God may go with it, and that it may prove a blessing to many.

Should my friends publish the volume before I reach my better home or after that blessed hour, I fervently pray God to bless it to every reader, and if it bring but one soul to Christ, it will richly repay all the pain and weariness it has caused.

FROM HER PASTOR, REV. THOMAS G. OSBORNE.

In the spring of 1857 I was stationed by Bishop Morris at the East Twenty-Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church, familiarly known among the members as "Rose Hill."

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Soon after my arrival I was informed of a very intelligent and devoted lady, who had been confined for months and years to her bed of suffering. I called upon ther in company with John Stephenson, Esq., who was then, and always has been, to her a generous friend and sympathiser. I was at once struck with her remarkable cheerfulness under her multiplied afflic-She suffered at times intensely from spinal disease and tions. complicated ailments, which sufferings were often other increased by surgical operations, made with the hope of eradicating the disease and affording permanent relief. During the whole period of my ministry in that church, and in my frequent pastoral calls, I never heard a murmur or impatient word escape her lips. Her little chamber was not merely the abode of resignation, but the home of cheerfulness and even joy.

Mrs. Cooke always felt and manifestor great interest in the prosperity of the Christian Church.) Her Christianity was too broad to be confined to one sect. Intelligent and wealthy ladies from the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Baptist churches, as well as from the Society of Friends, I have frequently found, while visiting her, in her room. These devoted Christian women visited her not merely from a sense of duty to a fellow-sufferer, but for aid and encouragement in their work of faith and labour of love. She cheerfully gave them counsel and sympathy, and above all, bore them to the throne of grace in her prayers. I have often felt reproved for my want of faith

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