

the midst of much usefulness. Time had as yet written no wrinkles on her brow. Life's rude warfare had brought her no bitterness or sorrow. She can scarcely be said to have come in contact with life's stern realities, or to have mingled with coarser natures, or to have struggled with life's difficulties, or contended with life's temptations, and, consequently, felt not their effects, and bore not the marks of their contamination, but fell asleep much as a child sinks to slumber, and passed out from among us as the rainbow melts from a summer sky. She is gone; and shall we murmur at this mysterious dispensation, and fret beneath the stroke? Oh, let us rather plead for resignation to God's will; and taking up, in the arms of faith, all this youth and usefulness and beauty, go directly to the foot of the Cross, and, on bended knee, thank Him who has lent them all, and, with unflinching faith and cheerful resignation, say, "the Lord giveth, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." It is to that Creator who gave her we wish to restore our friend. From that Saviour who loved her let us not, even in thought, wish to withhold her; but, on the contrary, cheerfully resign her to Him who loved her more than did all her earthly friends, and with whom she shall be infinitely more happy for ever. Oh, Death! we surrender her not to thy everlasting keeping. We bring our burden and place it down at the feet of the Lord of life, and as faith would willingly surrender it to Him, it knows full well how safely it shall be kept—how tenderly our friend shall be guarded during her slumber, and how certainly she shall be aroused when the conflicts of earth are over, and the night of time merge in the day of eternity.

We say "there's nothing terrible in death:" let us pause a moment. Is this true universally, or true only in special instances? Oh, let us not be deceived. True universally it cannot be, but true in special instances it certainly is. Death not terrible to the unbeliever!—why, he is emphatically to him the "king of terrors." Death not terrible to those whose sins are unpardoned, and whose souls are unsanctified, and who go down to the grave with all the black catalogue of their sins written against them, and there to remain for ever! Words of ours can only weaken the conception of such a condition. To feel that time, with all its opportunities of improvement, and all its free offers of pardon and mercy, are gone for ever! To realize that earth is fast receding, and that every anchor of hope to which the soul might cling is yielding, and the spirit drifting out further and further into the wide ocean, dark, terrible, and solitary! To do battle all alone in the thick darkness with the last enemy, with no friend to comfort or encourage the spirit onwards in the flight; to feel within the firstfruits of the terrible harvest beyond; to find the fluttering, trembling spirit ready to fly forth into the darkness!—Let us not try to describe it, for it defies all description. Yet, in some instances, the words are true, "there's nothing terrible in death," and we firmly believe that they were true in the case of your friend. To her, we have reason to believe that "to die was gain." And, let us ask, upon what is this belief founded? Is it simply upon the fact that her life was pure and unspotted; her disposition, amiable; her attendance upon the means of grace, regular; and her usefulness in the Church