

taken from me ? He replied, " I have nothing particular to say, the Lord will open all before thee." I said, " Have you any conviction, that God is about to take you ?" He said, " No, not in particular, only I always see Death so inexpressibly near, that we both seem to stand on the very verge of eternity." While he slept a little, I besought the Lord, if it was his good pleasure, to spare him to me a little longer. But my prayer seemed to have no wings, and I could not help mingling continually therewith, " Lord give me perfect resignation." This uncertainty made me tremble lest God was going to put into my hand, the bitter cup with which he lately threatened my husband. Some weeks before, I myself was ill of the fever. My husband then felt the whole parting scene, and struggled for perfect resignation. He said, " O Polly, shall I ever see the day when thou must be carried out to bury ? How will the little things which thy tender care has prepared for me in every part of the house, how will they wound and distress me ? How is it ? I think, I feel jealousy ! I am jealous of the worms. I seem to shrink at giving my dear Polly to the worms !"

" Now all these reflections returned upon my heart, with the weight of a millstone. I cried to the Lord, and those words were deeply impressed on my spirit, *Where I am, there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory.* This promise was full of comfort to my soul. I saw that in Christ's immediate presence was our home, and that we should find our re-union in being deeply centered in Him. I received it as a fresh marriage for eternity. As such, I trust forever to hold it. All that day, whenever I thought of that expression, *to behold my glory*, it seemed to wipe away every tear, and was the ring whereby we were joined anew.

" Awaking some time after he said, " Polly, I have been thinking, it was Israel's fault, that they asked for signs. We will not do so, but abandoning our whole selves into the hands of God, will lie patiently before him, assured that he will do all things well."

" My dear Love, said I, if ever I have done or said any thing to grieve thee, how will the remembrance wound my heart, shouldst thou be taken from me !"

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