

and Saviour Jesus Christ! Now I must repose. 'Tis almost finished!" Her articulation of these precious sentences was painfully interrupted, so that to say them all, occupied her some minutes.

The following day she requested that pen and ink might be brought to her. Affectionately clasping her Bible, she looked once more upon those parts which she had marked as having given her special encouragement and enjoyment, then, being supported, she took the pen in her dying hand, and tremulously and disjointedly traced upon the fly-leaf the last words she ever wrote—"Christ is heaven!"

On the morning of the day on which Leila died, she said. "It will soon be finished. Tell my dear father to come here." What a scene! Friends weeping—the youthful Christian, in heavenly composure, awaiting the solemn moment of a separation from the body. Surely it was the spontaneous outburst of every heart, "Is this death? Can all this holy joy and peace be death? Oh, then, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers!" As I looked upon her placid countenance, I exclaimed exultingly, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—Gushing sobs broke upon the awful stillness.

Her father was weeping. Do not grieve for me, my dear papa," she said soothingly. "If you are faithful to God, you will soon be happy again with me in heaven."

"Then my precious treasure you are not deceived! You feel that your religion fully supports you in death?"

"O yes! yes! Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil—his rod—and his"—she could proceed no farther. Her father, bending with grief, retained her hand in his.

In a little time she gathered strength. "Father," she continued, "you love me dearly, do you not?" "My child, do not speak so to me, you know that you are the very soul of my existence."

"Will you grant me one request—a dying request?"

"What is it? You know I will not deny you!"

"It is this—thou wilt never again doubt Jesus my Saviour; but that you will begin to love and serve him. O, think, my dear father, what he has done

for me! Read the New Testament," and she looked inquiringly.

"My dear, I have begun to read it. I have seen that your religion must be true. I never expected to witness a death like yours, my daughter. I have begun to pray; you pray too, that God will help me to follow you to heaven. I believe, my dear, I confess to you and all present, that I believe in Jesus."

The sudden revolution of feeling was too great for her weak frame. She was just able to articulate, "Blessing—praise"—and then lay exhausted.

On recovering, she slowly reached her Bible, and in faltering accents said, "My dear papa, I am dying—you have—We shall soon meet again. Here is the Bible which has been so truly blessed to my soul. Let it now be yours. You have all my books of a religious character. They are choice—learn them well. Praise the Lord—I am dying; but I am rejoicing."

She lay some minutes with her eyes closed. Occasionally her lips moved as though in prayer.

Again she unclosed her eyes, and looking upon her father with a smile of indescribable pleasure—"Blessing, honor, praise, and glory, to Jesus! Kiss me dear papa."

In a little while—"Glorious hope! immortality! eternal life! What an eternity; an eternity of perfect love!" She then, with considerable intervals, gave directions for her funeral. "You have said, papa, that you will have my mother removed, that we shall all three lie together in one tomb. I am glad of that. At my funeral make no show. Do not have me embalmed. I wish my body to be clothed in linen and white muslin only. . . . When you have my name put upon our tomb, be sure you put this, 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"I hear the voice, 'The Master is come and calleth for thee.' My whole soul respond, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus' I am full of glory!"

Although perfectly sensible, she said but very little after this. She appeared to be looking into eternity. Its glorious realities were unfolding to her vision, and feasting her soul with ravishing contemplations.

About two hours before she died, she suddenly awoke from a gentle slumber, and exclaimed, "Dear Emily! are you