

sermon, and said, that after her death she would wish him to speak from these words. To some of her young relatives, she also sent special messages. She embraced each member of the family, parents, brothers, and sisters, and expressed the same deep concern about their spiritual interests. "You know," said she, "I love you all, you know that, but I love Jesus better—don't grieve for me, but meet me at the right hand. I take you all to witness, every one of you, that if it be the Lord's will to spare me, but only if it be His blessed will, I will live henceforth more to His glory. Father, if ever I forget, remind me of what I am now saying; but though I were to get better, the longest time would be but short."

To her sister S—, she particularly spoke—they were much bound up in each other, and the parting struggle was very severe—"Oh, seek Christ," said she, "give yourself to Him. I have been an unfaithful sister, an undutiful daughter—but, the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin."—"This genuine humility and tenderness of conscience, were clear evidences of a true work of grace, under the Holy Spirit's teaching. Her views of the extent of the Divine law became deeper and more enlarged; and the sense of her shortcomings made Jesus the more precious, as her law-fulfilling, sin-atoning Saviour. He is all my salvation and all my desire—I have been a great sinner—I am still a great sinner—but Jesus is a great Saviour, and unprofitable though I have been, He will be much glorified in me."—"Thus Christ's righteousness is magnified, and He will have all the praise."

"Lord I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me."

When we asked her if she was suffering much, she said, "yes, but Jesus suffered far more for me—my sins were in the cup."

"The verse, 'my times are in thy hands,' was quoted to her. She answered, "Ah! yes, that has often been my comfort." When we were sponging her head and hands with vinegar, her eye of faith was fixed upon her bleeding surety. "They dipped the sponge in vinegar," she said, "and gave Him to drink, but it was mingled with gall—my Blessed Saviour, though rich, He became poor. For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." She particularly named an old man, to whom she wished something to be said. "He is living without God, but old as he is, tell him, the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. Old J—, says he loved me since I was six months old—tell him now, this is all I have to say to him."

She was persuaded to try and compose herself to sleep, as she would probably be refreshed and better able to speak to us. "Yes, but I am sure you are all glad to hear me tell you that I am happy." She again spoke of her little lamb, and renewed the message also to the Bible-class—spoke of the benefit she had derived from it, and again charged the members to be in earnest, for that sickness was no time to begin the great work. She also alluded to the season of her first communion—inquired over her unfaithfulness and unfruitfulness. "Poor broken resolutions," said she, and at the same time told her dear mother where she would find some letters addressed to her—"When I die, you will find these letters in that box in the corner. God has blessed me with good parents. Father, if I die, will you bury me beside my little brother. I loved him; I thought I would not be long after him—but it does not matter where my body lies. Dr. Burns has just been speaking to me of the 'redeemed dust'—it is also precious. Tell Misses F. I will see their sisters in Heaven." At this time I was called to leave her. She had never quitted hold of my hand. I offered to remain, but she said "No; don't stay away from any engagement—remember me where you are going—come back if you can."

I returned about seven in the evening—found her much weaker—quite sensible—though not able to speak much. Her deep mourning shewed great internal uneasiness—the heat of the conflict was over—disease had gained the mastery, and there was a rapid and gradual sinking. She had given her testimony—set her seal to the truth.—She was now in a quiet, waiting position, and though death cast its shadow over her countenance, there was no dimness of spiritual vision—no cloud darkened the prospect—and her lamp continued steadily to burn. She heard the singing of Psalms in a congregation opposite, and enjoyed the sweet music. She then slept calmly for a little, holding my hand with a firm grasp.

Her pastor again was by her, and she followed his words and prayers with the same earnestness as before. Again referred to the approaching communion season, saying, "I will not sit down with you at the table below, but I will be at the Feast above, clothed in the spotless robe, the wedding garment, the righteousness of Christ. I will meet my Saviour on the banks. I see Him with His arm stretched out to receive me. I will be no stranger there."

We were permitted to accompany our young friend thus far towards the margin of the Jordan of death—she was fast approaching towards it.—We left her at 11 o'clock, under the impression that she was easier, and that she might get a little reviving, but, in three hours after, her redeemed spirit was gently released, and found an abundant entrance into the Kingdom—another trophy of Emmanuel's blood-bought victory.

"Go, to shine before His Throne,
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumph to adorn,
Made for God, to God return."

She was made more than conqueror, through Christ, her living head. To His name be all the praise. The Lord had been early preparing her for Himself. Let us follow her, as she followed Christ. There was one united testimony in regard to her dutiful, affectionate, and consistent deportment. She was fondly loved by her brothers and sisters, and every relative; and was the guide and instructor of the younger members of the family. Her mother told me she could not remember one instance in which she had ever disobeyed her. What a beautiful example—this was Christ-like—He loved His parents and was subject to them. They who knew her best, loved her most—their bereavement is very sore—the wound peculiarly tender, but

"Thro' the tears her friends are shedding,
Smiles of hope serenely shine,
They are sorrowing, yet rejoicing—
They know that while they're weeping here,
Her hand, a golden harp is straining,
And with a voice serene and clear,
Her ransomed soul, without a tear,
Her Saviour's praise is singing."

During the last week of her life, she was in perfect health—we never saw her looking better. She was in her usual place at Church—at the class—and at the meetings. We can now mark a winding up as it were, of all those privileges she so much enjoyed. "It is the last time." The last lecture she heard was from Rev. xii. 9-16. "The time is at hand, I come quickly," &c. On Tuesday evening, she was present at the first meeting of new applicants for admission to the Lord's table, at the approaching solemnity; she took part in the exercise, and on her dying bed referred to it as a delightful meeting. She was with us at our weekly prayer-meeting on Thursday evening, the subject being Phil. iii. 9-15. The righteousness of Christ was much spoken of, and this was the all-absorbing theme in her last moments. She was present on Friday evening, at the Teachers' meeting, when the exercise was on the first seven verses of Rev. xxi. The glories of the New Jerusalem—even then she was near the portals, now she "is within her Father's house,

safe and sound, and blest," and could she return, it would be to tell us in such terms as these, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, what God hath prepared for them who love Him;" herself supremely blest! knowing in her happy experience, that in God's presence there is "fulness of joy." She has set to her seal in her life, and by her death, that the record is true, and this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son; he that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life." The message of grace is always new; however oft repeated, fresh interest gathers around every subject, each jewel in Emmanuel's crown shines with distinct lustre; the beams of the Son of Righteousness ripen without scorching—the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon revives but never sickens—our dear sister will not return to us, but she beckons to follow her, so lately among us—now so far above us, "no tongue can tell, no fancy paint." Let me press upon you, my dear friends, the word dropped by her for you. On her flight from the world of sense to the world of spirits, when hovering on the threshold of eternity, you were still upon her heart, for her latest breath was prayer—her last look was love. May her death then be the life of many, in encouraging them to lay hold of the glorious salvation, by a like precious faith.

Believe me my dear friends, your ever affectionate Teacher, &c. &c.

Foreign Missions.

CHINA.

LETTER.—REV. W. C. BURNS.

At Pau-Zeen village, Zung-Koon, District of Canton Province, to the north of Hong-Kong, probably thirty-five miles.

April 16th, 1849.

DEAR FRIEND,—At this early date in the month I write you a few lines, as I am sending a messenger to Hong-Kong for my letters, &c., and may not have another opportunity of writing in time for the next mail. I wrote to you last month from Hong-Kong, to which I had returned for a few days, after sojourning among this people for about seven weeks; and after enjoying a few days' quiet retirement, and the privileges of a Christian Sabbath there, I crossed again to the Continent of China on Wednesday, April 4th. My companion and myself were graciously preserved by the way, and joining the two we had left behind, we proceeded on Friday the 6th, farther back into the country, to visit some villages to which we had been before invited by some of the people. The village in which we now are is the fourth in which we have sojourned during the last ten days, and probably to-morrow we may remove a few miles farther on to a populous village of five thousand inhabitants, which lies next in our route. In the district of country which I have gone over during the past two months, there are no large towns, and no magistrates of the rank known to you by the name of mandarins, so that, if the people are friendly, a stranger has no reason to fear being expelled from among them. As yet, my experience has been, that the farther we advance, the people are the more ready to welcome us, and were my knowledge of Chinese equal to my knowledge of English, I might everywhere have the freest opportunities of making known the Gospel of Jesus Christ among these benighted Gentiles. As it is, not to speak of my companions, one of whom is a very useful assistant in making known the truth, I am able directly, by intelligible speech, and still more by the help of tracts, which we read, explain, and distribute among them, to give to such as have open ears, some general idea, at least, of the leading truths which concern the great salvation. A far greater difficulty than that of being understood, I feel to be the state of the Heathen mind, so estranged from all right ideas of the one living and true God, and so immersed in the things that are seen and