

*Rev Mr. Bayston - Keene M.H.
Under the aspects of L.L. Fay.*

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A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE

FUNERAL OF MRS. CAROLINE HILL,

WIFE OF REV. LEVI L. FAY, OCTOBER 10, 1854,

AT THE

Congregational Church in Lawrence,

WASHINGTON CO., OHIO,

BY THE

REV. THOMAS WICKES,

PASTOR OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MARIETTA, OHIO

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF FRIENDS.

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DISCOURSE.

Rev. 14 : 13. And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, 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.

What a strange book is the Bible ! What strange doctrines ! What strange sentiments does it contain ! Strange, I mean, when you measure them by the standard of sentiments prevailing among men, and sanctioned by the world. Go out into the world, and inquire there, who are the fortunate, happy few whom the rest envy. Go and inquire for fortune's favorites. Oh ! he is a happy man, says the world, who is born to honor—to name—to noble ancestry—who can boast that no common blood flows in his veins.

They are among the favored few, who are thus set apart by birth to honor, to noble name and fortune.

Go again and make the inquiry, and the world will tell you that the rich are the favored sons of fortune. They have all that heart could wish. They are not compelled to toil, and contend with poverty, and oppression, and hardships. They live in luxury, and ease, and know no sorrow.

But go again and make the inquiry, and the world will tell you that they are the favored, happy ones of earth, who are surrounded with admiring friends, whose names are upon many lips, and whom the multitude delight to honor. Yes, blessed are they who have attained to such eminence and distinction among men.

These, my hearers, are the sentiments and feelings prevailing in the world. These are the ideas with which you come in contact every

day and every hour in the busy world, and under the maddening power of which, men are driven on in eager chase of that earthly good which they so fondly seek.

But turn to these pages, and what a contrast of sentiment! What a different class is here marked, and set apart as the chosen favored few, who are called upon to rejoice and sing for joy, as the peculiar favorites of heaven.

Here you read strange words indeed in the ears of the world, and hardly to be received. "Blessed are ye poor." "Blessed are ye that hunger now." "Blessed are ye that weep now." The poor—the hungry—the sorrowing—are these the happy ones? Yea, moreover, "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you," and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil for the Son of Man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy." Truly, my hearers, this utters an awful charge against the world, when those are the favored happy ones having the highest occasion for joy, who are reproached, persecuted, cast out, and denied a place in human society or sympathy.

These are strange sentiments in the ears of the world. But there are stranger still. The Bible goes one step further in pointing out this chosen favored class. "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord." The *dead!* the *dead!!* What! are they to be put in the class of heaven's favorites? Yes, so reads this strange book, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Truly, indeed, my hearers, must the Bible look at this whole subject from a different point of view, and have a different prospect spread out before its vision, from that which presents itself to the eye of the world.

Yet dark as all this is to an unbelieving world, Christian faith can receive and welcome it. It is true. Blessed are Christ's poor, for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that hunger now, for they shall be filled. Blessed are they that weep now, for they shall laugh. Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake. And "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Strange and unearthly, indeed, must be those visions of glory which present themselves to the eye of Christian faith, that it can stand by the sick couch, and with a smile, watch the slow but sure progress of disease as it snaps one after another the cords of life, and pushes the loved one onward to the opening tomb; that it can stand by the dying bed, and look with calm composure upon those last struggles of dissolving nature, which fill the soul of every beholder with agony—that it can follow that cold corpse without one tear of sorrow, and as it is deposited in the silent grave, with kindling eye, can say, “Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord.” That fatal disease—those last struggles of life—that yielding up of the spirit—that lifeless body—that narrow coffin—that silent grave. Oh, how terrible are these to all but Christian faith! Yet here it is amid these mighty enemies that religion stands undismayed. Yea, it can *welcome* their approach with a smile of joy, for they have been disarmed by it of all their terrors.

Let me dwell for a few moments upon some considerations, which show the blessedness of those who die in the Lord, for it is only of such that the blessedness is pronounced.

I. Such, then, are blessed because they rest from their labors.

This is the reason given in the text, and which is made especially prominent. You have all known, my hearers, what it is to have a day of weary toil, when the energies of your body were taxed to the utmost, and your exhausted system was painfully oppressed with fatigue—you know how welcome then seemed the closing hours of day, and how sweet it was to lie down to rest, with the curtains of night drawn around you, feeling that your work was done, and that you could lay yourself down to quiet sleep. Yes, it was pleasant to end those tedious hours of toil, and lay the weary head upon the pillow of rest. And such a weary day is life. I do not mean that there are not some joys experienced, some sweet waters drank by the way, for it is so even in our hardest days of toil in this world. We are cheered amid those fatiguing labors by many comforts, and often permitted to drink of refreshing waters. Yet these do not alter the fact that the day is one of fatigue and toil, and that we long for the night which shall bring our labors to an end, and permit us to enjoy a quiet sleep. So are there joys, and comforts, and blessings strewed along our pathway of life; yet, amidst all these, life is still a wearisome pilgrimage. It is a

fatiguing, toilsome journey, in which the wayworn pilgrim utters many a sigh or groan, and is faint, ready often to sit down to rest. God, too, my hearers, designed that it should be so. He has not plucked up every flower, but he has caused each to bring forth many a thorn. He has not blasted all the fruits of the ground, but he has made man to gather them only in the sweat of his face. When God made this world, it was a place of rest. Man walked in bliss, and communed with heaven, and paradise was his glorified and happy abode. But sin entered and forfeited that blessed inheritance, yet not hopelessly and forever. The restoration of that glorious inheritance was promised, and held out to the eye of faith. That faith was pointed forward in the future, to the coming day, when the woman's seed should triumph over all of man's mightiest foes, and redeem this groaning earth from the curse of sin. But meanwhile, man was driven out from his once happy abode in Eden, and doomed to travel his wearisome journey amid thorns and trouble, sorrow and tears, until he should return to the dust. God's economy towards this world was all changed by the introduction of sin. The grand object that he now had in view, was the redemption of the earth—the restoration of man to paradise again. And for that glorious day this groaning creation is longing and waiting with earnest expectation. That glorious day is hastening on to its unfolding.

But meanwhile, this earth is under the curse; it brings forth briars and thorns—it yields its fruit only in the sweat of the human face—death reigns, sin abounds—sorrow, and affliction, and tears are man's portion. His days are few and full of evil. Disappointment and trials are his lot here. Troubles spring through all the ground. Grievings lay heavy upon his soul, and often is he called to mourn in the bitterness of his spirit. Darkness and thick clouds gather around his path, where he can see no light. His way becomes hedged up. Difficulties multiply, until it seems sometimes as if there was no deliverance or escape. But this is not all. To the mind of the believer there is a darker aspect to this world still. There is something that causes him more anxiety and grief than all the difficulties, and trials, and sorrows that fall to his lot here. It is the fact that sin, and evil, and wickedness in every form so abound and triumph.

Yes, my hearers, *sin* is the crying calamity of this world—wicked-

ness is its most terrific scourge—blighting all of earth's fairest hopes, and sending its withering curse through all the habitations of men.

And this it is that weighs with heaviest burden upon the good man's soul. The most terrible fact concerning this world is that Satan is now its God. It is under the dominion of the powers of darkness. The apostle speaks of this, as a well-known truth, when alluding to the Christian conflict, and the necessity of being clothed with the whole armor of God, in order to stand against the wiles of the devil: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the *rulers of the darkness of this world*, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Sin, my hearers, is not a superficial thing in this world. It is not an occasional extraordinary occurrence; it is not an exception, that by its rarity and monstrosity excites our horror. But oh, it is universal, it is organized, banded together in a dreadful system, under powerful and malignant leaders, who never weary in their work, and who never shrink from the employment of any means to the accomplishment of their wicked ends.

Satan, the arch fiend of hell, was the foe who first contrived the ruin of this fair creation of God. And from that awful hour when sin entered, he has ruled here the head of all the powers of evil. He fosters every scheme of wickedness. He plots the overthrow of every thing good. He wages incessant war upon the throne of heaven, and God's grand work of redemption on earth. His aim is to defeat all God's purposes of mercy, and with malignant spirit does he seek to persecute and destroy the saints of the Most High.

It is painful, my hearers, to live in a world where such malignant powers of darkness have so great sway, and where the prevailing, dominant influence is on their side, for such is the mournful fact. The true people of God are a little flock, sent forth as sheep in the midst of wolves and hunted as prey upon the mountains. God has his church which he has called out from the world of the ungodly, and which he will preserve unto the day of redemption, and all these numerous and mighty foes will at last be utterly overthrown and put beneath the feet of the conquering Redeemer. But for the present they are numerous, and mighty, and controlling. The earth is in their possession. Sin and error, and wickedness prevail. They occupy the

highest places of earth, and the people of God are compelled to take their journey to heaven through these floods of the ungodly, and stand up for the cause of truth and righteousness in face of all the combined powers of wickedness.

There is nothing now more deeply afflictive to the soul of the righteous than to behold these triumphs of wickedness in this world, and the fairest prospects of good all blasted. David felt this and gave utterance to the deep burden of his heart, "O, Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth! O God, to whom vengeance belongeth, show thyself. Lift up thyself, thou judge of the earth, render a reward to the proud. Lord, how long shall the wicked—how long shall the wicked triumph? How long shall they utter and speak hard things? And all the workers of iniquity boast themselves? They break in pieces, O Lord, and afflict thine heritage. They slay the widow and the fatherless. Yet they say, the Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it." And this has been the language of burdened and pious souls in every age. They have seen the wicked placed on high, and lifting their mouth against the heavens. They see the righteous in affliction, and called to bear their testimony to the truth, clothed in sackcloth. In view of all this, they are ready to say, with David, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law." And when to this is added the sad imperfections and painful developments of evil which are found to such an extent, among those *professing* to love the cause of truth, with Jeremiah they are ready to say, "O, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people. O, that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of way-faring men, that I might leave my people, and go from them! for they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men." These things are no affliction to the wicked, but they are to the righteous. To them there is no deeper cause of grief in this world. Yet it is in just such a world that the righteous are caused now to take their pilgrimage.

And is not life a day of weariness and toil? May not the pilgrims well long for the lengthening of the evening shadows, when their work shall be done, and they can retire to rest? Yes, welcome is the close of this weary day of labor and sore conflict, of anxiety and suffering.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, yea, saith the spirit, for *they rest from their labors!*”

II. They are blessed because *they sleep in Jesus.*

They have retired to rest, but they sleep in expectation of the morning's dawn, and an approaching day. And Oh, what a day is that which their eyes shall behold! That day shall witness the glorious and promised triumph of their Redeemer, when he shall be seen coming up from Edom, a mighty conqueror, with apparel, red, like him that treadeth the wine-press, and bringing salvation to his people. That day of glorious restoration of all things is hastening on, when the former things shall be passed away, and God shall make all things new, when there shall be new heavens and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness when the powers of darkness, which have so long ruled the world shall be utterly overthrown, and death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed. Then shall ascend that rapturous shout of Alleluiah from all above and below, like the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings. Alleluiah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Then shall Christ take to himself his righteous sceptre, ascend his throne and reign so long as the moon endureth.

It is in view of that promised blessed day, that the saints of Jesus now sleep, waiting the joyful morn, when clothed in their new and immortal forms they shall awake to welcome their Saviour at his coming, and enter with him into the possession of his eternal kingdom. And blessed be God, my hearers, that we are not compelled to live here and contend all through to the end with the temptations of earth, and vex our souls with sin until the ushering in of that better day. Blessed be God, that our labors may be ended after a few brief years, and that then we may lie down to sleep awaiting in peace the rising of that morning's dawn, when the voice of Jesus shall awaken us from our quiet slumbers to behold his face in joy and witness his glorious triumphs. The language of Job expresses here the sentiments of the believer, “I would not live alway.”

“I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,

Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here

Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption within.
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway ! No, welcome the tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
 There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
 To hail him in triumph, descending the skies."

Blessed therefore are the dead which die in the Lord. Their work is done. With them the turmoils, and buffetings, and conflicts, and temptations, and fears of earth are over, and they have laid themselves down to sleep where the storms of life shall not disturb their peaceful slumbers.

"There, when the turmoil is no more,
 And all their powers decay,
 Their cold remains in solitude
 Shall sleep the years away.

Their labors done, securely laid
 In this, their last retreat,
 Unheeded on their silent dust
 The storms of earth shall beat."

Oh, how sweet—how blessed such thoughts as these, as we gather around the dying bed, and linger by the grave of those we love. There is a pang in the separation—a bitter pang. The *survivors* need sympathy. Often are they to be pitied, who are left to contend still with the rough storms of life, but "Blessed are the *dead* in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." And blessed shall we too be, my hearers, when our work is done, if we may sleep in Jesus and rest in hope of his blessed, joyful resurrection.

But I must leave these thoughts and hasten to speak of our beloved sister, whose face we are no more permitted here to behold, and whose loss we so deeply deplore. A full delineation of her character I cannot undertake to give, but only a brief outline of her history, and to most of you she was known better than to myself.

Mrs. Caroline H. Fay was the daughter of Job and Betsey Hill of

Peterboro, N. H., and was born November 15th, 1816, at Berlin, Vt., and with her parents, early removed to Peterboro. Of her childhood it is not necessary to speak. The means of her parents being limited, she was early thrown upon her own energies and resources, and these were drawn forth to secure a thorough education, which she knew well how to prize. By her own efforts she sustained herself, so as to secure the advantages of a three or four years course which she completed at New Ipswich Academy, N. H. Thus early did her energy of character and self-reliance develop themselves, and these were directed to the noble effort of self-education. Not many young women are there, who, without pecuniary assistance from friends would have indulged the purpose of attending a boarding-school at a distance from home and pursuing there a complete course of study. But she knew the priceless value of an education, and possessed a character not to be deterred by any ordinary difficulties in securing such a prize. She had hands to work, and with them she secured the means to accomplish the cherished desire of her heart. In all this she was guided by an overruling providence, for she knew not then the station and work for which she was qualifying herself in life and what God meant to accomplish through her instrumentality.

At the Seminary at New Ipswich she took her stand among the best scholars, and gave evidence of a mind of a superior order. Especially did she excel in Mathematics, nor had she in this department any superior among the students then connected with this Institution; while at the same time, her kind, amiable, and retiring spirit, commended her to all connected with her, and made her the object of high esteem and affection.

It was here, too, at this institution, that she was met in God's great purposes of mercy, and made the subject of his renewing grace. In a revival of religion, she, with others was brought to bow at the feet of Jesus, and lay herself on the altar of the Lord. Previous to this, she had relied as so many do upon the correctness of her life, and the natural excellence of her character, and made this a righteousness in which she tried to stand accepted before God. Under the illuminating influences of the Holy Spirit, however, she was made to see her own wickedness and blindness. The hidden evil of her heart was disclosed to her, and her entire alienation from God, and under the burden of

her sins she was deeply bowed down. She saw herself, and she saw the claims of God upon her, as she had never seen them before. She saw too her ruin and her need of Christ, and by the help of divine grace, she was enabled to cast herself, as a lost sinner, at the feet of her Redeemer, and gave up herself a willing sacrifice to him.

She was, however, so naturally distrustful of herself, and retiring in her disposition, that she did not obtain sufficient confidence in her own religious character, to make a public profession of her faith until two years afterward, when she united with the church at Peterboro'. Herein was developed one of the prominent traits of her character, that others formed a higher estimate of her piety than she did herself.

After completing her course of study at the Seminary, the same energy of purpose and reliance upon her own resources, which had now become greatly augmented by a thorough education, developed themselves; and she entered upon a career of effort by which she was enabled not only to sustain herself, but to lay up for the future. For a time she devoted herself to teaching, for which her high intellectual character, and her education, together with the amiability of her disposition, united with firmness of purpose, eminently fitted her. She knew how to impart instruction, and how to govern, securing at the same time both the respect and confidence of her pupils.

She did not, however, very long continue in this employment, but left it to engage in another, for which her taste and genius more inclined her. This was the art of painting, for which she very early manifested an unusual taste. She had received some instruction in it, while at school, but now devoted herself to it with renewed zeal and energy, and displayed such a talent for it, as to attract the attention of her friends, who encouraged her to persevere and perfect herself in the art. Here, too, for the most part she was self-taught, and relied upon her own energies. But with such success did she prosecute her favorite work, that she found full employment for her talent, and was enabled to more than sustain herself by the avails of her art.

But ere long her attention was turned in a new direction, by a call to the Home Missionary work, and a residence in the West, through her marriage with the pastor of this church, which took place September 18th, 1843. There were not a few among her wide circle of friends who wondered that with such talents and education as she possessed,

and with such flattering prospects of reputation and comfort before her, she should thus sacrifice herself to the self-denying work of home missions in the distant woods of our Western country, where she must needs forego many comforts and privileges, and contend with numerous hardships and trials, far from the home of her childhood, and the friends of her youth. Viewed too in a worldly point of view, her choice might excite surprise. She did make a sacrifice of earthly comfort and prospects, and it is the estimate of the world that it is a sacrifice of talents and genius to bury them in the Home Missionary work. It is like the precious ointment of Mary, poured upon the Saviour's head, exciting the indignation of the beholders, and leading some to give utterance to their feelings as Judas did, "Wherefore was this waste?" Yes, genius and talent in the eye of the world are thrown away when consecrated to the service of Christ and the cause of human salvation. Oh, says the world, as it looks upon one of noble endowments, how such an one will shine! What a name and position he will secure to himself! What an honor, he will be to his profession and to his country! But what a painful revolution of feeling takes place when the discovery is made that those noble endowments are to be laid at the feet of Jesus, and employed in the humble work of saving souls, and building up the Redeemer's kingdom. The interest that was felt in him is gone. The feeling is, he has thrown himself away. What a pity that such a man should be lost. Yes, lost, when employed for Christ, and this life is spent to gather laurels for immortality. But not such is the estimate of Christian faith. Not thus did our beloved sister reason when she left the comforts and prospects which were spread before her in her New England home, to share the toils and privations, and hardships which must fall to the lot of the Home Missionary's wife in these feeble churches of the West. I tell you my brethren and sisters here, familiar as you have been with these wild woods and bleak hills, and log cabins, from your childhood, you know nothing of the sacrifice which is made in such a case. You know not how these back woods and log cabins in the far off distance, appear to one nurtured in the lap of New England with all her blessed privileges of education and refined society. These woods and cabins have charms in your eyes, because they are your homes, and you love them. But few charms do they present to the daughters of New England to lure them away from their cultivated

fields—their comfortable dwellings—their churches—their schools and institutions of learning, and all the adornments of refined society, you would realize the change to go from these hills and cabins to those long settled abodes in the East. It would take you no little time to adapt your feelings to the altered circumstances. And much greater is the change, and great is the sacrifice for one to leave all the charms and luxuries of those peaceful, happy homes, and adapt himself to the wants and many discomforts which are found in the midst of society here. And let me say, my brethren, when you have seen one like our beloved departed sister, who was so well qualified to adorn any society, and occupy an honored place there, leaving her New England home to take up her abode with you in the woods, and with all her gentleness and sincerity of heart adapting herself to your circumstances, and making herself happy in her self-denying work among you, you have beheld an exhibition of a noble Christian spirit, which may well win your admiration.

You know well how she sympathized with you—how kindly she ever took you by the hand, how she comforted and aided you—how she made herself at home in your dwellings, and at your firesides—how she ever welcomed you to her own quiet dwelling and made you feel that her heart was bound up in the promotion of your interests and the welfare of Zion here. Yes, with a noble spirit of Christian devotion, did she throw herself into her self-denying and laborious work, and with unfaltering courage was carried through to the end.

She loved work here—for it was the work of her Master, and her heart was in it. There is too no slight difficulty in appreciating truly the value and extent of her varied work from the quietness and masterly energy with which it was all achieved.

It may be realized better, perhaps, hereafter in her loss, than in the actual performance. The duties devolving on a faithful missionary's wife, can often be little realized by those who have not been called to occupy that station. And very few there are, who in our opinion have proved more faithful and been more eminently qualified for that position, than our departed sister.

She was a faithful, devoted mother. Upon her devolved to a very large extent, the care and instruction and government of her children. And here she displayed all that wisdom and gentleness, mingled with firmness and decision of purpose which marked her character.

She won the love of her children. She secured their obedience, and thus did she discharge her first duties to her household as a christian parent.

She was also an equally devoted and faithful wife, and help-meet indeed. And eternity only will reveal the extent to which she assisted and sustained and cheered her companion here in his missionary labors.

She ordered well his house, and took such an oversight of his domestic affairs that he could be absent from home in his missionary labors without anxiety and care, feeling assured that nothing he had left behind would be neglected. She was too a wise and prudent counsellor, such as a missionary needs. She possessed a nice accurate judgment, was a close observer of men and things, and was just such an one as a minister needs, as a faithful and constant adviser in all things connected with his arduous work. I may mention also that her knowledge of the system of divine truth was remarkably clear and accurate, so that she could follow her companion along the path of his investigations, nor was it any small satisfaction or benefit for him to open his mind freely to her on those more difficult aspects of truth which come within the province of a minister's study.

Her cheerful, quiet, hopeful spirit also was ever a bright shining sun to encourage him under all the difficulties and trials which beset his path. When ready to faint and almost sink under discouragements, her happy temper and cheerful presence was a light in his dwelling which soothed his anxious heart and cast the sunshine of hope and joy along his troubled path.

She strengthened the hands that oft were ready to faint. By her economy and labor of her own hands also did she become an invaluable help in providing for the pecuniary wants of her family. And permit me to say to this people that to *her*, are they largely indebted for the *continuance of a preached gospel among them*, with all the blessings resulting therefrom for years past.

The amount contributed by this congregation together with that received from the Home Missionary Society, has been inadequate to sustain a minister upon this field. It would not have enabled a man to live here. And the only reason why your pastor has been continued here, and been kept from want is, because his companion now gone

was enabled by her prudence and economy to turn every thing to the best account; and not only so, but by the labors of her own hands, and the avails of her art in miniature painting, added every year as much as one fifth or one fourth to the amount of his salary. Her pecuniary contributions therefore for the support of the gospel here, which were the results of her own labor, were full two-thirds, and sometimes more, of the whole amount contributed by this church. And this year after year from the time that she first came among you. Shall I add, my brethren, that since she has been taken from you, and influenced by her example, you will need from this time to do more for yourselves.

Remember that by her death, from fifty to sixty dollars has been cut off from the salary of your minister, which he cannot afford to lose. I trust in view of her cherished memory, if from no other considerations, you will in this respect come forward and stand in her place, so that your pastor will not feel this pecuniary loss in the removal of his companion. You cannot fill that fearful breach made in his house, but you can make up the pecuniary loss resulting from the cessation of her labors.

I charge you, my brethren and sisters, over her newly made grave, among you to do this thing.

And shall I speak to you of her labors amongst you in the Sabbath School, her interest and efforts in the completion of this house of worship, and how she cheered you in this arduous work? Shall I speak of her visits to your dwellings—how she made herself at home among you—how she sympathized with you in all your affairs, and was ever ready to lend you a kind and helping hand. I cannot stop to recount all these, and many of them are such as cannot be named. They can only be cherished in the memory of those who have known them.

But I must hasten to the closing scene. It was while engaged in visiting among this people on a cold winter's day four years since, that she contracted the cold which carried her down to her lamented grave. That was God's means ordered in his providence of bringing her labors to a close. It was not perhaps until about two years since, that she became seriously alarmed respecting her health, which seemed then to have been fatally undermined. During the summer succeeding, however, when the disease was rapidly developing itself, it was by the kind blessing

of God upon the means employed, greatly checked in its progress, so that she was essentially relieved, and the hope was indulged by herself and friends, that she might continue yet for some years, though it would demand the greatest care now to nurture that system which had been so impaired by disease. It was under these circumstances that she indulged the strong desire to visit once more her parents, and the loved home of her childhood, which she felt would in all probability be the last visit she should ever make to these cherished scenes. But there was one obstacle standing in the way of the accomplishment of this desire of her heart which seemed insurmountable. This was that they had not the means to meet the expense of a journey to New England.

But God here opened the way that seemed hedged up, for unexpectedly to her, a purse was made up by the ladies of the Congregational church in Marietta, and presented to her, for the purpose of providing for the expenses of her journey. This unlooked-for kindness from her friends most deeply affected her, and often did she speak of it with the strongest emotions. That "cup of cold water" given to one of Christ's little ones was received and remembered with the most fervent gratitude, and came as a cooling stream to a weary, thirsty soul in the desert. That visit too, was a very precious, happy one to our sister, and greatly enjoyed. She felt that it would in all probability be her last, and it was made, therefore, under circumstances of peculiar interest.

Her journey was of benefit to her, and she returned with improved health, but in the winter following, her disease assumed again its former strength, and had now so far progressed as not to be arrested by remedial agents. She soon saw as well as her friends, the probable issue of the case, and though she did not abandon all hope of recovery, yet she began to set her house in order, preparing for the summons which should call her away from her earthly labors. All through the summer as her failing strength permitted, she was arranging her household affairs, and putting every thing in the most perfect order, and in some instances giving long and minute written directions which might be of service to her children in future years, when they should grow to mature age. In consummating these arrangements she proceeded with the utmost composure and cheerfulness, as if she were putting her

house in order, and making preparations for a journey and an absence of a few weeks from home. And those who assisted her in these labors and carried out her directions could observe no signs of agitation or distress. Her whole manner was marked by the same quietness and energy which so distinguished her whole life.

She had felt a deep solicitude in behalf of her children, not knowing how they would be provided for, and to whose care and instruction they would be intrusted. God had not then opened the way in this direction, nor shown the provision that would be made for her family after her departure. On this point, therefore, her faith was greatly tried. But when she saw God's kind hand in bringing a sister from her distant missionary labors among the Choctaw Indians, to take her place in the household, it tended greatly to quiet her anxieties and strengthen her faith, and as the end approached, she felt that she could commit these four little ones—the objects of her deepest solicitude—to a covenant-keeping God. She said, "God could take better care of them than she, and she resigned them into his hands."

With respect to her religious feelings, until within several weeks of her death, the prevailing sentiments of her mind seemed to be a conviction of her own unworthiness and nothingness, and a sense of God's unspeakable goodness. Her own deficiencies, and short-comings, and unprofitableness seemed to lay as a burden upon her heart, and it was a matter of wonder to her *why* she had so many kind friends, whose tokens of affection she had reason to remember. She did not know why they should think so much of her. But most of all did she think of and dwell upon *God's goodness*. Her mind would be filled with this thought, and at times the language of her heart would be, "Oh, the goodness of God! how exceedingly great and precious!"

During the last few weeks of her life her faith in Christ seemed to rise above the load of her sins, and though utterly unworthy, she felt that she was accepted of him, and her soul was filled with joy and peace. The Saviour drew near and manifested himself in his preciousness and fullness to her, so that she desired to depart and be with Christ. Her dying bed was a blessed scene, as many of you who were there to witness can testify.

When a sister entered, summoned from a distance by the news of her approaching dissolution, and began to make what efforts she might

for her relief, her language was, "Sister, don't try to keep me now—let me go." At other times her words were, "All is peace. Christ is a bright light to me." While others were weeping around, she said, "I have no tears to shed—my work is done—I am ready to go when Jesus is ready."

She was able to speak in whispers to those close to her bedside, but when she looked around and saw many of this loved people standing in the room, she spoke to one near and said, "I wish I could speak to you all, but tell them I want them all to be willing to let me go." Something was said to her about her desire in regard to the place of her burial, whether she had any wish to be taken to Marietta, or to the place of her father's residence in New England. "No," she replied, "I want to be buried among the people among whom I have lived and labored, by the grave of my little departed son. I want to lie upon the field where my work has been." With her full reason and the eye of her faith fixed on her Saviour, she calmly and sweetly uttered these last words, "*Jesus is ever precious—ever precious.*" And thus did her peaceful, happy spirit pass away from earth, gently released without a struggle.

"Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below.
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go !

Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the glory of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love."

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, 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." The labors of our sister are ended. Her toils, and conflicts, and trials are over, and her works will follow her. She sleeps now where no storms of earth disturb her slumbers—sleeps in hope of the dawn of that glorious morning when her Saviour shall return and bring his saints with him, that they may enter into his rest and enjoy the blessedness of his eternal kingdom. Her race was not a long one. She died at the age of thirty-eight,

But think you, my hearers, that she has any regrets now that she laid herself at the feet of her Redeemer and spent her noblest powers and acquisitions for *Him*? Think you that she laments the extent of her devotion, and labors, and sacrifices in his service, and that if she had her career to choose again, she would select some other than the *missionary work*, self-denying though it be? Ah no; it was a day of weariness and toil through which she struggled. She had trials, and difficulties, and many discouragements. But *she was sustained through them all*, and at length the evening shadows drew on, which told her that her labors were hastening to a close, and now her Saviour has laid her down to sleep. Peaceful are her slumbers, and soon will break the glorious morn when she will awake clothed in new beauty, and then shall she enter into her eternal reward.

Blessed, thrice *blessed* are they who thus spend this brief day of toil and suffering for Christ, thus sweetly to fall asleep at its close. Blessed are these pious dead, for theirs are the kingdom and the reward. God grant, my hearers, that we may so live—so die, and have an abundant entrance into his eternal rest.

