

The day before her departure her mind was in a peculiarly happy state. In the morning, as she was sitting up in the bed, she said, with great solemnity,—
 “The Master is come, and calleth for me, and I am ready. Dying is but going home.

‘Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are;
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.’”

About the middle of the day she beckoned to me to raise her up, and then exclaimed—“Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Into thy hands I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

‘I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.’

and then you may say—

‘Rejoice for a sister deceased,
 Our loss is her infinite gain;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And freed from its bodily chain.’”

Allusion being made to the “good hope” which the Lord has given us, she added, “through grace”; and then—

“A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure;
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.”

When I left her for the night, she said “good night; I hope I shall reach the land of blessedness before morning.”

The next morning, her last morning on earth, she said to me, “Near home!” “Yes,” I replied, “you are