

exempt from it? and was it not your happiness to see him happy? How much more, then, may you now rejoice, because his joy is full!"

In the latter end of 1831, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow came to the resolution of sending their son Charles to prosecute his education in America. However judicious the step might be, it was painful to the heart of a parent to be separated from an affectionate and dutiful child. But yielding to the call of duty, they parted with him, hoping that if it was the Lord's will he would return to them in the course of a few years, when he might be able to take a part in the labours of the mission. In a few weeks after their son's departure, they took a voyage to the southern part of the island, partly on business, and partly for the improvement of the health of their daughter Harriet, which had been declining for some time previous. After spending two or three months at, and in the neighbourhood of, Colombia, they returned in safety to Jaffna. Long and anxiously did they wait for the arrival of a letter announcing the arrival of their dear son on the shores of America. The delay was agonizing to the mind of Mrs. Winslow, and at length she began to dread the worst. Too soon alas! her fears were realized. Tidings came at once of his arrival in America, and of his having been cut off only three weeks after he had reached his friends. The stroke was heavy, but He who inflicted it supported Mrs. Winslow under its severity. For some time she was unable to write, but at length we find her thus giving vent to her feelings in a letter to her mother:—

"I feel that I must begin another letter to you, though it will be but a beginning: as it is now ten o'clock, and we are a family of invalids. I have written but a few lines since the intelligence reached us, that our beloved Charles had so early finished his course; not, my dear mother, that I loved you or others less, or that I had nothing to say, but because it is not easy to clothe in language the heart's deep sorrow. I never felt the chastening hand of God so heavy upon me; though I trust I can say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' It was a seasonable warning. I am thankful that our heavenly Father thus graciously aroused me; that he did not leave me to be wholly engrossed by my dear earthly ones, but reminded me that this is not my rest. My earnest desire and prayer is, that he will draw me to Himself, and fix my wandering heart upon Him who is 'the chiefest among ten thousand.' Had I chosen the form of discipline, it would have been different, but doubtless this is best."

The death of her son Charles seems to have made a very deep impression upon Mrs. Winslow's mind. From the date at which the intelligence reached her, she evidently looked forward more steadily to her own departure as not far distant. In the beginning of 1833, as she was then near her confinement, this pre-sentiment of her approaching death was remarkably strong. All the concerns of the mission with which she was entrusted, she carefully arranged. A paper of hints was left in reference to the rearing of her children, and also a farewell letter to her husband. These arrangements, it was too soon apparent, were not in vain. Death was at hand. On the evening of

Saturday the 12th of January, she was able to write a little in her Diary, but still she was not quite well. The next day was Sabbath, and to her it was the last Sabbath she was permitted to spend upon earth. It will be more interesting to our readers, however, that the closing scene should be recorded in the language of her bereaved husband, who thus writes, in a letter addressed to Mrs. Winslow's mother in America:—

On Sunday she was somewhat ill, but went to Church both forenoon and afternoon. I tried rather to dissuade her from going in the afternoon, and she at first concluded to stay at home; but, as the children wished it, she went, and seemed comfortable. On her return, she was a little fatigued, and lay down a short time on the bed; after which she rose and went down to tea. We then had family prayers. I read the forty-sixth Psalm, and made some remarks upon it, which appeared to interest her; and we conversed on the privilege of casting all our burdens upon the Lord. Afterwards she went to her room, heard the little girls repeat their hymns and lessons, and directed their devotions for the night.

"I went out to my study; but not being as well as usual, came in early. Finding the door of her room shut, and having a sick headache, I lay down on a couch. This was very unusual for me, and caused her to inquire a little anxiously about my health when she came from her room. She said, 'I cannot bear to see you so unwell'; and soon added, 'I do not feel so well myself. I have a peculiar sensation in my breast.' I requested her to be as quiet as possible, and recommended that she should take a little laudanum, and lie down. She did so, and went to sleep; but in a short time awoke, feeling the same distress in her breast. I then immediately sent for Dr. Scudder and Mrs. Spaulding, supposing she was about to be confined. She was partially relieved of the distress by turns, but continued very uneasy, and unable to rest in any position. She frequently requested me to pray for her. Dr. Scudder came about two o'clock in the morning: he said that she had better be bled, and take a little more laudanum, and she would probably be relieved. He bled her freely, and she also vomited. This relieved her; so that she lay down quietly, and said that she felt quite at ease. She took a little coffee; and before she went to sleep, called me (as Mrs. Spaulding was taking care of her,) and insisted on my lying down on the couch, on account of my being unwell, saying at the same time, 'Do you know, my dear, how good it is to be perfectly at ease after severe pain?' I said, 'You feel thankful.' Her reply was 'Yes, I think I do. How good is the Lord!' She then very pleasantly bade me good night, and fell quietly asleep. This was probably the last she knew on earth. After a short time, Mrs. S. noticed a peculiarity in her breathing, and attempted to wake her. As she did not succeed, she called Dr. S. and myself; but, as the sleep was quiet and pulse regular, there seemed to be no danger. We again left the room; but were soon called back to notice some slight twitches of the eyes and face, which were, ere long, followed by a convulsive fit. We were then greatly alarmed, and Dr. S. used every exertion to prevent a recurrence of the spasms. All was without success; and, after two or three returns of the convulsions, the breath of my beloved wife grew shorter and shorter, and, a little before six o'clock on Monday morning, the 14th instant, without a struggle or a groan, she resigned her spirit.

"Our departed Harriet had for the last few months been fast ripening for heaven; especially since we heard of Charles' death. How severe was that stroke!