

her sufferings. Patience and resignation do not express the condition of mind and heart at such times. The sunny smile, accompanied by the pleasant observation from her lips, spoke of the sunshine of the soul. Hers was a *joyous* Christianity. Fidelity in its most ample signification was a characteristic of Mrs. Roblin. With a faithfulness that never faltered, she held by the institutions, doctrines, usages, and general rules of our Societies. Without affecting in anywise singularity of style, she nevertheless uncompromisingly exhibited a Christian independence, and always maintained a just sense of the liberty of a child of God. A genuine Christian—and not *of* the world, she was as little enslaved by its fashion as governed by its spirit. Yet, in attention to the judicious and harmless conventionalities of life, in appearance, in conversation and the like, she was as much the lady as she was the Christian. Rigid in the observance of all she deemed right in regard to herself, and strong in her convictions of religious faith, she was liberal in regard to others, never unchristianizing them simply because they adopted not her non-essential views either in regard to matters of creed or practice. With the *true* Christian, of whatever type, she could sit under the shadow of the cross and there talk of the sinner's Friend, the heart all glowing the meanwhile with love both for the Master and the disciple. In many instances the ties of friendship formed in childhood's years continued till death sundered every tie appertaining to earth. She retained a strong affection for her old ministers, and none were more welcome under her hospitable roof than they. She coveted their society as she prized their friendship. Gifted with more than ordinary conversational powers, she was always interesting to them; nor less so, even to children, who loved her companionship, forgetting, as they were made insensibly to do, both her years and her mental superiority. Adapting herself to their capacity, she secured their affection while she advanced their intellectual and moral interests. Beloved by a widely-extended circle of the wise and the good, she passed through life without experiencing a wound, as sometimes even the best are called to do, from the sharp, swift arrows of an envenomed tongue.

An esteemed brother, W. H. Austin, Esq., of Trenton, says, "I owe much to my departed sister;" while an equally near relative, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Fowler, echoes the same grateful sentiment. Best known *to*, she was best loved *by*, her most intimate relatives and friends.

Her final illness commenced in February and continued through the eight succeeding months, accomplishing its course in October. To her ever-attentive husband she said, a few days before her death, "Be near me at the last. Hold me in your arms. Right out of your arms into the arms of Jesus,"—from the best loved of earth to the best loved of heaven!

Among her last words were the following sentences, which dropped from her lips at successive intervals of days or hours: "I have peace." "I don't doubt." "I have no fear of death nor the grave. I look into my grave so calmly. I don't feel like weeping." "I am all ready, and almost longing for release from pain and distress." "I am just waiting—waiting for Jesus," "I only weep, dear husband, when I think of you." To her loving brother's