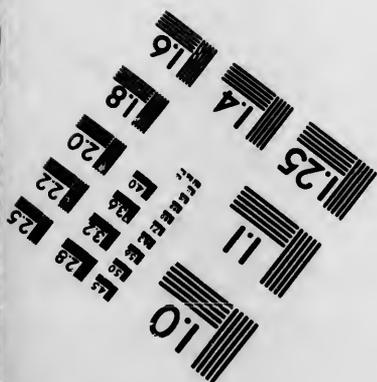
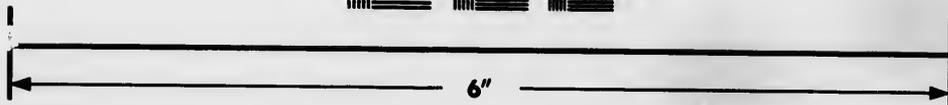
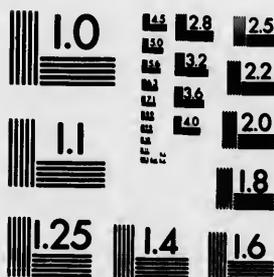


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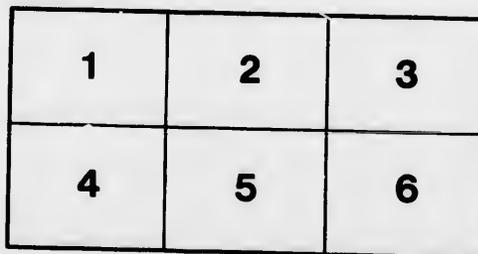
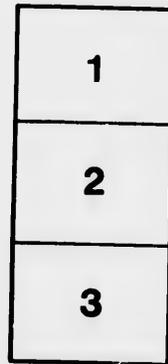
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TO A
Faithful and Loving Wife and Mother,

WHO HAS

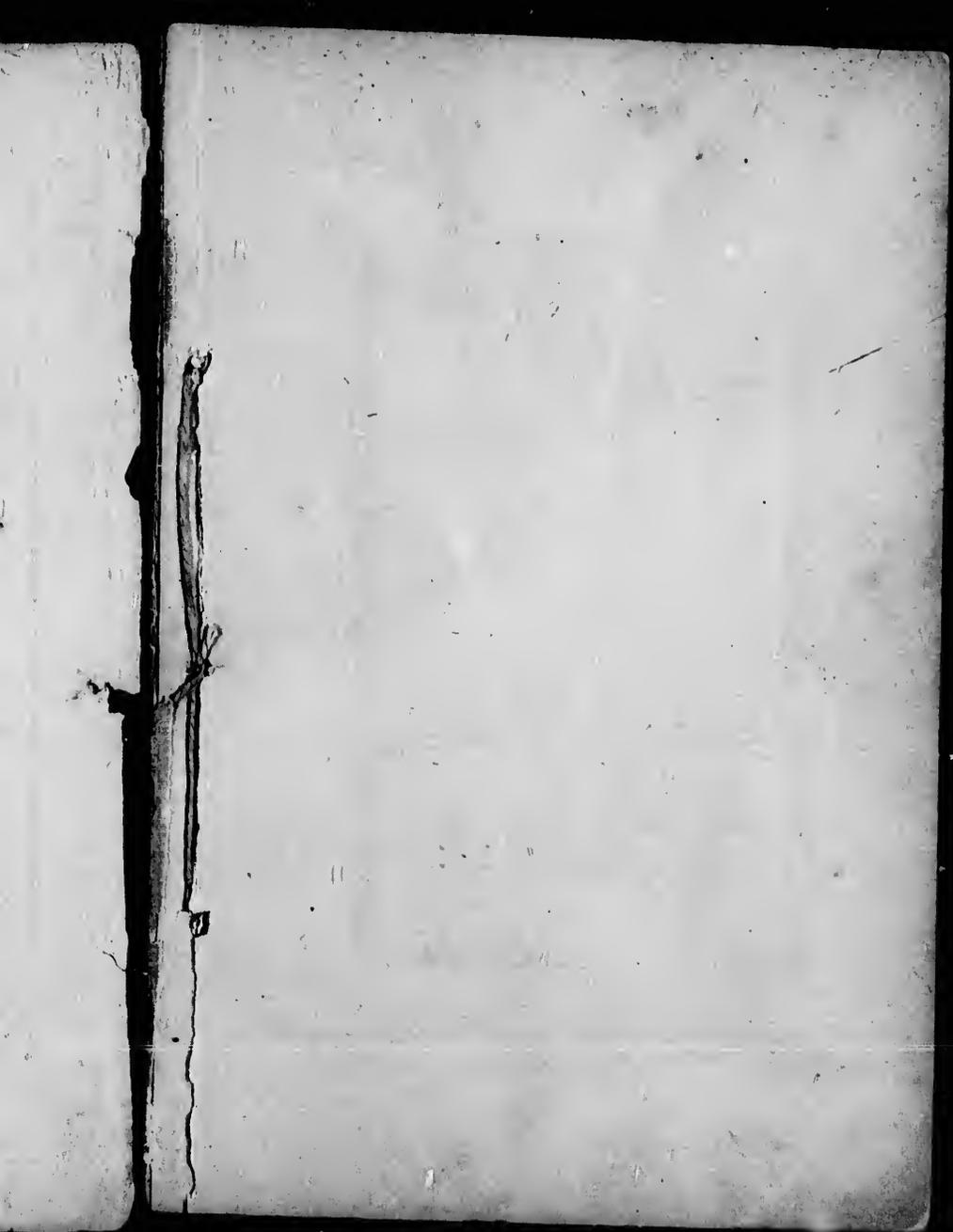
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FOR THE TRIUMPHS AND IMMUNITIES OF HEAVEN.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.—
PSALM cxvi. 15.

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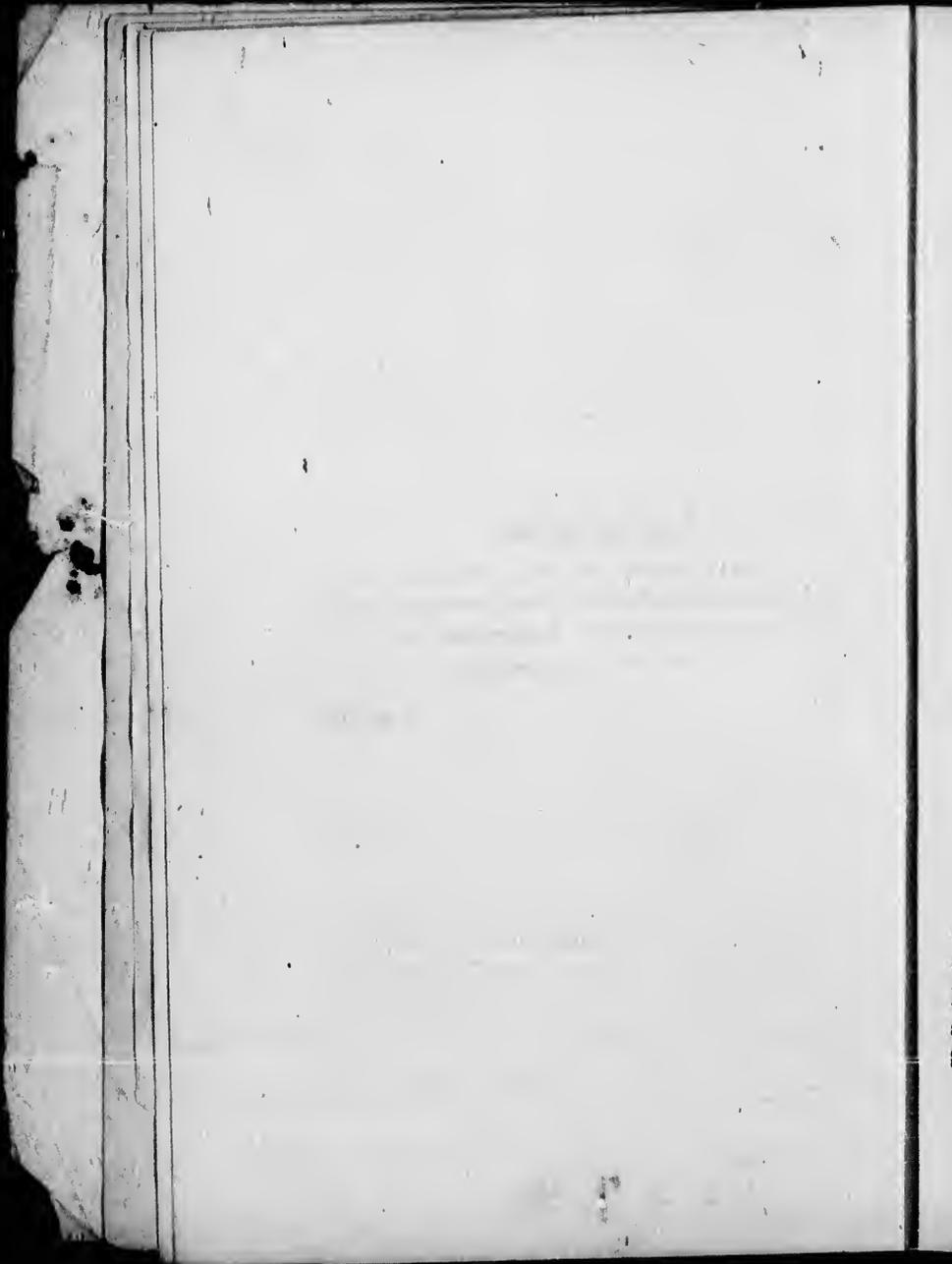
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To the Reader.

PLEASE ACCEPT THE ENCLOSED AS AN
IMPRESSIVE ILLUSTRATION OF THE FORCE OF MORAL
PRINCIPLE, AND OF THE SUBLIMITY OF
CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

I. E. BILL.

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OBITUARY NOTICE

OF MRS. I. E. BILL.

We have written many obituary sketches in our day. Among the number were those of our first-born son and an only daughter; but now it becomes our painful duty to take pen in hand to draw the portrait of our loving, faithful wife. The finger of God has touched us in the tenderest, deepest sensibilities of our being, and we writhe in unutterable sorrow. But shall we murmur? Nay, it is the stripe of a Father's rod, and the cup which our Heavenly Father hath given us, bitter as worm-wood though it be, shall we not drink it? Yes, *all of it*, and from the heart say, "Father, not my will but thine be done." The Christianity that shone as an undimmed star in the life and death of our now glorified wife, forbids us to say anything else.

The subject of this sketch was originally ISABELLA, daughter of the late Thomas and Annie Lyons, of Cornwallis, N. S. She was born Jan. 28th, 1808. Her mother, daughter of the late Charles Skinner, and sister of the late Mrs. Edward Manning, Mr. Samuel Skinner, of Saint John, and several other

brothers and sisters, died when she was seven or eight years of age, and she became the adopted daughter of her esteemed aunt, Mrs. William Allen Chipman, of precious memory. Her own mother was a woman of attractive beauty and deep-toned piety. Her adopted mother was among the most excellent of the earth, and possessed remarkable capabilities for training her children in the duties of domestic life: none under her care profited more by her precepts and example than the subject of this sketch.

Naturally possessed of a very lively and cheerful disposition, and musical genius of a high order, Isabella, as she grew in years, became passionately fond of what is termed by some, the "innocent amusements" of life, and as such was a general favorite on all festive occasions; but when about eighteen years of age a gracious revival of religion was experienced in Cornwallis, under the ministry of Father Manning, and among the number of the early converts was her sister Sarah. A message came to her saying, "Sarah is converted:" conviction of sin, deep and abiding, instantly took possession of her soul, and she said, "My sister is taken and I am left." The holiness and justice of God so opened to her moral vision, that she trembled under the burden of conscious guilt. From the terrors of an offended Deity she could see no way of escape. Weeks were spent in bitter lamenta-

tions over a misspent life, and in ardent cries for mercy; but no ray of hope appeared until in intense agony she bowed before the mercy-seat, saying—

“If my soul were sent to hell
Thy righteous law approves it well.”
Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Then came the light streaming from the cross of Calvary, Jesus and Him crucified, the complete atonement, the finished work, the unsullied righteousness, all opened to her view as just what she needed to meet all the demands of law and justice in her behalf as a condemned sinner, and she cast herself soul, body and spirit upon Jesus for time and for eternity. It was the crisis in her history—it was the day of redemption to her soul—joy unspeakable and full of glory filled her renewed spirit. Then and there she consecrated her all to Christ, and pledged, upon the altar of his infinite love, to be wholly his. Not long after this, when a stranger to her, in a hidden corner of the old Canard church, we listened with thrilling interest to her relation of this new experience. Her address was quiet and unimpassioned, but so clear in its conceptions of the purity, justice and sovereignty of God, the holiness and majesty of His law, and the richness and fullness of the gospel remedy, that

the aged pastor and his flock were bathed in tears of joy, and one worldly, impenitent heart at least received impressions never to be forgotten. Having obtained this pearl of great price herself, she ardently desired that all around her might share in the priceless treasure. One of her youthful associates, beautiful as the morning rose, but immersed in the fascinations of the world, so enlisted her sympathies and anxieties that she hastened to her with the message of redeeming love. It was to her the power of God unto salvation, and they are now together on the shining shore.

About this time she was buried with Christ in baptism by the now glorified Manning, and joyfully received as a member of the First Cornwallis church.

Up to this period we were strangers to each other; but not long after it pleased God to lead us also to embrace the Saviour, and enter upon the duties of the Christian life. This naturally brought us into each other's society, and as acquaintance matured, her personal charms, her unassuming and quiet manner, and her unquestioned piety, so impressed us, that we proposed to her a union of hearts and of interests for life. The proposition was accepted, and on April the 2nd, 1826, at her adopted home, the residence of the late renowned William Allen Chipman, Esquire, our spiritual father, Elder Manning, performed for us with a

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glad heart the marriage ceremony, and pronounced us "no longer twain but one." Forty-six years of sunshine and of cloud have passed over since then; but the pledges she then made at the hymenial altar were, in letter and in spirit, to her latest breath, inviolably fulfilled. Never in the history of woman was the law of marriage, in all its demands, as established by the great lawgiver, more sacredly or perfectly observed in thought, word and deed. In this respect "she was a crown to her husband, and his heart safely trusted in her."

At the time of her marriage worldly prospects were prosperous and flattering; but about eighteen months after, her husband became so deeply impressed that it was his duty to preach the gospel, that he suddenly broke away from his secular pursuits, and resolved to devote heart and life, come what might, poverty or riches, to the salvation of a perishing world. This was another crisis in her experience. She had prayed for this in the ardor of her first Christian love with her whole heart, when she had no thought of becoming the young convert's wife; but now in her altered circumstances and relations, when the prayer was to be answered it was quite another thing—she must become a fellow-helper and a fellow-sufferer in this mission: sacrifices of no ordinary character must be made; was she prepared for all this? She feared not—nature hesitated, trembled—the re-

sponsibility was too great ; but grace came to her rescue, and she said, " Not my will, O God, but thine be done." From that hour to the day of her death every effort of her husband for the salvation of souls, every plan for the promotion of education, missions, temperance, or any other good work, through means of the pulpit, press, or otherwise, shared in her deepest sympathies and excited her most fervent prayers. In the prosperity of his work she greatly rejoiced ; when dark clouds encompassed his pathway she was the ministering spirit of light and love to cheer him on in the face of all obstacles.

More than twenty years of pastoral life were spent at Nictaux. There the refinement of her manners, the purity of her example, and her quiet devotion to all that is elevating and useful, gradually moulded a whole community, and imparted an elevated tone and spirit to social life that will extend from generation to generation.

In Fredericton, during eighteen months of pastoral work, which the Lord greatly blessed, she gathered around her sympathies and friendships more enduring than life itself. For ten years we presided over the Germain Street Baptist Church, and there, with untiring energy and unflagging zeal, she devoted herself to the best interests of the people. Always ready, by day or by night, to administer, as best she could to the necessities of others.

In her later connections with the church in Carleton, the enfeebled state of her health has not permitted her to take any active part in church duties, but any indications of prosperity in Zion always gladdened her spirit and inspired her with gratitude to the giver of all good.

But the sphere in which she shone above all others was in the engagements and responsibilities of the family circle. There she sat as a queen upon her throne, giving instruction, guidance and discipline that preserved the most perfect order and harmony, and imparted *her will* with imperceptible but resistless energy to the hearts and lives of all around her. The infant upon her breast, the lad of gleeful mirthfulness, the young girl of dawning ambitions, and the full grown young man and maiden were alike controlled by the motion of her finger or the glance of her piercing eye. System was the first law of her being—it extended to every minutiae of household arrangement—frequently in some prominent place in her children's bed chambers, we were accustomed to see inscribed in large letters, "A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE." Her conscientiousness, or keen sense of the distinction between right and wrong, greatly aided her in the discipline of her household. The slightest prevarication or attempt to deceive, or any exaggeration of statement or suppression of facts to colour a story, was instantly

perceived by her, and in the case of any over whom she had control, was corrected. Duplicity or double dealing, she cordially despised, and the mere pretender was an abomination in her sight. Her nature craved the solid, the enduring,—not the dross, but the pure gold. Nothing so called forth the sharp sarcasm of her nature as any attempt to cover by outside glitter or show a mean and corrupt heart. Then it would occasionally come out in terms of scathing rebuke. Her patience under severe suffering shone with the brilliancy of a sunbeam. When her first-born son was stricken in the bloom of his youth by the hand of death, in quiet submission she kissed the rod, and acknowledged the justice of the dispensation; and when tidings came to her upon her sick bed that her only, her idolized daughter, was in the cold embrace, her only utterance was, “the Lord doeth all things well.” In afflictions still more withering she bowed in submission to the divine decree. Her faith in the wisdom of the Divine government never faltered. The great fundamental principles of truth unfolded to her in her conversion were as a beacon light to guide her in every time of trembling and of doubt.

Those who knew her best could but be deeply impressed with the combination in her character of the most rigid domestic economy with the most expansive benevolence. Her aim obviously was to

save in everything, that she might have wherewithal to give to every thing and every body in need. The beggar at her door was never sent hungry away: the widow in distress, and the orphan in need, shared alike in the fullness of her practical charity. To the objects of benevolence in her own church and denomination she always delighted to contribute her full proportion of financial aid; and to the great British and Foreign Bible Society she gave her regular annual donation with great cheerfulness. To those not properly instructed, frugality means stinginess; but in her case it meant liberality. The two elements blended in such beautiful proportions and in such harmonious action in her whole character and life, that when she was most frugal she was most benevolent.

Tidiness in dress and cleanliness in household arrangements were, in her estimation, christian virtues. She had but little faith in the christianity of those who were destitute of these elements. We have often heard her say, that she hoped the time would come when no aspirant to the ministerial office would be licensed to preach or ordained to the work of the ministry, who allowed himself the use of tobacco. To her mind, this and all kindred habits in teachers of christian self-denial, were an offence both to God and man.

Her energy was quite equal to the other traits of her character; it recognized no limits to her duty

within the range of human possibilities. If cares and anxieties were, in the providence of God, placed upon her, in the midst of physical weakness such as would make the most healthy tremble, she braced herself up to the emergency, and pressed on in the performance of duty. When physical suffering had so prostrated her that she was disqualified for outside labour, six motherless grand daughters were placed under her care; and the last five years of her life, with consummate tact and skill, were devoted to their temporal and spiritual good. A life-time of ordinary domestic training was crowded into these five years. Her successful efforts in this direction will extend to generations yet unborn.

But her intimate friends will say, "we know how she lived, tell us how she died?" Just as she had lived, calmly trusting her eternal all in the hands of her loving Saviour. On Friday evening, the 8th instant, as we returned from meeting, we found her complaining of quickness of pulse, and some pain in her side. The usual remedies, which she always kept at hand, were applied through the night, but without any apparent effect, and at early morn we hastened for our family physician, Dr. J. R. Fitch. Between thirty five and forty years he had been her medical adviser: he understood her constitution perfectly—had more than once been instrumental in raising her from the very door of death, and she possessed perfect confidence in his skill. Glad in-

deed were we to know that he was at hand, and able to attend. He came, pronounced it a case of slight inflammation of the lungs, but hoped it would yield to the force of medicine. He was constant in his attendance, and put forth his best skill. For a time all seemed to go on encouragingly, and we apprehended no immediate danger; but, on Monday afternoon, symptoms were unfavorable. On Tuesday, still more so; but no one imagined that death was so near. In the evening, however, her case became more alarming; but still we clung to hope. Pain was allayed; but inflammation went on with resistless power. Through the night she sunk rapidly, and by 7 o'clock, on Wednesday morning, gently and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a sigh.

From the commencement of the attack, while hope was strong, she was evidently impressed with the idea that it might prove fatal; the tone of her conversation was in that direction. She spoke about her funeral, and the spot where her body was to be interred, gave some directions with reference to mementoes for loved ones, and conversed freely about her preparation for the great change. Said she: "My life has been a happy one, nothing but one continuous stream of blessing has attended me, not one grief too many or one pang too severe. All ordered in infinite wisdom. I am unworthy and sinful, but my Saviour has been with me through

all difficulties, he will not forsake me now. My christianity, she continued, has not been of the flashy or showy kind, but it has been with me a matter of principle, of abiding faith in an all-sufficient Saviour. In my first experience I was divested of all dependence in my own doings, and trusted alone in the finished work of Jesus, and there I trust my all now. I know He has repeatedly heard and answered my feeble prayers. I cannot doubt this, and I can leave my case in His hands." The last night of her life her mind occasionally wandered, but when a question was asked, she was all right. Through life she luxuriated in the hymns of Doctor Watts, and when the death shade came over she exclaimed :

" Why should I start and fear to die ;
 What timorous worms we mortals are,
 Death is the gate to endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there."

While suffering much from the difficulty of breathing, she repeated the first verse of the beautiful hymn.

" Thus far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far His power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known,
 Some fresh memorials of His grace."

When fearing she was too far gone to speak again, she distinctly exclaimed :

" For the love let rocks and hills,
 Their lasting silence break."

Repeatedly through the night, as we had often done before, we bowed by her bedside, and poured forth our souls in strong cries and tears, to Him who is mighty to save, and as we saw the lamp of life going out we pleaded in all the earnestness of the christian faith, for a ministry of angels to take charge of her emancipated spirit, and to conduct it safely into the presence of her God and Saviour. It seemed to us indeed like holding intimate communion and fellowship with her blood-washed soul, as it ascended to that blissful place where sickness, pain and death can never enter. In a few short moments the reminiscences of a life time passed in review, and then all was lost in the unfathomable mysteries of the immortality beyond.

“The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.”

The dear departed was the mother of four sons and one daughter; the eldest son and the only daughter, we doubt not, were at the gate of the celestial city to bid her welcome, and to say, “thank God, my dear mother, you have come at last.” A stricken husband, three sons, and fourteen grandchildren still survive, to deplore their sad, sad loss. Numberless relations and friends in this and sister Provinces will give us, we doubt not, their sympathy and their prayers. May this sudden death-

warning be to them and to us, as the message of God, saying: "Be ye also ready." Let us heed the admonition, and like the departed, trust alone in the finished work of Jesus for pardon, justification and eternal life; then when the curtain of life shall fall, and eternal scenes open, like her, we shall be prepared for the blessed re-unions of glorified spirits above. God grant that it may be so, and to His name shall be all the glory, world without end. Amen!

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Funeral Solemnities.

The funeral of the late and lamented Mrs. I. E. Bill took place last Monday. The day was unusually fine. The sun was clear, and the streets which by the recent severe snow storms had been very much obstructed, were so opened as to render traveling easy and agreeable. A large number of people collected at the residence of the family in Carleton, where brief services were held, a hymn being sung, the Scriptures read by Rev. Mr. Carey, and a prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Spencer. At a little after 1 o'clock, P. M., the procession formed, and moved on to the city, crossing the Ferry without any delay, and reaching the Germain Street Baptist Church, at 2 o'clock. The public services were to commence at 3 o'clock. The casket was placed in front of the pulpit, and the lid removed. As the people assembled they orderly, quietly, and many of them tearfully, approached the coffin, looked at the familiar face, and then proceeded to the pews. At 2.45 o'clock, the house being filled to its utmost capacity, the services began with singing, by a

large and selected choir, led by Mr. T. H. Hall, the hymn—

“Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.”

Rev. Mr. Carey read the ninetieth Psalm. Then another hymn was sung—

“Why should we start and fear to die,”

one of the hymns recited by Mrs. Bill, as she was drawing near to the solemn moment when she was to test the question quoted. After the singing of the second hymn, Rev. Mr. McKenzie made the following

ADDRESS.

She has bravely fought the good fight. She has steadfastly kept the faith. She has successfully and nobly finished the course of a Christian life. The grand moral struggle was begun in her girlhood. It was carried forward with an unswerving fidelity, with an indomitable purpose, with an unflinching courage, with a serene confidence, through half a century. That struggle is ended. The victory is won. The crown is obtained. The earthly house of this tabernacle, in which she groaned, being burdened, is dissolved. Mortality is swallowed up of life. She would gladly live, though amid sharper sufferings than any yet endured, so long as she could serve the dear ones she loved. But to depart and be with Christ was far better. To die was gain. And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. What are these arrayed in white robes?

and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

"The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose."

That fleshly casket now robed for the grave, was long and severely tortured with pain, shattered and enfeebled with disease. But within resided and ruled a vigorous WILL, unconquered and unimpaired by physical agonies. That mighty and dominating *will-power* compelled a *frail body* to serve to the last the generous impulses of her great heart. But while a robust and resolute *will-energy* may coerce a sickly and decrepit body to perform the daily service of life, it cannot withstand or evade the imperious summons of the universal tyrant. The moment came for death to sever the mysterious connection between the *strong, regnant will*, and the *languishing physical frame*. The immortal spirit has fled the earthly tabernacle—the spirit that not only animated but ennobled that frail tenement of flesh—a spirit that revealed its nobility as it gleamed in her pale face, as it glittered in her tears of sympathy, as it sometimes flashed in her look of amaze-

ment and indignation when fraud, and falsehood, and wrong, and meanness were brought to her notice. Yes, there was a *native nobleness* in the soul that has deserted this confined body; and that native endowment was refined and invigorated by the grace of God communicated in her early conversion, and cherished through long years of intimate fellowship with her Saviour. A large endowment of native elements of character formed the *basis* of that pre-eminent degree of *spiritual excellence* to which she attained. No one could be long in her presence without perceiving that Mrs. Bill was a woman of no *ordinary type*. Her mental powers, her moral nature, and her religious attainments were of a very high order.

But it is not for me, I am not expected, nor will the hour permit me, to trace, even in outline, the career and character of the eminent woman whose funeral we attend to-day. That duty will be performed at another time, in a more fitting way and in a more permanent form, by one who knew and prized her worth as only a *husband* can know and prize it; by one, who for forty-six years knew her in the sunshine of prosperity and in the gloom of adversity; knew her as she daily moved with queenly power and grace amid the multiplied and varied duties of wife and mother, in the retired sphere of the domestic circle.

We come to-day to bear this dear dead body to the grave, to bury this deserted, decaying casket of a liberated, living, glorified spirit. As we proceed in our silent procession and on our mournful errand, we merely pause a moment, to enter with our precious burden the courts of God's house, and here with brief christian rites take leave of all that is within our sight, all that is subject to *our* disposal. She does

not need these ceremonies, but we do. Our sympathies and services go not, and need not go, over the dark stream she has crossed, to the shining shore, touched at last by those feet wearied with the rough journey of human life. Useless and meaningless to her are these tokens of respect, these symbols of sorrow. Could she speak, she would restrain this display over her remains. Yet we will tenderly and reverently convey to the repose of the tomb all that can be carried thither. It is little we give to dust, corruption and worms, in giving this lifeless form. But it is honoring to the dead and honorable to the living to commit that we cannot keep to the silence of the sepulchre, with sympathy, and gentleness and grief. When the willing hands that have ministered to our necessities can do nothing more for us; when the voice that we loved to hear sinks into the mysterious silence of death, and there is before us only the pallid, cold, speechless, motionless form of our loved one, then a generous affection claims the sad privilege of engaging in the quiet and solemn services of preparation for the mournful office of burying the lifeless body.

Has there been a noble, devoted, useful life closed? has there been *beneficent and lasting work* done in the history of her, whose body we are bearing to its burial? Yes, emphatically *yes*. And that life will live on in the lives of hundreds who have felt directly the inspiring touch of her life. Then, she was the sympathetic wife, the cheerful companion, the wise counsellor of the CHRISTIAN MINISTER and the CHRISTIAN EDITOR, who through long years, and by the side of the foremost leaders, has been on ZION'S walls, sounding the gospel trumpet. Who can tell us how much of that woman's *power*, secluded from

the public recognition, and silently exercised in the family circle of the PREACHER, the PASTOR and the EDITOR? who can tell us how much of that pious wife's secret *intercessions*? who can tell us how much of her timely, generous sympathy, how much of her living faith, her dauntless courage, and her prudent counsel, has gone from that sacred privacy into the Pulpit and the Press, and thence out into the congregation, the community, the world: thus indirectly moving many hearts, moulding many characters; thus widely extending the principles and the blessings of christianity? No eye but that of the omniscient One can trace this *concealed line* of holy and beneficent service; no one but God himself can fully estimate the results already achieved, and yet to be accomplished by that secret service.

But that secret, silent process of exertion and influence, unrecognized by the dull vision of mortals, and unwritten in the annals of human effort and achievement, is all fully recorded, and will be securely preserved, in the volume kept in heaven. *Her record is on high.* The unerring pen of Him, who notes the minutest incidents in the humblest life of man, as well as the royal deeds of those occupying places of large activity and prominent usefulness, has registered all the secret toils, tears, and prayers that went forth from their obscurity, unheralded by the lips of human admiration, but freighted with benedictions for hundreds, who will rise up in the final judgment to call her blessed, when the names and deeds of earth's great, conspicuous and lauded ones, will go down into darkness and under everlasting contempt.

Weeping husband, children and kindred, you are not to be compensated and comforted by such words of condolence as the lips of man can speak.

Divine solace alone is adequate to your present affliction and sorrow. That you have already sought and abundantly obtained. But even that, while it sustains and soothes your stricken hearts, will not, need not, dry your tears. *Weep* you must and may. You mourn the departure of a wife, a mother, a kinswoman, whose life was a most precious gift from God to you. And the memory of that life will be to you a perpetual fragrance. You will never cease to praise God for such a princely gift; you will submissively bow to the sad bereavement. As her strength fainted under the invading and resistless power of disease; as she yielded up her physical life to the stern demand of death, you beheld the Crown of immortality descending almost visibly upon her head.

“Triumphant in her closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in her expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.”

As often as you recollect the final and grand result of her life's discipline under physical suffering and mental conflicts; the strength and stability of her faith; the ripened holiness of her character; the power, and beauty, and serenity of her submission and confidence; while anticipating the hour of her dissolution; the triumphant encounter with death—the victory won in the dread struggle, you will feel new confidence in TRUTH, new love for GOODNESS, new zeal for DUTY, new trust in the SAVIOUR, new gratitude to God.

“Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But often times celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.”

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps ;
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way."

The ADDRESS was followed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Boggs, and after prayer was sung the hymn

"Sister, thou wast mild and lovely."

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Carey. The large assembly remained seated while the coffin was being borne from the church to the hearse, and the mourners were going out. The procession was again formed, and moved up Germain street towards the Rural Cemetery. The pall-bearers were Revs. Mr. Spencer and Boggs (Baptist), Rev. Mr. Stavely (Reformed Presbyterian), Rev. Mr. Duncan (Wesleyan), Rev. Mr. Swabey (Episcopalian), and Rev. Mr. Hartley (Free Baptist). At the grave Rev. Mr. Carey offered prayer. The sorrowing husband, with his companions in grief, tearfully gazed for a moment down into the open grave, to which has now been committed till the morning of the resurrection the remains of the loving and loved one. They then returned to the city, and to that deserted home now so solitary.

A large number of the city clergymen were present at the public services in the Germain Street church,

and several of them were seated in the pulpit. The vast assembly collected on the occasion entered and left the Sanctuary in the most quiet and reverent manner. The bereaved husband and his family wish to express sincere gratitude to the numerous friends, whose sympathy and kindness have been so promptly and delicately extended to them in the hour of their sore bereavement.

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A Discourse

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LATE MRS. I. E. BILL,

DELIVERED BY THE REV. G. M. W. CAREY,

In the Germain Street Church, on Sabbath evening, the
24th of March, and repeated, by request, in
Carleton, on the 31st.

Psalm lxxiii. 24.

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward
receive me to glory."

This is just what we want, and without it we cannot be happy. Sinful and straying, exposed to danger at every step we take, we need a **GUIDE**; ignorant and foolish, we require **COUNSEL**; going to the grave, yet made for eternity, and our deathless spirits thirsting for happiness, we hope for blessedness and **GLORY**. This guide, this counsel, this glory, every man may have; but the great majority grasp at shadows and miss the substance, seize the pleasures of sense and lose their souls, and sink at last into *disgrace, despair, wretchedness and ruin*. The Christian alone has attained to the secret of successful living and triumphant dying: he has found it in Christ; and in the *repose of faith, the aspiration of hope, and the joyous confidence of love*, he can say, "God is the strength of my

heart and my portion forever. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

The comforting doctrine of the text is, that **GOD GUIDES THE CHRISTIAN HERE AND GLORIFIES HIM HEREAFTER.**

First.—Consider the child of God conducted through his earthly pilgrimage.

I. THE CHRISTIAN HAS A DIVINE GUIDE, even the great God with all his unchangeable perfections, **THE ALMIGHTY, THE OMNISCIENT, AND THE LOVING ONE.** Who can resist his power, or pluck his chosen from his hand? It were easier to remove the mountains, draw down the stars from heaven, or lay furtive hands on Jehovah's diadem, than to separate him from the people of his love. All created beings, all forces in the universe must yield to his control. He is Lord of Hosts. "Principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, and spiritual wickedness in high places" must flee before his approaching might and majesty; and before his people strong in his power, "The gates of hell shall not prevail." To this add **OMNISCIENCE**, which like an infinite circle embraces time, space and eternity, and all that they contain. Boundless knowledge, directed by eternal wisdom and enforced by omnipotence, foreknowing and

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ordering all that should make up the history of the Christian, every scene and step from his cradle to his grave, providing for all and making all things work together for his good.

Unite with resistless power and unerring wisdom the EVERLASTING LOVE and the unwearying loving kindness of the good, the great, the Chief Shepherd of Israel, who leads his children as a flock into green pastures and by still waters, or through the desert in dark and difficult ways, until at last he brings them to the fold above, where no danger threatens and no devil enters. And "this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death."

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their shield Omnipotence.

II. BUT GOD REVEALS HIS PERFECTIONS AND MAKES KNOWN HIS WILL IN HIS WORD; AND THIS IS DESIGNED TO BE "A LAMP TO OUR FEET AND A LIGHT TO OUR PATH," OUR GUIDE TO GLORY. This is the unerring counsel which neither bewilders nor dazzles, which, with strong and steady radiance illumines every part of the King's highway on which the Saints of God travel, always points in the right direction, and increases in brightness and beauty as they draw near to Heaven and

Home. It manifests God in Christ, it shews us ourselves, our Sin and Salvation, our Ruin and Remedy; it places our duty plainly before us, what we ought to do, and the spirit in which we should do it; it marks out distinctly the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace in which we should always walk; it is a map of the world in which we live and of the world to which we go; it is "a sure word of prophecy whereunto we do well that we take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day star arise in our hearts." By this the Christian is cheered and directed through the journey of life. This is his Chart and Compass over life's dark and tempestuous sea, where often rocks and quicksands and contrary winds threaten to overwhelm and destroy him. This shews him his true course, and saves him from making shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience, and at last guides him into the haven of eternal safety and peace. How impressive the language of the first Psalm: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither: and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

III. WE NEED INTERNAL AS WELL AS EXTERNAL GUIDANCE, AND GOD GRACIOUSLY BESTOWS IT IN THE OPERATION OF HIS SPIRIT ON OUR HEARTS. For this we are taught to pray, and earnestly should we implore the influence of the Blessed Spirit; for without his aid we are nothing, and can do nothing. The Spirit breathes Life into the soul dead in trespasses and sins, convinces of guilt, leads to living faith in Christ, Renews the whole man, makes him a New Creature, Elevates his drooping affections, Revives from time to time his languid spiritual energies, sweetly Controls his will, causes the current of his being to set in toward God, and makes the believer a partaker of the Divine Nature. Of little avail will the Word of God be without this internal influence. Our help lies in the power of the Divine Spirit over our spirits, leading us to the Bible and to Christ, the Substance and the Sum of the Bible, and bringing us into sympathy and harmony with God's plan and will concerning us. God's Spirit is in every Christian as a Sacred Guest and a Sure Guide, turning him away from the dark mazes of error, where so many have perished, to the "delectable mountains" of truth, where the view heavenward is unobstructed and the atmosphere is invigorating, and there he gains strength to press forward toward the prize of his high calling. By his Spirit Christ is with his people always, even unto the end of the world; an invisible,

omnipresent, powerful comforter and guide, conducting them through the journey of life, through the valley and shadow of death, to a place in the house of many mansions, to the Paradise of God. "Quench not the Spirit," for he will lead you in the way everlasting. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

IV. THE CHRISTIAN IS GUIDED BY THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD. God's Providence illustrates, applies and fulfils his perfections, precepts and promises to his people; knows every emergency that will arise in their pilgrimage and is prepared for it; every danger, temporal or spiritual, which may threaten them, and furnishes protection and arranges their prosperity and adversity, their joys and their sorrows, in the highest Wisdom, the greatest Goodness, and the tenderest Love. He determines for the nations of men, the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation. To his children he causes "the lines to fall in pleasant places," he gives them "a goodly heritage." If one door is shut another is opened, and when God shuts no man can open, and when God opens no man can shut. When we have tarried long enough in one place God orders our march to another, and when our mental states and our Christian duties have become monotonous, stereotyped and unprofitable, he quickens and refreshes by timely variety and

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change. As he led Abraham, Lot, Hagar, Jacob and Moses, so his Providence is directing us through the journey of life, and has safely conducted millions to glory. From Egypt and the shores of the Red Sea, through the desert, to the banks of the Jordan, across the river and into the goodly land of promise, in the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, he led his ancient Israel; and by his Providence he leads his Israel now to that real rest of which the earthly Canaan was but a shadow. Let us rejoice, for amid all the losses and crosses of life, and temptations and dangers of the way, **JEHOVAH JIREH IS OUR LEADER STILL.**

His Providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine;
 Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
 Fulfils some deep design.

Secondly.—*Consider the Christian glorified hereafter. Thou shalt afterward receive me to glory.*

I. NOT NOW BUT AFTERWARD. It would not answer that every Christian should go into glory immediately after his conversion and in the first rapture of Christ's pardoning love. It is wisely arranged that the regenerate man shall spend some time in the field of labor before he enters into the rest and the joy of his Lord. *Christ requires his disciples to do something for him,* and for this purpose he has given them talents and opportunities to im-

prove for his glory. They are Miniatures of Christ, created anew that they may imitate and represent him in his imitable perfections. The *active* as well as the *passive* virtues of the Gospel must be exemplified. The servant, like his Master, should "go about doing good," and be willing to suffer shame and reproach for his name. The command is, "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." "Do all things without murmuring and disputing, that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world." And again, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father in heaven." *For the sake of those around him* the child of God is often led through a lengthened pilgrimage. The day of life is measured by the work to be done for Christ and for humanity—the work in the church, in the Sabbath-school, in the world, in our families, and among our neighbors and friends. God converts souls in Christian lands and amid the darkness of heathenism; he fills up the vacancies in his church on earth, and adds to the shining ranks of the Blood-bought and White-robed Throng, through the prayers, and tears, and teachings,

and efforts of his faithful servants. The Spirit and the BRIDE say come. And let him that heareth say come. The voice that calls Christ's chosen ones is from heaven and of earth. It is the voice of God through human lips. The instructions of a Father, the prayers of a Mother, the entreaties of a Sister, the pleadings of a Brother, the repeated invitations of a Sabbath-school Teacher, the Gospel proclaimed by the Minister of Christ, and the self-denying efforts of the Missionary, are the means used by the Divine Spirit to save precious souls from hell and guide them to Heaven, to draw them to the Cross of Redemption, and prepare them for a Crown of Righteousness and Rejoicing. To the great majority of converted souls Jesus says, as he said to the man of the Gadarenes, out of whom a legion of devils was cast, and who prayed that he might remain with his Gracious Deliverer: "Return to thine own house; go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." "And he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him." As Andrew brought Simon, and Philip, Nathaniel, and the Woman of Samaria, her townsmen, so should Christians make it the chief object of their Redeemed and Regenerated Lives to bring sinners to Jesus.

“O let me speak the thoughts of Christ!
 And then my words like seed shall grow
 In hearts when I am gone!
 In noble forms and widening spheres,
 To beautify and bless, shall they appear;
 Harvests out of them shall come
 To help the millions yet to be.”

God puts his sons and daughters on probation, in order that they may be educated and disciplined for Heaven. Sanctification is in most cases a slow and painful process. It is no easy matter to pluck up from the garden of the soul the deeply rooted weeds of sin which hinder the growth and mar the beauty of its choicest plants and flowers. The old man has wonderful vitality, and the new man is often feeble and discouraged in his conflict with the habits and desires which have had possession of the heart so long. The spiritual child requires time for growth in grace and knowledge, that he may attain “unto the measure of the stature of the Fulness of Christ,” and be fitted for “the Inheritance of the Saints in light.” It was after a life rich in Christian Experience, Toil and Suffering that Paul said, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.” *Such triumphant faith as this is the gift of God; it is also the result of life-long labor.* It costs a great deal, but it is worth all, and even more

than has to be endured for it. It makes the Christian's Calling and Election sure;" it "seals the servants of God on their foreheads;" it gives them "a right to the tree of life and an entrance through the gates into the city;" and it crowns them, when the tears and trials of life have ceased, with an Eternal Weight of Glory. A dying Saint exclaimed, "Glory to God! I see heaven sweetly opened before me!"

II. WHEN RIPENESS FOR HEAVEN HAS BEEN ATTAINED AND THE FULNESS OF THE TIME HAS COME THE CHRISTIAN IS RECEIVED INTO GLORY. He does not tarry in an undefined region, some vague border land between heaven and earth, but he IMMEDIATELY enters into the rest that remains for the people of God. Christ consoled the dying thief with the assurance "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Paul comforted the Christians at Corinth with the hope, that when absent from the body they should be present with the Lord. John was commanded by a voice from heaven, confirmed by the Spirit, to write that the pious dead from henceforth should rest from their labors, and their works should follow them. Though there is a state between death and the resurrection, which may be called "*Intermediate*," yet it is a state of blessedness and glory, graduated no doubt to the capacities and powers of spirits newly born into heaven and augmented as they ascend from glory to

glory. *But the term glory is general and comprehensive.* It defies all efforts to confine it to certain particular statements. *It sketches the grand outline of future blessedness. It is graciously broad and indefinite.* The Scriptures cannot be precise and exhaustive on this point, for the language of earth is too poor and weak, springing as it does from time and sense, to furnish words in which to describe spiritual and eternal realities; and if a heavenly language were used, conditioned as we now are, we could not understand it. "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." We may however have correct knowledge as far as it extends of that blessed country, the home of God's saints. *It is described Negatively.* The Redeemed shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. There shall be no tears, no death, neither sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain, for the former things are passed away. There shall be no more curse, for nothing that defileth or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, can enter those holy habitations. On the peaceful shore no angry billows shall dash or break, for there shall be no more sea. The gates of the city shall never be shut; and it has no need of the sun, or of the moon, or of a candle; for there shall be no night there. *It is described Positively.* The spirits of the

just are made perfect. The New Jerusalem, the Holy City, the Tabernacle of God, is prepared as a bride adorned for her husband, and has foundations of precious stones, gates of pearls, and streets of pure gold as it were transparent glass. The redeemed and glorified victors are clothed with white robes, have palms in their hands, crowns of gold and everlasting joy upon their heads, as they sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. The River of Life, clear as crystal, proceeds out from the throne of God and of the Lamb, and on either side of it is the Tree of Life with twelve manner of fruits, yielding its fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations. There the Lamb shall lead his flock into living fountains of waters and they shall be like their Leader, for they shall see him as he is. And high over all is the throne of God with its emerald rainbow and One like unto a jasper and a sardine stone sealed upon it. O Blessed Mansions! where there is No Satan, No Sin, No Shame, No Sorrow, No Sicknes, No Separation; but Holiness, Honor Happiness, Health, Heaven, Home, Glory and God. And to this may be added the *Abode of the Sanctified Spirit, the Resurrection Body*, which is described as Incorruptible, Glorious, Powerful, Spiritual and Immortal, fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body, shining in unfading youth and beauty under the New Heavens and on the New Earth, wherein

dwelleth Righteousness. But the subject is too grand for human understanding, it passes the knowledge of mortals. "As it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him— which God hath ordained before the world unto their glory." We may join in the exclamation of Bernard's burdened heart in his noble hymn on the celestial Country, in which he breathes the air of Paradise, and sings as a seraph.

"I know not, O I know not,
 What social joys are there;
 What radiance of Glory,
 What light beyond compare!

And when I fain would sing them
 My spirit fails and faints;
 And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Syon,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the Blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David,
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast;

And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white!

III. AND INTO THIS GLORY THE CHRISTIAN IS RECEIVED. "Thou shalt *receive* me to glory." God receives his children when they attain their majority, and come home as His heirs and joint heirs with Christ, to take possession of their inheritance, which is "incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away." Holy angels and redeemed Spirits *welcome the pilgrim from the land of the dying to the land of the living.* What a glorious Reception! What a blessed Introduction to the "fulness of joy, and the pleasures at God's right hand for ever more." When the Christian looks back and thinks that he was saved from Sin and Satan, Death and Hell, Called with a holy calling, Justified by Faith in the Atonement of Calvary, Sanctified by the Spirit, Led through the journey of life, Enlightened in darkness, Strengthened in weakness, Counsell'd in perplexity, Comforted in sorrow, Kept in prosperity, Protected in danger, Supplied in want, and Crowned a conqueror over the last enemy; and then considers the Eternal Blessedness around him and before him, what Rapture must fill his soul! what Hallelujahs will he sing to the Triune God, who Brought him Out, Brought him Up, and Brought him Home! What sacred delight must fill the entire being of the Christian when he hears the Master say: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy

of thy Lord. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye Blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. And they shall see his face; and his name shall be on their foreheads. And he saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb."

These thoughts have been suggested by the death of Mrs. I. E. BILL, for many years a member of this church, and wife of our dear Brother, who presided over it during a long pastorate. She was sixty-six years of age, forty-six of which she was a professing Christian. In public and private, in the church and in her family, she was guided by God, and now she is received into glory. We rejoice in the Grace that Saved, the Counsel that Led, and the Glory that now crowns her ransomed Spirit. She needs not our poor praises or effusive eulogies; She is present with her Lord, and her record is on high. Inspiration has furnished an epitaph for all the faithful, in the heavenly words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." Jesus loved them and "made them Kings and Priests unto God, and his Father and they shall reign for ever and ever." Let this call from the Master arouse us all to diligence and zeal in his service, "for the night cometh when no one can work." May the instructions, example, and love of the Dear Departed one be a pos-

session and a joy to her Husband, Children, and Grandchildren, and may they follow her as she followed Christ; and press on to share the glory in to which she has now entered. When our Brother in his loneliness sighs for

“The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still,”

let him look forward to the time when

“God’s love shall set him at her side again,”

where love is eternal and every relation perpetual. And now he may say:—

“Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!”

Oh that each of us may be deeply impressed by the events of God’s Providence, confirming the admonitions of his word, “Set thine house in order for thou shalt die and not live. Prepare to meet thy God. Behold the Bridegroom cometh. Go ye out to meet him. Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.”

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[From the Christian Visitor of the 28th March.]

Heaven's Welcome.

To whom? To those who have fought their last battle, uttered their last sigh, endured their last pain, committed their last sin, shed their last tear, and yielded up their blood-washed souls into the hands of their divine Lord, in effect, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The irresistible fiat goes forth from the eternal throne, and the body sleeps in death; but the soul, redeemed and sanctified, leaves its material tenement and is borne upon angelic wing to the heaven of heavens—the palace of the King of kings—the home of the Eternal. The gates of the celestial city open to let the heir of glory in, while a voice from the throne is heard, saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Blessed invitation, coming from the lips of him whose countenance, radiated with the brilliancy of infinite love, outshines ten thousand blazing suns. This gracious invitation fills the heaven-born soul with joy unutterable and full of glory. It is the moment not simply of release, of victory, of rest; but of riches, honors, happiness and glory in limitless fullness.

The period for imperfection, in vision, in realization, in knowledge and in enjoyment, is passed. The soul sees no longer, "through a glass darkly, but face to face." The past and present, all seen in the unclouded light of the great Father's face—for the glory of God lightens the celestial habitation, and "the Lamb is the light thereof." 'The glorified before the throne are all beheld and recognized in the full blaze of this heavenly radiance.

How glorious the reception. No sooner does the King of the eternal palace extend the free-grace welcome to the new comer, than the grand old patriarchs, the heaven-inspired prophets, the blessed company of the apostles, the long line of martyrs, and the countless millions of the redeemed of every class, with united voice exclaim, "Come in thou blessed of the Lord." From all the principalities and powers in the heavenly places there comes the shout of welcome, *welcome* to this "better country"—this "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." Then the golden harps are taken up by the innumerable multitude of saints and angels, and they pour forth their sweetest harmonies in anthems of praise and adoration to "Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb forever and ever." If there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth on these lower grounds than over "ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance," what must

be the measure of the joy of that blessed world when that repenting sinner shall have escaped all the pollutions of earth, and shall have gone up in robes of immaculate purity to swell the number of the redeemed above?

What unfoldings of the mysteries of God, of the Father and of Christ are there! What an opening up of the deep wells of the great mystery, "God manifest in the flesh," and of the Eternal One, in his Trinity and Unity, going forth for the subjugation of Satan and the redemption of an enslaved world! All the clouds of doubt, error and sin are driven away forever, and the soul bathes and luxuriates in the fountain of celestial light.

What blissful re-unions, when husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, pastors and people, meet in the paradise of God to go no more out forever. It is the re-union of all that is pure in sentiment, holy in practice, elevating in character, ennobling in disposition and joyous in association, in that blessed world where the reign of love is perfect and eternal.

Then go, spirit of the sainted dead, put on thy bright attire, ascend the celestial hills, enter the untarnished regions, gaze with cloudless vision upon the spiritual and eternal, walk the golden streets, drink of the water of life proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb, partake of the rich fruit of the tree of life, feast at the table spread with the

dainties of redeeming love, take thy place with the innumerable company of angels, with the church of the first born and with the spirits of the just made perfect. Go, and be crowned with the laurels of immortality. Go, and receive the reward of all thy toils, endurances and tears. Go, and bear the palm of victory in thy hands, have the name of God inscribed upon thy forehead, cast thy crown at the feet of him that loved thee and gave himself for thee, and join the enraptured hosts in saying, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Thou didst enrich and ennoble earth with the strength of thy piety, the power of thy faith, the fervor of thy sympathy, the breadth of thy charity, and the depth of thy love. Go, now, and shine in the kingdom of thy Father as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars forever and ever. In thy absence, ALL ALONE is inscribed upon the choicest treasures of earth, but by faith we trace thy foot-prints up to thy heavenly home, and in strains feeble, though akin to thine, we join thee in saying, "Alleluia! Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

From Mrs. Bill's Scrap-Book.

Selected by her, as expressive, doubtless, of her own feelings in prospect of her anticipated separation from those she most loved on earth, and of her re-union with them.

“ On these dear hills, whose beauty never fades.”

THINE OWN.

The following beautiful and touching verses, by a New Orleans lady, were written as a farewell to her husband during her illness, and in prospect of an early departure to the better land :—

Call me no more thine own—The summer hours,
So loved by me shall never come again :
I scarce shall look upon the spring's pale flowers,
And in this life of weariness and pain
Shall be no more thine own.

The spring shall wake fresh verdure in the vale ;
Freed from gray winter, blue shall glow the sky ;
But ere the sweet-breathed violets grow pale,
This fading form low in the dust shall lie,
And be no more thine own.

The shadow of the parting hour is nigh—
It falls, dear one, upon my heart and thine ;
Alas ! to leave thee when life's morning hour
Is gilded o'er by love almost divine—
To be no more thine own.

I soon shall leave thee ; Thou, beloved, will feel
 A gloomy shadow o'er thy pathway thrown ;
 And all too soon the truth will o'er thee steal
 That in this dreary world thou art alone,
 And I no more thine own.

No more thine own ! To wake for thee, at eve,
 The chords of music sweetest to thine ear ;
 To love thee still alike through joy or grief,
 To be thy truest friend, of all most dear,
 But not on earth thine own.

On these dear hills, whose beauty never fades,
 My lingering feet shall rest. O, do not weep !
 Thou too shalt dwell where sorrow ne'er invades,
 With Him who giveth his beloved sleep—
 And I shall be thine own.

MOURN NOT FOR ME.

WRITTEN BY PROFESSOR DAVID PEABODY, A FEW DAYS
 PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH.

Mourn not for me, when I am gone ;
 Nor round my bier,
 Shed one sad tear,
 Nor put for me your sable on.
 I go to Him who died to save ;
 In Him I trust,
 And though to dust,
 My flesh shall moulder in the grave ;
 Yet soft and sweet shall be its rest ;
 While far on high,
 My soul shall fly,
 To be forever with the blest.

And at the last great day, the earth
 Shall yield its trust;
 And then my dust
 Shall rise to glad and glorious birth.
 I fear not death; why should I? tell;
 Death has no sting,
 Since Christ my King,
 Hath died, and conquered death and hell.
 The cold, dark grave—there is no care,
 Nor pain, nor gloom,
 Within the tomb;
 The wicked cease from troubling there.
 Then let me go: I see the throng
 Of happy ones,
 Upon their thrones;
 I hear their ever-pealing song.
 Mourn not for me, when I am gone;
 Nor shed one tear
 Around my bier;
 But *meet* me, *meet* me round the Throne.

