost!”*

When he arose, from that rough pile, (where he so oft had bow'd the suppliant knee, and poured his floods of grief,) he appeared much animated, with us. Before, he had spoken with a degree of reserve; whereas now,—with the utmost confidence; saying “I am happy!” “I believe God has blotted out my sins, and I am prepared to die!” “I have nothing to fear!” I long to be gone!”

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The last sentence, he pronounced again, with much emphasis, "I long to be gone!"

I asked him, if he could point to the exact time, when he first felt his sins forgiven. He said, "Yes. It was here in prison I felt the burden of guilt removed from my mind,—and I felt light—that I loved God, and all mankind." I presented him a book (of my own writing,) which contained some directions to awaken'd sinners:—and as he requested another visit from us, we left him, in hope of seeing him again.—One of the "door-keepers" I noticed, had gazed upon him for some space, with strong expressions in his looks, of joy and affection,—to whom I remark'd as I pass'd "Does he always appear thus happy?" He answered, "Yes". "You believe, Sir, that he is happy" added I. He replied again, in the affirmative, "Yes!"

I went again to the prison the two succeeding days, but could gain no admittance,—though it was promised me. I was exceedingly anxious,—and wrote to the "Jailer" my motives &c. when he kindly gave me entrance.—We found him still happy; and apparently much gratified on seeing us again. He said, "I am as happy as a King!"—I had determined (having been told by some, that they did not believe he was happy) to try to shake his faith in every possible way:—which I did, by telling him, He might be trusting too much, in his sufferings;—or in the prayers of others;—or in his own performances to merit salvation; so at last, come short of Heaven. He rejoined, "I am a great sinner;—but I have done all I can do:—after all, I am saved only through the merits of a crucified Redeemer!" I intimated,

that it might be his' chief aim, to have a fair, external appearance, while his heart remain'd unsanctified. Oh! he signified, very far from all his thoughts, to pay any regard to the opinion of mortals!—*I* took the liberty, to relate to him some of my own exercises when under awakenings, —and the blessedness that succeeded. He paus'd a moment, and gave answer, "*I* cannot--- say, *I* was so happy as that?" *I* admitted, that might be the case,—and his conversion genuine, notwithstanding. *I* asked, How the last separating stroke, appear'd to him. He replied, "*I* do not allow a thought upon the subject,—*I* fix my heart above. In order to learn how it might effect him, *I* suggested a word of what was supposed the real cause, (on the part of others) of his committing such a crime. "Oh," he said with a self-accusing look, "*I* have forgot all that, now!" Hence, *I* discovered in him, not the last disposition to accuse any one but himself, or to palliate his own faults beyond what it became him to do, in saying, My crimes are *great*, but not *too great* to be forgiven."——He made mention again of his *deceased companion*, and his ardent affection towards her;—adding, That he loved her ten times as well as he did himself? and should rather have died an hundred times, than she--- should have died! How it were possible, he could be capable of such an *act*; or what was his real situation at that time, he could not understand. But he comforted himself concerning her, that she was at rest;—and he was soon going, to meet her in Heaven. *I* remarked, for his consolation, That an All-wise God, by many *mysterious providences* brought about, the salvation of mortals. That

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these things He might suffer to be,—not only for *their* salvation, but the good of many others ;— and that they might spend, a long and happy eternity at His own *right hand* :—where division, or disaffection could be known or felt no more.— Some gentlemen entering in the meantime, broke off the conversation.— Those, he received with the same degree of cheerfulness ;— nothing indicated fear, or interruption! Instead of any murderous appearance, he was as meek, quiet, submissive and innocent, seemingly, as a little Child!— On the departure of the gentlemen, I took the liberty to ask, Whether he enjoyed himself best in retirement, or in company. He answer'd, If he could have but one, he should prefer the former; as he was then most fit for communion with his God ; but was glad of the society of Christain people. I likewise asked, If he reposed quietly by night ; or whether his sleep was never disturbed by frightful dreams &c. He said "I usually sleep from nine, to six in the morning:— a pretty good nap, (smiling.)— At first, I dream'd two or three times of my *Partner* ;—but, that she always was very gay ;—nothing that gave me any uneasiness.

He spoke in grateful terms of the kindness of the Jailer, and the other gentlemen, (who, in our hearing had proffer'd him any assistance they could render,) and added, "I have all that I desire."— We united with him again in earnest supplication, — When I was led to interceed; that his soul might be strengthen'd to bear the last, dread conflict; and complete victory be vouchsafed to him, over all fear and pain

in the presence of those who might witness his last. Faith sprang up in my bosom, that the scaffold might become even as a downy pillow to him;—that the Lord would, ultimately, make it such: and he, “On Jesus’ breast should lean his head, And breath his life out, sweetly there!”

A miracle of mercy, *I* believ’d had already been wrought in his salvation. The pitiful eye of the great Redeemer, *I* view’d as still towards his dire abode; and the holy throng of his forerunners encamp’d around,—ready to guard him to the end. *I* reminded him of the manner in which an Almighty power, had quenched the violence of fire to many martyrs; and made it as a bed of roses; and that such, he was able to make even the gallows to himself! This *I* desired him to ask, and expect, at the hand of the Lord; and according to his faith, it would prove unto him.——*I* likewise reminded him of the ignominious, and painful death of his Master,—who was extended between the Heavens and the earth; His softest pillow, a crown of thorns;—His softest bed, a racking cross!—His most reviving cordial, gall and vinegar!—and *I* am persuaded, he rejoiced that it was his privilege to suffer in some measure, as his Master did. *I* entreated not only now, but at our first visit, that we might hear from him the voice of prayer, if it was only one sentence; but he excus’d himself by saying, That the chief of his religions instruction had been in French, and he should not be able to edify us.——*I*, moreover, certified him that *I* was sent by God to Montreal;—and to his prison;—just in time to comfort him, when the awful sentence of death was pronounced,—and the

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 he might look, upon it—and be pleased to accept
 from me, one more charge: viz. To throw aside
 his *prayer book*, and let his requests be in earn-
 est;—not to any disembodied *spirit* or crea-
 ted *angel*, but to the Lord Jesus Christ,—That
 He would have mercy upon his soul. He expressed
 much gratitude for our coming;—and in refer-
 ence to his prayers, he said "It makes no differ-
 ence what our language is,—it is the heart which
 God looks at." That was sufficient for me; and the
 wisdom wherewith I saw his words, were fraught,
 made it the more conspicuous—that God was
 with him.—I told him, that I was journeying
 as far as Quebec, and might never see him more;
 in case I should not, one favour I begged he
 would bestow upon me, To write to me some part
 of his experience, that I would have published at
 some future day:—or if it was no more, a line upon
 the blank leaf of my book: merely, how his *faith*
 held out. That, he engaged to do;—though he
 requested, if practicable, to see us again.—
 Lastly, said I,—“Dear, young Man,—What
 shall I tell your friends, who may enquire for
 you?” Tell them, said he, [with an expressive
 look, of solemn, humble joy,] “I am as happy
 as a King!”—Hence, we took an
 affectionate leave of him;—when he added, “Far-
 well!” “I hope to meet you both, soon in Heav-
 en!” “Farewell!” With a countenance expressive
 still, of the complete reconciliation of his soul, to

whatever might—come; and of his having resign'd himself to his Maker, with all his concerns, to dispose of him in whatever manner, was pleasing in His sight.) * * * *

I arrived the morning of the 30th;—went direct to the door of his prison; but could gain no admission: I only beheld him, through the grates,—solemnly walking back and forth, in the front part of the prison, to which he was removed:—as if the *hour*, look'd for, and *welcomed*, was come! and, though, he saw the thousands assembling to witness his execution, he had not a breath to spare, to cast a glance that way! —————
The next I saw of him, the fatal die was cast! The spirit fled! † He came upon the scaffold attended by his chaplain,* and other Gentlemen,—array'd in black,—with the utmost firmness,—bow'd to the concourse, and addressed them in the most undaunted manner;—with not the least apparent, agitation, or tremor of utterance, for a considerable space. He rais'd his voice so high, as to surprize the whole; though his use of French, prevented some from understanding. He then with a look still unshaken,—but pale, yielded himself a sacrifice, to the executioner. His hands being made fast behind,—a cap of black, drawn upon his face,—and a moment's respite, clos'd the scene! He turned himself, in a kind of easy struggle, half about, [and thus, the woful spectacle met mine eye.] The poor body was in a *soft motion*, as it were, for the space of a minute:—insensible of pain,

†As it was to'd me by all present, to whom I spoke.
*A Roman Catholic Priest.

when all that was longer capable of suffering, was far away!—The most profound solemnity prevailed! His *youth*, his *fortitude*, his *form of address*, with his sudden *transition* to a world of spirits, were calculated to excite in every bosom, the deepest emotions!—The whole city seem'd o'erspread with gloom!—Many of the spectators of that scene, will long retain the impressions of that day, August 30th 1833,—when the amiable, the interesting ADOLPHUS DEWEY, upon the *scaffold died!!!*

I had ardently desired to pass a word or two with him, by way of request, That he might improve the *last opportunity* in offering some *testimony*, if possible, for the satisfaction of the course:—but that privilege being denied me, I hence, made my supplication to God;—and my every expectation, seem'd fully answered.—Some Medical Gentlemen kindly offer'd me the privilege of seeing the body, when removed;—but that was a favour, I could not accept.

On going to the window of his cell, how were mine eyes dissolved to tears, to behold the "book" I had presented him, carefully folded in a clean sheet,—my name, without, inscribed,—and laid away by itself. [More to me was this, than stores of wealth!] An undisputed evidence of his love to God, and to his people!—nothing short of which, could influence him in that tremendous *hour*—to devote a moment to a *stranger*, while friends and acquaintances, many, must be neglected.

Upon unfolding the sheet it was ascertained, that the following [though in the French language] was contained in the blank leaves of the book;

from I spoke.

———which,—according to promise,—I cheerfully here present—“His Friends and the Public :”———

To Miss N. TOWLE.

Dear Sister in the Lord,

In gratitude for the good will you have testified towards me; and your interest for my salvation; I cannot refuse the satisfaction you requested in your last visit to me: nevertheless, I shall be enabled to give you but a faint idea of my misfortunes. But to come, at once, to the subject:—last year in the month of September, 1832. I got introduced to the Uncle of my unfortunate Wife,—with the intention of, one day, possessing her, who made me so miserable,—and the only object for which I lived. After remarking in her, so much piety, so much regularity of conduct,—that alone sufficed to attach me to her; insomuch, that had I not succeeded in making her my wife, despair alone would have been my portion. Unfortunately, I succeeded but too well, for her happiness, and my own. I cannot enter into a detail of all that occurred from the period of my marriage until the *Unfortunate moment*—when impelled by *despair*, I did inflict dangerous wounds on my tender, and *sensitive wife*; nor can I even myself understand, what was my situation, or what I could have done!—But I then took *flight*—arrived in a part of the States, and returned in some measure to my senses. Great God! What despair! what misery did I not feel! Oh! Lord, (I said within myself,) how can I pursue my journey, with so heavy a weight upon my head? No, no, continued I! God the sovereign Judge, commands me to return where I

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return where I

committed this *action*. His evening arm, is weighing heavily on my head ! I will cease to rebel against Him ; and for that, I must submit to the consequences,—conform myself to the will of God, and to the laws of my country.

But when on the point of leaving Plattsburg for Montreal, I was arrested and put into prison, on suspicion. I was asked, " If I was the person who had committed a bad action in Canada," I told these good people," that I positivily was;—and, moreover, was ready to suffer the consequences." At this time Mr. Malo, accompanied by Mr. Richard, arrived:—one, a *Bailiff*, the other, simply an *aid*. They came where I was, and informed me," that my *wife was no more* ! that I was the *cause of her death* : and that they had come in pursuit of me, to take me back to Montreal." To their surprise, I proved to them that my only wish was, to return:—and that if I were *Guilty*, I should plead *Guilty*; to get out of this miserable world. They then chained my hands, and brought me to Montreal; exposed to all the shame and confusion that could be imagined !

Arrived in the Montreal prison, the consolation I received from the Roman Catholic Religion, much softened my misfortunes. (I beg you will understand, that I do not pretend to despise any other.) I was, not only obliged to remain in a dreadful *dungeon*; but also borne down by the weight of chains day and night, for the space of four months:—This, however consoled me also; hoping that it might be a means of expiating my sins, with the happiness of enduring all my misfortunes, with patience. The moment of my trial came on:—

I pleaded, Not guilty! and committed myself, "to God and my country."—I cannot say, That if I had been the *most guilty person in the world*, I underwent as just and *impartial a trial*, as I had a right to claim;—But determined, or not, they found me *Guilty*. At the moment of my sentence, I allowed myself to make some observations,—exposing some individuals, that I have much regretted since; and for which I propose, asking their pardon,—considering that I was wanting in charity towards them.

What I consider above all, is, that if I had happily followed the principles of Religion regularly, I should not now be on the point of terminating my days. But such has been my *misfortune*, and I have been reduced to pass the remainder of them, in this miserable dungeon:—surrounded by iron bars,—bowed down by the weight of chains, which death alone can loosen, and for which I am waiting, from hour to hour! "O Lord! Rebuke me not in thy wrath! neither chasten me, in thy hot displeasure! For thine arrows stick fast, and thy hand presseth me sore! but thy goodness is of mercy, and thy goodness holdeth me up." My soul hopeth in the Lord! my soul placeth her confidence in God!"

Dear Sister in the Lord, About to appear before the tribunal of the SOVERIGN JUDGE, I cannot depart from this world without entreating for the prayers of your just soul, in my behalf;—as also those, of your amiable companion. If I obtain mercy, as I hope to do, I shall not forget you before God. Adieu! Just Soul, Adieu! May God bless your labours. I beg you will not forget me towards your good friend.

I am with the sentiments of religion,
Your unfortunate Servant.

A. DEWEY.

Montreal, 27th August, 1833.

Miss N. Towle,

To the above TESTIMONY, I have thought proper to add :—

HIS SPEECH UPON THE SCAFFOLD ;

(With remarks that have come to hand, since writing the foregoing)

Yesterday, being the day on which this wretched man was doomed to undergo the last and awful sentence of the law in expiation of his crime, a large concourse of people had assembled by nine o'clock all round the jail, and in the several avenues leading to it.

At a few minutes past ten, the prisoner, dressed in mourning, appeared upon the platform in rear of the jail, accompanied by the Reverend Messrs. Denis, the Sheriff, the Deputy Sheriff, and followed by Mr. Malo, Captain Holland, and the Executioner. He advanced to the fatal spot, with a firm step, and collected manner ; and then moved forward close to the railing of the balcony, where he prepared to address the assembled multitude, which by this time, covered the entire of the Champ de Mars. What he intended to say, had already been committed to writing by his own hand ; and a paper containing, this, his last speech, was held by Mr. Malo, so that it could be read by the prisoner, --- who, with a firm tone, and audible voice, addressed the people to the following effect :—

Dear Countrymen and Brethren in God,

About to appear at the tribunal of Almighty God, I wish not to leave this world without attoning as much as lies in my power, for the wrongs of which I am guilty. After having craved mercy from God, in the bitterness of my heart for these wrongs; I beg also pardon from you, and from all the persons residing in this city, for the scandal of which I have been the author. I beg also pardon, from all those whom I may have wronged or injured, as also the manner in which I demeaned myself in Court, when I recieved my sentence. I confess here, that I have been wanting in charity towards some persons, I beg pardon of them.

For my part, I pardon with all my heart, all the injuries that I may have recieved, and the authors there-of. I recommend myself to your prayers; and I hope you will not forget me before the Lord. Already have I experienced the effects of divine mercy, by the assistance I have received from the Roman Catholic Religion; the only resource left to an unfortunate man, after shipwreck. If I had regularly followed its precepts, I should not now be about to terminate my mortal career.

You witness my condition, You are affected thereby; profit by it; and learn the nothingness of the world. My dear Countrymen, If you could behold things, as with the eyes which I behold them at present, how would you be disgusted of all the vanities, and illusions of this life! and how truly would you understand, that nothing is solid except serving God! My hours come; Yours will come, by and by: fail not then, to be prepared.

God,
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Could I ask a greater favor of God than that
of suffering, and offering him the sacrifice of
my life, in atonement for the enormity of my
sins. Oh! Lord have pity on my soul, which has
cost Thee so dear, and which Thou hast deigned
to purchase with thy blood!

I must now quit my relations, and my friends.
My head is about to be delivered to the execution-
er. This shock, without doubt, is painful for my
relatives; but it is the will of the Almighty!! I
must then be resigned to his decrees; I humble
myself in His presence, I adore His judgment on
me, and I offer Him, with a good heart, the sac-
rifice of my life. I address you, and I see you
for the last time. I ask the assistance of your
prayers. If I obtain mercy, as I expect to do,
I shall not forget you before God, Pray, all of you
for an unfortunate sinner, who is about to depart
for eternity.!

Jesus, merciful Jesus, save me!!

A. DEWEY.

Montreal Gaol, August 30, 1833,

CONCLUSION.

According to the information obtained, Mr Dewey was a native of Albany--State of New York ;--the son of Dr. Dewey, but a resident of this city from his youth :--was of the Roman Catholic faith,--of correct habits, and highly esteemed. At the age of 23, he was united by marriage to the engaging Miss.-----aged 19. And what shall we say, of the line of conduct he then pursued towards her? He was strangely infatuated! In less than three months, she became a victim to his suspicious outrage. But we should let candour, draw a veil over his errors :--We know not the strength of the delusion, whereby he fell! Nor do we know [though hitherto, upheld] whether, hereafter, we shall stand, or fall! Are we to suppose him, less deserving to live, than all others; because of his infamous and premature demise? No. We believe he has gone from a shameful Scaffold, to a glorious crown! While many, ready to execute *judgment without mercy*, will go from their beds of ease and luxury, [without repentance] to the bottomless pit, to inherit shame and everlasting contempt. How many are murderers at heart; and equally guilty in the sight of God,--yea, grey-headed in their guiltiness: according to that word, written, "He that hates his brother is a murderer,--and no murderer, hath eternal life abiding in him."

I beseech Almighty God, that all who may understand the melancholy fate of A. Dewey may take warning from him, "to follow regularly the principles of religion," lead quiet and peaceable

lives; "That they may be accounted worthy to escape the things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the son of man."—And that those, whose crimes have been multiplied, and aggravated, far beyond his own, even murderers of Fathers and of Mothers, into whose hands this may come; ---may be encouraged from the "joyful hope" he entertains, To submit themselves to the Supreme Judge of quick and dead, "for repentance and remission of sins" and so obtain "a better resurrection."—Moreover, do I beseech, That the surviving relatives of the deceased [on either hand,] may be comforted concerning them, that they have received "an inheritance with the sanctified," and are now at rest;—And so, prepare to follow them, where the inroads of disease, and the assaults of death, are known and felt—no more.

The public's friend and servant

for Christ's sake.

Nancy Towle.

Montreal, September, 12th 1833.

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ON PRAYER.

First PRINTED in DUBLIN, (Ireland,) 20th. of
month (April) 1833.



While Praying's thought an *Art*ⁿ so happy,
By a few who others rule :—
Je sus! teach me its importance
In thy self-denying school.

Prayer's the sweetest, noblest duty,
Highest privilege of man ;
God's exalted—man is grovelling ;
Prayer unites their natures one.

God ALONE can teach his children,
By his spirit, how to PRAY ;
Knows our wants, and gives the knowled,
When to ask; and what to say.

Why should man then manufacture
BOOKS OF PRAYER, to get them sold ?
Sad delusion.—surive to barter
Christ's prerogative for gold.

Why ask money from the people
For those barren BOOKS of PRAYER ?
Paper, ink, and words are in them,
But alas ! GOD is not there,

Those who search will surely find him,
Not in BOOKS, he reigns within ;
FORMAL PRAYERS can never reach his
Neither does he dwell with sin.

*An allusion to a modern Family Prayer Book now in circulation, the preface of which contains these remarkable words :—
This book is intended to "assist those who have not acquired the
HAPPY ART of addressing themselves to GOD, in Scriptural
and appropriate language."

Words are free as they are common,
 Some in them have wondrous skill ;
 Saying LORD will never save them ;
 Those he loves, who do his will.

Words may please the lofty fancy ;
 Music charm the itching ear ;
 Pompous sounds may please the giddy ;
 But is Christ the Saviour there ?

Christ's the way, the path to heaven ;
 Life is ours, if him we know ;
 Those who can pray, he has taught them ;
 Those who can't should words forego.

When a child wants food or raiment,
 Why not ask his parents dear ?
 Ask in faith then---God's our father,
 He's at hand requests to hear.

Prayer's an easy, simple duty,
 'Tis the language of the soul ;
 Grace demands it---grace receives it---
 'Grace must superintend the whole.

God requires not bodily postures,
 Neither words arranged in form ;
 Such a notion presupposes
 That by words, we GOD can charm.

GOD alone must be exalted ;
 Every earthly thought must fall ;
 Such the prayer, and praise triumphant ;
 Then does GOD reign over all.

Every heart should be a temple,---
 GOD shall dwell our souls within,
 Every day should be a sabbath
 Every day redeemed from sin.

Every place, a place of worship ;
 Every time, a time of prayer ;
 Every sigh should rise to heav'n.
 Every wish should anchor there.

Book, now in circ.
 remarkable words :---
 have not acquired the
 GOD, in Scriptural

Heart felt sighs, and heaven-born wishes
 Or the tear-uplifted eye,
 All are prayers that God will answer,
 They ascend his throne on high.

Spirit of prayer! be thou the portion
 Of all those who wait in time;
 Help us, shield us, lead us, guide us
 Thine the praise, the glory thine.

●●●●●
NOT AT HOME.

THE CHRISTIAN.

An heir of glory sav'd by grace,
 I've here no certain dwelling place;
 A stranger in a desert land,
 But passing on to God's right hand.

I'm not at home amidst the toys,
 Where worldlings find their fancied joys,
 Nor can my Heaven-born spirit rest,
 'Till, with eternal glory blest.

I'm not at home—shall I complain,
 Of foes or sorrows, want or pain?
 Oh! no, my journey's end is nigh,
 My home is well prepar'd on high.

I'm not at home—then all I meet,
 Of bitter things, or things most sweet,
 I'll take as medicine, or food—
 My home is stor'd with all that's good.

I'm not at home, but on my way,
 My Father feeds me, day by day;
 And by his grace, I shall hold on,
 Until he brings me to his throne.

I'm not at home, but soon shall be,
 And spend a long eternity;
 With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 Amidst the glorious, ransom'd host.

NOT AT HOME.

THE UNBELIEVER.

I'm not at home, but going hence,
To leave the things of Time and Sense:
What shall I do, or whither fly?
'Tis certain, I must shortly die.

I'm not at home—then whither bound?
Or where at last, shall I be found?
Life's journey is at most but short,
And I, far on the road am brought.

I'm not at home, but passing on;
Just seen to-day—to-morrow gone!
But where?—my hope of Heav'n is vain
For I'm not yet born again.

I'm not at home, this fact destroys,
My highest hopes, my fancied joys—
Earth's vanities have won my heart,
Yet, from them I must soon depart.

I'm not at home, nor is my stay
On earth secure a single day—
Where is my home? am I to dwell
With rain'd souls, shut up in Hell?

I'm not at home—O could I see
A home in Heaven prepar'd for me :—
Sinner, there's none but Christ can save
From endless woe, beyond the grave.



To be had of the Author, or
at the Book-Store of
J. A. HOISINGTON,

ALSO

A work entitled, "Circumstances Il-
lustrated in the Experience of
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