

there was no murmuring, his language was, "though thou slay me yet will I trust in thee." One morning, after a long and painful night, his partner remarked, "It has been a long night?" he replied with force, "No!—no long nights." He meant, that the hours were not hanging heavily upon his hands, but that by reason of the presence and grace of his Saviour, the time was profitably improved. From the time of his leaving his home, to the time of his departure to a better world, a week and two days only elapsed; and instead of any improvement in his health, there was an evident change for the worse. Observing his end approaching, he freely resigned all into the hands of his Redeemer and Lord. He frequently expressed his confidence in the atoning blood of Christ, and said, "O! what could I do without the atoning love of Jesus?" Calling his partner to take his farewell of her, he said—

"Give joy or grief, give care or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day."

His favourite words were during his affliction, "Jesus the first and the last," &c. &c. He calmly fell asleep in Jesus. His last words were, "Jesus the first and the last."

A GILBERT.

DIED on the 15th of January, 1846, *Mr. Henry Thornburrow*, at Peasland, Westmoreland, where he was born, in the year 1784. At a very early period he was a subject of Divine grace, and through cherishing the convictions made upon his mind by the Spirit of God, his thoughtful mind was very solemnly impressed with eternal things. From a child he was diligent in searching the Scriptures, and the entrance of God's Word gave light to his understanding. From his youthful days he was remarkable for sobriety and strict morality: his sister states, that he was never known to swear or utter a falsehood. Thus he was happily preserved from many of those vices and snares to which youth generally are exposed; but when the Almighty by his Spirit deepened his convictions of sin, he saw that no virtue, however specious in appearance, and no morality, however acceptable to man, could save him; he saw,

indeed, the utter unavailability of anything but Christ to save; that "in Christ Jesus neither circumcision avail-eth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature."

When he was about twenty-seven years of age he joined the old Methodist Society; and undeniable evidences of the genuineness of the great change which at that time took place in his heart appeared in his subsequent life. During the latter part of his life he was, through protracted severe afflictions, rendered unfit for active service; but in the former part of his spiritual career he was laborious and useful, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Whatever his hand found to do he did it with all his might. For some years he, to enjoy the means of grace, travelled on foot every Sabbath, a distance of at least eighteen miles. When he had the means of grace nearer his home it was his regular practice, for years, to leave home very early before breakfast on the Lord's day to distribute tracts round the adjacent villages; on his return home from that important work he would immediately engage with all his heart in the Sunday school which he established and taught in his own house. In this delightful employment he took a deep and lively interest; he was never so much in his element as when pouring instruction into the minds of youth. Having an excellent library of his own he would frequently lend them books to read: he also taught a night School. His ardent soul could not rest until a public school was erected, and he most assiduously laboured himself, and enlisted the influence of others, in aid of this benevolent object; and he had the gratification of seeing it accomplished.

He was a true philanthropist. All the sympathies of his nature were drawn out towards the destitute and needy. Like Job "he was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame." He not unfrequently sacrificed his private interest for the public good; and his mind was at times so absorbed with his neighbours interests as to occasion injury to himself.

He was a man of great candour, he ever considered character as sacred, concealed the infirmities, and delighted to publish the excellencies of others: he faithfully observed the precept of the apostle, "Speak evil of no man." Sincerity was no less conspicuous in

his whole life ; his words were the true index of his mind ; he was careful in promising and punctual in performing. He was also a peace maker, and would often recede from his own right for peace' sake. Another characteristic, I may add, was his humility, this was evinced both towards God and man. He had learned in honour to prefer others to himself ; exceedingly modest and unassuming in his habits, he would, if possible, shrink from observation. By his conversation the writer of this has often been refreshed. His natural diffidence and extreme modesty made him unwilling to act publicly, but when justice demanded, when truth required, and when conscience summoned, he laid aside his diffidence and nobly stepped forward in the defence of what he considered right, and, temperately and mildly, stated the convictions of his mind.

During the last ten years of his life he was more or less a subject of extreme sufferings ; like his Divine Lord, he "was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." His whole system appeared to be paralysed. Often he was made to smart and groan heavily under the chastisement of his heavenly Father, indeed he was agonised with pain ; but when pain strong and severe over his weak flesh prevailed, his breast was with lamb-like patience armed. If there ever was a second Job, he was the man. He who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind, was evidently making him perfect through suffering. He was called to pass through an excessively hot furnace, by which he was purified as gold. Hence he could say, "He knoweth the way that I take, that after he has tried me he will bring me forth as gold." Notwithstanding the almost intolerable pressure of bodily sufferings under which he groaned, God his heavenly Father mercifully continued to him the use of all his senses and mental powers ; hence when lying up stairs stretched upon his bed of severe affliction, he could distinctly hear almost every word the preacher said in the house below, which was opened by him for Divine worship, and had been for many years.

As he drew nearer the confines of the grave his afflictions abounded yet more and more, and his consolations also abounded. Whenever I had the privilege of seeing him, I found his mind tranquil and happy, "rejoicing in

hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." To his dear sister who had been unremitting in her attention to him, he said one day, "What pain I suffer!" to which she replied, "Well, it will soon be over." He meekly rejoined, "Yes, it will." Very frequently towards the close of his mortal career, he seemed as if he should like to say something to his sister, but through agonizing sufferings he could not articulate a word. Yet at such times his heart was evidently full of the joy that is unspeakable. He felt very acutely when any of his friends suffered on his account. Seeing his sister one day very much fatigued and jaded in consequence of the many wearisome days and nights appointed to them both, he, with weeping eyes, said, that he had always prayed that no one might have to suffer on his account.

The night prior to his decease his sufferings were dreadful ; the disease raging with intensity, it was almost more than surviving friends could bear to witness the great fight ; the last mortal struggle, the fainting pangs. All the inmates of the house sat up the last night with him, as they could not think of leaving him, as it was thought he could not hold out much longer. Contrary, however, to the apprehensions of all present, he revived again a little in the morning, and feeling in some degree relieved, was heard to say, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." At about three o'clock in the afternoon the weary wheels of life ceased to move. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. His death was improved, by the writer, both at his native place and at Bolton, to large attentive congregations from the words of Job, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change come."

W. MACKENNY.

DIED on the 26th September, 1846, *Mary Ann*, wife of *John Kirkham*, of Manchester. She was born near Bolton, of religious parents, whose chief concern was to train up their children in the fear of the Lord. She in 1826, entered into the marriage state with her now bereaved husband, and has left two children to bewail her death. She was kind and affectionate as a wife, and tender as a parent. Her mind be-