

had a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. But whilst she had no anxiety for herself, her heart yearned with all the strength of maternal tenderness over her children, soon to be left in this world of sin and temptation without either father or mother. She often talked to me on this subject with the tears flowing over her pale cheeks. She never expressed the least desire that her children might possess the riches, the honours, or the pleasures of this world; but she did express the most earnest anxiety that they might be well educated, brought up in the fear of God, and become true Christians, glorify God on earth, and be prepared for heaven. I have every reason to know that she ceased not to pray for her children as long as she had breath. One of the most affecting scenes I ever witnessed took place three or four days before her death. When she found that her strength was fast failing, and that the time of her departure was at hand, she caused her servants to be called around her bed, gave them her dying counsel, suited to the character and age