

father would reward her obedience on his return; and though the day was long and lonely, it was not uncheered by sweet moments of hope and love.

At first, the times of her father's absence were but short, for he led her gently in the path of obedience; but soon a harder trial awaited her. His absence was prolonged day after day; the little maiden watched vainly and wearily at the casement for his return. The want of his cheering smile made the tedious hours of her confinement almost intolerable; her little heart sickened for very weariness, and she cried in the bitterness of her soul, 'If he shuts me out from every thing else in this lonely room, why, oh, why does he not come himself to cheer his child's sad heart?' Dark thoughts then came in, such as the sweet child had never before known: she might at last have wholly doubted her father's love—she might have felt quite forsaken; but as she looked listlessly round the room, her eye chanced to fall on one of the many contrivances arranged in past days by her fond parent for her comfort. The light of love once more shone in upon her. All the past came back upon her soul; memory recalled a thousand acts of tenderness long forgotten. Though the present was dark, the little Ina lived a few rapturous moments in the bright light of the past. The future soon caught its brightness. 'How could I,' said she, 'distrust his love? He will soon return: and then I shall love him with a tenfold energy.' Her hopes were not disappointed; nor had she now many days to wait. But how joyful was her surprise, when she found that her father had been himself engaged in seeking for her, on a distant shore, shells far more brilliant than she could have discovered amidst her native rocks! How rewarded she felt, when he himself traced the pattern, and aided her in her work! Then, satisfied with her simple obedience, he explained the perils from which it had rescued her; and the little Ina learned to rejoice in a sacrifice of love.—"*Doing and Suffering.*"

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## Obituary.

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Died at Paris, C. W., on Thursday the 19th December, Elizabeth Smith Cooke, wife of Norman Hamilton Esq., aged 51 years, formerly of Hadley, Ms.

The deceased had been long afflicted in bodily health, which greatly increased her constitutional diffidence and reserve. But, to her few intimate friends, she was greatly endeared by her meek and quiet spirit. Her peaceful repose in the perfect Righteousness, and all sufficient grace of Christ, was strikingly manifest, in a conversation with her pastor, shortly before her death. She expressed one anxious query:—whether it could be possible that her faith was genuine, and enlightened, *excluding, as it did, every apprehensive thought of death?* Her idea was that even the believer must experience some horror at the approach of the King of Terrors; and the entire absence of such awakened the momentary misgiving as to the reality of her supposed trust in Christ. When told that a "*full assurance of faith*" manifests itself *by this very triumph* over the last enemy, and reminded of the words "THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE WHOSE MIND IS STAYED ON THEE: BECAUSE HE TRUSTETH IN THEE," she was satisfied that her fearlessness was no vain presumption, and with joyful haste to depart, she lingered, sometimes with expressed surprise at the delay, until the welcome summons came.

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
 While on His breast, I lean my head  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there."

E.