

especially conspicuous as she drew near the other world. She could not look back with complacency on her past life, nor pride herself on the position she had attained, or the good she had effected. Other thoughts occupied her mind—of ingratitude for mercies—of responsibilities inadequately realised—of privileges imperfectly improved—of apathy, indifference, and hardness of heart. These and kindred topics were presented vividly to her soul, and she was abased before God. At one time there appeared to be great mental conflict. The burden pressed heavily, and the pressure was perhaps increased by the insinuations of the “accuser of the brethren.” The language of the fifty-first psalm, versified by Dr. Watts, was employed, as expressive of her feelings:—

“My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace.”

“Shew pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive.”

“Lord, hear my cry, and send deliverance.” He *did* hear, and lifted up upon her again the light of his countenance. Faith laid hold of the promises, and peace followed. “He is able,” it was observed, to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him,” Heb. vii. 25. She added, “and *willing*, too.” The clouds did not return again.

In previous life her constitutional quietness of temperament had shewn itself in reserve on religious matters, at least, as far as regarded personal experience. She was not accustomed, unless on rare occasions, to free communication on such points. But in the last days of her illness all restraint was taken