

would seem to revive, and appear better, and a gleam of hope that she might yet recover, would for a moment brighten the sad countenance of the mother—it was, however, but transient, and she would then relapse into her usual wasting and languid state. She had been ill for some time, during which they had continued to read the Scriptures, and to pray together; but Mrs. Vincent had carefully avoided any allusion to her too well grounded fears, that their separation was at hand, thinking it would agitate the child, and perhaps be the means of hastening her dissolution. She shrank, too, from the mention of the subject herself, and endeavoured to appear with her usual composure. And who that has lost friends does not know the bitter pain it gives, and the strong effort it requires, to assume a cheerful countenance, and to restrain the gushing tear, when bending over the sick bed—fearing that the expression of the deep feelings that agitate them, would disturb and distress the dear object of their solicitude?

One day Jane put her arm round her mother's neck, with more than her usual fondness, and said, "Dear mother, I want to talk to you so much about something, but I am afraid it will distress you, and I cannot bear to see you weep."

"Well, my love," said her mother, "I will try and be composed; but you must not say much; you are very weak, and I fear it will bring on your cough."

"I think it will not hurt me," continued she, "and I want to speak to you now, while I can. You know, dear mamma, I have been a long time ill, and I feel that I shall never be better here, and I know you think so too, though you do not like me to know it—but since it is God's will that we should part, let us speak of it; I think it will be better. I have thought much of death since I have been lying here, and at first I felt unwilling to go—unwilling to leave you, mother; but I have prayed again and again, that God would reconcile us both to our approaching separation, and give you grace and strength from above, to bear up under it when I am gone; and I believe He will."

Poor Mrs. Vincent, who was almost overcome by this unexpected and touching speech, replied, "I thank God, my beloved child, that it has pleased Him to prepare you for what I so much dread. You are indeed going to a happier world, where sin and sorrow never come—where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. And O! how much worse it would be to part never to meet again; but we have the blessed hope—the assurance of meeting, where partings are unknown, where we shall never more be separated. Your dear father is already there to welcome you, and when my earthly pilgrimage is over, I trust to rejoin you. I bless God that He has so long spared you to be the com-

fort and solace of my heart; and now that he sees fit to resume this precious gift, I will strive to say, 'Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done!'"

The resignation manifested by Mrs. Vincent was very satisfactory to the child, who would often express her gratitude that it had pleased God that she should die by sickness, rather than have been suddenly called away in the fearful hurricane. Every day they now conversed calmly of death, heaven, and eternity, and it was beautiful to see the cheerful piety of the child, and how she would strive, by every means in her power to console and nerve her mother, in view of her end, which was rapidly approaching. And the prospect of death, which nature shrinks from, and which has often made the strong man to quail, was borne, not only with composure, but joy, by the young Christian, who delighted to lean upon her Saviour for support and strength, through the dark valley and the shadow of death.

"Let us love, and sing, and wonder;

Let us praise the Saviour's name!

He has hushed the law's loud thunder;

He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame—

He has washed us in his blood,

He has brought us back to God!"

There are pleasing and touching reflections connected with the death of the young, who are taken away ere they have been called to mourn the loss of friends—disappointed hopes—and experienced the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. The world to them has been a sunny landscape, decked with flowers—with a bright and cloudless sky; and when we consider that, when a few more years had been added to their brief span, how changed would have been the scene, we are tempted to exclaim, "mourn for the living, not for the dead."

I have not much more to say of Jane Vincent; only her faith, patience, and meekness seemed to increase, until at last she fell asleep, to awake no more on earth.

I was at Barbadoes a few years afterwards, when I became acquainted with Mrs. Vincent. She had heard of me as a stranger, labouring under afflictions, which peculiar circumstances rendered doubly trying—and she sent me a message by a mutual friend, saying, if I would not consider the presence of a stranger intrusive and painful, she would be happy to visit me, for although personally unknown, her heart yearned toward me as a sister in affliction, and she longed to see me. I need scarcely say that she came—and we mingled our tears—our prayers and our sympathies—and when we parted, (probably to meet no more on earth,) it seemed as if a tender tie had again been broken.