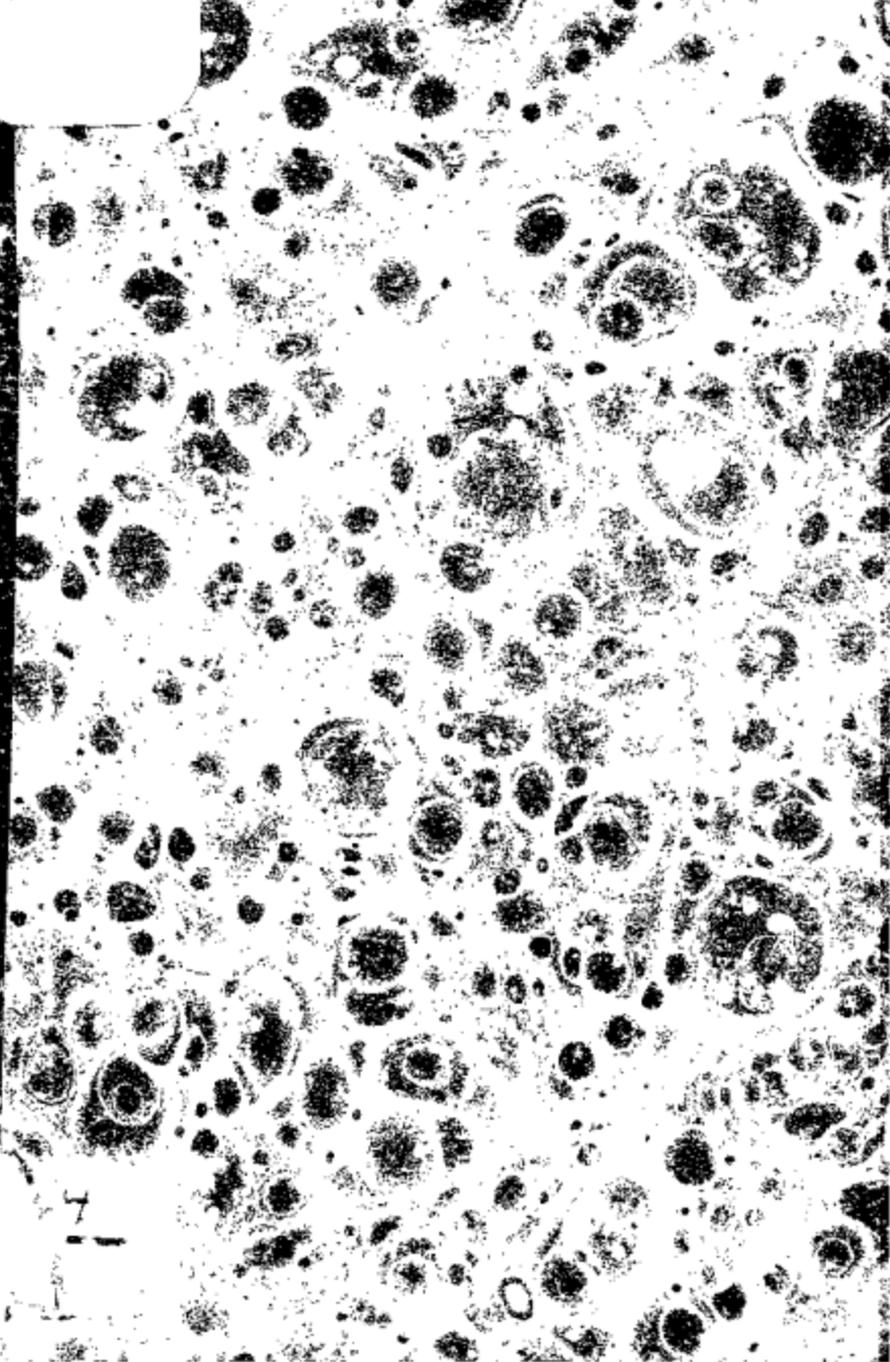


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*"I have enjoyed more happiness on this sick bed, than ever
in my life before."*—Page 42.

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MARY WEST,

A

SABBATH SCHOLAR,

WHO DIED AT GRANVILLE, MASS.

May 19th, 1829,

IN THE THIRTEENTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

BY TIMOTHY M. COOLEY, D. D.
Pastor of a Church in Granville, Mass.

WRITTEN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,
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MEMOIR OF MARY WEST.

SECTION I.

“LET me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his.” The desire here expressed is common to all minds. To “die the death of the righteous” is the most happy and glorious attainment on earth, and would be a rich reward for all the self-denial and sufferings of a life devoted to the most active piety. Few men can be rich. Few can share in worldly honors. But the exalted honor of *dying the death of the righteous* is within the reach even of little children. God has furnished the means for the attainment of this end, and the church has furnished innumerable examples of men who lived the life and “died the

death of the righteous." Christianity never presents more attractive loveliness, than when it shines bright, in the holy and happy life, and the peaceful and triumphant death of its professed friends. Only present to view the living examples of such as have entered upon the narrow way, and walked with God and died in faith, and here is "an epistle" which "is known and read of all men." The loveliness of true piety is viewed with peculiar interest when associated with the bloom of childhood and youth.

The following little narrative is not a work of the imagination, but a true, unadorned statement of facts. The subject of this memoir, though in humble life, was regarded by all who knew her, as an uncommon instance of the power of religion on the heart and life. It was wonderful to see how the grace of God sweetened her natural temper, regulated her conversation, influenced her to delight in the duty of prayer, inspired her heart with love to christians, sustained her in extreme and long continu-

ed sufferings, and made her "dying bed as soft as downy pillows are."

MARY WEST was born in Granville, Mass. Oct. 26th, 1816, died May 19th, 1829, aged 12 years, 7 months and 23 days. The ancestors of her parents have been regarded as reputable, honest people, the friends of order and religion. Mary was the youngest but one of nine children, and of this numerous family, two only survive. Three died in their infancy. Three sisters died in the triumphs of hope, two of them before Mary's decease, and one a short time after. A brother having engaged in mercantile business, in the state of New York, with a reputable character, and with brightening prospects of success, went down to his grave, by a lingering disease, in early life, not however without leaving to his friends the grateful hope, that their loss was his unspeakable gain. While divine dispensations towards this family have been mysterious and distressing, there have been such tokens of the loving kindness of God, as

will give occasion for eternal songs of praise. "The voice said, Cry. And I said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: BUT THE WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOREVER."

SECTION II.

CHILDREN, it is well known, discover their wrong tempers even at an early age. "They go astray as soon as they are born speaking lies." In some instances, it is literally true, that they are prone to deception and falsehood, while their stammering tongues can scarcely pronounce the half accented syllable. They are disobedient to parents. Where such tempers prevail in children, and are indulged without restraint, fearful must be the consequences. "Their way is dark and leads to hell."

It is not known that Mary ever manifested such tempers. She spoke the truth with *exactness*, never exceeding the *simple verity*. She was remarkable too in dutifulness to parents. So far was she from "mocking at her father and scorning to obey her mother," that she was never known to *speak* or *act* towards her parents with disrespect.

At the early age of four years, she entered our sabbath school, was a punctual attendant, and always recited the lessons well. She read with much pleasure the books which she took from the sabbath school Library, but her favorite books were JANEWAY'S *TOKEN FOR CHILDREN*, and the BIBLE. It was quite noticeable that her taste for reading was for religious books, and if others fell into her hands, she would, by exchanging with her mates, be sure to get the religious books.

The first time that the attention of the writer was especially arrested by this interesting little parishioner, was more than two years before her death. She was then on

a bed of sickness, and sent for me to visit her. Amiable as her natural disposition was, Mary was a sinner. Though she always regarded the truth, was obedient to parents, and interested in reading religious books, yet "her heart had never been touched by the finger of God. No heavenly ray had entered her soul."

I soon perceived that she was deeply impressed with a sense of her guilty condition, and though on a bed of dangerous sickness, her concern was not for health of body, but for the interests of her immortal soul. Asking her what I should pray for—"Pray," said she, "that I may be a christian." "Shall I not pray," said I, "that you may recover your health?"—"Oh! sir," said Mary, bursting into tears, "Pray that I may be a christian."

Some months previous to this, her mind had been tenderly affected by the sudden death of a youth of her acquaintance. The death and funeral of her friend would naturally suggest to her mind such inquiries

as these : “ Am I prepared for this awful event ? Is my account ready ? Is it such an account as I am willing to give ? Is it such an one, as I have reason to believe, the Judge will accept ? Or is it an account, which will cover me with shame, and agony, and despair ? Have I lived hitherto, only to do evil, to *treasure up wrath*, and to enhance my ruin ? Is the great work of my life yet to be begun ? Has my whole course, hitherto, been directed, shall it through life be directed, towards perdition, and not a single step taken towards heaven ? ” In view of death and its affecting consequences, Mary attempted to pray, but found that she had such a wicked heart, that she could not pray. These early impressions, it seems, were not permanent, but passed away *as the morning cloud*.

When God was pleased to visit her with threatening sickness, as above stated, she was much alarmed for her soul's welfare. The Holy Spirit now opened her eyes to a deep sense of the pride and vanity of her

heart. "A little before I was taken sick," said Mary, "I had a new dress, which I thought would look becoming for me to wear to meeting. I felt proud, and anxious to wear it. But this was the last sabbath I was permitted to go to the house of God before I was taken sick. This was a just judgement of God upon me. What a wicked thing to be proud, when we are going to the house of God. How careful should we be to watch our hearts against pride."

Never is a parent, in a station of more affecting responsibility, than when called in duty to give instruction to a child under the Holy Spirit's influence. To soothe the anxious inquirer with flatteries of innocence, would be death, *death to the soul*. To cherish a spirit of vain confidence in prayers and tears, as if outward reformation could atone for sin, would be equally ruinous. Mary, in the anguish of her spirit, went to her mother with the solemn inquiry, **WHAT SHALL I DO?** God had favored her with a

mother who, as we trust, had been herself taught the way of salvation by the Holy Spirit. Instead of saying to her child, as some would have done in such a case, "You have always been kind, and lovely, and dutiful; you need not fear,—all will be well. God will never frown upon such a good child as you have been:" instead of thus soothing the anguish of her soul into a deceptive peace, she instructed her to look away to the only Saviour, and urged upon the child, the duty of immediate repentance, and unconditional submission to God. "You must pray," said she, "and ask God to forgive your sins, and have mercy on your soul." Mary replied; "I don't know how to pray: I would pray if I knew how." Her mother said; "If you wanted any thing of me would you not ask for it? Prayer is the desire of the heart: you can pray the prayer of the publican, and that was heard and answered." She was often heard lifting up her voice in prayer, in the silent hour of midnight.

Many upon a sick bed, resolve to seek and serve God, *when they shall have been restored to health*. It was far otherwise with Mary : she did not dare to wait ; she felt that she must repent without delay.

SECTION III.

It was not long before Mary manifested a change in her feelings. "He who gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom," had imparted to her soul that "peace which passeth understanding." Her distress was gone. Her sorrow was turned into joy. "Every thing," said this lovely child, "seems to praise God, and I feel as if I could praise Him." Now she began to realize that the promises were precious, which her mother had often suggested for her encouragement. "I know," said Mary, "that the Saviour's words are true. It is

not—Ask and ye *may* receive, but ask and ye *shall* receive.”

Her mother inquired of her, whether any passages of scripture had given her peculiar consolation. She then referred to those words of the Saviour; “Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.” She often read the following Hymn, and was particularly interested in the sentiments it contains.

“ My name is printed on his heart,
 His book of life contains my name,
 I'd rather have it there impressed
 Than in the brightest book of fame.

When the last fire burns all things here,
 Those letters shall securely stand,
 And in the lamb's fair book appear
 Writ by the eternal Father's hand.

So shall my minutes smoothly run
 Whilst here I wait my Father's will,

My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill."

SECTION IV.

"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." A sick bed, though greatly dreaded by frail mortals, may become one of the richest blessings. Here the mind is withdrawn from earthly objects, and fixed on death, and judgement, and eternity. Not a few, among the choicest of God's children, can refer back to a bed of pain and danger, as the birth-place of their immortal hopes. The records of eternity will doubtless reveal the fact, that some of the most devoted christians enjoyed rich experience of sanctifying grace, during a painful and long protracted sickness. Few indeed have been sanctified by means of worldly prosperity, while a multitude will hereafter surround the throne arrayed in purest white,

of whom it shall be recorded ; “ These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Others, as well as the man after God’s heart, have said, from happy experience ; “ It is good for me that I have been afflicted.” These remarks were fully exemplified in the little sufferer, whose history is here presented. To her the sick bed was a scene of deep mental distress for sin, and of the dawn of hope which shone brighter and brighter, to the close of her short life. It must be confessed, that sick bed repentance, in too many instances, passes away *as the early dew*. The frames and feelings, which are manifested in such circumstances, inspire us with but little confidence. But we are to form our estimate of christian character from the fruits that are produced. “ He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.”

If Mary West, upon recovering her health, had lost her religious feelings,—if

she had cast off fear and neglected prayer, —if she had become proud, and worldly, and trifling, the hopes of her christian friends for her, would have been seen to be groundless.

But this was not the case. As soon as her disease was checked, and her strength, in some measure, recovered, she manifested earnest desires to visit again the house of God. Her experience seemed to be like that of David when he said; “My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God, when shall I come and appear before God.” She even made it a subject of special prayer, that she might have strength given her to go to God’s sanctuary. And her prayer was soon answered. After months of severe sickness, Mary was so far recovered that she attended public worship; and again took her seat in the sabbath school; and with new and sweet relish, drank every word of instruction from the lips of her pious teacher. You might see her, from sabbath to sabbath, going to and from the

house of God, hanging upon the arm of her mother.

SECTION V.

From a child of ten or twelve years, but little is expected, and generally but little realized. Here, however, we meet with one, who had just left behind her the years of infancy, speaking and acting like a christian of mature age.

She kept the sabbath holy. Profaning the sabbath is one of those sins, under the guilt of which the land mourns. This sin is committed not only in pursuit of business or pleasures, but also by *vain words*, and *vain thoughts*. Children often waste the sabbath in idleness, or profane it by their trifling amusements. Mary employed the sabbath in religious reading and in prayer. She would often say, "We must be very care-

ful to remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." She regarded the sabbath as the

"Day of all the week the best ;
Emblem of eternal rest."

She loved the company of Christians. Being naturally of a retiring disposition, she said but little in company, but would listen with delight to religious conversation. No company was so pleasing to her as that of christians, and no conversation so delightful as theirs. One evening, after a visit from a number of christian friends, she said ;

"Oh ! how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey."

She was much devoted to reading the scriptures and prayer. Her prayers were entirely her own, and were expressive of her wants. She enjoyed an enlargement in this duty, which seemed to be an evidence, that she was taught by the Holy Ghost.

Whenever she read the Bible, it was with attention. She made the Bible her prayer book. To give an instance ;—As she was

reading this passage, "There is no fear in love, and perfect love casteth out fear:" she paused as she read the sentence; and ever after, she made this one of her petitions in prayer, that she might exercise *that perfect love that casteth out fear.*

She enjoyed, most remarkably, the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. So wonderfully did the Holy Spirit shine into her soul, that she seemed to live in the beams of an unclouded sun. In very few instances, do we meet with christians who attain to what is styled by the Apostle "the full assurance of hope." Very far was Mary from claiming any such high privilege to herself. It is believed, however, that this child of God, for months previous to her decease, was not troubled with any perplexing doubts respecting Christ's unchanging love to her.

She manifested growth in grace. As this flower was early to be cut down, it was early brought to its full bloom. This child lived, from day to day, in the exercise of a

calm, sweet, serene, submissive, heavenly temper. While many suffer their feelings to decline, and their love to wax cold, her "path was as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

SECTION VI.

MARY said to some of her friends, "The first prayer that ever I offered, was the prayer of the publican; "God, be merciful to me a sinner." Prayer is the breath of every child in the happy family of Christ. If there was any one trait which shone peculiarly bright in the character of Mary West, it was *love to the duty of prayer*. It is believed that she was punctually in her closet, morning and evening; and that these were seasons of sensible communion with God. She and her mother were in the habit of maintaining a daily prayer meeting, by themselves, to the great peace and comfort both of the mother and of the child. Their

place of meeting was, in a sense, a little Zion, where the Saviour was pleased to verify his promise ; “ Where *two* or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.”

It seemed to be a special satisfaction to Mary to pray *vocally*, for she said, that she could not command her mind so well, without raising her voice to God. In this she sometimes experienced painful difficulty, as speaking caused violent turns of coughing. But she said ; “ I had rather suffer than to lose any of the enjoyment of my mind in prayer.” She said to her sister ; “ I think it one of the greatest of blessings to have a voice to come to God in prayer.” Her mother replied ; “ O yes, Mary, it is a mercy to have a *voice*, but a much greater blessing to have a *heart* to pray.”

For a number of the last weeks of life, Mary could speak only in whispers. Being asked whether she could lift up her heart to God, “ O yes,” she replied, “ when my eyes are shut, then I can lift up my heart to God in prayer.”

SECTION VII.

I have already remarked that Mary made her Bible, in a sense, her prayer book. To give the youthful reader a more particular account of the comprehensiveness of her prayers, the following may be regarded as literally the very expressions with which she approached into the presence of God. A part only of the expressions which she used are presented here, and little alteration has been made, except in the arrangement.

MARY'S PRAYER.

ADORATION.

“O Lord! may I realize into whose presence I now approach. Thou art a God that knowest the secrets of the heart. All things are known to thee.”

CONFESSION.

“O Lord! I would confess before thee my many sins. I have not loved thee as I

ought. My heart and affections have not been on thee continually. Wilt thou forgive all my sins, and keep me from sinning against thee. O Lord! I am sorry that I have offended thee. May I never do any thing to displease thee, and cause thee to hide thyself from me. I am a poor, helpless creature—of myself I can do nothing.”

SUPPLICATION.

“O Lord! indite my petitions for me and teach thy child how to pray. Enable me to ask for such things as will be for thy glory, and such things as thou wilt please to grant. I would ask for the Holy Spirit to be ever with me, to guide me in every path of duty. Suffer me to do nothing to grieve the Holy Spirit so that he will depart from me. May I strive, by thy Spirit, to live more to thine honor and glory. May I be more watchful and prayerful. Create within me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. May the blood of Christ be applied to my heart, to wash away

all my sins. May I love God better than father or mother or brother or sister, or than my own life. May I have that perfect love that casteth out fear."

THANKSGIVING.

"O Lord! I thank thee for all thy mercies and blessings. Thou hast been very merciful and kind to me. Thy mercies are too numerous to express. I thank thee that thou hast given me such comfortable health—that thou hast given me food and raiment. I thank thee, O Lord! for spiritual blessings—for thy holy word—for a preached gospel. I thank thee for thy precious promises in thy word. Thou hast said, "I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." O Lord, I thank thee, that, as I humbly hope, thou hast given me to taste thy love."

INTERCESSION.

"O Lord, remember mercy for the youth in this place. May they see the need they

have of a Saviour. May they seek thee with their whole heart. May they find thee to be the chiefest of ten thousands and altogether lovely. O Lord! I thank thee that thou hast given us so good a minister—one that has been so faithful in giving good instruction. Make him faithful and may he be successful in winning souls to Christ. Wilt thou help his children, may they all be thine when thou makest up thy jewels.”

CONCLUSION.

“O Lord, may I be enabled to honor and glorify, and praise thee to unending eternity. Whether my life is longer or shorter, may I live to thy glory. Restore me to health if it is thy will. Not my will but thine be done. O may I imitate the example of our dear Saviour, who was of a meek and quiet spirit. May I have a humble and a contrite heart. O Lord, guide me by thy Spirit at all times. Prepare me for the solemn hour of death, so that when I shall come to die, I may die in peace and sleep

in Jesus, and be received to glory above to praise thee forevermore."

These, with many similar expressions, which were daily used in her intercourse with God, shew to the reader, not only that Mary was familiar with the duty of prayer, but also that, by the influences of the Spirit, she *felt her wants* and was enabled to express them to her Father in Heaven. Reader! do you pray? Do you pray without ceasing? Have you been taught to pray, by the Holy Spirit, who maketh intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered!

SECTION VIII.

"As rivers roll the smoothest the nearer they approach the ocean, as the sun appears the most glorious when setting, so it is with the christian," so it was with Mary West. Early in the year 1829 she was

again brought low, and symptoms indicated that the time of her departure was at hand.

“She was afflicted with a morbid alteration in the structure of her lungs, which must have been of long standing. The air cells of the lungs had become mostly filled with fleshy matter of a morbid growth; which rendered the organs nearly solid and heavy which should have been extremely light and porous. Such a state of body could not exist, without producing great difficulty of breathing and extreme distress.”*

While suffering intensely day and night, Mary was led to see the hand of God in every pang and in every mercy. Whenever any of her little friends brought her something that she could eat (her stomach being capable of receiving only food of a peculiar quality) she would express her thanks to the giver, and she would notice too, the kind hand of her Heavenly Father in furnishing her food. She would say ;

* Statements from her attendant Physician.

“How good God is to me! He gives me kind friends. Every body is good and kind to me. O how thankful I should be to God.”

When afflicted with such difficulty of respiration, that she was obliged to sit with doors open in the evening, she saw and felt that the starry heavens, and the birds by their sweet notes, praised the Lord.

Mary now settled it in her mind, that she should never enjoy health again. She remarked as follows: “It is unknown to me whether I shall die this spring or next fall, but I am resolved to be ready, and not to be anxious about the time.”

In calm and sweet submission, her will was sunk into the will of God. She said to her mother; “I don’t know which I should choose, whether to live or to die. For the sake of my friends, I should wish to live, but on my own account, I believe it would be better for me to die. If I knew what was God’s will respecting me, THAT WOULD BE MY WILL.”

SECTION IX.

A distinguished author once said ; “If the ocean itself were ink and every spire of grass a pen, we could not fully describe the glory of Christ.” Such are the feelings of the pardoned, sanctified sinner. He feels supreme love to Jesus Christ, and he cannot refrain from commending Him to others. Here is a way how every private christian may become a preacher of Christ. Little Mary West was not content with a comfortable assurance of her own salvation, she commended the Saviour to others both by example and by plain and affectionate exhortation. Her language seemed to be that of the poet :

Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found.”

Though she felt but little anxiety for herself, having committed her soul with all its interests to the sinner’s friend, yet she manifested great concern for her friends,

whom she expected soon to leave. At her request, an only sister, who lived at a distance, was called home. She was hopefully pious and a professor of religion. Often would Mary inquire of her, respecting the state of her religious feelings. Being told by her sister, that she did not enjoy the presence of God as she had done; Mary said to her in the language of kind and faithful rebuke: "Do not real christians grow in grace? I believe they do. It is a great thing to be a real christian;—to live so as to have the enjoyment of God's presence. If prayer is neglected, no wonder if God hides his face. How much we lose, if we neglect this duty *once*! I hope you will be faithful in prayer to God."

I must here break the thread of the narrative, to say a few words respecting the sister here alluded to. She became pious while quite young and being with Mary during the last weeks of her life, was a witness of her sweet resignation under sufferings, and of her happy and triumphant de-

parture. She was a mourner at her funeral. Not many months after, she was seized with mortal sickness, and called to the same conflict, and it is grateful to add that her end was peaceful and happy. She died full of faith and of hope, leaving a testimony to the divine faithfulness, that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

Mary manifested deep concern for the spiritual interests of her sister, nor was she less anxious for her aged father whom she tenderly loved.

About two weeks before her decease, she requested him to come into her room. She then told him, with great calmness, that she must die soon, and she earnestly intreated him to think on his condition, repent of sin, and embrace the Saviour without delay; and prepare to meet her in heaven, where they should never be separated. Her father inquired of her, whether she was willing to die, and be buried in the ground. "Yes," said she, "I am wil-

ling." He then remarked to her that many of her friends were gone before her;—that she had lost one brother and four sisters, whom she might hope to meet in heaven. She replied with a glow of feeling; "Oh! I have a better friend than all of them would be—MY DEAR SAVIOUR WHO LAID DOWN HIS LIFE FOR ME."

SECTION X.

Her elder brother, at this time, resided in the city of New York. He had shown very kind affection for his afflicted sister, often writing to her, and sending her many little presents during her sickness. She too felt the sincerest affection for him, and made him the subject of many tender anxieties, and of many fervent prayers. Expecting never again to see him, in this world, she dictated the following ADMONITION FROM THE DEATH BED :

“*Dear Brother,*—As I am unable to write myself, I have borrowed a hand to write to you—I expect *for the last time*. I thank you for the kind letter you sent me,—it is the last that I shall ever receive from you. I have often, *very often*, been at the throne of grace to ask mercies for you, both for this life and the life to come. I knew that my Heavenly Father was able to answer my requests. I am soon to leave the world, and cannot offer many more prayers for you, but I hope you will offer up prayer for yourself.

“O Joseph, if you only had religion, you would not part with it for ten thousand worlds. I should like to see you, to tell you what happiness I enjoy. God has been very good to me. He has shewn me a great many kindnesses. He has given me kind friends. If they had any thing that I wanted, they always bestowed it upon me. I feel very thankful that I have so kind a mother, to take care of me in my sickness. My father has also been very kind to me.

Our little brother Orrin is very kind. He says, 'Mary if you want anything, I have got money—I will buy it for you.' I hope you will be prepared to meet me in another world—in Heaven, where I hope to dwell. Then we shall never need to part more. So I must bid you a *long*——*long farewell*.

"Please keep these few lines in remembrance of me. MARY WEST.

"Granville, May 5, 1829."

It is an amiable trait in the Saviour's character, while on earth, that, "he went about doing good." His followers should not fail, in this respect, to be like him. If a single day passes, without "doing good," who would not exclaim, at the close of it, "Alas, I have lost a day!" Mary was an example of untiring diligence in *doing good*. It was only fourteen days before her decease, when she had not strength to handle a pen, that she borrowed the hand of another, to invite her beloved brother to prepare to meet her in heaven. Reader, here is an admonition from the death bed to you!

SECTION XI.

The sabbath school being the place where Mary had received many precious lessons, and where her feelings had been often quickened by the remarks of her benevolent teacher, she remembered it with deep interest, even to the last days of life.

It has been stated already, that after recovering from her first sickness, as soon as she had strength, she again took her seat, with her class, in the sabbath school. During the summer months, she attended punctually, feeble as she was, even when her voice was so faint and faltering, that in some instances, she could not pronounce her lesson. Her teacher advised her to discontinue her attendance, as her health was so poor. Mary said; "I cannot stay away." The teacher was in the habit of making plain and impressive remarks to the class. Mary listened with attention, and was sometimes affected. Her teacher not

knowing her religious feelings, inquired, whether she had a hope that she was a christian. From extreme diffidence, she gave no answer. The next time the class met, she inquired again respecting her hope; and Mary expressed a trembling hope in the Saviour. She inquired, "Do you love prayer?" To which she replied, "that she did love prayer." "Do you," said her teacher, "pray for your class?" Said Mary, "*I pray for them always.*"

O, if sabbath school teachers would bring the truth home to the bosoms of their little, precious charge, how would their labors redound to the honor of God, and the salvation of immortal souls. How often would they find some little germ, that was destined, soon, to become an angel spirit in heaven! "They watch for souls as they that must give account."

Mary, a few days before her decease, sent for her sabbath school teacher. When she first came in, Mary was overcome and unable to speak. After recovering her strength, she received her hand and gave

her many thanks for her pious counsels and instructions. She requested her teacher to carry her dying message to the class. "Tell them," said she, "that they must repent, and repent *now*. *Tell them that they must all meet me in heaven.*"

The sabbath before her death, she desired to be remembered, in the prayers of the church. In this request, she wished it to be understood, that she had no desire to recover, and could not request that prayers should be offered for her restoration. Her special request was, that *she might enjoy the smiles of her Heavenly Father in the last conflict*. Accordingly this was made the subject of prayer by the church. In a very wonderful manner, her prayers were answered; for in seasons of unutterable distress, she was calm and peaceful and happy. "Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I

will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

SECTION XII.

On sabbath evening it was thought that Mary was dying. She endured a paroxism of distress, which, it was believed, would quench the spark of life. After enduring a painful struggle, she revived and was free from pain through the night.

At a late hour, an interview, never to be forgotten, passed between the mother and the child. The stillness of midnight—the gradual but sure approach of death—the anguish of an affectionate mother—the sweet submission of the dying child—and especially the presence of the unseen Saviour, imparted to the interview an affect-

ingly solemn interest! What passed at this time, was, as nearly as can be recollected, as follows :

Mary. “ You see, my dear mother, that I must die soon, and are you willing to part with me ? ”

Mother. “ I think I can say, that I am willing. ”

Mary. “ I am glad of that. I hope that you will be supported. ”

Mother. “ I can bear up under all trials, if I have the presence of God with me. ”

Mary. “ If you are faithful, you will have his presence. Before you retire to the closet for secret prayer, read a portion in the Bible, and it will help you to enjoy the duty of prayer. ”

Mother. “ I feel, my dear child, as if I wanted your company. In a great many respects you have been an example to me. I don't mean to say that you have been perfect. ”

Mary. “ O, no! I am thankful if God has put it into my heart, to do any good-

thing. You, my dear mother, have been a pattern to me, especially on the sabbath. *It is necessary to be very strict in keeping the sabbath, if we would enjoy peace with God, and peace within.* You have been a help to me. You have done a great deal for me. I shall never repay you. O may my Heavenly Father reward you for all your kindness. O how much happiness we have taken together."

Mother. "My dear child, I am doubly rewarded for all that I have done for you. Many pleasant hours have we spent together. I have taken great satisfaction in conversing with you and hearing your requests. And now if we must part, we must submit to God's will, knowing that all will be for the best."

Mary. "O yes, we shall have to part only for a little while. We shall soon meet again, where we shall need part no more forever. Oh, how happy I shall be, when I am with my Saviour: when I can see Him face to face. There is no one

on earth that I love as I do you; but much as I love you, I am willing to part with you, and all my dearest friends, to be with my God and Saviour."

God often grants to his children, what was denied to his only begotten Son. The last night with the Saviour, was a night of unmingled agony. But to this child of grace, God was pleased to grant intermissions of ease from suffering, "that she might gather strength for the last conflict. Thus he tempers the storm to the shorn lamb.

SECTION XIII.

The night following, Mary experienced another severe attack, which it was thought would terminate all her troubles. She sent through the neighborhood, to collect her little companions, that she might give them her last farewell. They all hastened

to her bed-side. The room was filled. It was a solemn moment. Many tears were shed, but Mary wept not. She was serene and happy. Having called for her ring, on which her name was engraven, she put it upon the hand of her mother, saying : "You must always wear this, in remembrance of me." Then bid her farewell. She bid her father farewell, saying ; " Prepare to meet me in Heaven." Taking her sister by the hand, she said ; " Live near to God." To her little brother she said ; " Be a good child. Love and obey your parents." Then beckoning to one and another of her little friends to come to her bed-side, she gave them her dying hand. To some she could speak a few solemn words ; to others she expressed by her benignant eye, what her tongue was unable to utter. And she added ; " I have enjoyed more happiness, on this sick bed, than ever in my life before."

What was said and done on this occasion, can never be forgotten, by those that were present. Impressions were made on

all, and some, it is believed, have since been led to cherish a hope in Christ Jesus unto salvation.

Contrary to all expectation, Mary survived till morning,—often through the night whispering out this prayer; “COME, LORD JESUS, COME QUICKLY.”

At an early hour, the writer of this memoir was sent for, by her request, and on arriving, Mary was unable to speak. She appeared much exhausted and near her end; but there was a sweetness, a tranquillity in her countenance which indicated that all was peace within. Though now unable to speak, she had expressed to her mother, what she wished to say to her pastor. She had made arrangements respecting her funeral, requesting that a sermon might be preached on the occasion, and that special warning might be given to the young. The petition which, she desired might be offered for her, at the throne of grace, was the same that she had revolved in her soul

through the night ;—“ Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.”

Her strength of body was now almost expended. Her spirit, too, as we have the consoling satisfaction to believe, was sanctified, and ready to become an angel spirit in glory. It only remained that we commend, in humble prayer, her departing spirit to her covenant God ; and then let the angel of death “ undress the child, and lay it on the bosom of Jesus.”

The portion of scripture read on this occasion, was the 46th Psalm—the same that Luther used to read to his friend Melancthon, when he was in trouble : “ God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea,” &c. After reading the psalm, all kneeling down together, we commended the departing spirit to the eternal Jesus.

Truly it was good to be there. There is

something in the dying scene of a child of God, which may be regarded as the *moral sublime*. This infant believer was ripened for her rest, and waiting in readiness to depart. Death had no terrors. Perfect love had cast out all fear. Once more Mary looked affectionately at her mother as if she had something to say; then threw her arm around her neck and with her cold lips gave her the parting kiss. Soon after this she sank down and fell asleep in Jesus.

Thus died this infant of years and descended to her grave like a shock of corn fully ripe. Truly her end was peace. Her trust was in her Saviour. Her treasure and her heart were in Heaven. "Thou, O God, wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose heart is stayed on thee."

Her funeral was attended agreeably to the arrangement which she herself had made, a little before her decease, and her body lies low in the ground. There we left it to sleep till the morning of the resurrection. But the spirit—the immortal part,

we are assured, still lives and thinks, and we have the satisfaction to believe, is perfectly happy. A voice from her solitary grave seems to echo back the voice which the disciple whom Jesus loved heard from heaven, saying; "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

SECTION XIV.

CONCLUSION.

In closing this little volume, many reflections might be suggested, which arise from this plain history of the life and death of a christian child. Here, youthful reader, you see the reality of the religion of the Bible. The character, here presented, was formed under the influence of christian principles. The subject was not only a be-

liever in the truth of the Bible, but an obedient and submissive follower of its divine precepts. Is it so, that the religion of the gospel tends to form such a character? Does it inspire the heart with love to man and to God—with delight in prayer and public worship—with uncomplaining submission, and peace and joy under hopeless sufferings? Does it arm a feeble child with such courage that death has no terror? Let infidelity look at this. Now we can adopt the language of the inspired David; “O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, *that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.*”

Here you may see too, the *excellence* of real religion. Few pass through life without affliction. All must die. What will prepare you to endure affliction, or to meet death with peace? Philosophy will not do it. Wealth and friends and honors, are but

miserable comforters, in a day of adversity and in the hour of death. This memoir presents to you a suffering child—suffering extremely—suffering beyond hope of cure or mitigation. In this sufferer you behold an example of quiet submission and dove-like amiableness. Not a whisper of complaint against God or man. All is right, and all is peace and triumph. These are the genuine fruits of true religion. If it can do so much for us here, what will it do for us, when admitted into that world, where we shall see God in all the magnificence of his glory in heaven.

“Come my children,” says David, “hearken unto me and I will teach you the fear of the Lord.” Real piety makes a lovely appearance in children and youth. Samuel and David and Josiah and many others have been instances. Children in the temple, while proud pharisees scorned the Redeemer, “cried, saying; Hosanna to the Son of David.” These children Christ regarded with approbation and delight. Of him it

was predicted by the prophet ; “ He shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom.” He will not quench, but fan the smoking flax. He will not break but support the bruised reed. *The sabbath school is the nursery where plants are reared and fitted to flourish in the paradise above, in immortal bloom.* Not a few have been taken already from the sabbath school to the glories of heaven.

Go, youthful reader, to Christ as your only Saviour and best friend. Seek him *now*. Give him your heart now. Take his yoke upon you, for it is easy. When the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall, they who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run and not be weary ; they shall walk, and not faint.

