

all difficulties, he will not forsake me now. My christianity, she continued, has not been of the flashy or showy kind, but it has been with me a matter of principle, of abiding faith in an all-sufficient Saviour. In my first experience I was divested of all dependence in my own doings, and trusted alone in the finished work of Jesus, and there I trust my all now. I know He has repeatedly heard and answered my feeble prayers. I cannot doubt this, and I can leave my case in His hands." The last night of her life her mind occasionally wandered, but when a question was asked, she was all right. Through life she luxuriated in the hymns of Doctor Watts, and when the death shade came over she exclaimed :

"Why should I start and fear to die;
What timorous worms we mortals are,
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there."

While suffering much from the difficulty of breathing, she repeated the first verse of the beautiful hymn.

"Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known,
Some fresh memorials of His grace."

When fearing she was too far gone to speak again, she distinctly exclaimed :

"For this love let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break."