

near home." "Do you think so?" she asked; and on my replying in the affirmative, exclaimed, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;

‘I would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.’”

Some hours afterwards, when I asked her how she was, she replied, "Getting nearer to rest." "Yes," I said, "to your Father's house:" she added, "My Father's house on high." Soon after—"I won't be impatient; but the flesh begins to give way. 'My heart and my flesh faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'” These words were repeated very slowly and distinctly.

We did not think her end so near as it proved to be. In fact, it was supposed that she might possibly linger on a day or two longer. But the time was come.—When I next saw her she had fallen into a temporary delirium, and was talking to herself, rapidly and incoherently. Yet even her wanderings shewed the bias of her soul. "It is all right?" she exclaimed—a conviction which she had held with firm grasp all her life long.—And then she tried to repeat the verse—

“O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.”

Consciousness returned for a very brief interval, during which she recognised her husband and children.—Then the final struggle came on. It was short, and soon subsided into stillness. The breathing became fainter and fainter. At length we found that she had left us.