

people of almost all classes came in to see me, as they supposed for the last time, and among the rest, my good friend Dr Gano of Providence, who came ten miles to make me a visit. His conversation, prayers and visits were very refreshing to myself, the family, and neighbors, who were collected together. I tarried at D. Tucker's in Smithfield and Father Rhodes' in Burrilville one fortnight. Being then as well prepared as I could be, having a good horse and chaise, and Stephen Tucker, one of the young brethren to go with me, I made another move for home. I left Burrilville, R. I. on the 15th of April, and arrived at my father's in Sutton Vt. the 24th, I was strengthened to endure the fatigues of the journey beyond my own and every other person's expectation. Surely the Lord was with me, his hand sustained me, or it had been, as many prophesied, that I should die on the way and never reach home. I was now once more unexpectedly and cordially received at the hospitable mansion of my Father. My brother Jonathan and his wife had moved home to live with, and take care of my parents the remainder of their life. Every attention was now paid to their son and brother which his reduced situation demanded, but finding all their efforts baffled, they began to persuade me to have recourse to medical aid. Notwithstanding I had believed for considerable time, that my disease would parry all the efforts of human skill, yet I indulged my friends and consented to their propositions. They soon, however found, that all was in vain; my stubborn cough was not to be checked by the virtues of medicine, nor was my disordered lungs to be healed by the power of it. Almost every person now despaired of my recovery—my physicians considered me nearly gone with the consumption—they said, that they could do no more for me, for I was beyond the reach of medicine.—This I was glad to hear them acknowledge, for I had been sensible of the fact for many months. I then

took the liberty to mention my faith in the physician of soul and body, saying in the hearing of many, the great physician in the world of glory has power to heal me, and if he is sent for, I have no doubt but he will come and do it; for he never failed in a single instance. The truth of this saying, the manner of his being sent for, the situation in which he found me, I shall hasten to relate. The first week in June, 1817, it was evident I was failing faster than usual; my cough became extremely distressing, which, together with the weakness and pressure upon my lungs and uncommon shortness of breath made it appear, and not without reason, that I should breathe my last. My sleepless nights, and restless days, singular distress in my heart, with occasional pains in every part of the system, cold sweats in the night, a raging fever with alternate cold chills, together with the swelling of my feet and legs, threatened my speedy removal to the world of spirits; nor do I believe I could have continued in the body four weeks longer and perhaps not one, had not the Lord appeared. The manner of his being sent for I will also mention. Sunday evening, June 8th, my father returned from Wheelock, where he had been to attend a quarterly meeting, and after relating what a wonderful season they had had, he mentioned over the Elders who attended; they were men with whom I was well acquainted, men who had been made near to me. I passed the night in silent meditation, thinking over the goodness of God to me, &c. I also reflected how I had tried means (which I consider is every one's duty) to regain my health, by following the directions of one and another, but that I had never followed the directions of the apostle James, as mentioned in the 5th Chap. 14th and 15th verses; 'Is any among you sick, &c.' My mind had been much exercised on this subject for some time, and now I resolved to put it in practice.

Next morning, June 9th, my father came into my

room, and I told him what passed in my mind, and what I was about to do. He seemed very much rejoiced, and very strong in the faith that it was of the Lord. I asked him who I should get to go and call for the elders of the church, he replied that he would go himself, and while he was preparing, the very four elders I had selected came on purpose to pray for my life, as they informed me. This visit they agreed upon the day before at the quarterly meeting. They soon began to pray to the Lord, and his ears I believe were open to their prayers. I felt the power and spirit of the Lord God upon me, and before they had done praying, every pain of body left me; I felt perfectly happy, calm and free from pain as I ever did in my life. Thus I continued as long as the heavenly shower lasted, which was several hours.

I cannot say, as was said of one in scripture, "that he was made whole from that hour," but I believe I began to amend from that hour. It appeared to me, that my disorder was routed, my lungs in some measure relieved, that I breathed much easier, and that my cough began to abate. In short, it appeared to me like this, that it appeared in answer to the prayer of faith to relieve me from the grave, and that he would again raise me up to preach the everlasting gospel.— But as I had been a long time declining, I must reasonably expect to be a long time recovering. Towards the latter part of June the Lord sent along a new preacher by the name of Clarrissa Danforth, from Wethersfield, state of Vermont. Her first meeting in this county was at Danville, where she preached to the admiration of a numerous auditory. After she had preached there a few times, she came to Sutton, and preached, and from thence proceeded to preach in all the towns around. She held meetings in Wheelock, Lyndon, Enk. Kireby, Waterford, St. Johnsbury, Barnet, Peacham, Sheffield, Newark, Concord, Cabot, &c. &c. It is generally allowed, that there

never has been a preacher through these parts, that called out such multitudes, as went to hear her.— Nor was this the only good effect which was experienced from her preaching, for there was a glorious revival of the work of the Lord in almost every town where she preached. The high sheriff of this county was among the first of the converts. She appeared to be a young woman of extraordinary talents, of a good education, and parentage, and of much grace. She was four or five and twenty years of age. She informed me that she was struck under conviction, by hearing me speak six or seven years ago, as I passed through the lower part of this state, on my way to the Ohio. She was soon after converted, and had now been preaching upwards of three years with great success.

I now pass on to observe that according to my faith and in answer to the prayers of my brethren, on the 9th of June, I soon found my health began to improve, and by the last of July I was not only able to attend public worship, but sometimes to speak a few minutes to the people. In this I continued to ascend the hill, through the month of August. On Sunday the 24th, after public worship we repaired to the water side, where prayer was wont to be made, and it being the choice of the candidates that I should baptize them, I conferred not with flesh and blood, but walked down into the water. This was very unexpected to nearly all the brethren and people, for they did not suppose I had strength sufficient, or that it was possible for me to perform the ordinance. They therefore paraded along close by the water ready to leap in to my assistance; but a stronger arm than that of man supported me. I know not that I ever baptized with greater ease, or felt happier in administering the ordinance.

On the 30th and 31st of August, I attended a quarterly meeting at Danville, a distance of sixteen or

eighteen miles. After meeting I returned home, less fatigued than I expected, and could say from my heart in the language of that short and impressive psalm (117) O praise the Lord all ye nations; praise him all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth forever.— Praise ye the Lord.

I continued at my fathers in Sutton until the 10th of September. I then left my father's house, went to St. Johnsbury and staid at my aunt Brockway's, 11th went to Newbury and staid at Col. Sickney's. 12th went to Rumney; 13th to Moultonborough; 14th to Sandwich; 15th to Parsonville to Elder Buzzel's; 16th to Elder Bullock's; 17th to Gorham; 18th to Portland; 20th to Scarborough; 21st to York; 22nd to Portsmouth; 25th to Kingstown; 26th to Haverhill; 27th to Salem; 28th to Charleston; 29th to Attleborough 30th to Providence, to Doct. Gano's; October 1st to Burrilville; 3d to Smithfield; 4th to Coventry, to Elder Farnam's; 5th to Norwich; 6th to Lime; 7th to Hilingsworth; 8th to New-Haven; 9th to Shatfield; 10th to Stamford; 11th to East Chester; 12th to New-York; 13th to Milton, New-Jersey; 14th to New-Brunswick; 15th to Trenton; 16th to Morrisville, Pennsylvania; 17th to Philadelphia, where I continued until the 27th. At 1 o'clock I left Philadelphia, took the steam boat and proceeded down the Delaware to Newcastle, a distance of 40 miles; 25th left Newcastle at four in the morning, and went in the stage 16 miles to Frenchtown; then took the steam-boat and proceeded down the Elk river into Chesapeake bay, and from thence to Baltimore 70 miles; 29th continued in Baltimore; 30th left Baltimore in the morning, took the steam-boat Virginia and arrived at Norfolk in Virginia the next morning, 200 miles; continued in Norfolk from the 31st of October to the—

APPENDIX.

The foregoing is the last of the journal written by Elder John Colby. The first news that saluted the ears of his friends, was in a Boston paper, as follows:

OBITUARY.

“Departed this life, yesterday morning, (November-28th,) at the residence of Mr Wm. Fauquier, in this borough, after a painful and lingering sickness, which he bore with christian fortitude and resignation, the Rev. JOHN COLBY, a Baptist minister from the state of Vermont. A few weeks since, Mr Colby reached this place from the north, being on his way to Charleston, S. C. where he hoped to recover the health and strength which he had spent in the service of his Lord and Master. But it was decreed otherwise; his sufferings are at an end, for he has fallen asleep in the arms of Jesus, and his immortal spirit has winged its flight to that bright world of bliss, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary pilgrim is forever at rest. For the satisfaction of his relatives and friends at a distance, and as an act of justice to the worthy family, in whose house Mr Colby breathed his last, we deem it proper to state that he received every respect and attention, which his offices and his sufferings required.”

Norfolk, Va. paper.

Soon after this, his father received the following letter from the good man at whose house he deceased.

“Norfolk, Va. Dec. 1, 1817.

DEAR SIR,

The object of this is to afford you intelligence of the departure of the Rev. John Colby from this into a better life. On the last of October, or the first of November, he arrived in this place, journeying to the south in quest of health. An immediate opportunity for his departure from this place did not offer.—His heavenly Father sent the kind conductor, death, by whom he was led from this land of sorrow into a land of delight, which is not infected with any noisome pestilence, or contaminated air; where he will be afflicted no more, but spend an eternity in songs of praise to that rich free grace, of which he was a partaker, which of course trained him to spend his life in the service of his heavenly master. You will find here enclosed an obituary notice of his death.

He desired that his books and clothes should be conveyed to Dr Gano's, Providence, Rhode-Island, which will be done by the first conveyance. After defraying the expenses incurred, there is left in my hands, fifty-two dollars and forty-nine cents, as per statement below. He said something about the erection of a tomb-stone—should you direct this to be done, it shall be promptly attended to, otherwise you are at liberty to draw on me, or advise any other manner in which the balance may be conveyed to you.

Yours truly,

WM. M. FAUQUIER,

Deacon of the Baptist Church in Norfolk.

Cash left by him in my hands,	\$108 49
Board, medicine attendance,	20 00
Funeral expenses,	31 00
	<hr/>
	\$52 49

The text on the occasion was, “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour, &c. the Son of man cometh.”

The letter of Deacon Fauquier, is published in order to show to the world the good hand of God, in delivering John Colby, his servant, into the care of a godly man, although he had to lay his bones nine hundred and fifty miles from his poor troubled parents; who, nevertheless, with the greatest propriety, could say with the apostle, “Not to sorrow for the dead as those who have no hope. May God sanctify it to their present and eternal good.”

The second letter that Deacon Fauquier sent to his father, states that Elder Colby arrived at his house on Friday, much fatigued; but on the next Sunday, there being no minister, he went to meeting and delivered two good discourses, and attended meeting two Sundays after. He then told the deacon, that he had come a great way from home to die with him, and requested that he might be interred in their burying-yard. His request was granted, and his body rests within the gloomy pales of the abodes of the dead.

According to his desire, his father sent and caused a handsome, white marble tomb-stone to be erected, and engraven with his age, death, &c. which will stand as a monument to show to the living the spot where his remains were deposited, until from the sleeping dust shall spring a body of its own seed, a spiritual body, fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ, according to Paul, Philippians, iii, 21: “Who shall change our vile body,” &c.

BIOGRAPHICAL REMARKS UPON THE CHARACTER AND LABORS
OF ELDER JOHN COLBY.

“He being dead yet speaketh.”—Heb. iii, 4.

ELDER COLBY left the habitation of his father, and the company of his friends in Vermont, like Philip, to go toward the south to preach Christ to the people, and woo a bride for his master; indulging, at the same time the fond hope of regaining his health, which for several years had been impaired, and more especially so for several months, in this, however, he was disappointed, having arrived at the house of Deacon Fauquier, he became sensible that he should die with him.

Notwithstanding his outward man had long been decaying, yet he seemed to die suddenly. It is highly satisfactory that he was enabled to preach several times in the borough of Norfolk after his arrival, and thus to finish in Virginia, as it were, before noon, those gospel labors which he began in the morning of life, in the state of Vermont.

It produces pleasure to the relations and brethren of Elder Colby to contemplate, that, as it has pleased God to call him home when in a distant land, nearly a thousand miles from his friends in Vermont, he was directed to the house of such a man as Dea. Fauquier appears to have been; that he apparently had every necessary help, and all due attention paid him, till he drew his last breath; and that the mortal remains of our departed brother were interred, in a decent and christian like manner. Doubtless, our tears would start afresh, could we have the privilege of beholding the marble monument which stands at the head of his grave, and there read the name of him whom we highly esteemed for his work's sake.

From a child John Colby was pleasing and engaging in his deportment. From the time that he experienc-

ed religion, that which was solemn and striking attended all his transactions. Those blossoms which rendered his *summer* delightful, and which ultimately produced such an abundant *harvest*, budded early in his *spring*. He was converted, and by the grace of God prepared for the ministry very young. He entered with great boldness and confidence, the beautiful field of the gospel when but a youth, and left father and mother, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, for the sake of the gospel; and went forth in the name of the Lord through various states, preaching as he went, saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand, repent ye, therefore, and believe the gospel. Being furnished with the whole armour of God, and having weapons not carnal but mighty, he was enabled to pull down many of the strong holds of sin and Satan; and by him the arrows were made sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies, and hundreds fell under the word.

As a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, Elder Colby was humble, engaged and persevering. He was instant in season, and out of season. He frequently rode many miles, and attended several meetings the same day. In his preaching he was plain and familiar. He communicated his views with ease to himself, and satisfaction to his hearers. Although he was not in the unpleasant habit of using great swelling words, yet his language was generally correct, and his style usually bordering on the sublime. Like the ancient holy men of God, he spake as he was moved upon by the Holy Ghost.

He was admirably calculated to attract the attention and command the esteem, of all classes of people.—His *gestures* were becoming and graceful. His *words* were solemn and weighty, well selected and arranged; yea, they were like “apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

In his public communications he was not only enlightening but awakening, entering deeply into the spir-

it of the subject, in which he was engaged. Hard indeed must have been the heart of that person who could have beheld the almost worn out body, and heard the solemn and pathetic addresses, of Elder Colby, without melting into tenderness, and giving vent to tears.

Had not this man of God been called into the work of the ministry he probably might have sojourned in the circle of his acquaintance, prospered in the world, and obtained the comforts of life, and thereby have escaped those severe conflicts and painful privations, to which his calling subjected him. But it was not so with him. He must leave *all* to follow Christ and become a fisher of men.

This vessel was chosen to bear the Saviour's name among the gentiles. He must forsake that *father* who, under God, gave him life, that *mother* who sustained him, those *brothers* and *sisters* who were near and dear unto him, and all his prospects of earthly *gain*, to go forth weeping, bearing precious seed.

The effect of his preaching was wonderful, and the fruit of his labors abundant. He had the satisfaction of seeing hundreds of his fellow men turn to God.—He did not labor long in any place unless signs of reformation began to appear, but would leave that place and go to another where the Macedonian cry was heard. Hence he was in the work of God, and success attended his labors through the whole course of his ministry.

He travelled and preached in many places where a free gospel had not previously been preached, raised the standard of life, proclaimed liberty to captives, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound.—The Lord made him instrumental in turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

In the short course of his pilgrimage he baptized

many hundreds.* He had the success, in many instances, of turning a barren wilderness into a fruitful field; and of planting, and setting in gospel order, several churches, which, while he rests from his labors, are increasing in numbers, and growing in grace.

Those who are unacquainted with the operation and effect of the gospel, and do not know by happy experience that it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, will probably discredit some of the statements of Elder Colby, concerning conversions and reformations, or at least may conclude that the accounts are exaggerated; but his readers are assured that it is not so. The writer of these remarks was personally acquainted with Elder Colby; he has also travelled into many of those places in which the revivals of religion were, as spoken of by him. There are also hundreds of others, now living in the states of Vermont, New-Hampshire, Maine, Rhode-Island, Ohio, and other places, who can testify that the accounts which are written in his journal are true.

In the principles of religion he was firm. He was not *tossed* with *every*, nor even with *any* wind of doctrine, contrary to the doctrine of Christ. He continued until death, with that people† with whom he was first connected; to whom his language was, during his life, “entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee.”

In consequence of the active labors, and indefatigable toils of Elder Colby, he had many *hardships* to suffer, many *trials* to encounter, and many *temptations*

* By a manuscript found among his papers since his decease, it appears that from August 12, 1810, to Nov. 28, 1816, he baptized 640 persons. The names of these persons are in the possession of the publishers, who at first entertained an idea of inserting them at the close of this volume—but upon further reflection it was thought to be inexpedient.

† The united churches of Christ, commonly called Free-Will Baptists.

to endure. He left an earthly father's house where there was bread enough and to spare, and went forth *poor*, yet making many *rich*, as *having nothing*, yet *possessing all things*. He faced the piercing winds of the north by night and by day; and underwent perils by sea and by land, which doubtless hastened his death; but he lived long on the earth, for "that life is long which answers life's great end."

Although he was accustomed to expose error, to bring to light the hidden things of iniquity, and with gentleness and meekness to reprove the faults of others; yet, he possessed an extensive degree of that charity which is the bond of perfectness, which hopeth all things, which endureth all things, and worketh no ill to its neighbor. It always appeared to rejoice his heart to see the likeness of Christ in any person. And so sensible was he of his relation to the children of God, that he was frequently heard to say, "I John am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ."

In the *private* circle Elder Colby was also a bright and shining light. He was a preacher of righteousness by the *fireside*. In intervals of public worship, he employed his time in praying, singing, and conversing with the people about the things that belonged to their peace. To bring the *sinner* to a consideration of his ways, to comfort the *mourner*, to instruct the saint, and to build him up in the most holy faith, was his endeavor and delight. All his movements seemed to declare that he sought a better, that is, a heavenly country, a city which hath foundations; and that it was his principal aim to persuade others to enter into that rest which remaineth to the people of God; and no doubt that thousands will have reason to rejoice in eternity that they ever saw and heard him.

The light which was in this excellent man was seldom, if ever, eclipsed by indulging in improper passions, or tempers of mind, or any of those vices, which usu-

ally attend them. He appeared to have the command of himself, or rather grace reigned in his heart, whereby he was enabled to bring under his body, and keep it in subjection.

With respect to the *person* of this able minister of the new testament, a few remarks will be made for the satisfaction of those who never saw him. His form was elegant, his features handsome, his size rather moderate, his constitution naturally delicate, his eyes pleasant yet piercing, his ears open and attentive, and his tongue like the pen of a ready writer. His dress was usually plain and decent, suited to his station and condition in life. In his *manners* he was affable and genteel—in society he was pleasant and agreeable.

His modes of travelling from place to place were either on horseback, in a chaise, in a stage, or by water, as his circumstances and health required.

These observations are offered as a tribute of respect to Elder Colby, who has finished his course on earth, fought the good fight of faith, and gone to receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. In this world he had tribulation, but it continued only a short time. His trials are over, and his troubles have come to an end. That glorious Redeemer, who called him to preach his word, who held him in his right hand, and was with him while here, has now received him to himself, and has wiped away all tears from his eyes. He now plucks ambrosial fruit from life's fair tree, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. He dwells in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

And now, O reader! let the godly life and pious examples of this faithful servant of Christ, stimulate you, if you are a professor of religion, like him to deny yourself, take the cross, and follow the Saviour; leaving the enjoyments of earth, for the far superior

joys which are found in living a holy life devoted to the service of God.

But if you have never yet experienced a change of heart, fear to live any longer in sin, lest the day of grace should be over, and the wages of sin which is death, should suddenly come upon you. Turn to the Lord now while it is an excepted time, that you may enjoy the comforts of religion here, and be prepared with John Colby and all the redeemed of the Lord, for the kingdom of eternal glory.

The following letter to the publisher of the New-York edition, will doubtless be interesting to many, as it contains some particulars relative to the last hours of Elder COLBY.

West-Bloomfield, N. Y. December 4, 1826.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am much pleased to learn, that you are engaged in publishing a *second edition* of Elder JOHN COLBY'S Journal. The work I have been delighted with, and think it a book which cannot be too widely circulated, or too generally read. While the journals of many have been published, to little profit, it is a fact that others have proved a rich legacy to community, and a peculiar blessing to thousands. How many, from reading the lives of *Howard*, *Brainard* and *Xavier*, have seemed to catch the same spirit that actuated the men of whom they read. Would to heaven, that thousands might catch the spirit of Colby, and follow him as he followed Christ. Such journals, also, frequently find way to the retired cottage, where they are read with profit and delight. I know one man, who in early life professed religion but for several years had lived in a backslidden state. While in this condition, as he informed me, Elder Colby's Journal providentially fell in his way; he read it, and it proved a means, under God, of reclaiming the wanderer and bringing him back to the fold of Christ.—

This, probably, is only one of many instances which might be named, where souls have been benefitted by reading this Journal. Elder Colby I never saw, but in many places where I have travelled, the fruits of his labors remain as more lasting monuments of his worth, than eulogiums can from a pen like mine.

While on a tour through the south part of Virginia, in the winter of 1824, I spent several days in the vicinity of Norfolk. Having learned that Elder Colby died there, I concluded to visit the sacred spot where his bones slumber. Elder O. E. Morrill, of Caro, N. Y. being in company with me, we were conducted by a friend to the residence of Deacon *Fauquier*, to whom we were politely introduced. We found him, to appearance, a gentleman and a Christian. He conversed with us freely, relative to Elder Colby's introduction into Norfolk, together with his last sickness and death. Deacon F. happened to be a passenger in the same vessel that Elder Colby came in to Norfolk. While together on board, they contracted a pleasing acquaintance with each other. The Baptist church to which Deacon F. belonged, being then destitute of a preacher, he invited Elder Colby to spend several days at his house, and in case his health would permit, to preach to them the next Sabbath. The invitation was accepted, and on the following Sabbath he preached a very satisfactory sermon in the meeting house alluded to. During the week following, his health appeared fast to decline, he however requested on the next Sabbath, to be conveyed to the meeting-house, that he might preach once more. He was accordingly carried to the place, ascended the pulpit alone, and spoke to the people about three quarters of an hour. Deacon F. remarked, that while standing in the pulpit, he looked more like a corpse than a living person. His mind, however, was composed, and his testimony solemn and weighty. At the close of the exercises, he was led out of the pulpit. On

going out of the meeting-house, he told Deacon F. he thought he had preached his last sermon. He then selected a spot of ground, where he expressed his desire he might be buried. He was then conveyed back to Deacon F.'s house, which he never left, till death ended his pains and afflictions. A heavenly serenity and composure of mind, as our informant told us, seemed to buoy up his spirits in his last moments, and even to create a smile on his pale countenance, when sinking in the arms of death. The name of *Jesus* hung upon his lips while able to speak of his goodness, and he ceased not to recommend him to all who came around his bed, till his voice became mute in death.

After some conversation with Deacon F. he accompanied us to the grave. The meeting-house in which Elder Colby preached his last sermon, is a large, plain, brick building, standing in a central part of Norfolk. It is surrounded by a small pleasant green, separated on the east from a grave-yard by a stone wall; it is also walled in on two other sides, and enclosed in front by a handsome paling. We entered the enclosure by a small gate, and passing to the east end of the meeting-house, a plain marble stone, standing by itself, pointed us to the grave of Colby. It is within the meeting-house enclosure, and near to the wall which separates the green from the grave-yard directly back of the pulpit, and about fifteen feet from the meeting-house. When Elder Colby made known his desire to be buried in that spot, Deacon F. told him he knew not that the ground could be obtained, as the society had objected to burying in the meeting-house green but, however, assured him that, should it be needed, he would use exertions to obtain the ground. Accordingly, after Elder Colby's death, through the influence of Deacon F. the request was complied with. There is but one stone standing at

his grave, and this simply contains his name, place of his birth, time of his death, and age.

We spent probably thirty minutes at this grave. I walked round it several times, viewed the mound that covers his body, and read the inscription upon the marble stone, over and over again. Then leaning over the grave-stone, a train of reflections passed my mind, accompanied with an impression, never to be erased from my memory. I thought of the person whose remains were here entombed; his pious zeal, his gospel labors, and toil, which had worn him out, even in the morning of life. I reflected on the hundreds, who would probably rejoice, in eternity, that they had ever heard his voice and attended to his instructions. My mind ran back to the solemn leave he took of his parents, kindred and brethren, in New-England; starting for the south, with some hope of regaining his health. I looked at the building in which he preached for the last time, and fancied his thoughts, his reflections, when laid upon the couch of death, among strangers, far from his tender parents and relatives, and even from his dear brethren, who would have thought it a privilege to have attended him in his last moments. I viewed, as it were, his lifeless remains laid upon the sable hearse, slowly followed by a company of generous strangers to this sacred spot, where they will probably repose, in peace till the resurrection morn.

I walked a few rods from the grave, turned and gazed upon it again, and bade it a final farewell!

From the best information I have been able to obtain, from many witnesses, I think, for the short period of his labors, few men in our day have been more useful in the gospel vineyard than Elder JOHN COLBY.— God grant his mantle may fall on some other.

With sentiments of esteem, I am yours truly,
DAVID MILLARD.

To Elder DAVID MARKS, Jr.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A RECOLLECTION OF
JOHN COLBY.

COLBY, thy memory is dear! thy heart,
Touched with a sense of things divine, apart
In sacred solitude, delights to dwell
Upon those virtues which adorn'd thee well.
The christian name was thine. Through God's free grace
Worthy wert thou! This ev'ry eye could trace:
The moral sense in thee was strong—a son,
A brother, or a friend, thy carriage won
Upon the soul. Respect was thine—and none
Could say but Colby in the virtues shone.

A minister of God; with holy zeal
And heavenly love all burning, thou didst feel
For dying man. The groves were thy retreat;
Where, often, like some Patriarch, thou didst meet
Thy heavenly Father; and, before his throne
With rev'rence bow'd, convers'd with him alone.
Oh! there the hapless sinner was thy care;
His case upon the wings of fervent prayer
Was sent above; nor sent in vain! THE GREAT,
THE EVER BLESSED, from his starry height,
Heard thy desire. Down, down, the SPIRIT came
His heart to touch, thy soul to light with flame!
Thy circuit was extensive. Like a Paul,
Oft didst thou journey dying souls to call
From wrath and ruin to the good old way,
Where the saints sing, and sinners learn to pray.
And who that witnessed thee upon the word
Of *Holy Writ*, when speaking for thy Lord,
But saw the unction—felt the searching truth?
Old age was captive, charm'd were giddy youth!
Many who heard thee, gave their hearts to God,
And in thy crown will shine a bright reward!

But all must die, and thou among the rest;
Yet angels hail thee happy with the blest!
But where thy mantle? When Elijah's fell,
It was Elisha's! Him it suited well!
His ardent soul a richer glow possess'd
Of that which fir'd his sire's prophetic breast.
Oh! Thou, the sinner's friend! let thousands rise
With Colby's spirit, winning for the skies
The stubborn heart. Let thousands, thousands go
And preach, like him, through all the world below!

CLOSING REMARKS,
PREPARED FOR THIS EDITION.

The writer of this brief notice of Elder Colby, never saw that devoted servant of God. But as he has visited many places where he labored, and conversed with many persons who were intimately acquainted with him, he trusts that the following account of his ministerial character is strictly true. It may be proper to state that this article was necessarily penned under circumstances that made it impossible for the writer to bestow upon it much attention; hence it is more defective than it otherwise would have been.

It may truly be said of the author of the preceding journal, that few men with the same means have been as useful as he was. Without the advantages of a collegiate education and a regular course of study in theology, through his faithful labors many were turned from darkness to light and from the power of satan to serve the living God.

As many with far greater advantages have preached much longer than he did without doing the same amount of good, it is natural to enquire, by what means did he accomplish so much in the short course of his ministry? In answer to this question it may be asserted, that whatever else contributed to his great usefulness, his *resemblance of Christ* was undoubtedly the efficient instrumental cause of his success. Passing by his early piety and his obedience to his parents as having no *direct* bearing on his usefulness as a minister, but in both of which he much resembled his Saviour, he imited him in the following graces and virtues.

1. *In his untiring diligence in doing good.* Few ministers since the days of the apostles, have more carefully followed the imitable example of Christ in this respect. In the noble work of going "about doing good," he early sacrificed his valuable life. His journal contains abundant evidence of his devotion to the welfare of his fellow men; and, I regret to add, too much proof that he did not always observe the rules of prudence in the preservation of his health.

2. *In lowliness of mind.* Although he was much esteemed and had many friends among the respectable and wealthy, he minded not high things, but condescended to men of low estate. As far as it was practicable he visited the poor as well as the rich, and never seemed to feel himself above any good man. Consequently he did not pay that difference to "a gold ring," "goodly apparel," and sordid wealth, that some ministers pay to these things, to the disgrace of their holy calling and to the reproach of religion.

3. *In his inoffensive life.* That those whose sins he reprov'd, sometimes complained of him, is evident; nor is this strange. But it is obvious that few ministers ever gave less occasion for offence.

4. *In self-denial.* Notwithstanding he was much esteemed by his connections and friends, and also had the means of living at ease, he gave up his prospects of riches, honor, and pleasure, to wander a lonely stranger and endure the privations incident to a toilsome itinerant life, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

5. *In contentment with his condition.* He freely forsook the world with its allurements, and subjected himself to the condition of one who feels that he has no abiding place on earth. But amidst all the fatigues and inconveniences of such a state, he seems to have been well satisfied with his lot.

6. *In being much engaged in the duty of prayer.* If he did not sometimes spend "all night in prayer to God," he

often "went into a solitary place and prayed." He generally spent some time in prayer with the families that he visited; and often before and after preaching, he went to the grove or to some other retired place to pray, frequently continuing a long time in this exercise. When riding in company, he would sometimes slack the pace of his horse, drop the reins upon his neck, and mentally look up to God. If, when conversing with the impenitent, he saw no indications of repentance, he generally either prayed with them or retired to pray for them; and thus in many instances persons were converted who seemed to have been almost beyond the reach of the influence of religion. In praying for the anxious, he seemed never to tire; he sometimes continued his supplications for them more than an hour, and many were brought into the liberty of the gospel while he was praying for them.

7. *In praising God for his mercies.* A good writer says, "Our blessed Saviour was a great pattern of thankfulness," and refers to Mat. xi. 25, and John xi. 40, as furnishing proof of his statements. And that Colby imitated Christ in the performance of his duty, must be manifest to those who have read his journal.

8. *In his holy conversation.* He seldom if ever indulged himself in "foolish talking," or "jesting;" consequently his conversation was "good to the use of edifying," that it might "minister grace unto the hearers." As he ardently loved the Saviour, the souls of men, and the cause of religion, he delighted to converse on spiritual things. As it regards conversation, he acted on the principle that a minister should set an example for those around him, rather than follow, as too many ministers and professors of religion do, the examples of the world. His doctrine often dropped as the rain, and his speech distilled as the dew, upon those that heard him, and many were led to wonder at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth. To use the language of one who knew him well, his object both in preaching and in personal conversation, was solely to kill sin. Hence it

is not strange that his conversation was often a means of awakening souls, and of comforting the people of God.

9. *In holiness of heart and life.* He was always sensible that holiness becomes the house of God forever, and that ministers especially, should be holy in heart and life.— He delighted in holy persons, holy conversation, and holy things; and it appears his motto was Holiness to the Lord.

As he imitated Christ in the graces and virtues already mentioned, and also in others that might be noticed, it is not surprising that his labors were so abundantly blessed.— Let ministers and christians who wish to be useful in the world, follow John Colby as he followed Christ, and the Lord will give them the desire of their heart.