

was kept so calm in the midst of the most tender feelings? Notwithstanding his extreme weakness, he gave out several verses of hymns, and delivered several lively sentences of exhortation. When service was over, we hurried him to bed, where he immediately fainted away. He afterwards dropped into a sleep for some time, and on waking, cried out, with a pleasant smile, "Now, my dear thou seest I am no worse for doing the Lord's work: he never fails me when I trust in him." Having got a little dinner, he dozed most of the evening, now and then waking full of the praises of God. At night his fever returned, though not violently; but his strength decreased amazingly. On Monday and Tuesday we had a little paradise together: he lay on a couch in the study, and though often changing posture, was sweetly pleasant, and frequently slept a good while. When awake, he delighted in hearing me read hymns and tracts on Faith and Love. His words were all animating, and his patience beyond expression. When he had any nauseous medicines to take, he seemed to enjoy the cross; according to a word he used often to repeat, that we are to seek a perfect conformity to the will of God, and leave him to give us what comfort he sees good. I asked him, whether he had any advice to leave me, if he should be taken from me? He replied, "I have nothing particular to say, the Lord will open all before thee." I said, "Have you any conviction that God is about to take you?" He said, "No, not in particular; only I always see death so inexpressibly near, that we both seem to stand on the verge of eternity." While he slept a little, I besought the Lord, if it were his good pleasure, to spare him to me a little longer: but my prayers seemed to have no wings, and I could not help mingling continually therewith, "Lord, give me perfect resignation." This uncertainty made me tremble, lest God was going to put into my hand the bitter cup, with which he lately threatened my husband. Some weeks before, I myself was ill of the fever. My husband then felt the whole parting scene, and struggled for perfect resignation. He said, "O Polly, shall I ever see the day when thou must be carried out to be buried? How will the little things which thy tender care has prepared for me in every part of the house, how will they wound and distress me? How is it? I think I feel jealousy! I am jealous of the worms. I seem to shrink at giving my dear Polly to the worms!"

Now all these reflections returned upon my heart with the weight of a millstone. I cried to the Lord, and those words were deeply impressed upon my spirit, "Where I am, there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory." This promise was full of comfort to my soul. I saw, that in Christ's immediate presence was our home, and that we should find our re-union in being deeply centered in him. I received it as a fresh marriage for eternity. As such I trust forever to hold it. All that day, whenever I thought on that expression, *to behold my glory*, it seemed to wipe away every tear, and was as the ring whereby we were joined anew.

Awaking some time after, he said, "Polly, I have

been thinking, it was Israel's fault, that they asked for signs. We will not do so; but abandoning our whole selves into the hands of God, we will lie patiently before him, assured that he will do all things well."

"My dear Love," said I, "if ever I have done or said any thing to grieve thee, how will the remembrance wound my heart, shouldst thou be taken from me!"

He entreated and charged me with inexpressible tenderness, not to allow the thought; declaring his thankfulness for our union, in a variety of words, written on my heart as with the adamant pen of friendship.

On Wednesday, after feeling all day, in an extraordinary manner, the power of God, he told me he had received such a manifestation of the full meaning of those words, "God is Love," as he could never be able to tell. "It fills me," said he, "every moment. O Polly, my dear Polly, God is Love. Shout, shout aloud! I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth. But it seems as if I could not speak much longer. Let us fix on a sign between ourselves, (tapping me twice with his finger,) now I mean, 'God is love.' And we will draw each other into God. Observe! By this we will draw each other into God."

Sally coming in, he cried out, "O Sally, God is love. Shout, both of you: I want to hear you shout his praise." All this time the medical friend who diligently attended him, hoped he was in no danger; as he had no bad head-ache, much sleep, and not much delirium, and an almost regular pulse. So was the disease, though commissioned to take his life, restrained by the power of God.

On Thursday, his speech began to fail. While he was able, he spoke to all that came in his way. Hearing that a stranger was in the house, he ordered her up, though uttering two sentences almost made him faint. To his friendly doctor he would not be silent, while he had any power of speech. After saying, "O Sir, you take too much thought for my body: give me leave to take thought for my soul." When I could scarcely understand any thing he said, I spoke these words, "God is love." Instantly, as if all his powers were awakened, he broke out in a rapture, "God is love! love! O for that gust of praise I want to sound;"—Here his voice again failed. He suffered in many ways but with such patience, as none but those then present can conceive. If I named his sufferings, he would smile, and make the sign.

On Friday, finding his body covered with spots, I felt a sword pierce through my soul. As I was kneeling by his side, with my hand in his, entreating the Lord to be with us in this tremendous hour, he strove to say many things, but could not: pressing my hand, and often repeating the sign. At last he breathed out, "Head of the Church, be Head to my wife!" When, for a few moments, I was forced to leave him, Sally said to him, "My dear master, do you know me?" He replied, "Sally, God will put his right hand under you." She added, "O my dear master, should you be taken away; what a disconsolate creature will my