

in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.’”

The sight of evil in others produced, also, in her an increased feeling of her own weakness and unworthiness, and of the absolute necessity and sufficiency of Almighty grace: she observes—

“The certainty that without divine grace I can do nothing; but that that grace is always with me, that it surrounds me, preserves me, supports me—this sweet assurance fills my heart; and thus I feel, most profoundly, that faith alone can satisfy the void which I sometimes used to feel in my soul.”

At this season there was something in her whole deportment which seemed elevated far above the spirit and manner of the world, gentle and serious affection appeared to be combined with the beaming of a heavenly expression in her countenance. To hear of good delighted her, while satire and severity were disregarded by her as though she did not comprehend them. In the beginning of the summer her health was so far restored as to revive the expectation of her marriage with a gentleman of her choice, and whose character justified the preference. The marriage was expected to take place on the 25th of August; but in the midst of preparations for her nuptials, she was attacked by the disease which soon brought her to the grave. At first this result was not apprehended, either by Clementine or her family; but her mind was familiar with death, and her heart was prepared for heaven. Soon after her seizure she wrote thus to a friend:—“What sweetness there is in the thought of that eternal life—of that state of rest and love. Then we shall comprehend those delightful words of our Saviour, ‘I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also.’ To her in-

tended husband, who was constantly beside her couch, she observed—“We must be resigned; do not murmur; without doubt I shall be grieved to leave so many persons whom I love; but if it is the will of God, I am ready.” These words, “If it be the will of God,” “as it shall please God,” and similar expressions, were frequently repeated by her; and from her lips they were not unmeaning words, but genuine indications of the state of her heart. Her sufferings were great; but her patience, resignation, and confidence were unimpaired. To a friend who had not seen her during several days, she said, “God has been always with me; he has holden me by the hand: nature has been impatient, and has revolted, but the Lord has been always there, ready to support my courage.” “You know,” said she to her sister, “that I was never naturally resigned.” “If God grants you patience,” said a visitor, “he sees that you merit his favour.” “Hush,” said she, with a most expressive eagerness of manner, “talk not of merit.” She manifested for her father and sister the tenderest affection; and to her intended husband she gave a copy of “The Imitation of Christ,” in which her trembling hand had marked some affecting passages. One day, laying her hand upon his head, as it was inclined towards her, she said—“Lord, bless us both. Lord, restore me, that I may love thee more; but if thou hast otherwise decided, thy holy will be done.”

The following incident occurred a short time before her decease. A number of pious ladies, some of them persons of rank and distinction, had agreed to spend an hour in the week, each in her own retirement, but all at the same time, to pray for the conversion of their relatives. Clementine was one of this little praying band, and most conscientiously kept the sacred appointment, to plead with