

away. Passages of scripture and verses of hymns were repeated in quick succession, and the emotions of the soul, as desire, or hope, or love, or joy predominated, found ready utterance;—at one time, in the form of assertion or address—at another, in fervent supplication. The same freedom appeared the day before her death, when at her request a Psalm was read (the twenty-third) and prayer offered. She added “Amen” several times, at the close of a petition, with a clear, firm voice.

The thought of “going home” afforded her inexpressible delight, and was referred to, in different ways, with great frequency. “Dying is going home,” she said,—“and home is a pleasant place.” “Almost home, doctor, am I not?” she said to the physician when he entered her room one morning. At another time—
“I am going home—

‘Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus’ throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.’”

On one occasion, after a paroxysm of pain, she asked me whether I thought she could remain long in that state. On my replying in the negative she expressed her joy, repeating the verse,

“Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death
Ye bring eternal day.”

That “day,” I observed, will be a day without night; and there will be no sickness—no sorrow—no sin.
“No”—she replied—“With God eternally shut in.”