

the prayer which in spirit she so often breathed, was answered—

Oh! for the pearly gates of heaven,  
Oh! for the golden floor,  
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness  
That shineth evermore!

Converted in early life during and under the ministry of that faithful and honored servant of God, her brother, who, at a time of great apathy, if not deadness, in this community, stood forth, both in his life and preaching, a faithful and clear preacher of the simple doctrines of the Gospel of Christ, the late Miss Cogswell consecrated herself—her soul and body—to the service of that Saviour whom she loved with no common love. For the love wherewith He loved her, she gave herself as a whole burnt-offering to Him. One of a family distinguished for their talents of mind, she had nearly, if not all, that people can desire for making life here most desirable and happy—position, abilities, education, wealth,—all were hers. Thirty years ago, she gave them to the Lord, and, during those thirty years, she has never taken back one of them. We have too much respect for her to wish to make her the subject of a mere eulogy—richly as she deserves it; but we do think it a duty, for the sake of others, to point out briefly what made her life so noble, and, by a proof within our own sphere of observation, show how the Gospel of Christ has as much power in our own day as it has ever possessed, in bringing the whole body, soul and spirit, into captivity to the obedience of Christ. The secret of her complete devotion to the service of her Lord was her perfect faith in Him as her Saviour from sin, and her Master and Counsellor. She trusted Him as a real, living Person and Friend, as much as though He was a guest at her house, with whom she talked face to face. “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” was her constant inquiry, and whatever was the answer, whether given in plain words in the Scripture, or by some providential occurrence, forthwith she went to do it. Self was completely sunk: lost sight of. Could any good either for the body or the soul be done? That was the question. If so, she did it with all her might. All who were in Church last Sunday evening must have

been struck with the peculiar appropriateness, in its every clause, of that verse which the Bishop quoted as being applicable to her: “For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me.” It is not one or two or more of these blessed virtues which are applicable to her—to every one of them her life responds. To the hungry she gave food with the most unsparing hand; to the thirsty she gave that honored cup of cold water, a thousand times told. While her own table was simplicity itself, she provided with generous fulness for the necessities of the poor—to the weary, worn and hungry, her cheery voice gave utterance in spirit to the invitation, “Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O Beloved.”

“I was a stranger and ye took me in.” Who was there worn with toil, or enfeebled by age, or depressed by disease, or saddened by affliction, or straitened in circumstances, to whom her house was not an asylum, an hospital, a refuge from care—above all, a hallowed, bright and happy home—a home where mingled prayer and praise with pure joyous laughter, and gentle kindly humour—doing the heart good like a medicine. What missionary from our shore did not know that he would find a warm welcome for himself, and, if need be, for his whole family, beneath her hospitable roof? What friendless girl, who did not find a shelter and loving counsel until work and a home was found? “Naked, and ye clothed me.” Whose hands for five-and-twenty years have made the almost countless garments that have clothed the poor of this city, and of hundreds and tens of hundreds outside it? In this one department of labour, it would take a volume to recount her work—to state the facts alone, without any comment. If this were all she did, it would mark her as one of the most self-denying of women—and these, not a few women of means and leisure who would not stand appalled at the magnitude of the work, if called upon to perform it, and it alone! “I was sick, and ye visited me.” How