

on a beloved neighbour, she repeated two lines of an old hymn she often sang in early days :

“ I on His breast a place have found,
Sweetly to rest upon.”

The association of ideas prompting a pleasing reference to Him whom her soul loved. The whole verse runs thus :

“ I'll creep beside him as a worm,
Until with happy John,
I on his breast a place have found,
Sweetly to lean upon.”

This expression of her sense of soul rest on Jesus occurred at a time when it was thought all power of speech had failed, and was the more consolatory on that account. Had the complaint which brought her to the grave been less virulent and more gradual, no doubt she would have uttered much more, to show that the spirit of life she had received from her Saviour was in her “ a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” Toward the end she vainly tried to repeat a verse of another hymn, but could only utter the third line :

“ And the sweet expectation now.”

When her memory was aided by the repetition for her of the next line, she looked pacified, and nodded assent. The complete verse reads :

“ To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above,
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.”

Her last audible expression was, “ When will it be over?” After which she rapidly sank, and at length calmly and sweetly breathed out her soul into the hands of her redeeming Lord.

Mrs. Durrant was the daughter of godly parents, who brought up their children in religious habits, in connection with the Countess of Huntingdon's people, in the town of Brighton, England. At the age of 17 she became a member of the Society, and from that time until her death was enabled by divine grace to sustain an honorable and consistent profession of love to the Lord Jesus Christ. For a number of years after her marriage, she and her husband were called to pass through much domestic affliction, chiefly in the sickness and death, at different times and ages, of eleven of their infant children. That her soul should have been much discouraged and cast down at times by reason of “ the difficulties of the way ” in which it pleased God to lead her, was not surprising ; nevertheless she was enabled to manifest a remarkable degree of patience and submission to her heavenly Father's will. When her husband gave himself to the ministry of the Gospel, though she disapproved the step, she offered no obstruction to it, and was ever a helpmeet in the work of the Lord. She early imbibed a taste for the reading of religious literature, which she kept up until the day before her death. As the result of this, her mind was well stored with biblical truth, from which she was enabled to draw at all times, and more especially when circumstances of affliction rendered it most of all desirable to do so. In her advanced years, and during her brief illness, the religious knowledge gathered in early life proved a perennial source of most substantial comfort. She also had an extensive acquaintance with the poetry of the sanctuary, and derived from it, as the foregoing narrative shows, a phrasology greatly adapted to express her feelings when the hand of death was on her heart-strings, and she was about to pass away.

Thus “ star by star declines,” and loses itself in the light of heaven. Amid the sadness occasioned by separation, let us cherish the joy of anticipated re-union.

“ Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity.

Even now by faith we join our hands
With those who went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore !”

Guelph, April 22, 1867.

WM. F. CLARKE.