

DEATH BED OF HANNAH MORE.*

From her Memoirs by Roberts.

said to those who surrounded her, 'Grow in and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. is all in all. God of grace, God of light, God whom have I in heaven but Thee?' When she said, 'What can I do? What can I with Christ? I know that my Redeemer liveth. happy are those who are expecting to be to in a better world. The thought of that world be mind above itself. My God, my God, I by holy name. Oh the love of Christ, the love of Mercy, Lord, is all I ask! I am never of prayer. Pray, pray that the dear mistress house may be supported in her last hours. I to God to forgive my offences, to make me e, and looking unto Jesus, the author and fin of our faith. Lord, establish, strengthen us! heavens declare the glory of God; how I love psalm! Oh eternal, immortal Lord, I prostrate before thee, utterly unworthy of thy mercy! Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit! by hands I commend my unworthy self—un- but penitent!' Upon being asked if any thing be done to make her more comfortable, she 'Nothing, but love me and forgive me when I patient.' Upon her servant's proposing to read ter to her, she said, 'What are you going to and upon being told the resurrection of Christ, id, 'If we meet at his feet we shall be equal!' and to her attendant, who had been repeating psalms and hymns, 'You cannot have your too much stored with these things; when you or are in solitude, they will supply you with ot.' After repeating the doxology, she said to servant, 'The word Trinity, you know, means I once lived in a street called Trinity-street; think it very wrong to put such sacred names common things.' She often exclaimed, 'Lord, mercy upon me; Christ have mercy upon me, take me patient under my sufferings. Take my perverse and selfish spirit, and give me a unity to thy will. May thy will be done in me, by me, to thy praise and glory: I desire only found at the foot of the cross. Lord, I am thine, not my own, I am bought with a price, a pre- price, even the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. have mercy upon me, grant me an abundant nce into thy kingdom! Jesus my Saviour and Friend.' She talked much of the many mercies ed to her through her very long life. To an in- friend she said, she hoped they should meet in ; for herself she had but one object in view, and was to wait the Lord's time. 'Lord, strengthen resignation to thy holy will. Lord, have mercy me a miserable sinner. Thou hast not left me entless. Oh Lord, strengthen me in the know- of my Saviour Jesus Christ, whom I love and or. How many parts of Scripture speak of the sity of our being born again! Raise my desires, ly my affections, sanctify my soul. To go to re—think what that is! To go to my Saviour died that I might live. Lord, humble me, sub- every evil temper in me. May we meet in a robe try; through Christ's merits we can alone be ed! Look down, O Lord, upon thy unworthy ant with eyes of compassion.' A friend said to 'Our good works will not save us;' she said, 'good works are nothing, but without them we ct be saved. You must pray for me that my ay may be forgiven me for Christ's sake.' After re- the fifty-first Psalm, she said, 'Pour out such eature of thy grace upon me that I may be ena- to serve thee in spirit, soul, and body, and that, ng thee, I may come unto thee through Jesus ist. Oh, my Saviour, forsake not her whom thou redeemed.' Feeling herself linger in her sick- , she said to a friend, 'My dear, do people nee? Oh, glorious grave! I pray for those I e, and for those I pity and do not love.' She said, eases God to afflict me, not for his pleasure, but e me good, to make me humble and thankful; d, I believe, I do believe with all the powers of weak sinful heart. Lord Jesus, look down upon from thy holy habitation, strengthen my faith, quicken me in my preparation! Support me in

that trying hour when I most need it! It is a glo- rious thing to die!' When one talked to her of her good deeds, she said, 'Talk not so vainly, I utterly cast them from me, and fall low at the foot of the cross.'

The gradual dissolution and departure of this gentle ornament of her sex shall be described in the natu- ral and affecting language of the friend who cheered and comforted her last days and her last hours, and counted the last beat of her pulse. 'During this ill- ness of ten months, the time was passed in a series of alternations between restlessness and composure, long sleeps and long wakefulness, with occasional great excitement, elevated and sunken spirits. At length nature seemed to shrink from further conflict, and the time of her deliverance drew near. On Friday the 6th of September 1833, we offered up the morn- ing family devotion by her bedside; she was silent, apparently attentive, with her hands devoutly lifted up. From eight in the evening of this day till nearly nine, I sat watching her. Her face was smooth and glowing. There was an unusual brightness in its ex- pression. She smiled and endeavouring to raise her- self a little from her pillow, she reached out her arms as if catching at something, and while making this effort, she once called 'Patty,' (the name of her last and dearest sister) very plainly, and exclaimed, 'Joy!' In this state of quietness and inward peace she remained for about an hour. At half-past nine o'clock Dr. Carrick came. The pulse had become extremely quick and weak. At about ten, the symp- toms of speedy departure could not be doubted. She fell into a dosing sleep, and slight convulsions suc- ceeded, which seemed to be attended with no pain. She breathed softly and looked sereno. The pulse became fainter and fainter, and as quick as lightning. It was almost extinct from twelve o'clock, when the whole frame was very sereno. With the exception of a sigh or a groan, there was nothing but the gentle breathing of infant sleep. Contrary to expectation, she survived the night. At six o'clock on Saturday morning, I sent in for Miss Roberts. She lasted out till ten minutes after one, when I saw the last gentle breath escape; and one more was added 'to that multitude which no man can number, who sing the praises of God and of the Lamb for ever and ever.'

THE SUNDAY PARTY.

As I was walking one Lord's day to the house of God, I saw a party of young people on before me, whose volatile manners ill accorded with the sanctity of the day; and just as I was passing them I heard one say,

'Indeed I think we shall do wrong—my conscience condemns me—I must.'

'There can be no harm,' replied another, 'in tak- ing an excursion on the water, especially as we have resolved to go to a place of worship this evening.'

'I must return,' rejoined a female voice, 'my con- science condemns me. What will my father say if he hear of it?'

By this time they had reached the bridge; and one of the party was busily engaged with a water- man, while the rest stood in close debate for a few minutes, when they all moved towards the water. Two of the gentlemen stepped into the boat, two more stood at the water's edge, and the females were handed one by one into the boat. It was a fine morning, though rather cold, and the tide was run- ning at its usual rate; many were gazing on them when a naval officer standing near, called to them through the balustrades, and said,

'A pleasant morning to you.'

One of the gentlemen suddenly arose to return the compliment, but from some cause, which I could not perceive, he fell over into the water. This disaster threw the whole party into the utmost consternation: and each one, instead of remaining in his seat, rushed to the side of the boat over which their companion had fallen, which upset it, and all were instantane- ously plunged into the deep. The shriek which the multitude of spectators gave, when they beheld this calamity, exceeded any similar noise I ever heard; several females fainted; boats immediately put off; and in a few minutes the watermen rescued one, and another, and another from a premature grave. Hav- ing picked up all they could find, the different boats

were rowed to the shore, where some medical gentle- men were in waiting; but when the party met toge- ther, no language can describe the horror which was depicted on every countenance when they found that two were still missing.

'Where's my sister?' said the voice which had said, only a few minutes before, 'there can be no harm in taking an excursion on the water, especially as we have resolved to go to church in the evening.'

'Where's my Charles?' said a female, who had appeared the most gay and sprightly when I first saw them.

At length two boats which had gone a considerable distance were seen returning; on being asked if they had picked up any, they replied, 'Yes—two.' This reply electrified the whole party; they embraced each other with the tenderest emotions; they wept for joy and so did others who stood around them.

'Here's a gentleman,' said a boatman, 'but I be- lieve he's dead.'

'Where's the lady,' said the brother; 'is she safe?'

'She is in the other boat, sir!'

'Is she alive?' has she spoken?'

'No, sir, she has not spoken, I believe.'

'Is she dead? oh tell me!'

'I fear she is, sir.'

The ladies were immediately removed from the boats to a house in the vicinity, and every effort was employed to restore animation, and some faint hopes were entertained by the medical gentlemen that they should succeed. In the space of little more than ten minutes they announced the joyful news that the gentleman began to breathe, but they made no al- lusions to the lady. Her brother sat motionless, ab- sorbed in the deepest melancholy, till the actual de- cease of his sister was announced, when he started up and became almost frantic with grief. He exclaim- ed, 'Oh my sister! my sister! would to God I had died for thee!' They were all overwhelmed with trouble and knew not what to do.

'Who will bear the heavy tidings to our father?' said the brother, as he paced the room backwards and forwards, like a maniac broke loose from the cell of misery.—'Oh who will bear the heavy tidings to our father?' He paused—a death-like silence per- vaded the whole apartment—he again burst forth in the agony of despair—'I forced her to go against the dictates of her conscience—I am her murderer—I ought to have perished, and not my sister. Who will bear the heavy tidings to our father?'

'I will,' said a gentleman who had been unremit- ting in his attentions to the sufferers.

'Do you know him, sir?'

'Yes, I know him.'

'Oh! how can I ever appear in his presence? I enticed one of the best of children to an act of dis- obedience, which has destroyed her!'

How the old man received the intelligence, or what moral effect resulted from this disaster, I never heard; but it may furnish me with a few reflections, which I wish to press upon the attention of my reader.

As the Sunday is instituted for the purpose of pro- moting your moral improvement and felicity, never devote its sacred hours to the recreations of pleasure. He who has commanded you to keep it holy, will not suffer you to profane it with impunity. He may not bring down upon you the awful expressions of his dis- pleasure while you are in the act of setting at open defiance his authority; but there is a day approach- ing when you must stand before him; and it may not be far off. By a sudden visitation of Providence you may be removed from the midst of your gay compa- nions to appear in his presence. Resist the first temptation to evil, or ruin may be the inevitable con- sequence. What a warning is contained in this nar- rative! And is this the only one which the history of crime has given you? Alas, no! Have not many, who ended their days in ignominy, traced up their ruin to the profanation of the Sabbath? This is the day in which the foul spirits are abroad enticing the young and thoughtless to evil: and if you wish to avoid the degradation and misery in which others have been involved, devote its sacred hours to the purpose for which they were appointed. —*Epis. Rec.*