

She was fond of her church, and fond of its services. Nothing save absolute necessity could keep her from her place in the house of prayer. Up to her strength, yea, and beyond her strength, she would be here; and when on other days besides the Lord's the services of the sanctuary were being offered, I felt that among the few, alas! who attended, she was sure to be found. Never would she neglect to partake of the Lord's Supper, whenever opportunity offered, and seek in this blessed ordinance that spiritual strength and refreshment which she felt she so much needed in the struggle against sin. I will content myself with speaking of her only as she was one of ourselves, without intruding into the privacy of domestic life, or officiously referring to matters of purely family concern. Like all God's children she had her sorrows and her trials. Often in her weariness did she long for peace and for rest, and look forward to that hour when the house of this earthly tabernacle should be dissolved, and she should be admitted to that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. At last the hour arrived; and calmly and quietly, though unexpectedly, she fell asleep, the sweetness of her expression betokening no doubt the blissful rest, which, through God's infinite mercy, she is now enjoying on her Saviour's breast. In her death, I will only add, I have lost a warm friend and an exemplary member of my flock.