

have felt these victorious words, 'O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' I have trusted the whole thing to Christ, and I can't feel that death will be anything to me but meeting Him face to face whom having not seen I love. When I hear ministers in their sermons speak of the 'cold waters of the Jordan of death,' or the 'darkness of the grave,' I smile, for I feel in my heart that there is no coldness or darkness, no shadow even before me; it is all sunshine. Now I have no doubt there is some 'temperament' in this, but there is more grace. For two years ago it seemed very sad to me to think of dying before I got to be an old woman, and to die young seemed like a cutting off, a blasting, and now I think it must be a new birth into a fuller life. When I realize that through this victory that God has given me, I am so much happier in view of an early death than the majority of Christians, I feel that I want the same overcoming faith in regard to everything in life. I can't say yet that I have no burden about my boys, but I expect to say it. There is much written about the higher life and perfection that is very confusing; but I mean the life that Jesus meant when He said, "If ye abide in Me," and what Paul meant when he said, 'Christ liveth in me.'"

She literally set her house in order, told us all what we were to have as keepsakes—mind you, this was not when she was on her dying-bed, but well enough to visit, to go to church occasionally, and to ride about. "This is my last visit home, and I want to make the most of it. I am sure I shall be in a better home by another summer," she would say, as simply and with no more emotion than if she was getting ready to move into another street; so simply that she fairly compelled us to receive such statements without a word of dissent or a tear. She wrote to all her friends, and made sure that the unconverted ones had at least a message. She talked with us of the journey to a better land she was soon to take, and she certainly gave me the impression that she dreaded death less than getting to New York alone with her children.

She left Maine early in the fall, and failed rapidly after her return to Pennsylvania. Her last letter to me was written in November, and while the most of it is like a glimpse of heaven, in one or two expressions the old human way of looking at things shows itself, as in this:

"All my friends, children of God, are praying for me, that I may get well. Sometimes I feel afraid God may be over-persuaded. This sounds strange, but when I pray about it I can't help saying, 'Dear Lord, don't mind their desires if Thou wouldst rather I should come to heaven now.'"

In another place she says: "I wish it was as easy to live near to God in health as in sickness."

In two months of exceeding suffering that followed, her husband wrote me: "She lives constantly in the presence of Jesus, and she says no one can tell how real everything about heaven