

passed away as before. She did indeed several times during the day *think* of her resolution, but not with that overwhelming interest she had felt in the morning, and nothing decisive was done.

The next morning her impressions were again renewed, and she again renewed her resolution; and it was dissipated as before; and thus she went on resolving, and breaking her resolutions, until at length her anxiety entirely subsided, and she relapsed into her former state of unconcern. She was not, however, absolutely indifferent: she still expected and resolved to be a Christian; but her resolutions now looked to a more distant period for their accomplishment, and she returned to the cares and pleasures of the world with the same interest as before.

About this time she went to reside in a neighbouring village, and I did not see her again for about three months, when I was called at an early hour one morning to visit her on the bed of death. Her last sickness was short—of only five days' continuance. So insidious was its progress, that no serious apprehensions were entertained as to its issue until about eight hours before her death; and no anxiety for her salvation up to this hour appears to have occupied her mind. About day-break on the morning of the day she died, she was informed that her symptoms had become alarming, and that her sickness would probably be fatal. The intelligence was awfully surprising. It was an hour of indescribable interest to her soul. A solemn stillness reigned around. It was at the early dawn of day, just about the hour at which she formed, what she emphatically called, *THAT FATAL RESOLUTION*, a short time before. The opening twilight, the chamber in which she lay, every object around, brought to mind her former resolutions, and in a moment all the horrors of her situation filled her soul. She now saw herself a hardened sinner, in the hands of God—impenitent, unpardoned—without hope—at the very gate of death—her Saviour slighted, the Spirit grieved and gone, and the judgment with its tremendous retributions just before her!

For a moment suppose her case your own. Time, that was given her to prepare for eternity, was gone. Health, strength, flattering hopes, were gone. The insidious disease had made such rapid inroads, that her blood was already beginning to stagnate, and her lungs to falter in the work of respiration. Feeble and faint, and racked with pain, just sinking in death—what could she do for her soul? And yet *do she must*, now or never; for in a few short hours, it would be for ever too late. At one time her distress became so intense, and her energies so exhausted, that she was forced to conclude her soul lost—that nothing could now be done for it; and for a moment she seemed as if in a horrid struggle to adjust her mind to her anticipated doom. But O that word *LOST*. It was a living scorpion to her deathless soul. Her whole frame shuddered at the thought. She struggled again for life—raised her haggard eyes, and seemed to summon every effort to pray. O what agony did that prayer express! She called, she begged, she implored for mercy, until her weak frame gave way, and she sunk into a partial swoon. A momentary delirium seemed then to distract her thoughts; she appeared

to dream that she was well again, and spoke wildly of her companions, and her employments, and her pleasures. But the next moment a return of reason dissipated the illusion, and forced back upon her the dread reality of her situation—just trembling on the verge of the pit—just sinking, as she several times affirmed, to an endless hell.

At this awful thought her soul again summoned strength—again she cried for mercy with an agony too intense for her weak frame, and again she fainted. It was now nearly noon. Most of the morning had been employed in prayer at her bedside, or in attempting to guide her to the Saviour; but all seemed ineffectual: her strength was now near gone, vital action was no longer perceptible at the extremities, the cold death-sweat was gathering on her brow, and dread despair seemed ready to possess her soul. She saw, and we all saw, that the fatal moment was at hand, and her future prospect one of unmingled horror. She shrunk from it. She turned her eyes to me, and called on all who stood around her to beseech once more the God of mercy in her behalf.

Turning at one time to her distressed father, as he sat beside her, watching the changes of her countenance, she said, with a look such as parents alone can understand, "O, my dear father, can't you help me?—can't you keep me alive a little longer? O! pray for me—pray for me!" We all kneeled again at her bedside, and having once more commended her to God, I tried again to direct her to the Saviour—and was beginning to repeat some promises which I thought appropriate, when she interrupted me, saying, with emphasis, she "*could not be pardoned—it was too late—too late.*" And again alluding to *THAT FATAL RESOLUTION*, she begged of me to charge all the youth of my congregation not to neglect religion as she had done; not to stifle their conviction by a *mere resolution* to repent. "Warn them, warn them," said she, "by my case"—and again she attempted to pray, and swooned away.

Her voice was now become inarticulate, the dimness of death was settling upon her eyes, which now and then in a frantic stare told of agonies that the tongue could not express. The energies of her soul, however, seemed not in the least abated. The same effort to pray was manifestly still continued, though it was indicated now rather by struggles and expressive looks, and groans, than words. She continued thus alternately to struggle and faint, every succeeding effort becoming feebler, until the last convulsive struggle closed the scene, and her spirit took its everlasting flight.

As I retired from the scene of death, I was led to contemplate and write down this brief history of this lovely female, whose state was now unalterably fixed. But a few weeks before, she was within the reach of hope, and promise, and Gospel influence, a subject of deep and solemn conviction. The Saviour called—the Spirit strove; she listened, deliberated—*resolved*. But alas! her resolution fixed on a future period; and although it was but a few hours distant, it afforded time for "the wicked One to catch away that which was sown in her heart." The circumstance which quieted her conviction, and perhaps prevented her repentance, was her resolution that she