

taste—taught of God from my infancy—led by the Spirit to Jesus as my sure refuge—redeemed—forgiven; and then, to die, with life only begun, lying about me in all its flush of beauty! Oh, it is wonderful! Why, O why, am I thus favoured?" and thus, "in death's face her's flushed up and smiled."

It is impossible to convey an idea of the cheerfulness with which she would entertain her friends, even upon the theme of her leaving them—so heart-breaking, when left to their own contemplation of it. Such was her content with her circumstances, her vigorous conception of what awaited her, and the magic influence of her words upon those who listened to her, that she seemed to work in them a kindred mood; and, together, her going away would be spoken of most cheerfully. One lovely summer evening, after a day of great debility, she revived, in the cooler hour of twilight, sufficiently to be removed to her chair, a cluster of loving friends surrounding her. The conversation, under her inspiration, became animated and playful. One said, "Your gift of music is the one I should like you to leave for me;" another said, "Leave me your gift with the needle;" and another, some other gift; still another, deeply impressed, even at that hour of almost mirthfulness, with the Divine sustaining power, said, from her soul's depths, "Belle, give me your *faith*." "My faith?" she quickly answered; "oh, no, I cannot spare that! I want that every moment until I die. But you have your own faith." When you read the Bible promises, and they say 'you,' they mean *you*; and when I read them, they mean *me*; and thus all are provided for by the riches of Divine grace."

On one occasion, when her aunt was bidding her, tearfully, good night, she said, "Auntie, dear, do not, oh, do not weep; would you keep me from our Saviour?"

On awaking one morning, her mother asked her how she felt, and she answered, "It is hard to be patient, when one hears the rippings of Jordan." It was early, and the summer birds were swelling their joyous lays, when she said, "The birds seem to know I have lost my voice, and are giving praise for me;" and immediately repeated verse after verse of thanksgiving, as if they had sung it for her.

When asked if the doctrine of election ever troubled her, she said, "I have always felt that was God's business, not mine; but now it is the greatest comfort to me. When I think of a place prepared for *me*, before the foundation of the world, I am not going away upon an exploring expedition, but to my home. If myriads should enter heaven at the same time, no one could have my place; no confusion, no jostling there; all the heavenly company will know where I belong, and I shall be truly welcomed."

When asked by her father how she felt in view of so soon leaving him, and all those so dear to her, she replied, "Much as I felt, on my return from abroad, some years ago. It was a most delightful visit to me; but I was far from my *home*. When the appointed time of my return drew near, what joy filled my heart! and when my eye at length rested, in the distance, on the mountain-tops of my own native land, oh, how my heart beat with delight! The day was bright, and never did my eyes rest on so blessed and lovely a land while my heart bounded with loving anticipation. The first familiar face, as we neared the port, was *yours—my father's*; and when I heard your voice and felt your arms about me, and I long sat with you amid the loved circle at home, my happiness was complete. Well, dear father, I now feel, in view of my speedy departure to my heavenly home, similar anticipations of delight. My life has been short, but happy; I have sweet foretastes of the more blessed state—many precious commendations of the love of my Saviour. I know that the first sweet, smiling face that shall recognize *there*, will be His. He will receive me with open arms. My relationship to Him will give me the same right to my *own well-known place in heaven*, that that of child gave to me a seat in my father's house on earth."

In the midst of a time of extreme suffering, Belle said to her mother, "I can know, as we can, dear mother, God the Father, God the Son, and the Holy Ghost, have dwelt in my chamber during the last year." Her friend she wrote, "When our heavenly Father sees fit to use the rod with the always blossoms, so that the stroke is muffled; and each blow forces the fragrance of His mercy to exhale, so that the bruised and aching hearts may be healed." In the same letter, she