

I have visited from house to house in England, and seen much of the people both in agricultural and manufacturing districts; but never met with so much attention and civility as in this place. Notwithstanding my administering an occasional sharp reproof, I do not remember one instance of resentment.

I was invited, May 19, to see Mrs. S. She had a husband, and one child, was twenty-three years of age, and in a wretched condition. She was sitting up in bed, weeping bitterly. I perceived at once that consumption was carrying her to the grave. Despair seemed written on her countenance. I asked her if she ever expected to recover. She said, "No." "Have you any hope of everlasting life after death?" "No." I read some passages from the Gospels, exhorted her to apply to Jesus, through whom alone she could be happy, and after prayer, left her. I continued to visit her as often as time would permit; her mind gradually grew more calm, and hope dawned upon her soul, until at length she spoke with confidence of her safety in Christ. A few days before her death I found her suffering great pain. She spoke much of the love of Jesus to her soul, in a faint whisper, continually repeating, "He is so kind! He is so kind!" I asked if she wanted anything. She replied, "Jesus is too good to me; I cannot want anything." "Don't you need patience to wait his coming?"—"Yes, I feel impatient sometimes; I long to go." Presently the husband entered, and we knelt down together. On rising, I solemnly addressed the husband, whose big tears fell thick and fast when a few pointed questions had been put to him. The scene was enough to touch the stoutest heart; in the presence of his wife, dying with a good hope through grace, and with a consciousness of his own state, a more favorable opportunity could not have been found for working upon his feelings. I pray the Lord the Holy Spirit to fasten conviction on his heart. Mrs. S. died in peace a short time after.

Oscar Bullet, a fugitive from slavery, to whom I had explained the Word of God one Sunday afternoon, when I first came to London, was lately reported to be sick. I called at his lodgings, and found him in the last stage of consumption, and apparently not at all anxious about his soul. He trusted God would have mercy on him, but knew nothing of a Saviour, or the need of one. I read some portions of Scripture, and pointed out to him the lost condition of sinful man; looking to the Holy Spirit to teach a soul even so dark as his. He seemed to know the meaning of what was said, and cried out aloud, and with great earnestness, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on my soul." This he continued to repeat while I remained. Next day I found him much worse, uneasy in body and most anxious in his soul, but looking for mercy through Jesus. I administered such comfort to his body as the circumstances would afford, and again pointed him to the Saviour.

Visiting deathbeds is a solemn thing, and on no other occasion do I feel so much need of Divine instruction, that on the one hand, I may not "make God's people sad whom He hath not made sad," and on the other, that I may not "sew pillows to all armholes," and so delude souls into a false peace.