

of our own congregation. I think it can be said, without exciting envy in any breast, that one of the very loveliest of our young people has passed away from us. Death, as the reaper, with the sickle keen, has selected one of our finest flowers, to present it to the Lord of Paradise. I speak of our dear departed young friend, MAGGIE MACDONALD—that was her old name; for her new name, written in the white stone of the New Jerusalem, no man knoweth save she who hath received it, and He who bestowed it.

In her earlier days—having a good religious and secular education—her special characteristic was a very unaffected and most amiable disposition; and one which, if it were possible, improved with her years, so that she was a choice favorite amongst all her acquaintances. No pride in dress, no pride in manner; but there was a winning ease, with dignity, that in her girl-hood commanded alike attention and respect. She had warmth in her affections, but not forward in showing it. She was naturally cheerful, but never gay: with a keen sense of the humorous, but always keeping it within the bounds of a true refinement. She had much of the beautiful—beautiful in person, beautiful in mind and character; traits such as we might say that Jesus saw in the young nobleman, and Jesus loved him for them. Still these were not enough, and the Lord gave her a cross to bear, and sent her into the school of affliction, to train her for Himself. For about four years there had been a conflict for life, and every likely means were used to ward off a slow but sapping consumption. At length there came another conflict for eternal life. She was always most respectful regarding religious things, and ready to learn divine truth; but the great concern had not pressed home on her heart till last summer, when then it did, amounting almost to a struggle—a soul striving to get from the bondage of natural sin into the glorious liberty of the children of God,—a soul deeply convinced of insecurity seeking for refuge in Christ,—a soul in earnest, asking what must I do to be saved, and striving for salvation through the Crucified. Faith, the hand of the soul, was at first weak in the trial, but it grew stronger, and at length laid hold, with a grasp that would never relax, on the Lord her Redeemer; and she found joy and peace in believing. She was not a member of the church, though more than once she thought seriously of becoming one; and latterly, had her strength permitted, she most gratefully would have gone to the Lord's table, and with all its solemn memorials have confessed her faith, and satisfied her heart at the feast which the Lord has provided for his own beloved. But it was not to be that thus and there she was to make a public profession. She did well that she did it in her heart, when she