

ters of the word were always welcome at her table, and the communion of saints was a privilege she enjoyed. She was of few words as to her own personal experience, but spoke with power in the last lovefeast she attended. The last two years of her life were years of feebleness, and the last weeks were weeks of great suffering. She was assiduously nursed by her daughters, but longed to depart, saying,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

However, she waited the Lord's will, and said to her daughters, "The Lord is going to take me at the right time, and I have no fear of death." To her husband she said she was going to heaven, and bid him wait in hope the summons to follow. Shortly after she awoke from slumber, and looking up exclaimed, "Heaven! heaven!" and passed away. Some who did not know her so intimately as did others, would say that she had more of the "Martha" than of "Mary," but after knowing her rather intimately for nearly a quarter of a century, I should be glad of a few more friends of the spirit of mother Brazier, who left earth for heaven, August 8, 1874.

GEORGE WARNER.

AGNES ACORNLEY, wife of Rev. John Acornley, stationed at Morris, Tioga Co., Pa., and the daughter of Rev. B. Whillock, late of the Western Conference, was born April 21, 1847, in Paisley, Scotland. Being the daughter of a minister, she was subjected to repeated removals, but wherever she went she made many friends. From the pious teachings and examples of home, she was early impressed with the necessity of conversion; hence, at the age of twelve years, she obtained the joys of salvation, in the Primitive Methodist Church, Gooch-street, Birmingham, England. From this time she became a lover of the cause, and an earnest worker in the Sabbath-school, thus by her life giving evidence of the converting grace of God in her soul. December 17, 1868, she was married to our beloved brother, in Rochdale, Lancashire. Life to her now seemed to have a very sunny aspect; leaning upon the arm of her companion, she was full of hope. The clouds will hide from human sight the brightness of the sun. So with her hopeful life, it was covered over with many a cloud of sorrow. In the year 1870, our bereaved brother left the land of his nativity, to prepare for himself and wife a home in this land. This was a great trial to our departed sister. But God opened the way for her to join her husband in the same year. Her life in this country has been one of trial and affliction. Brother Acornley, in the year 1871, was called by our Conference to the work of the ministry. The sacrifices he had to make were cheerfully borne by his companion. The burdens he has had to bear, peculiar to the work of the ministry, were made lighter by her sympathy. To the genuineness of her piety, and the deep love she had for the cause, the members and friends of her husband's charges can bear testimony. Her strong temperance principles will be understood when it is remembered she was a faithful and earnest Good Templar. Four weeks before her death, in the fulness of her heart, she went to church to give God thanks that he had made her the mother of a living child, and offered her child to God in baptism. She was looking for a life of years to train her children for God and the Church, but soon her hopes were blighted. Two days after this, she sickened and got worse. She fell asleep in Jesus, September 21, 1875, in the twenty-eighth year of her age. The writer performed the last service over her remains, assisted by the Rev. J. P. Jones, Welsh minister. Her body lies in the Blossburg cemetery, and her soul rests with Jesus.

D. SAVAGE.

JOHN NELSON was born in the army, more than eighty years ago. Obscurity rests upon his youth, but in early manhood he was converted to God, through the agency of the Primitive Methodists, and, joining the body, continued a consistent member until death. The writer of these lines knew