

and the want of evidence of sanctification (her views of the only ground of a sinner's acceptance being for a season obscured), she at length took refuge, and found peace, in the atoning blood and perfect righteousness of Christ her Redeemer.

These views of the grounds of a sinner's acceptance were not new to her, but had been long ago adopted by her in the view of eternity. "I desire to commend my soul to God," she wrote, "hoping for his mercy through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I know that my redeemer liveth; was the sufficient consolation of righteous Job, under multiplied temporal sufferings. Blessed be God, a brighter light and surer word of promise now irradiates the darkness and suffering of the death-bed and the grave. The fountain is open to all who feel and loathe their load of pollution. The glorious robe of a Redeemer's righteousness is prepared for all who mourn under a sense of their unfitness to appear before the God who hateth iniquity, in the filthy rags of their own righteousness. I desire to rest on these promises, trusting that my innumerable transgressions are laid on One mighty to save."

An experimental conviction of these truths was manifested on her deathbed, and ultimately became the stay of her soul, as appears from what is related by a friend who visited her repeatedly:—"When I first saw her in her sickroom, I found her much cast down on account of the darkness that had overspread her soul. She said one day, she had not a shadow of an assured hope.—When the fulness and freeness of the offered salvation was pointed to—the open fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, supplying *all* our need, whether that was pardon and acceptance with God, or whether it was the cleansing influences of the Holy Spirit, as shown forth in the *blood and water*, her general reply was, 'I know all that; have we not been hearing these doctrines faithfully preached from Sabbath to Sabbath these many years. I believe Him to be all that he is said to be—a *complete* Saviour; but what interest have I in Him; what assurance that he is my Saviour?' On something further being mentioned, she said, 'Do not argue, I cannot bear it; God alone can do this work of faith in my soul—none else. I now see what I have been engaged in, which others thought so much of, were *all sin*—self-pleasing, self-seeking—not seeking the glory of God, and what is not done for his glory, God *cannot* accept—impossible, he *cannot*—no, I am a miserable sinner.' It was here suggested, that when the Spirit shines into the soul, all believers see themselves to be utterly vile, but we must come to Jesus just as we are, that is what he invites us to do. Two verses of Miss Elliot's hymn were repeated to her—

Just as I am—without a plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come,' &c.

When I next saw her, I found that the hymn (the whole of which had then been read to her), together with parts of the Word of God, had been blessed to her heart with the Spirit's comforting power. She said to me, 'I see I was trying to bring something of my own to God, and I could find nothing, and so, I have come now to the Saviour on this simple ground: God holds forth Jesus Christ, his Son, God in our nature, as an all-sufficient Saviour—he is able to save me, and God commands me to believe in him and receive him; and I think I cannot be wrong in doing so, that is, obeying and trusting in him, and resting simply on his mercy. I have no other ground of hope, but I find *rest* here.' In all the subsequent visits she was full of love and praise—her heart and eyes overflowing at the thought of her Saviour's love to her. The last time I saw her (the day before her death), I thought her much changed in appearance, but calm and composed, and quite clear in mind. On leaving her, she said, 'Tell every one to pray for me, a poor sinner, and there is One who will not forget to intercede for me—the Advocate within the veil—he will not forget—I think he will not forget me.' I said, Oh! no—he cannot forget, for his people's names are written on his heart as they were of old on the breastplate of the high priest. 'Aye, that is it,' she added, I, in common with many others, loved her much; her clear and powerful intellect, her wit, her kindness, and the lively interest she took in my dear boys, and all other young persons in her circle, were very attaching qualities, and drew many hearts to her."

To others she said, "If I am saved at all, it must be by the atonement of Christ, and his righteousness, and that a free gift."—"The robe of Christ's righteousness is enough for me." On the passage from 1 Peter (ch. i. verse 12), "Which things the angels desire to look into," she remarked emphatically, "And no wonder." Under a painful attack of illness, her words were, "It is all right—it is just a part of the rod—it is just as it should be."

From the commencement of her illness, she expressed a desire to depart, and, while resigned to the will of God, requested that no prayer be made for the prolongation of life. Her conflict with the last enemy was neither long nor severe—and grace was given according to her need. There was no gloom on the deathbed—it was rather a spectacle of hope and humble confidence.

She died at Edinburgh, on the 15th November 1850, in the 73rd year of her age.