

could do no more ; and surely the Lord accepted, according to His promise, the sacramenting and consecration of her whole soul. And though denied a precious privilege, and the discharge of a holy duty in the courts of the Lord's house and at the altar-table of devoutest ordinance, yet she failed not to confess Jesus in her sick room and on her dying bed : and with almost her even last breath it was her admonition to all who knew her, and especially to those she loved so well, that they should come to Jesus, and be Christians ; and that those who professed the faith should hold it fast, and also hold it forth.

Death had no terrors to her. She saw Immanuel's land beyond the cold flow of the Jordan, and she was glad. She was so calm—so very calm—with every mental faculty clear as light, and strong as ever it was ; and she spoke of dying as collectedly and pleasantly as ever in the days of her strength she talked of a thing of earthly joy and loving anticipation. She could

“ Leave the world without a tear,  
Save for the friends she held so dear,”

and then turning from the world, with all its attachments, she rejoiced in the hope of meeting Christ, and joining in the blissful society of the redeemed around the throne. One of her delights was, from an exposition of Jesus' meaning, when He said “ In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you ” ;—that he was not leaving the house, but going only to another room in the palace of the great King ; so she, in departing, was only passing to a higher room in the paternal residence, and to enjoy its preparation and company in the presence of her Lord. A favorite hymn of her's, which expressed her faith and feelings, is that choicest of the choice, “ Just as I am, without one plea,” and which, at her request, was read to her a short time before she died ; along with another that with joy in the face, and almost with her last utterance, she kept repeating, as she foretasted the glorious reality of being “ Forever with the Lord.”

She fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of the 21st of March, and in the twentieth year of her age ; and her requiem let it be, as if we could speak into the dull ear of death ;

“ Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;  
The Saviour has passed through its portals, before thee,  
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom ;