

and fashionable amusements lost all their charms. She relished more the improving conversation of the wise and good, and sought happiness in moral and religious joys. After her mother's death the cares of the family at Willowhill devolved on her, and she managed it with great propriety. I saw her for the first time in November 1818. We were married seventeen months, and the stream of social felicity rolled on and increased, and as it rolled a thousand nameless pleasures were given and received. We paid each other every dutiful attention and loved each other with double affection. She was fitted to shine in every sphere of life, and would have made a man happy either in a palace or a cottage. We were never so happy as when in each other's company. She sometimes accompanied me in my ministerial labours to Newport and Rawdon, and by her good sense and deep piety gained me friends and aided me in every good purpose. In this state of composed felicity fourteen months passed away, beyond comparison the happiest period of my life. But what is happiness but a drop of honey in a draught of gall ! Our happiness was not to continue long, and the gift was so good that, had it been continued, I might have forgotten the giver. During the whole of her illness her mind was calm, and a murmur never escaped from her lips. She frequently spoke of her approaching dissolution with dignified composure, and she frequently beguiled her pains during the watches of the night by singing the songs of Zion. In the early part of her disorder she had some doubts and fears, but her prospects brightened as she approached the end of the journey. She recommended religion to her husband, her father and sister and all around her, and fell asleep in Jesus in the full hope of a blissful eternity. Sarah Sprott was no ordinary character. She was gifted with