

The Righteous Dead.

MRS. ELIZA BICKLE.



DIED, in the City of Hamilton, on the 22nd of August, 1873, Mrs. Eliza Bickle, the beloved wife of Mr. Tristram Bickle. The deceased was born in the City of Exeter, England, on the 29th of April, 1795, gave her heart fully to God in the spring of 1822, and in August of that year was married in the Lord and lived a happy wedded life until her departure, when she fell asleep in Jesus at the patriarchal age of seventy-eight years, three months, and twenty-three days. In her own quiet and beautiful home, surrounded by loved ones who ministered to her every want, the grey-haired servant of Christ,—the wife, the mother, the saint,—passed away calmly and peacefully, without a ripple of doubt or tremor of fear. Death was “swallowed up in victory.” She lived for more than fifty years, before the Church and before the world, a sincere and devoted Christian. She had a child-like simplicity of nature, and was utterly incapable of guile. Amiable of disposition, her heart was susceptible of the warmest and tenderest attachments. To an eminent degree she possessed “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price.” The grace of God shone out in her uniform, consistent, self-sacrificing life, and won for her the respect of all who knew her, and the loyal and tender love of all in the home circle. She was a devoted wife, a tender and faithful mother.

In the days of her strength she was active in benevolent and Christian work; but when her health was broken, and she was called to suffer her heavenly Father's will, she accepted her lot with cheerful resignation. She never murmured, and was always cheerful and thankful. She loved God's Word, and fed upon it with delight; and as her sight began to fail through advancing years, a larger text of the Scriptures was furnished for her daily reading. She loved God's house, and felt it a great loss to be deprived of the services of the sanctuary. Secret prayer was her delight; and at night, when unable to sleep through suffering, she would be often heard engaged in fervent communion with God.

Many times during her years of affliction she had been brought to the very gates of death, but on the confines of the spirit-land she was always calm and peaceful, having no fear of death, and trusting with unshaken confidence in Jesus her Redeemer.

In her last illness, seized with paralysis, her speech was so affected that she could with difficulty be understood, yet in answer to the questions of her