

We should show we are citizens of Heaven by our *loyalty* to Jesus, Heaven's King—our zeal and love for his cause—our noble courage in standing up for Him. God has not given us the spirit of fear, *but of power*, and of *love*, and of a *sound mind*.

And now relative to the deceased, I have but little to say, and indeed little needs to be said. My acquaintance with her was brief, but very pleasing. I learn she was converted to God early in life, in her own native Devonshire, England, in connection with a branch of the great Methodist family. For nearly fifty years she walked with God—having, indeed, her seasons of greater or less spirituality of mind—not always so intimate communion with God and His people as she desired, and yet persevering to the end.

How pleasing to know that He who visited her in early life and gave her the pledge of His love, was with her in old age and feebleness. How delightful to know that the lamp that was kindled towards the beginning of the journey, supplied with fresh oil, shed its bright light upon her pathway through the dark valley, and was found trimmed and burning when she heard the cry, "behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him!" How comforting to know that the faithful covenant keeping God in whose hand she placed hers at the beginning, was with her in the six troubles of life, and in the seventh did not forsake her. Her confidence in the atonement was calm and complete from the first of her illness, and remained unshaken to the close. She rested in the will of God—was willing on account of those she loved to live if such had been the will of her Lord, yet especially towards the close of her illness, longed to get away, and rose at times to holy joy in anticipation of Heaven.

She is with the Lord.

You may apply the subject of the discourse. Those feet which so often went on errands of love for *you*, her companion,