

sons who were ignorant of the circumstances, within a few days of its becoming duo. Though so aged and infirm, she never at any time applied for parochial relief; but thought it her duty to use every means, that she might not have recourse to that expedient. And a few days before she died she set her seal to the truth of God's promise: she said—

I have found religion to be perfectly true. I have tried it for sixteen years, and it would not have supported me if it had been false. I have always found God true to His promises. God saith, *Bread shall be given—water shall be sure*, and He has made that promise good. His promises are not like man's promises, Yea and Nay, but they are all Yea in Christ Jesus.

Yet, with all this simple faith and confidence, she was no enthusiast; she did not expect God to supply her wants while she sat still doing nothing: she did not thus tempt God to come out of His way and work a miracle for her. No: she used all the means in her power to procure a livelihood, and sometimes went beyond her power; leaving the event with God. Indeed her death was, humanly speaking, hastened by undertaking an employment which was decidedly beyond her strength, and her conscience smote her for having been somewhat too anxious on this point: she was afraid that she had not trusted God enough, and therefore He had sent her this affliction, because she had taken upon herself to provide: and He was now teaching her how insufficient she was to provide for herself, and that she might well leave Him to provide for her as He had always done.

One effect of her trust in God was her remarkable spirit of contentment: she was never heard to murmur or complain, though sometimes in the most distressing circumstances: poets have often sung of the Cottage of Content, and sentimental writers have often given exaggerated descriptions of it; but if ever there was a dwelling of this description (they are much more rare than many people imagine) it was that which was the abode of this Blessed Woman.

Diligent Attendance on the Means of Grace.

Seldom or never was her place vacant in the House of God, when health would admit: the weather was no hindrance to her: whoever else was absent morning or evening, her seat was invariably occupied; and it was delightful to see the seriousness and attention with which she used to drink in every word of God that was read and preached in His house. Equally great was her attachment to the Written Word: as a proof of this, she actually learnt to read after she was 60 years old, that she might read the Scriptures for herself; and, poor as she was, she used to give a little girl a penny a-week to come to her cottage to teach her, till she began to attend an Adult School that was established in the place where she lived.

Delight in Prayer.

Her delight in Prayer, too, was very remarkable: not only were her days begun and ended with Prayer, but she was continually lifting up her heart to God as she walked through the fields, and went with her basket from house to house. She never dared to go out with her basket, without first kneeling down and imploring a blessing upon her basket and her store. Invariably did she bend the knee before she left her cottage for the House of God, and ask for a blessing upon her Minister; and pray that the Word about to be preached might come with power to her own soul and the souls of those who were about to hear it: and immediately after the Service she would generally, if possible, walk home alone, meditating upon the truths which she had heard; and then retire again to her closet, to ask for the dew of the Holy Spirit to descend upon the seed that had just been sown. When any of her friends were in peculiar distress or labouring under bodily affliction, they were sure to have the benefit of her intercessions at a Throne of Grace; and there have been instances where she has spent the whole night in wrestling in prayer to God, in behalf of her afflicted friends. She had also learnt that difficult lesson, to pray for her enemies; and if there were any in the parish who were more ignorant, more profane, more wicked, or who ridiculed and opposed true religion more than others, those persons were sure to have an especial interest in her prayers.

Expansive Benevolence.

Another remarkable feature in her character was, her Expansive Benevolence to others, in supplying their wants to the utmost of her power, and beyond

her power. She had, indeed, a large heart, in the best sense of the word. She not only sympathized with others in their affliction, but if she saw a poor neighbour in distress, she would frequently divide her last sixpence between herself and them, giving them generally the largest share; and whatever charitable object was advocated in the House of God or elsewhere, she never thought of putting less than silver in the plate. All her neighbours bear witness that there was nothing that she would not do for them to the utmost of her power: they considered her death a public loss to the parish and the neighbourhood, and several respectable people have expressed a wish to have some article belonging to her, to keep as a token of respect and affection for her memory.

Love to the Saviour.

This was the mainspring of all her zeal, and benevolence, and activity in the Cause of God: and indeed, without this, all her religious profession would have been no better than *sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal*. This was the theme on which she most delighted to dwell: her eye brightened, and her countenance was lighted up with holy gratitude and heavenly joy, when the suffering, dying, bleeding love of the Saviour was mentioned to her: she would clasp her hands, and exclaim with all the fervour and ecstasy of the soul, "Oh! what were the sufferings of that dear spotless Lamb for a sinful worm like me!"

Triumphant Death.

Though a holy life is a much more satisfactory evidence of the safety of our state than a joyful death, still we are not surprised to find that the end of this Blessed Woman was not only peaceful but triumphant. For some time death had had no terrors for her: she had long looked upon it as a friend, to set her at liberty from a world of sin and misery; and so she found it to be when she came to grapple with it: the sting was gone! Her Saviour, to whom she had applied in the time of health and strength, had drawn its sting, and gave her victory over the Last Enemy. Often was she heard to say, "I am not afraid to die. I long to be with Jesus in heaven. Oh, if I had nothing but an arm of flesh to rest upon, what would become of me now!" Holding out her arm, "See," said she, "it is but flesh; and the arm of my Minister is but flesh: it is well that I have something better to lean upon, for that would be a poor prop in a dying hour." When she first took to her bed, she said she hoped that the Lord would hear her prayer, and that she would not have to grovel here any longer; but that her bed would be the bed she took her to her happy home. Notwithstanding all her benevolence, her activity, her zeal, and her good works, so far was she from placing the least confidence in them for acceptance with God, that she exclaimed, "Oh, it would be but a dark passage, if I had trusted to my own merits!" The day before she died, she said, "This is the grand point: this is the last conflict: but I am happy—I am very ill to-night, but I am going higher. It will soon be over—Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" She now found, that He, whom she had served, and loved, and trusted in life, did not forsake her in her dying moments. The dark valley was enlightened by His gracious presence; and, to use her own expression, she felt at that time 'such a weight of her Saviour's love in her soul' as almost overpowered her sinking frame. She frequently called out before she died, "Welcome Death! O Death! where is thy sting? Boasting Grave! where is thy victory? Glory to God!" "Oh," said she, "this is a victorious death, through Christ!"—and as far as it can be well ascertained, her last words were, "In heaven, the topmost stone will be brought forth with shoutings of Grace, Grace to it! My notes in heaven will be Grace, Grace!" She has now fought her last battle, endured her last trial, resisted the last temptation, carried the last cross, and tasted the last cup of sorrow and affliction; and, before this, it has doubtless been said to her, *Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!*

DIVINITY.

A SERMON ON THE DANGERS OF YOUTH.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE SERMONS OF THE LATE RIGHT REV. THEODORE DEHON, D. D.)

Text, *Proverbs vii. 1*.—I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding.

Youth is the most important part of man's life. If we compare life to a day, youth is the morning of it.

The faculties and the feelings are then strong and lively; the hours are favourable to activity, and he who wastes them in idleness or folly, will probably find his noon perplexed, and his evening destitute of the sweetest pleasure of the evening, a peaceful review of the day. If we compare life to a voyage, youth is the time of preparation. It is then we must choose our course, and provide the stores which may sustain, and the means which may improve or amuse us on our way: it is our friends who should be made glad, by seeing us well furnished for our destination, and the credentials be obtained, which may procure us safety, and favour, and distinction, in the regions to which we are bound. If we compare life to a year, youth is its spring-time, upon which the felicity of all the other seasons depends. It is then the seeds must be sown, and the plants cherished, whose fruits may delight us in summer, enrich us in autumn, and sustain and cheer us when winter shall have arrived. Whatever view we take of life, youth is its most precious period,—a period which he who suffers it to go by unimproved, may afterwards bewail, but can never retrieve. The day may revolve, and morning again return. The year may elapse, and other springs appear. Oceans may be crossed, and the voyager may set out anew. But to human life there is but one morning, but one embarkation, but one spring. Of the advantages which youth may furnish us, we must avail ourselves as it passes, or else be destitute of them for ever.

The pictures which the author of the books of Proverbs has drawn, are most of them taken from real life. Amongst them I know not one more striking and affecting than that which is presented in the text. In the most interesting, important, and dangerous part of human life, there is seen "among the youths a young man void of understanding." Before him is Vice, beckoning him with alluring arts to her impure abodes. Behind him are advancing, obscurely indeed, but with sure and rapid step, Shame and Remorse, and Misery and Ruin.

Over this youth I imagine angels and spirits of the just looking down from the skies with the most anxious concern; by his side behold a father, with a beating bosom and a furrowed brow, observing, with unutterable anguish, the destruction of his fondest hopes. In a retired corner I see a female figure. It is a mother on her bended knees: she is looking to heaven with tears upon her cheeks, and supplicating the Almighty to forgive and save her child. Gracious God! little do the young know how great is the interest they excite in heaven, and on earth! Seldom do they consider how deep is the cup which their conduct may fill, with wretchedness or bliss, both for themselves and others!

In looking round upon this assembly, I behold the greater part of it in the morning of life. For them the following discourse is particularly designed. In it I shall set before them some of the qualities which indicate in youth a want of wisdom and understanding; and fondly flatter myself, that they will give me that attention which a sincere regard for their welfare may claim, whatever the discourse may want of novelty in its doctrines, or beauty in its dress.

Foremost among the qualities which mark the unwise youth, is a *disregard of the principles and offices of religion*. It is religion which must elevate, purify, and adorn the human character. Sent from the court of heaven by the everlasting Father, as the minister of his best blessings to mankind, she opens to the mind the sublimest truths; she brings for the heart the most precious comforts; she pours upon our paths the brightest light; she conducts our steps to the highest bliss: without her aid the young man cannot "cleanse his way;" without her counsel he cannot walk worthily of his high faculties and destination; without her protection, he will be a prey to his inexperience, a prey to the thousand delusions which lie in wait to deceive, and the ten thousand vices which lurk to destroy him. Manifest to all the best guide of life, speaking in the name of the Almighty, and seeking only the improvement and everlasting happiness of mankind, where is the wisdom of rejecting her counsels, and despising her restraints? What is there of understanding in setting at naught the God who made heaven and earth, and hath power to "destroy both soul and body in hell?" What is there of understanding in abandoning the altar, at which our fathers have worshiped, and the service in which they found peace and salvation? What is there of understanding in departing from