



LIFE 

AND

Remarkable Religious Experience

OF

IDA BELLE WALDRON

BY

V. M. ST. CLAIR.

ASSISTED BY

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V. M. ST. CLAIR AND N. C. KEELING.

PREFACE.

THE CONTROLLING motive of the authors in presenting this little work to the public is to carry out the request of little IDA BELLE WALDRON herself, that her religious experience be published to the world as a means of inducing others to lay hold of the precious means of salvation which she found so dear to her own soul. In carrying out this request, only one other which she made was not fulfilled—one which her parents could not bear should be done, notwithstanding little BELLE so much desired it, *i. e.*, that a post-mortem examination be made of her head, that a knowledge of her disease might be obtained and a remedy discovered therefor.

With this explanation of our motives for this little work, we send it forth on its mission, trusting that, though imperfectly written it may be, that God will bless it to the salvation of many precious souls.

THE AUTHORS.

APRIL 30th, 1889.



Life and Remarkable Religious Experience

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IDA BELLE WALDRON.

By V. M. ST. CLAIR,

Assisted by N. C. KEELING.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE may very aptly be likened to a stream which rising at first, an insignificant rill, flows on and onward, gaining volume and strength as it progresses, turning the wheels of busy manufactories, bearing upon its bosom ships of commerce, and, at the end, is lost amid the waters of the mighty ocean.

The little meadow brook; springing from some vine-clad spot upon the hillside, babbles along in its course, singing to the little children who play by its banks, delighting with its music the aged sire, who is reminded by its rippling melody of the scenes of his own childhood days. Joyously it goes laughing along, winding hither and thither beneath the screening branches which overhang its brink; the birds warble their tuneful lays to its melodious accompaniment; the bright rays of the sun stealing through the emerald curtain above it, is reflected from its bosom like the flashing of glittering gems—with peaceful murmur it goes hurrying by on its journey toward the sea.

But now the scene is changed; no feathered songster mingles its notes with the stream's rippling laughter; no friendly boughs intervene to screen it from the scorching rays of the summer sun; its joyous music is hushed; its movements become sluggish and slow; by degrees its waters diminish until all that remains of the once laughing brook, is only a few stagnant pools, the abiding place of myriads of wriggling animaculi to be dissipated by the burning heat of the noonday sun. Other streams have risen from less favored spots, have traversed a less beautiful way, and joined their waters with the deep blue sea, while it, after a brief journey toward the goal, has languished and died.

Thus it is with life. The little babe, the object of tenderest solicitude, expands and grows as time moves on; now a romping,

rollicking child, the adoration of its doting parents, and the favored companion of its playmates in their childish games; next, budding into manhood or womanhood, the impersonation of health and activity; now the mature man or woman, bearing daily the burdens and cares of life, and adding by industry and research to the world's great store of wealth and knowledge; finally, under the weight of accumulating years, the bowed and decrepit octogenarian, borne onward by the remorseless waters of death's river, and out into the unexplored ocean of the Beyond.

Here is a tiny babe nestling upon the bosom of its mother. All unconscious of the struggle which life has in store for it, it sleeps peacefully, and its dreams are visions of angels hovering about it. See the smile that wreaths its innocent face as its pure spirit wanders amid the enchanting scenes of dreamland!

A few years later we see it a healthy promising child, gaily engaged in its childish sports, bringing joy and sunshine to all with whom it mingles. It is the sunbeam which sheds light and warmth throughout its home. At school it is the pride of its instructors and the idol of its playmates; at home the promise of joy and comfort to its parents declining years.

Alas! there comes a change. Instead of the ruddy glow of health upon its cheek, its brow is scorched by burning fever, and its lips, upon which have been imprinted many loving kisses, are parched and brown; the little head is tossed to and fro in mortal agony, and moans of suffering have taken the place of joyous laughter. The loving parents see their darling prostrated beneath the iron hand of fell disease, and with bleeding hearts must see it toss in pain, day after day, while no human hand can bring it relief. The most skillful physicians are powerless to cope with the formidable adversary, and they see the little body wasting under the ravages of its destroyer, and with hearts scarcely resigned to the will of Him who doeth all things well, they realize that they must part from their loved one.

The end comes at last. With bowed heads and streaming eyes, the parents and friends stand around the bedside watching the last feeble breathing of the little sufferer. So gently does the hand of the Death Angel release the imprisoned spirit from its worn and racked tenement of clay, that ere the grief-stricken assemblage is aware of its departure, it is winging its flight toward the gates of the New Jerusalem, there to rest forever in peace upon the breast of Him who was once Himself a child, and for a space dwelt among the children of men.

CHAPTER II.

IDA BELLE WALDRON, the subject of the following sketch, was born near the town of Liberty, the county seat of Bedford, in the State of Virginia, on the 22nd day of August, 1874. She was the daughter of Paschal W. and Mildred Catharine Waldron, both honest and industrious citizens, who by the honest toil of laborers earned their daily bread.

From her infancy little Belle displayed a remarkable degree of intelligence, and when not more than five or six years of age, exhibited more the manner of a person of mature age than one of so tender years.

Of a naturally bright and cheerful disposition, she was always a favorite with her playmates, and it has never been related of her that her intercourse with them was ever marred by a single quarrel. To her parents she was always kind and affectionate, and above all, obedient in all things, regarding their every wish as law, and striving by her every act to please them, never taking into consideration her own convenience, or consulting her own inclination.

Her perception of Right and Wrong began with her early childhood; indeed, when she was yet at an age when children are usually supposed to be unable to discriminate between good and evil, her nature instinctively rebelled against the commission of any act which she believed to be a sinful one.

Her influence over her playmates and associates was always exerted for their good. She was ever ready with words of good advice and kindly admonition to warn them against the commission of wrong, advising them as a parent might advise his child. And their unbounded love and affection for her always prompted them to listen to and obey her counsel.

She very early evinced a fondness and aptitude for books, and nothing delighted her more than to seclude herself away from the busy throng and busily pore over her tasks, and her always perfect recitations showed that her time was not spent in vain.

One would naturally infer that a child of her disposition—studious and with the manners of those of older years—that she would have manifested an aversion to the games and sports of children, but such was far from being the case. She always delighted in anything not in conflict with her ideas of Right, that would bring pleasure to those about her, and, when occasion demanded, would enter into their sports with as eager zest as the most enthusiastic.

She was early impressed with the fact that life was only for a season, and that all, even children as young as herself, must die, and with this fact always prominent in her mind, she labored to so shape her life and actions, that when her own time arrived to bow to the Great Conqueror, she could say, "O Grave, where is thy victory! O, Death where is thy sting!"

She seemed ever imbued with the idea that there was a responsibility attaching to her own actions, and that, even so young as she was, she would be held to a strict accountability for her own deeds.

The following stanza—the first she ever recited at school—gives an insight into her convictions at this time, and shows the channel into which her thoughts were early directed:

"There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are called by death to hear their doom."

But so far from having a depressing effect upon her spirits she seemed at that time to have no fears for the future, but looked upon death, as her grandfather puts it, "as a happy scene," one in which the weary spirit returns to its celestial home, and to the loving arms of its Heavenly Father. Later, as the sequel will show, Satan with his gloomy array of doubts and fears, darkened her vision of faith and hid from her for a brief space, the splendors of the glory land.



CHAPTER III.

THE gardener does not rear and cultivate the rare and beautiful flower to allow it to bloom and die unseen, and to waste its sweetness upon the passing breeze. He does not so carefully prune and water it, that his eye alone may look upon its loveliness, and that his nostrils alone may be regaled by its delicious odor. It is with pride that he brings it forth from its hot-house bed, and where youth and beauty congregate, and sweet music beguiles the scene, it gives forth its fragrance and delights the assembled throng.

It requires no stretch of imagination to picture this terrestrial sphere on which we live as a nursery ground, where the soul, planted here by the Great Gardener, is nurtured and developed, that it may be prepared for the holy and higher requirements in the great hereafter, when it shall have been transplanted to bloom in the glorious Garden of God, to be beheld by the shining hosts of Light, amid the enchanting music of the angelic choirs above.

Little Belle, so much of comfort and joy to her parents, shedding such a halo of sunshine and gladness about her, was too fair a flower to long remain in the cheerless atmosphere of this world; the soil of earth was too cold for her to expand and grow as the Great Gardener desired, so He willed that she should be transplanted to the purer air of Heaven, where her graces should the more readily expand beneath the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness. But nothing earthy is allowed to pollute the sacred soil of that celestial land, no unsightly branches or ungainly excrescences must appear to mar the beauty of the transplanted flower. Every root of sin must be carefully pruned away ere it grace the Grand Conservatory above.

Little Belle, though among the fairest of earth's flowers, and so pure, so free from guile, yet, as mortal, conceived and born in sin, was destined to feel the hand of affliction, that her soul should be entirely freed from all taint of sin, and made meet for the glories reserved for the ransomed of God from the foundation of the world.

The birds sang as sweetly, perhaps, on the first day of May, 1865, as if little Ida Belle Waldron had been able to listen to their carols; perchance the sun shone as brightly as if she had been able to bask in its genial rays, but her devoted schoolmates were stricken with grief when, on that morning, she gathered up her books and slate and bade adieu to the school-room where she had spent so many happy hours. It was with a heavy heart that she took her departure, feeling, even then that she would never enter it again.

Three successive times she paused and looked back as if it were breaking her heart to leave forever the scenes and associations which had been so dear to her.

Picture her as she paused beside a spring, on her way home, to bathe her throbbing head, almost resolved to return to her books and the company of her schoolmates. It was with difficulty she restrained the tears, as she thought of the dear companions she was forced to leave behind. Her little bosom heaved with tumultuous sobs as she thought of the distress her illness would bring to her dear parents, but with characteristic fortitude she accepted her lot as an inscrutable decree of Providence and dragged herself, rather than walked, to her home, where she took her bed, which she never left again, only for brief intervals, until the hand of Death mercifully released her from her sufferings, June 26th, 1886.

The disease which fastened its iron hand upon her, was an acute affection of the head, and one which from the outset puzzled the knowledge and baffled the skill of the most experienced physicians. She had often before complained of her head, beginning when she was about four years of age, but the affection had never seemed more than an ordinary headache, and had lasted at each attack for only a short while, and her parents had never had any occasion to regard it seriously, and were far from having the remotest idea that it would at last terminate fatally. Even when the disease had gained considerable headway, they could not realize that it would terminate in the death of their loved one, but little Belle, from the first, seemed to have a presentiment that it would be her last illness. On her return home on the morning when she was forced by her illness to leave school, she told her mother that she felt as if she was off alone in a strange land, away from friends and loved ones, where every one was a stranger, and where there was no one to care for her, and that she was to die there with no tender hands to soothe her sufferings or to minister to her wants.

We have no record that up to this time she had ever had any very vivid conception of the new birth. Living in a land where exists the almost universal doctrine that the age of accountability begins at twelve years, it is not probable that she had ever received any special instruction on this subject, and it is certainly not recorded of her that she ever gave any expression of views in regard to it up to the beginning of her illness—yet almost immediately she was prostrated, and felt that her days on earth were numbered, she realized that without a change of heart she could not hope to share the joys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Her anxiety on the subject became very great, and was the occasion of much surprise to those who knew her, that a child so young, and one who had always so conscientiously striven to do right, should manifest the least doubt of salvation.

Much of her time was spent in prayer from the beginning of her illness until her soul found the peace of the assurance of pardon through the precious blood of Christ.

Her concern for the salvation of her soul was so great that even her brief hours of sleep were troubled.

We will give, as nearly as possible, her own account of the visions which came to her in her dreams, when her mental distress was battling for the victory over worn and exhausted nature.

"I had been praying before I fell asleep that some way of deliverance might be revealed to me, for I knew that if I died as I then was, that I would be lost forever. At last I went to sleep, and dreamed that I could see the flames of torment rolling and flashing, and knew that in that awful place I was doomed to lay eternally unless I was saved. I dreamed that I went out to meet Jesus as he came that way, but instead of receiving me, I dreamed that He passed me by without so much as a look or a word. This very greatly distressed me. I thought that I had been so wicked, that He had cast me off, and was going to let me be eternally lost, as a just punishment for my sins and disobedience to His will. He wore a beautiful silver crown upon His head which glistened like fire in the sunlight as he moved along. I awoke and found it all a dream, but the reality that I was a sinner, unsaved, was apparent to my mind, and my distress was as great awake as while I had been asleep.

"The next night I dreamed that I had died, and that I went to a fine mansion, and that it was full of little children, but I was not allowed to enter. They were playing at their games and plays, romping and having a delightful time, and I longed very much to go in among them, but could not, and had to turn away, with a heavy heart, feeling like an outcast and a wanderer in a strange land.

"The next night I dreamed again that I went to the same house, and that this time Jesus himself met me at the door, and took me by the hand and told me to come in, that He had written my name among those who were privileged to enter there. My sorrow was then changed to rejoicing—a great load seemed to have rolled away from me, and I went in laughing for joy, and all in the house laughed with me and gave me a cordial welcome, while all the time the Saviour stood at the door telling the angels to come in. There were people there young and old, and many children of all sizes, all dwelling together in perfect happiness.

"The fourth night I went again, in my dreams, to the beautiful mansion, and found it all overlaid with gold, and all there assembled had crowns of gold on their heads, and Jesus came to me and placed one on me.

"Again, the fifth night, I dreamed of dying and going to Jesus, and was met by a band of little angels, some carrying harps and some horns, while others were singing, and that amid the most delightful music we ascended to Heaven."

An infant brother, who died before Belle was born, was always a theme upon which she delighted to converse, and like all children similarly situated, she was probably desirous of knowing how he had looked, and had probably many times painted a mental picture of him as he had appeared.

This probably induced her to pray that in her next dream she might dream of dying and meeting him in Heaven. On the night following this prayer, she did dream that she was in Heaven, and that her little brother Charlie was there, surrounded by beautiful angels, singing praises to the Lamb.

Her mind seemed to be made perfectly at rest by these dreams. She accepted them as a revelation that Christ was willing to save her, and that if she trusted all to Him, all would be well with her, and with a child-like trust, she gave herself into His hands and allowed no further concern to molest her.

CHAPTER IV.

AN APOLOGY is scarcely needed for the means by which Ida Belle Waldron was rescued from the mazes of doubt and uncertainty in which she was blindly groping, and brought out into the full and glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness.

It is not within the province of man to question the methods by which Christ draws His creatures to Him, and brings them to a reliance on the all-saving efficiency of His blood. The result justifies the means. To bring them to a knowledge of their sins, and the hopelessness of their condition; and the utter impossibility of salvation, save through and by Him is the groundwork of the plan of salvation. When the sinner realizes that he is a sinner, and doomed to eternal punishment—when he has looked in vain for a deliverance—when he sees every prop on which he has relied sinking beneath him, and feels himself, as it were, going down beneath the fiery billows of Divine vengeance, and is brought to throw himself upon the tender mercy of the crucified Christ, feeling that only through His merit can he hope to be snatched from the abyss of eternal damnation into which he is slipping, then is the plan of salvation verified, and it matters little by what means this is brought about, so that in the end the sinner is brought to see the hideousness of sin, and looks to Christ for His salvation.

In olden times God spake to His people through the medium of dreams. To Jacob He appeared during the hours of slumber and showed him a glorious vision—to Pharaoh there appeared the vision of the fat and lean kine, foretelling the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine in the land of Egypt; and to many others God showed Himself in dreams. It was by a dream that Joseph was warned of the danger which threatened the life of the Christ-child, and by the same was told to flee by night to a place of safety.

Coming down to later times, we have numerous instances in which dreams were the foreshadowing of future events, verified by the event itself afterward transpiring, and many times had the warnings given through them, been heeded, dangers would have been turned aside and avoided.

Certain it is, that while little Belle was not at first brought to a knowledge of her sinfulness, through her nightly visions, she was made to more fully realize the hopelessness of her condition as a sinner, and at last to wholly rely on Christ alone for pardon.

The genuineness of her conversion cannot be questioned. "A tree is known by its fruits," is as true to-day as when that truth was first uttered. From the hour when she professed to have found the peace of the assurance of pardon, little Belle gave abundant evidence of having passed from the darkness of the dominion of sin out into the full and glorious splendors of Christ's Kingdom.

The words of the Saviour when he said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," had an especial charm for her. She loved to dwell upon their sweet assurance, and often softly repeated them over to herself, as she lay, thinking, no doubt, of the near future, when she, herself, would be numbered among the glorified juvenile throng which people the golden mansions of the Heavenly City.

Referring in a conversation with her mother, to her new-found happiness, she exclaimed, "Mamma, how I wish the world knew how I feel to-day! I do not care for the opinions of the world, so that Jesus loves me, and I know that he does."

She, no doubt, meant by this, that if the unconverted could realize her happiness and peace of mind, and know that it could only result from a consciousness of sins forgiven, that they would turn away from their sins and look, too, to Him who alone can speak such peace to the sin-sick soul.

Whenever she conversed on the subject of her conversion and of Heaven, her face bore the imprint of the perfect peace and contentment which filled her soul, and her smiles of happiness were almost angelic in their loveliness.

Although suffering intensely at nearly all times, she maintained her peaceful demeanor, and never suffered a murmur of complaint to escape her.

She never seemed happier than when her bedside was surrounded by Christian people. She greatly delighted in having the Bible read to her, and drank in its precious promises with the ardor with which the weary traveler slakes his thirst from the wayside spring.

She was inordinately fond of vocal music and took great delight in this part of the service of the Sanctuary. Her favorite hymn was the one beginning, "I would not live alway," and often during her illness she would ask to have it sung for her.

In answer to her mother's question if she should send for another physician, little Belle replied, "No, mamma, I had rather see Preacher Wheeler; I can never get well, and physicians can do me no good. I can see death approaching nearer and nearer every day, and if it is God's will, I had much rather die now. If I were to get well again, and live to old age, I would have many trials and troubles to encounter, which, if I die now, I will not have to meet, and I will never feel

better prepared to die than I do now. If I live, I might possibly yield to temptation and go back to the world again, and at last be lost, after having been so near to the Saviour's kingdom. Mamma, I had rather die before you and papa, than to be left alone in this world of trouble, and to be thrown among strangers and be badly treated as I have known some poor orphans to be."

In reply to her mother, who said, "Belle, I wish I had the power to relieve you from your suffering, for it almost breaks my heart to see you suffer so," she answered:

"I am glad, mamma, that you have not. Jesus has the power to do as you would, if you could, and if that would be best for me, surely, He would not let me suffer as I do. If it was in your power to relieve me, you would do so, not looking at it in the light in which my Saviour does. I do not think hard of my lot; this affliction was sent upon me, to humble me, and to prepare me for death, and now, I would not exchange my hope of Heaven for ten thousand such worlds as this."

On another occasion she said to her mother, "Mamma, don't grieve for me when I am gone. I will be called away only a short time before you all will be called to follow. Death may come at any time, and none can shun it. I had much rather know that you laughed than cried at my death, knowing that I was safe at rest with Jesus and the angels."

"Belle," said her mother, "if I were ill and suffering as you are, you would grieve and weep over me."

"Yes, mamma, but if you were willing and prepared to die, I would not grieve as I would if you were without hope. You and papa have been kind parents to me, and have given me good advice, and have tried to bring me up right, and now I do not fear to die. You have done all for me you could do since I have been sick, and do not think you could have done more, and grieve over any neglected duty. To my relatives and neighbors I can only express my sincere thanks for all they have done for me. I do not doubt that Dr. Fuqua has done all that human skill could do, and all that any other physician could have done."

Ever mindful of the comfort and good of others, she desired that at her death she should be an instrument of good to any who might be called upon to suffer the same disease as herself. She requested that after her death a *post mortem* examination be made of her head, that the character of her malady might be determined, and a remedy therefor discovered, and thus be the means of saving many precious lives.

CHAPTER V.

DEATH, at any time, is a much dreaded visitor, but when he snatches away, with his relentless hand, the young and beautiful, just as they are budding into years of promise and usefulness, his approach is doubly sad.

While the death of the aged is fraught with its degree of sorrow, we can contemplate it with a far less feeling of grief than we can that of the young. We know that the aged must die; that having passed their allotted three score and ten years, their time has arrived to pay the inevitable debt of nature. Having fulfilled their mission, having performed their life-work, they come to the grave as a shock of wheat, fully ripe, to the garner. Like the weary laborer at eventide, they lay aside their implements of labor and go to the Great Paymaster of the Universe for their reward. But to contemplate the death of the young is inexpressably sad. When we see them just entering the journey of life, with the possibility of a bright and useful future before them; when we are looking forward to the achievements which they may accomplish, which may bring blessings and comfort to humanity; when we think of the incalculable benefit their lives may be to the world, and have to see them laid low by the hand of death, 'tis then that the blow falls with its leaden weight, and the heart bends beneath its load of grief.

But harder still the blow to bear when we sorrow without the hope for them of rest beyond the River of Death; when we are forced to think of them as numbered among the array of those who are shut out forever from the presence of Him who called them to Him, but to whose gentle voice they would not hearken, and whose offers of mercy they rejected.

But how sweet the consolation then when our loved ones are called over the River, to know that they are received into the loving arms of the Saviour, and that, in that House not made with hands, they are safe for evermore, where naught can ever molest them or make them afraid.

Little Belle, as she saw the approach of death, did not shrink from it, but looked upon it as a messenger of mercy to release her from her pain, and set her imprisoned spirit free and let it mount on eagle wings to the Heavenly City.

When she felt that death was very near, she said, "Ma, I feel like I want to talk to all my friends." Calling to a young lady in the room, she said, "I want you to be good, to

treat every one kindly, and meet me in Heaven. I want all my friends to attend church and do their duty at all times, and prepare to meet me in Heaven."

Calling her little brother to her, she said, "Hugh, I believe I will meet papa and mamma in heaven, but I think a great deal about you. I sometimes think you may grow up in the world and become wicked and be lost, and that I will be like the poor man Lazarus, and you like the rich man in torment, with that awful gulf fixed between us. Promise me now, that when you are old enough you will be a Christian, and serve Christ. Keep out of the company of the wicked, and, above all, never get drunk, for the Bible says that no drunkard can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Remember the text I want my funeral preached from, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Be a good boy, and meet me in Heaven."

Turning to her father, she said, "Papa, I feel like I want to talk to you. I want you to promise me that you will always be satisfied after this, and not trouble yourself about owning a home of your own, as you have been. There is a Home in Heaven for you which is worth striving for, more than all the homes on this earth, and that is the Home to which I am going, and where I hope to meet you when you are called from this world. The more trouble you see here, the stronger let your faith be—the more I suffer, the stronger is my faith in Christ. Attend church and perform your duty to God all the time. Raise Hugh in the way of holiness, and meet me above. I will soon be at home now, and will not to suffer any more pain, and it will be the happiest moment of my life, when death comes to me, and I know that I am going to Jesus."

To her mother she said, "Mamma, I do not want you to grieve and sorrow for me, for I may be here to hover over you and papa when you die, and accompany your spirits home to Heaven. Oh, isn't it a glorious thought that your little Belle may be sent from Heaven to escort your liberated spirits to the arms of Jesus. Do not let it pain you to see me suffer here; Jesus suffered far more than I, when he was nailed to the cruel cross, that poor sinners like you and I and the rest of mankind should not eternally perish. You know that His mother stood by and saw him nailed there, and did not dare to touch Him."

She then asked that her grandmother be sent for, and when she arrived endeavored to induce her to be reconciled to God's will. "Grandma," she said, "don't grieve so for me. You are old now, and have only a few more trials to encounter in this world, and then you will go to your long home, and then we will be together in Heaven. I can say that you and grandpa have been very, very kind to me all my life, ever since I have been old enough to know what affection is, and I love you both

dearly, but my time is near to leave you and go to my Heavenly Father, whom I love above all things else. Stand firm, in your old age, in the faith you espoused in your youth, and never forsake the service of the Lord. Use all your influence to induce my cousins to become good and consistent Christians. Grandma, I would be willing to lay here and suffer as I do now until I died of old age, if by so doing I could be instrumental in saving one precious soul from being lost." She then turned to her pastor, Rev. G. Wheeler, and said, "Mr. Wheeler, I feel like I am almost in the arms of Jesus, this morning. I want you to go on in your good work, and do all you can for the salvation of souls. Warn all, old and young, who are yet in sin, to give it up and prepare for death. I want to meet everybody in Heaven, and wish to see none lost. Tell Mrs. Wheeler that I hope to meet her in a better world, and tell her to never give up her fight for Heaven."

She then asked her grandmother and uncle to sing the hymn beginning,

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep"

On account of the pain in her head, she asked them to sing it softly, and when they had finished she said, "Grandma, since I have been so low, loud singing hurts my head, so I have prayed that Jesus would send angels to sing for me, and now I often see them hovering over my bed, and hear them singing the most delightful songs, such as I have never heard from mortal tongue."

Opening her eyes, and gazing apparently into Heaven, she exclaimed, "Oh, look at them now, the beautiful angels; hear their melodious songs! See! one waves a beautiful crown of gold above its head and beckons me to come up to Heaven."

Her voice continued to grow weaker and weaker, and her efforts at conversation more painful, and she lay for a time perfectly quiet and composed, then with a countenance almost angelic in its expression, she burst forth, "I see my Saviour standing at the gates of Heaven with the beautiful starry crown I have dreamed so much about. He is reading to me now from the Bible, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'" Throwing up her hands she ecstatically exclaimed, "He has turned the book to me, so that I may read it for myself, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' I see my little brother Charlie standing by him, waiting to welcome me to Heaven."

After this her power of speech failed her very fast, the only words which she uttered were "turn me over." Her tongue became paralyzed, and it was only by signs that she could communicate with those about her.

At last exhausted nature could endure no longer, and

without a struggle, with her eyes fixed on Heaven, and a celestial smile upon her features, she breathed her life sweetly away, surrounded by a large number of weeping relatives and friends.

According to her request, she was interred at the family burial ground of her grandfather, Mr. Wilson Atkinson, Rev. G. Wheeler conducting the services, and preaching the funeral sermon from her favorite text, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The hymn, "I would not live alway," was sung at the grave, according to her request.

Thus passed from Time to Eternity, this very remarkable child, whose brief life was almost entirely given to the service of the Master, and who, in her illness and death, was demonstrated to the world that

" 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."



