

of hope. It was the language of prayer to the Saviour, in whose coming to fetch his servants home she recognized the christian idea of death. "How long, Lord?"—"Come, oh come!"—"Come, blessed Jesus, what is it that hinders thee?" Thus she pleaded with Him, who "hath the keys of hell and of death," (Rev. i. 18), asking that the door might be opened to admit her to his presence.

When she first conversed with me respecting her approaching departure, which was about ten days before the event, she expressed her desire for clearer views of divine truth, and more satisfactory experience, intimating that she was oppressed by many anxieties and fears. She was reminded of Newton's argument, in one of his hymns,—

"His love in time past forbids me to think
He 'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through."

She repeated the lines after me, with much feeling. Having adverted to her frequent depression of spirits, and her inability to fix her mind on any subject, or even to read with pleasure, I assured her that all that was the effect of disease, and directed her attention to the declaration of the Psalmist, that the Lord "knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust" (Psalm ciii. 14), and to the Saviour's tender consideration of the circumstances of his disciples, when he said, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak,"—Matt. xxvi. 41.

The humility which she had ever manifested was