

spring-time gladden the earth once more ; but, alas! she could never get well again.

We trusted they might be deceived ; and were almost sure they were, when we saw her cheerfully attending to her domestic duties. As I watched her sitting in her arm-chair, so tranquil, so happy, I felt as though she could not die,—death was so great a change,—to leave this happy world, to be covered by the damp, cold earth, was to my childish mind a subject of the greatest terror. The eye of faith was closed within my young bosom. I did not look beyond these dark and gloomy scenes of parting, as did my mother, up, far up, to that glorious haven which God had prepared for those who love him. I did not see, by faith, my blessed Redeemer, clothed in ineffable light and majesty, seated upon the throne, and the millions upon millions of happy souls whose robes were washed white in the blood of the Lamb. No music from the heavenly land came to my soul ; but I know my mother was sustained through many a weary day by glorious visions revealed to her by faith in the mercy and promises of God. Instead of sinking beneath the gradual approach of death, it seemed to give her new energy to perform the more faithfully all of her duties before the star of life should for ever sink into the ocean of eternity.