

of preparation, I brought with me every thing which was necessary. For this purpose I had a small basket that contained the bread and wine, a napkin, and a plate, without which it would have been impossible for the sick poor to have partaken of the Lord's Supper with the proper decency, or even at all.

The servant at the door told me that her mistress was much worse, and had passed a very restless night. Mr. Brereton himself soon came to me, and confirmed this affecting intelligence. I showed him my basket, and enquired with earnestness, whether; by waiting and watching for an hour or two the fluctuations of her disorder, an interval might not be seized upon sufficiently long to impart to her the inestimable blessing that still remained in store; but I had the mortification to hear from him, that she was not capable of it, either in body, or in mind; nor likely to be so.

"Do not speak thus," I said: "God only knows! But tell me; did she seem to be comforted at all by what we did yesterday? Did she appear to recur to it in her thoughts, or did she mention it in any way?" "Nothing," he answered, "could be more satisfactory. She spoke of her baptism repeatedly in the course of the evening, and it was manifest that it was always uppermost in her thoughts, whilst she had the power of thinking rationally." "Why then," said I, "should we not endeavour by every means to provide for her, in her approaching crisis, the recollection of a second comfort, not unequal perhaps to the first, which may give her an additional strength to endure the pang of separation from this world and from yourself?"

He was affected by this appeal to his feelings; but he did not embrace my offer. "I will leave then," I said, "my basket here; and I most earnestly beg, that you will not scruple to send for me, if you see the chance of a possibility of accomplishing my wish." He attended me to the door, thanking me again and again, but stating his conviction that nothing more could be done. However, I remained at home beyond my usual custom, in the expectation that a message might arrive; and every rap at the door seemed to announce it. But none arrived.

The next morning I walked again to Mrs. Brereton's. The window shutters seemed to be closed, and there was a deep silence and solitude about the house. "Death," I said to myself, "reigns here." However, I rung, and was admitted by a maid-servant, who undeceived me. I asked if I could see any of the family; she went to enquire; and at length Mr. Brereton joined me in the parlour. He was worn out with sorrow, fatigue, and watching; and he gave me a melancholy account of our poor patient. "The sacrament," he said, "was quite out of the question," and he now thought it absolutely dangerous to go into the sick room.

I must confess, I was by no means satisfied; and I expressed a wish to see his sister. Little difficulties, as I should have called