

the claims of kindred, the tender sensibilities of natural affections, the just and righteous moral debts of duty due to those the departing one was leaving. No; she exchanged with her beloved husband those tenderest feelings of mutual love and sympathy. She poured out her full heart in most earnest desires respecting the right up-bringing of her children, consisting of four boys, the eldest of whom is only eight years, the youngest two years old, bespeaking in the most affectionate manner her young sister's (a girl of 15) special interest in him. She sent special messages of love to her father, brothers, kindred, in a most earnest manner, recommending dedication to Christ's person and service.

Among her last acts, she expressed a wish to see me for converse and prayer (the first and the last interview which I ever had with her, but which, I hope, has left an indelible impression for good with me.) She charged me not to say a word about her state when conducting the communion services for her husband, lest it might disturb the devotions of the congregation. Having thus done all in the way of counsel and acts to "put her house in order" before her departure, humbly and meekly, but trustfully and without wavering, she committed her spirit into the hands of her merciful Redeemer.

Just as I was handing round the symbols of the Saviour's love, one of the elders whispered to me that her spirit had left its clay tabernacle about 20 minutes after 12 o'clock, noon. This affecting coincidence between the time of her exodus from the body and the congregation's act of communion, leaves upon the mind a pleasing impression of one of her dying sayings, that while the good Lord had seen fit to deny her the enjoyment of a communion with her fellow-Christians on earth, to which she had been looking forward with no little interest, she would be no loser if, as she trusted, He was lifting her up to the more glorious communion above. On the congregation coming to the knowledge of the death, a general irrepressible sorrow ran through it like an infection. The church became a Bochim—a place of weeping. Indeed, so had that rare combination of energy with gentleness in the character of this person commanded esteem, and won over the affections, that her death drew out the general sympathies of the people of Picton. And now, the very position in which God placed me in regard to this impressive and pathetic event impels me to say something towards its application.

We all but too well know of that deep and sinful insensibility to death which characterizes our race, notwithstanding the measureless importance of the NUMEROSITY of the issues which lie beyond it. But

1. The Sovereign all wise, disposer of all, so ordered the circumstances and manner of this death that his design to awaken out of this strange forgetfulness could scarcely have been made more manifest and visible, had God sent with his handwriting to all specially concerned in this event, with this prescription on it—"I have so arranged things, that death—come when it may to you (and come it must to each of you) may not find any of you unprepared—and so seize you with terror and dismay."

2. Then, sudden and startling as was the manner of this death, let the heart-cheering things which accompanied it be carefully marked.

The safe and happy condition of every true believer in, and follower of Christ, the bright and joyful prospects of such, were made so visibly to stand out to view, that, while it can only be by each believer individually believing in Jesus, and actually dying, that any can have the actual experience and possession of the glorious things which are laid up, and in those who love God, yet the spectators of this death-bed may be said to have had a sight of a fellow-being's entrance into the possession—they saw death made known to the person dying, only two hours before its actual arrival; and yet, instead of terror, that peaceful serenity of spirit, self-possession, collectedness, which enabled her to put all things in preparation for her great but altogether new journey—but a journey to which she looked with gladsome feelings; for long, long before she had given simple-hearted trust to her Maker's account in his word respecting the blessedness of the country to which death conducts the Christian.