

cessary to his position as a minister of the gospel, and credit of the congregation. In this respect she was a crown to her husband, managing all her affairs with wonderful prudence and discretion. When in straits to which sometimes the family were reduced and the difficulties, divisions, and trials connected with the church, a dark cloud would sit across the mind of the partner, her faith and confidence in the providence of God was unshaken, reminding him that the Lord would provide, take care of his own servants, for they are his anointed, and secure the success of his own cause; that he would straighten and bring all things right. No fear, she would say, "our bread shall be given us, our water will be sure. His promises have been tested for thousands of years and in no instance have they ever failed, they will not fail now with us."

Though always ready and able to express with force and propriety her sentiments and feelings on religion, yet from the nature of the complaint (paralysis), which carried her out of the world, she was unable to give full utterance to her views during her last sickness.—But however desirable this might be, yet as to her spiritual state, and the ground of our hopes in reference to her final triumph, and full possession of the inheritance of the saints in heaven, we have the best of all evidence, a long and consistent life, and profession of attachment and conformity of Christ. Though not so fully and frequently as was desired by her Christian friends, still it was pleasant, though in few words and broken sentences, that at different periods, she was enabled to bear her testimony to the faithfulness of a covenant God.

From the first of the attack she thought she would not recover. Mr. Smart was then supplying the pulpit of Chalmers' Church, Kingston.—On Saturday the family proposed to telegraph for him to return immediately, but she would not consent. Early on Monday morning he received by telegraph the information of her illness. On his arrival he learned the particulars, he supposing before that it was one of her usual severe turns of nervous headache.

After the first emotion at meeting under such circumstances, she remarked:—"They wished to send for you before the Sabbath, but I would not let them. You were about your Master's business and I had no right to you in such a case. His claims on you are first and best. I gave you to him. I thought I should see you no more; but God has heard my prayers and gratified me, I now see you feel happy. You have a great work to do; be faithful. The Saviour is precious, is he not? William, my husband, we must part. I think it best we should; I feel prepared. Oh, that I was better. I have a desire to depart with my Saviour; but pray for me, and speak to me words of comfort, for there is a dark cloud coming. But my faith in my Saviour will not fail. Pray for strength."

At one time, after singing a hymn, "Come holy spirit, heavenly dove, &c.," Mrs. Smart remarked, "Mrs. Howard, you know, often sang this hymn, with great spirit and feeling in the female prayer meetings, and at our other devotional meetings. Yes, she did and she sings it now!" At another time to her granddaughter, "Ally, my child, there will be no more headaches!" She requested her Christian physician to unite with those in the room to sing, "Rock of ages." By the moving of her lips, she appeared to join. When concluded she said, "I rest on that rock, it is my Saviour, I flee to him." On another occasion,—

"There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign.  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain."

When we came to that verse,

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink  
And fear to launch away.

She said, "I have no fear to launch away." "Why?" it was asked, "because my Saviour is with me."

There were some of her expressions, but, from the paralyzed state of her tongue, they were interred with difficulty, and spread over a period of between two and three weeks.

She had little or no pain, gradually sunk with extreme weakness, died without a groan, and expired like a child going to sleep.

She sleeps in Jo-an.

Oh blessed sleep!

She sleeps to wake,

No more to sleep, or weep!

Her remains were brought down from Beleville and interred in the Cemetery of Brockville, on Friday, Nov. 2, 1855. On the Sabbath following, the Rev. Dr. Boyd delivered an affecting and appropriate discourse from Luke, 10, 42, in the first Presbyterian Church, over which Mr. Smart had presided as Pastor for near 45 years. The portraits of Christian character, the delineation of Christian principles, and the brightness of the Christian's hopes and prospects, as applicable to the deceased, and applied to the congregation were very beautiful and heart searching. The venerable preacher, friend and brother in the ministry, has been intimately associated with Mr. Smart for 35 years; from his ample opportunity of knowing Mrs. Smart, he bore testimony to her superiority as a woman, and how she magnified the grace of God the Holy Spirit, as a consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. He closed with a solemn appeal to all to seek and obtain the one thing needful! To the followers of those who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promise.

### Office of Ecclesiastical and Missionary Record, &c.

The Office of the *Record* and of the Schemes of the Church, will now be found in Yonge Street, East side, second door from Richmond Street.

THE RECORD.—All possible care is taken in addressing and mailing the *Record*. Should any irregularity occur in any quarter, in the receipt of the *Record*, intimation should be sent at once to this office, in order that the irregularity may be remedied.

All communications connected with the *Record* and the *General Schemes of the Church*, to be addressed to "REV. W. REID, OFFICE OF THE MISSIONARY AND ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD," Toronto.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications intended for the *Record* should be in the Editor's hands by the 15th of the month.

## The Record.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1856.

### THE PROGRESS OF TIME, A MOTIVE TO INCREASED DILIGENCE IN OUR WORK.

Before the lines we now write shall have come under the eye of our readers, a new year will have commenced its course. The close of one year, and the commencement of another naturally make a deep impression on the mind, and lead to serious and solemn reflection. It is true, time does not pass more rapidly than at any other period. Its wheels move with equal rapidity at all seasons. But there is more definiteness in the impression which we receive at such a time as this. We realize more deeply the fact

that time is passing away, when we see 1856 substituted for 1855, and when we near, as it were, the knell of one year, and the joyful welcome of another. May our minds be tightly and deeply impressed at this season, and may we be led to number our days and apply our hearts to heavenly wisdom.

In whatever way we are occupied, time with all its precious opportunities, is fast passing away. Whether we are girding up the loins of our minds, and doing with our might the work given to us to do, or whether we are folding our hands, and dreaming away our season of merciful visitation, our time delays not. Our day is fast passing away,—with many of us the meridian is already past, and ere long the dark shadows of evening will be gathering around us. Every individual will admit this. But, dear reader, how is it as regards *your work*,—the work to which God calls you,—the work which you are required to do for your own soul and for Christ? Is it advancing? Is it keeping pace with the progress of time?—Does each closing year find you farther advanced than you were at the commencement of it? In looking forward, as every one who thinks seriously at all, must sometimes look forward to the end of life, can you indulge the pleasing thought that your life and your work will be done together? Can you hope to be able in the prospect of your departure to say, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course'? Alas! to many the close of their time comes before the great work is really begun. They may have been busy in forming plans and schemes, they may have spent much energy in making a fortune, or in carrying out their worldly desires and aims, but if they have been leaving God out of view and forgetting the concerns of their souls, they have lived to no purpose, and have missed the great end of their being. For the noble answer to the first question in the *Shorter Catechism* should be habitually and abidingly before our minds,—Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.

In the course of the past year, not a few have passed away from this earthly scene. In the course of that which is first commencing, not a few, we may say without prophetic inspiration, will pass away like a shadow that declineth, and the place which now knows them shall know them no more. Who of us shall receive the summons is known only to Him in whose hands is the breath of all mankind. It may be the strongest, the healthiest, those amongst us most likely at this moment to see length of days. It may be some most unprepared for the change—some who have made the very least progress in their work. We cannot say to any individual 'thou art the man.' But let the uncertainty of life sound in every ear the words 'thou mayest be the man,' and lead each to redeem the time, and give all diligence to attend to the things which belong to his peace, embracing an offered Saviour, and committing the soul into his strong and faithful hands. This is duty, this is heavenly wisdom. May all be thus taught and thus influenced, and may this new year be to many the beginning of days,—the beginning of their conse-