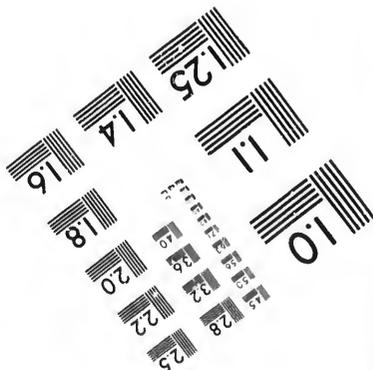
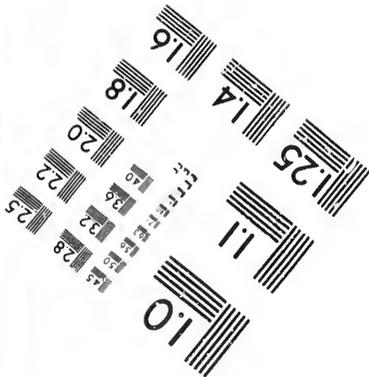
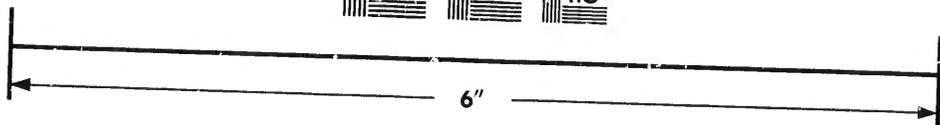
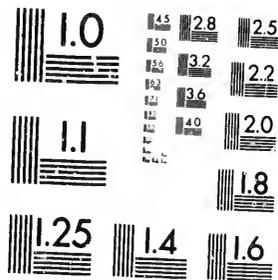


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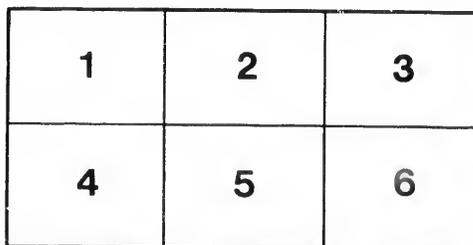
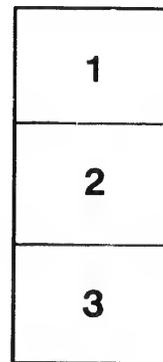
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A BRIEF
MEMOIR
OF
THE LAST FEW WEEKS
OF
ANNE MCINTOSH,
daughter of John and Marion McIntosh,
EARLTOWN,
BY HER FATHER.

(SECOND EDITION.)

PICTOU, N. S.
PRINTED BY WILLIAM HARRIS.
1876.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

Whatever may tend to bring the unconverted to reflection, to arouse and recall the back-sliding, to encourage the weak and trembling Christian, or edify the strong in Christ, it were wrong to withhold, when in the course of God's Providence it is put in our possession. The accompanying Memoir, with God's blessing, is well fitted to do the last of these.

The subject of this memoir has been one of the lambs of my flock. Her whole life was exemplary and consistent. During her last illness it was my privilege and pleasure to be often with her. In the course of my ministration I have had occasion to be at the bedside of the sick and dying, but I have seldom, if ever, witnessed more unrepining patience, more cheerful resignation, more enlightened and unaffected piety, stronger faith, a livelier hope, or more heavenly mindedness than were united in ANNIE MCINTOSH. Although she was but nineteen years of age she was perfectly familiar with the Scriptures, not only with the letter, but with the Spirit, for they were made unto her the "power of God unto Salvation."

There are few who have seen her but freely admit that such patience, faith and hope are seldom to be met with, even in those far advanced in the Christian life.

It is with no small degree of confidence and pleasure that I can recommend this little volume to the Christian public. Had they seen or heard the subject of it, it would have been a volume such as is seldom read; but the few "memoirs" that have been preserved will serve to shew that she was a branch engrafted on the

"true vine," that for her to live was Christ, and to die great gain; that being washed with the blood of Christ she is now one of that blessed company, who in pure white robes surround the "throne of God and the Lamb."

Though the bereavement to the family, was humanly speaking, "a bitter cup" indeed, yet it was largely mingled with much that was sweet and comforting, for they knew that "she is not lost but gone before."

Taking courage from what God has done for her, and is willing to do for you, and every one that trusts in Him, "seek Him while He is to be found, call upon Him while He is near," and, dear reader, you shall find in your happy experience that the Lord is good; that He is a strong-hold in the day of trouble, and knows all who put their trust in Him.

WILLIAM McMILLAN.

The Manse, Earltown, }
January, 1865. }

The heart is cold, whose thoughts were told
In each glance of the glad bright eye,
And she lies pale who was so bright,
She scarce seemed made to die:
Yet we know her soul is happy now
Where Saints their calm watch keep,
That angels are crowning that fair young brow,
Then wherefore should we weep.

W. McM.

MEMOIR.

When so many memoirs and biographies of those who were only famous for attainments in art or science, are given to the world without apology, we deem none necessary in offering the Christian public a brief account of the sufferings and sayings of one to whom the Saviour was "made precious," and who with a lively hope of a glorious resurrection "fell asleep in Jesus" on the 20th March, aged 19 years. The subject of these "memoirs" is Anne McIntosh, daughter of John and Marion McIntosh, Earl-town.

On the third day of January, 1864, she was seized with the worst form of putrid sore throat. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but little or no hope of recovery was held out to her. Notwithstanding this, no effort was relaxed. All was done for her that parental affection could suggest or medical skill devise. Instead of concealing the hopelessness of her case, it was deemed advisable to make it known to her, that she might not be misled by a false hope to delay preparation for the "better country." This intelligence she received

with a calmness and resignation that agreeably surprised us all, leaving no room to doubt that the "good work" was already begun.

A few days after she was seized with what proved to be her last illness. I said to her "Annie I have come under baptismal vows for you." "Yes father" said she. I then asked her to repeat the question in the Shorter Catechism, explaining "effectual calling," which she did, word for word. And on being asked if she had any thoughts about death, she replied that it was strongly impressed on her heart, that she "would not come down from that bed on which she had gone up, but would surely die." And that she was not to "look to man whose breath was in his nostrils" for assistance. For some time before her last illness she had a presentiment that her earthly pilgrimage was nearly over, and the "better country" drawing near.

When in great distress and her friends expressing sympathy with her, she would answer them "I am not in great pain but only restless." Being harassed with fears and doubts, her mother asked her if she would like to engage in devotional exercises. "Most willingly" said she, repeating Psalm lxxiii. 26. She then requested that Rom. viii. should be read to her, dwelling much on the 18th verse.

Feeling that the disease was surely and rapidly doing its work, she expressed a desire to be remembered in the Church in the prayers of the congregation, and also by all God's people. She then sent for

Mr. James Gordon, an aged and godly man, and a much esteemed friend of hers. From him she would not part till death parted them ; and he was as unwilling to part from her, as he heard from her words he never expected to hear in this world.

The forementioned Psalm containing the first promise that gave her relief, she wished again read, also the v. chap of 2nd Cor. Doubts and fears began now to perplex her, and she complained of "the enemy" robbing her of every promise and filling her thoughts with memories of her past life. Unbelief too added its share of mental distress ; yet much as they perplexed her, she was not at any time altogether cast down,—faint beams of hope ever struggling with the darkness. Engaging in devotional exercise, the xxiii Psalm was sung at her own request, and thinking about the "shadow of death" she said, "I compare it to a dark valley, but when I think of the great treasure that awaits me beyond, it overcomes the thought of passing through it." She often and earnestly expressed her desire for faith, and her envy of those who had faith. Being about this time distressed with doubts and fears, she after a little became quite composed, and in ecstasy of joy exclaimed "I have found him ! I have found him !" and then repeated Psalm lxxiii. 24, "Thou shall guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory." She received much joy and comfort from this promise, and felt strengthened to battle with the enemy, with the

assurance that the "God of peace would bruise Satan under her feet shortly."

As this world was receding from her view, the "land of Saints" with its bright inhabitants was becoming closer and brighter to her vision, for about this time she related a deep impression made upon her by a vivid appearance of the abode, the attire, and the employment of those who "serve God day and night in his heavenly temple," seeing in the midst of them one "fairer than the sons of men" smiling compassionately upon her. "You shall soon be with them" I remarked, to which she replied, "Oh ! I fear I cannot be so white !" During the rest of the day she spoke and thought much of what she had seen until the evening, when her sickness returned with violence, her mind being also somewhat distressed. She then expressed a desire that I should go for her pastor, the Rev. W. McM—n. "I fear I shall not be able to speak with them when he returns." "Should you not," said her mother, "what do you wish to be said to your father." "In case I be not able to speak I wish you to state it for me, "seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Her mother asked her what she had to say to her. "Lament not for me, for you ought the rather to rejoice that I would be accepted by the Saviour." "Anything further," asked her mother. She added, "Is not His name the Wonderful, and is it not a wonder that he should accept of you ; and is He not the Counsellor to counsel

you in your hour of need, and is He not the Prince of Peace to make peace between God and your soul, and what more can you wish?" "They shall not be ashamed when they the evil hour do see." She was then asked if she had anything to say to her brothers. She expressed a wish to see them all together, for it was difficult for her to speak, and when they were come into her presence, she said "what I say to one I say to all." "Watch." "Though you should all live to become old men, the time will not be long until you must follow me."

Being asked what she had to say to her sisters, the three of them being called to her bedside, she answered, "I do not know which of you, but He says, "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Two women who were in at the time, hearing what she said to her sisters, wished to know what she had to say to "old withered trees." "I hear you well," said she, "seek your preparation from God, and if you do not find it from Him, you shall want, for "the trees of God are full of sap." Her mother then asked her what she had to say to her Minister. "I have nothing to say about him," but the Spirit saith "he is the Lord's servant, but he is distressed by a bad congregation, wanting from him what they never asked for him," and then she repeated the two first verses of Psalm xx. as applicable to his circumstances.

“Jehovah hear thee in the day
When trouble He doth send,
And may the name of Jacob's God,
Thee from all ill defend.

Oh ! let Him help send from above,
Out of his Sanctuary,
From Zion his own holy hill,
Let Him give strength to thee.

And in this way, as her strength would permit, she gave passages of Scripture, of warning or comfort to several, young and old, and in every case singularly applicable to their circumstances. She was asked what she had to say to her friend, J. G. She referred him to Psalm xxxiv. 7.

The angel of the Lord encamps,
And round encompasseth
All those about that do him fear,
And them delivereth.

Taking the Bible from a table that stood near her bedside she opened it at xii chap. of Ecclesiastes, and placing her finger on the two last verses of the chapter desired some one present to give it to a certain neighbour. “Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments: for this *is* the whole *duty* of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether *it be* good, or whether it be evil.”

To a young girl who came to see her she gave the 1st verse of the xii Chap. of Eccl. “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not.

For another clergyman who kindly called to see her, she gave Heb. xii. 6, as applicable. “For

whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

The Minister had now arrived and conversed, read, and prayed with her. She was distressed with fears and doubts, and desired his prayers to be to the effect that they would be removed, but above all things that she might obtain faith to be able to stand this fiery trial, and patience, that she might endure the will of her heavenly Father."

The greater part of the night was spent in praise and prayer. It was a night that will not soon be forgotten by those whose privilege it was to be present, for although, in such great pain, and so very weak, her voice was the loudest and sweetest in the praise, and it almost seemed as if she had already received the "golden harp" that sinners here on earth might be attracted heavenward by its music.

Her friends prayed earnestly that she might be spared to them for a little yet, that she might tell of the wonders of God's love towards her, and this he granted to the praise of his mercy and free grace. "Not unto us Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory for thy mercy and truth's sake." The scene during the night was most affecting. Though her bodily sufferings were intense, yet was her strength according to her need. Once during the night, when a short interval took place between the diets of devotional exercise, she expressed a desire that they should resume what was so pleasing and comfortable to

her. There being a little hesitation in complying, she requested her particular friend J. G., to resume prayer as she had no ease nor comfort but while they were at worship. Next morning about nine o'clock she was favoured with another glimpse of "the king in his beauty," and the land to which she was drawing near. And after vainly endeavouring to express in words the glory and beauty revealed to her, she ended by saying of Him whom this magnificence and glory surrounded,—“He is altogether lovely;” and “He has dove’s eyes.”

The youngest of her sisters, Elspy, was now after forty-eight hours’ illness removed by death. She was but about two years and a half old, and one of the three sisters of whom Annie had said two days before,—“I know not which of you, but it is said—‘Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God.’” When it was told her that her little sister had gone before her, she said with great composure and seriousness to us all,—“Be still and know that I am God.” (Ps. xlv. 10.) “This,” she said, “is but a loan and since called for should be gratefully returned.” Her mother having remarked to her aunt who was sitting near,—“It seems that trouble awaits me.” She answered with mild reproof in her words: “It seems that Elspy is in glory before me.” “Do you think said I, “that Elspy is happy?” She answered somewhat surprised,—“do you doubt it? I a

plying, certain that I saw her in the bright company."

to res- Her throat about this time was so choked up
fort but with swelling as to make her case very distressing.
morning She was not able to swallow anything of any kind;
another, but contrived to keep her mouth cool by
d the la- chewing ice. To one in health or in ordinary
nd after circumstances, this would be or seem cold com-
the glory fort indeed; but she greatly enjoyed it, and
by saying while using it one day she remarked,—"If I could
glory sur- get a drink of the water of life I need not con-
and "He tinue using this." "But," said she, "I will get
a drink out of the "fountain of life," then I shall
thirst no more."

was now The Psalmist says that the "secret of the Lord
by death is with them that fear Him." In illustration of
half old, and this truth we may mention the singular coincidence,
e had said that the subject of this memoir should quote in
of you, but application to herself before there was any outward
ne unto me warning of her last illness, "Therefore, behold I
e Kingdom will allure her and bring her into the wilderness,
t her little and speak comfortably unto her; and I will give her
with great vineyards from thence and the valley of Achor for
—"Be still a door of hope." (Hosea ii. 14, 15.) On hearing
0.) "This," the chapter read during her illness she asked if her
d for should trial and sufferings were not the "valley of Achor"
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he answered If wronged, or falsely or unjustly spoken of, she
; seems thi- eely and cheerfully forgave, even as she hoped
o you thi- at through Christ she had obtained forgiveness.
he answer- I asked her if it was right for members of the
bt it? I a- me family to be keeping distant from one another

or cherishing feelings of malice. She said no, for "if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen."

At another time I asked her if it were right for one church to be miscalling and speaking evil of another? She answered: "It is not right to miscall any sect or church to which God vouchsafes his presence."

In the intensity of her sufferings she often exclaimed,—“Oh! when will the winter be past, and the rain over? When will the summer of consolation come, when there will be no sorrow, nor tears, for this is the valley of tears for me, but it shall soon have an end!” “This,” remarked her mother to her, “is a wearisome bed to you.” “No, no, mother,” she replied; “it is a happy, happy bed for me.” When visitors would be expressing sympathy with her under such sufferings, she would reply by telling them—“she never was so happy, but always longing to be away and be with Christ.” So great was her longing to be away that she wished her friends engaging in prayer for her, not to be “detaining her by praying for her recovery.” And oft when too weak to speak would she evince her desire to depart by raising her hands and pointing upwards; and when somewhat recovered, would exclaim: “If you had but seen what I have seen you could not wonder that I long to be away!”

She now became evidently easier, and some faint hopes of her recovery were entertained. Her mother one day asked her,—“if she had her *choice*,

whether she would rather be restored to health or taken away?" She replied that "she would rather be taken away, for if spared," said she, "it might be with me like the 'house swept and garnished.'" (Luke xii. 25.) "I know," she continued; "that God can keep me, but it is safer to be with himself."

She complained much of a coldness in spiritual feeling which gave her much uneasiness, and led her to express the fear that God's people were forgetting her in their prayers, and hence the increase of the power of Satan over her: for the enemy began to perplex her with doubts and fears, suggesting the thought that her sins were not forgiven, and telling her how black her soul was. She saw her own soul about this time in a state of blackness, and while musing on it, with a sweet smile lighting up her face, she said to her mother:—

"Mother I have seen Christ, I have seen Christ upon the cross with outstretched arms, but did not know him at first until he showed me the wound and it seemed then bleeding. I then saw him as if he had risen from the grave, and embracing my soul black as it was, he ascended up on high with it, far out of sight, and then all my doubts and fears vanished."

Soon after this she told her mother that she saw the "King in his beauty." One of her friends asked her if she could give any description of Him. She said "no," there was such unspeakable comeliness and loveliness in his countenance, such resplendent light clothing Him round about, that tho' her

head was full of tongues she would fail in telling of his beauty and majesty.

After this vivid manifestation of God's glory, she longed much to be away, and be with him, which was far better," after exclaiming, "when will the winter be past." She loved much to ponder over and repeat the first two verses of Ps. xlii. and once with deep emotion exclaimed, "Lord thou knowest that I thirst to be with thee."

At one time when complaining of dulness, a friend quoted Songs of Sol, i. 4. "Draw me and we will run after thee." She replied, "no thanks to them for coming when He will draw them."

She wished to know what was meant by the "white stone" mentioned in the vision of St. John, and being told the opinion of some worthy Divines about it, was satisfied. She then mentioned that thoughts of it occupied her mind much, and that even in her daily employments it oft banished other thoughts.

At one time when she was repeating the 13th verse of cxvi. Ps., I took occasion to ask her if she were spared, whether she would like to shew forth the death of Christ by going to the Lord's table. "Is it not said," she replied, "that they who eat and drink unworthily eat and drink judgment to themselves;" but latterly when her doubts and fears were overcome, she said "were such an opportunity again offered, I could not be kept back from it."

She now called her brothers to her bedside for the second time, and charged them to shun bad

company—such as tell lies and deceive, and all who profane the Sabbath: “for there are so many snares laid for you that you cannot tell where they are until your feet be entangled in them.” “Shun rhyme makers and those who delight to repeat them.”

Her weakness became now so great that she completely lost the power of swallowing, and for the space of twenty-one days, she did not swallow as much as a single drop of water; and although there was a burning heat within, and a craving for cold water, she was so borne up by the strength of God’s grace that never a murmur nor a word of repining was heard from her lips. She spoke of Hagar’s eyes being opened when the cruise of water was exhausted, so that she was providentially supplied by God, and said she “fully believed that God would permit her to have another drink of water before she would go to drink out of the never failing abundance of the Fountain of Life.” She believed it was to manifest His power to her that God so dealt with her, as did Jesus in the case of Lazarus, when He came not immediately on being sent for, but waited until the time came that would manifest His divine power, God’s glory, and be for the good of souls. “I am kept here a monument of power that the wonder may be the greater when deliverance comes.”

I asked her at one time if she was suffering much from thirst, she replied,—“I am, but why should I complain, when my Saviour on the cross

said he was 'athirst' and could get no drink, and well it is for us that He did not get it." She dwelt much on these words—"Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God."

"You believe that you will yet be able to drink do you?" said I to her one day in this distressed condition. "Yes," said she, "I believe it with all my heart, but I look for greater glory than that. Oh! the fullness that is in Christ; all that I could take would not be much missed! Oh if I would once get a drink of the water of Life, I would then thirst no more, and I will get a drink, for there is no scarcity there." She oft attributed this sore trial to her unthankfulness while she could drink freely. While able to swallow and taking nothing but water, pity was expressed for her that she could take no nourishment. "Bread and water is all that is promised, and I am getting the half of it, and by God's blessing it serves the purpose of both."

Oft, smilingly, would she point in the direction in which she was favored with glimpses of "Him who is the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely." Frequently would she raise both hands with anxious look indicating her wish to be away with the beloved of her soul, sometimes bursting into the exelamation—"why is His chariot so long of coming?"

Calling her mother to her side one day, she said: "Mother I have everything on board now, I am on

the shore waiting for a fair wind to bear me over to the haven of consolation, for one fair gale to waft me over to Emmanuel's shore."

Often referring to the bright visions she had of the Saviour, she would mention i. Cor. xiii. 12, "For now we see darkly as through a glass, but then face to face," and exclaim—"if I have only seen Him darkly as through a glass, how must He appear when I shall see Him in the fulness of His glory and majesty!"

As the hour of her departure was drawing near, she seemed hourly ripening for glory. She would bear no idle or common conversation, and all other books had to give way to the Bible. Her friend J. G., having been so much with her, was now a great comfort to her, as he could understand from her, even when she became too weak to speak, the portions of God's Word that encouraged her and quickened her hope.

Frequent and violent pains now gave warning that the sands of life were nearly run, and while laboring under one of these attacks, her mother said to her "dear Annie you are greatly distressed." "No, no mother" she replied, "He bears the one end of the burden himself. All seems right now for he bears my whole burden."

At one time when rinsing her mouth with cold water, in an attempt to ease her thirst, her mother remarked, "surely that water is greatly blessed to you Annie." "Yes" said she, "everything about me is blessed to me, the prayers of my pious

forefathers are being answered to me, and their blessings have come down to me."

Young friends calling to see her, whose thoughts seemed more occupied with the fashions, than with spiritual concerns, gave her occasion and opportunity of condemning the frequent and unbecoming changes * in dress, to which so many have become slaves, and cautioned her sisters against falling victims to this temptation; recommending them and also her brothers, to be diligent and prayerful in the use of all the means of grace, as they knew not the time or place where God may accompany their use with His heavenly blessing, telling them that the Holy Spirit would not bring to their remembrance truths they never heard nor read.

She frequently referred to the vale of "Baca," saying, "she was going through it, but was enabled to go on from strength to strength and would soon appear perfect in Him."

Seeing her so weak and suffering so much, unable to restrain our tears, she would gently reprove us, and bid us not be lamenting for her, that we ought the rather to rejoice at her happiness; and tho' she would soon be no longer with us, yet she hoped we should all soon follow, and "is it not cause of encouragement to you that little Elspy and I will be there before you in heaven. I hope I shall see you all there yet. Oh! what a glorious sight to see a whole family in heaven."

* She alluded in particular to the hoops or crinolines used.

While her pastor was one day in conversation with her, her attention seemed suddenly arrested by something else, and after listening earnestly for a few seconds she asked him "who is singing in the house," he replied that there was none, (for the house was at the time very quiet.) "Well" said she, "I have heard the sweetest music that ever fell on my ear." He often called, read, conversed and prayed with her. His visits were times of refreshing to his own soul, and as precious to him as they might be beneficial and consoling to her.

Cowper's Poem on providence made a deep impression on her mind, and she would repeat it with great seriousness.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his Sovereign will.

Ye fearful Saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy and shall break,
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him by his grace,
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour,
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

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Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain,
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

As her end was drawing near, her desire to be away was still increasing, and every now and again would the exclamation burst forth from her lips, "Oh! to be away and be with Christ," not because of her bodily sufferings, "not that she was unwilling to bear all that it was her Heavenly Father's will to inflict, but that she desired the more to be with Christ, in the house of many mansions." Oft when unable to speak, would she with tranquil happy look point heavenward, showing where her affections were now chiefly set.

Some of her friends remarked that she should be willing to stay a while yet among us, to which she replied, that "if the Lord had any work for her to do she would, but if his purposes with her were about finished, her desire was to go."

A friend of hers, in very delicate health, called to see her, and when leaving, said "Farewell, for I do not expect to see you any more on earth." "Happy, happy news" said she "I am on my happy journey."

After a little, she broke the stillness by repeating Par. lv. 1-3.

My race is run ; my warfare's o'er ;
 The solemn hour is nigh,
 When offer'd up to God, my soul
 Shall wing its flight on high.

With heav'nly weapons I have fought
 The battles of the Lord ;

Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
Depending on his word.

Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

As she had all along expected and believed, the Lord in his mercy permitted her now to swallow some water. For this she greatly rejoiced, and gave God thanks, for the sake of her friends, to whom it was such a comfort, and who were permitted to see that "according to her faith so was it done to her." She then clasped and raised her hands, exclaiming with deep emotion. "O Lord thou knowest that thou art all in all to me," for "thou art meat and drink to me."

Again and again would she say, "why doth he tarry, why doth he not come?" Her mother seeing her lips move, but hearing no sound, asked her what she was saying. "Come, come, Lord Jesus come quickly," and after repeating Ps. xlii. 2. "When shall I near, unto thy countenance approach, and in God's sight appear", without a struggle, she yielded her spirit into the hands of her blessed Redeemer, and fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of the 20th March, thus passing from an earthly, to a heavenly Sabbath, where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Such were the fears and hopes, such the faith and triumph of Annie McIntosh.

“Calm on the bosom of thy God
 Fair spirit, rest thee now!
 E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow!

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
 Soul to its place on high:
 They who have seen thy look in death
 No more may fear to die.”



“He takes young children to his arms
 And calls them heirs of heaven.”

During Annie's illness, her youngest sister Elspy, after about forty-eight hours illness, was carried away to the bosom of Jesus, to be one of the little lambs of Christ's flock above. Though only two years and five months, she was apt to learn, had a retentive memory, and took much delight in singing Sacred music. She seemed wise beyond her years, and was a reproof to the levity and frivolities of her seniors, and of her it may be truly said :

“This lovely bud, so young, so fair
 Called hence by early doom,
 Just came to show how sweet a flower
 In paradise would bloom.”



Some years after the first edition of this Memoir was published, another member of the family, Alexander, in the prime of life and freshness of youth, was called home. After several disappointments in his business at home, from losses by storms and fire, he left in the autumn of 1873,

to push his fortune in the United States, but on arrival there he met only discouragement, and steered his course for the Dominion. After repeated disappointments in some of the principal towns in Canada, he enlisted in the Mounted Police force, then on its way to Manitoba, which place God in his wisdom did not see fit that he should reach; for on his way through some of the prairie land of the "Great North West," he was taken ill with a fever peculiar to the place, and after lingering for several weeks, during which he showed great patience and resignation to the divine will, he passed away without a struggle, we trust, to that happy land where the "weary are at rest."

He had no mother or sister near to soothe his dying pillow, or close his eye in death, but notwithstanding this, there were friendly hands around to lend willing aid, and friendly voices to cheer him, and tell him of "Jesus and his love," and friendly ears that heard with gladness his trust in Him who has promised "never to leave nor forsake" those who put their trust in Him, and still more, kindly pens to write to his grieving parents, brothers and sisters, that they have not been left to "sorrow as those who have no hope;" that he is "not lost but gone before."

Before leaving home, he expressed to his brother a strong presentiment which he had, that his sojourn on earth would be but short.

He died in Manitoba, on the 19th day of July, 1874, aged 27 years, much respected and deeply

regretted by Officers and Men of the force of which he had been for some time a member, as also by a large circle of friends and acquaintances in his native land. In his early death we have another loud call to "set our house in order." In the midst of life we are in death.

"Our time is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh,
The moment that our lives begin,
We all begin to die."



We cannot forbear to append to this little Memoir the noble old Chant of "Mother dear, Jerusalem," not only because of its suitability to the subject, but because Annie McIntosh loved it above all other hymns and never wearied of repeating it.

O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt or any sore;
There is no death or ugly sight,
But life for evermore.

No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No dull nor darksome night;

But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasures every way.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Would God I were in thee !
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

No pain, no pang, no bitter grief,
No woeful night is there,
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—
No well-away, no fear.

Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone ;
The lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon his throne.

O God ! that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold !
For why ? the pleasures there abound
Which here cannot be told.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold ;
There angels do appear.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are made of Orient pearls—
O God, if I were there.

Within thy gates nothing can come
That is not passing clean ;
No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,
No filth can there be seen.

Jehovah, Lord, now come, I pray,
And end my griefs and plaints ;
Take me to thy Jerusalem,
And place me with thy saints.

Who there are crowned with glory great,
And see God face to face ;
They triumph still and aye rejoice—
Most happy is their case.

But we that are in banishment,
Continually do moan ;
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep—
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
Our pleasures are but pain,
Our joys not worth the looking on—
Our sorrows aye remain.

But their they live in such delight,
Such pleasures and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Seem but as yesterday.

Oh my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Thy joys when shall I see ?
Thy King in glory on his throne,
And thy felicity ?

Thy vineyards and thy orchards too,
So wonderfully rare,
Are furnished with all kinds of fruit
Most beautiful and fair.

Thy gardens and goodly walks
Continually are green ;

There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers,
As no where else are seen.

There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard* and balm abound ;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
What pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—
There musk and civet sweet ;
There many a fair and dainty thing
Is trod down under feet.

Quite through the streets with pleasant sound,
The stream of life doth flow ;
Upon the banks on every side.
The tree of life doth grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit--
For evermore they spring ;
And all the nations of the world
To thee their honours bring.

Jerusalem, God's dwelling place,
Full sore I long to see,
O that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee !

There David stands, with harp in hand,
Among the heavenly choir ;
A thousand times that men were blest,
That might their music hear.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Thy joys fain would I see ;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
And take me home to thee !

O write thy name on my forehead,
And take me hence away,

* Spikenard.

That I may dwell with thee in bliss
And sing thy praises aye!

Jerusalem the happy seat—
Jehovah's throne on high!
O sacred city, queen and wife
Of Christ eternally!

O comely queen, with glory clad,
With glory and degree,
All fair thou art, exceeding bright—
No spot is found in thee.

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all!
For thou art fair and beautiful—
None ill can thee befall.

In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear;
No night, no shade, no winter foul—
No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
No glittering star to light;
For Christ, the son of Righteousness,
For ever shineth bright.

A Lamb unspotted, white and pure,
To thee doth stand in lieu
Of light—so great the glory is
Thine heavenly King to view.

He is the King of king's, beset
In midst his servants' sight;
And they his happy household all
Do serve him day and night.

There, there the choir of angels sing:
There the supernal sort

Of citizens, which hence are rid
from dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
The apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
And confessors betwixt.

There doth the crew of righteous men
And matrons all consist ;
Young men and maids that here on earth
Their pleasures did resist.

Those sheep and lambs that hardly 'scaped
The snares of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell.

And though the glory of each one
Doth differ in degree,
Yet are the joys of all alike
And common, as we see.

There love and charity do reign,
And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
In joy celestial.

They love, they praise-- they praise, they love :
They " Holy, holy," cry ;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end ;
But laud continually.

O happy thousand times were I,
If, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears conceive
Those heavenly songs of praise.

Which to the eternal King are sung
By happy wights above--

By saved souls and angels sweet,
To praise the God of love.

O passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound ;

And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favour and his grace
According to his promise made,
Which here I interlace.

“O Father dear,” quoth he, “let them
Whom thou hast giv’n of old
To me, be there where’er I am
My glory to behold ;

Which I with thee before the world
Was made, in perfect wise,
Have had ; from whence the fountain great
Of glory doth arise.”

Again : “If any man will serve
Then let him follow me :
For where I am, be thou right sure,
There shall my servant be.”

O mother dear ! Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

Yet once again I pray thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife,
That to thy hill I may attain,
And dwell there all my life.

With cherubim and seraphim
And holy souls of men,
To sing thy praise, O Lord of hosts !
Forevermore. Amen.

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