

outward expression had been more indulged. The tearless eye and the torn heart are often connected in the same person. "Deep streams are silent."

That such a one as my late dear wife would be respected and loved by those who knew her, and the more in proportion to the completeness of their knowledge, might have been anticipated. And so it was. There were no attractions of genius—no brilliant talents—nothing of a striking kind, so to speak; but there was a combination of good qualities,—a moral symmetry—an unobtrusive excellence—a general loveliness—that deserved esteem, and secured it.

Yet let it not be supposed that the design is to draw the picture of a perfect being, or to insinuate that the subject of this sketch was without faults. Most painfully conscious was she of innumerable failings, as before God; and any attempt to magnify her excellences at the expense of truth and soberness would have been sternly reproved and abhorred. The words of two saints, one of the Old Testament, the other of the New, may be taken as expressing her views, as well as those of all well-informed christians, in this respect:—"If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me; if I say, I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse." "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Job. ix. 20. 1 John i. 8. But I do not feel myself called on to point out instances of imperfection or blame-worthiness. It is rather my object to "glorify God in her," and to display the power of his grace. And this may be done still further by narrating the manner of her departure from us.