

with some alteration, the sweet apostrophe to heaven:—

"Oh, heaven! bright heaven!

No sickness there; no weary wasting of the frame away;

No fearful shrinking from the midnight air;

No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray;

No hidden grief; no wild and cheerless vision of despair;

No vain petition for a swift relief;

No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there!"

Belle delighted in the love of her friends—shown by the continual gifts of fruit and flowers, etc., which were sent to her chamber of suffering. She said, when speaking of these unfailing attentions, "I have been like an altar, on which they have laid their offerings for the Saviour. It has been for *His* sake I have been so petted. An altar may be made of sticks or stones,—it is the offering and incense that consecrate it; that will be accepted." These gifts seem to come from God, and yet are given to God."

When her illness was very near its close, after a night of uncommon anguish, as she lay panting in exhaustion, some one entered the room, bearing for her a large cluster of exquisite white roses, buds and full blossoms, dripping with dew, and fragrant in the morning air. She seized them with a wonderful expression of affectionate haste, saying, "God always sends me something sweetest, when I have suffered most. These say, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'" To the question of her mother, whether she would change her circumstances with any one, she eagerly replied, "Oh, no! not for gold or coronets. This entire submission to the will of God is perfect bliss." And again, "I will not change places with any one on the face of the earth, no matter how healthy, happy, good, or useful; for God has said to me, '*Thou art Mine*, I have redeemed thee.' I shall soon go to Him: I could not know a more bitter disappointment than to get well—to turn back and commence to live again; but know Jesus will not give me that lot." She remarked, "I have no more shrinking from the grave, than if I saw you take one of my old dresses from the wardrobe and bury it. Nothing engrosses my thoughts now, but that *I shall be with him*." On the last night but one before her death, she joyfully exclaimed to a dear friend who entered, "Yes, I am positively dying now;" and then, with a look of awe, "Just think, in twelve hours, certainly in twenty-four,

I shall see God!" To the doctor she said, "This is death; I know it; *death*—the very sweetest word, excepting *life* in Christ. One other night of weary, restless tossing—gradually subsiding into insensibility—then the dark lashes fell on her fair cheek, and the long struggle was ended. On the white stone above her grave are these words of hope, which she claimed as her soul's portion:—"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee: I have called thee by thy name; thou art *Mine*."

NOT FAITH, BUT CHRIST.

"Thus you argue—'My judgment is already convinced, and my heart desires to be wholly cast upon the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation; but, in the act of doing this, I always fail.'" What reasoning is here! How directly contrary to the spirit of the Gospel! You are looking not at the object of faith, at Jesus, but at your faith. You would draw your comfort not from Him, but from your faith; and because your faith is not quite perfect, you are as much discouraged as if Jesus was not a quite perfect Saviour. My dear friend, how sadly does the sly spirit of bondage deceive you! For what is your act of believing? Is it to save you? Are you to be saved for believing? If so, then you put acts and works in the place of the Saviour. Faith, as an act, is, in your view, part of your salvation. The free grace of the covenant you turn into a work, and the well-doing of that work is the ground of your hope. What a dreadful mistake is this, since salvation is not to him that worketh, but to him that believeth.

"You are looking at your act of believing. What is this for? Why certainly, that you may be satisfied with your faith, and being satisfied with it, what then? No doubt, you will rest in it, and upon it, satisfied now that Christ is yours because you are satisfied with your faith. This is making a Jesus of it, and is in effect taking the crown of crowns from His head, and placing it upon the head of your faith. Lord grant that you may never do this any more.

"By this great sin, the sin of sins, you are robbed of the sweet enjoyment of the God of all comfort. You lose what you seek; and you lose it in your way of seeking. You want comfort,