

the blessed book," and as she said this, she laid her hand upon a bible on the bed beside her, she was sitting. It was open, and at the same time, from which her sister had just been reading. The circumstance, of course, was accidental, but it struck us both, after I had cast my eye upon the page and noticed it, as a strange and happy coincidence. So much so indeed, that I called to her, insisted upon it as another proof of the intervention of divine providence in our favour. And she did this with such a firm and undoubting faith as almost made me convert to her creed.

"I do not know, and cannot tell," she said, "but the doubts she saw I entertained were removed by the particular interventions of providence, which she has so often mentioned to me, and which, I am sure, God and kind, the blessed God has been to me throughout the long and weary period, during which I have been suffering—or rather, I ought to have been suffering—praised be his name," she continued, "I clasped her attenuated hands together and looked up her bright blue eyes to heaven, 'that the merciful dispensation of his saving grace might be bestowed upon me, and that from the deepest recesses of my heart,—during which I have been favoured by the correcting hand. For I can now say that I was the sweet singer of Israel; 'before I was led astray but now have I learnt thy ways, O Lord, in this blessed book,' and she clasped the Bible beside her, in her hand and held it to me, that 'these light afflictions,' such as she parenthetically interposed, "are but for a moment—and that they work out for us a far exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EBBING OF THE TIDE.

"Hark! they whisper, angels say
That summer spirit come away."

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Although it is not the fate of the dead, but of the living, that these unpretending pages are reading, yet I must detain the gentle reader, a moment longer, by the death-bed of that blessed friend, until she shall have taken her final leave of me, more than half the night, of the joys of heaven and the bright and glorious presence before her.

"O how I long to be with my blessed Saviour," she would exclaim, "where sin, and sorrow, and sickness, and death, can never come."

And anon she would complain of her fretful impatience, and express her fears that it was sinful. "I must wait His time," she would say, "He knows best what is good for us. I know and feel he does, but this wayward, wilful spirit of mine clogged as it is with the burden of the flesh, is apt to rebel against His divine authority and almighty power.

"But pray for me, dear lady," she would add on such occasions, "that it may not be so imputed to me, and tell me what to do, for you were sent here, you know, on purpose to instruct me."

"Oh, no! I exclaimed," interrupting her, "If I were sent at all, it was not to instruct, but to be instructed."

I thought I knew before, how Christians ought to live, but I had yet to learn, how calmly and peacefully and triumphantly they could die. With Fanny Millway, the battle had been fought with the king of terrors, and the victory won, she could look him in the face without shrinking, and in the strength of her Redeemer, could say to him, in a tone of defiance: "O death where is thy sting."

Her whole conversation, throughout that long night, turned incessantly upon the hope that possessed her soul, the hope that casteth out fear, and which, with her, was blooming full of immortality.

The reader must not suppose that I have given anything like a full account of all she said. I could not, indeed, have remembered a title of it at the time I made these memoranda, and they refer, I am sorry to say, more to the substance, than the form—that is to say, to the ideas she conveyed to me, and many of them were truly original, while the exquisite simplicity of her language was forgotten. On looking over my notes, I perceive that some remark of this kind is necessary to account for the language, I have put into the mouth of a simple uneducated country girl like Fanny Millway. The fact is, the sentiments only are her's, the language is my own.

But to return once more, and but once, to the bedside of my now no longer talkative friend, she was fairly tired out. She had not, indeed, talked so much, as I learnt afterwards, at one time at least, no, not for several months. No wonder then she was exhausted.

On my urging her to go to sleep she said:

"Come bless me, and kiss me good night, and I will try and do so.

'And if I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'