

She had frequent turns of appearing quite exhausted, and would seem for a few moments to be dying, when she would constantly ejaculate, "Blessed Jesus, come quickly.—Holy Spirit, support me—O Lamb of God, receive my spirit—sweet babe of Bethlehem, defend and help me—pray for me, my friends, that my Jesus may come quickly."

She would soon grow easier, and, after reposing herself awhile, would continue her exhortations to us, that she might lose no time while she had power to speak. About three o'clock P. M. some symptoms appearing a little more favourable, Doct. C. was anxious that she should take some more medicine, as he thought there was still a possibility that it might have a good effect. We, therefore prevailed, upon her to take a little, though she was confident that it would have no good effect, nor did she wish that it should; but rather reproached us for being so selfish as to wish to detain her here. "Why, my friends, will you cling so fast to me? I am impatient to leave this vile tabernacle of clay, which gives me so much pain; that I may be happy in the presence of my Saviour. This day, I hope to be with him in Paradise, where I hope to meet many of my dear friends who have gone before me.—This is Friday, the day on which our Saviour was crucified; I thank God that I am permitted to suffer the pains of death on this day;—but how trifling are my sufferings when compared with his; I am laying upon a bed of down, surrounded by the most kind and tender friends and every possible comfort, while he agonized upon the cross, and gave his life a ransom for poor wretched sinners, of whom I am the chief:—but glory be to God, who through the merits of his Son, hath granted me peace and pardon.—O! that you might all be made sensible of this inestimable blessing,