

MEMOIR
OF
ANGELINA SANDFORD,

Who died at Brighton August 24, 1836,

Aged

THREE YEARS AND ELEVEN MONTHS,

BY

Her Affectionate Father.

I love them that love me ; and those that seek me
early shall find me. Prov. viii. 17.

BRIGHTON :

Sold by J. Miall, 11, Union Street. Ship Street,
and G. Stedman, Upper St. James's Street.

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

The following little narrative of ANGELINA SANDFORD is written with a view to present the relatives and friends of the deceased, who live at a distance, and who have not seen her since she was twenty months' old, with a copy; and if it should please the Holy Spirit to bless the perusal of it to them or any of the lambs of the Redeemer's fold, the writer's object will be gained, and to God shall be all the glory.

In writing this memoir of one who was very dear to us, I have refrained as much as possible from making remarks on the circumstances related, lest it should be said, "A father's partiality is manifest here:" I have recorded the facts without any addition, and leave them to tell their own tale; and may the Holy Spirit fasten them on our minds and stir us up to greater "diligence to make our calling and election sure."

G. SANDFORD.

Brighton, September, 1836.

MEMOIR.

The beloved subject of this memoir was born at Beer, in the county of Devon, September 23, 1832. She was by prayer and faith devoted to God by her parents from the birth. As she increased in age (we can hardly say years) two traits of character were prominent in her, they are these, resolution and self-will. At the early age of fourteen months she began to speak, and made rapid progress, so that at the age of twenty months she could nearly repeat that beautiful little hymn, "Lord, teach a little child to pray," &c. and had also learnt several of the letters of the alphabet; this she did principally from the Bible: she used to sit on mine, or her mother's knee, and point out and name the capital letters at the beginning of the chapters.

Before she was two years old, this was her oft-repeated request, "father please to let me read in the Bible." She made (especially latterly) great progress in her reading, and could also repeat many of Dr. Watts's beautiful little hymns; but the following, which her mother taught her about seven or eight months before her death, was her favourite:—

" Lord look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude and wild;
O put thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

Make me thy child, a child of God—
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood,
And my whole soul from sin set free—
A little vessel full of thee.

A star of early dawn and bright,
Shining within thy sacred light;
A beam of grace to all around;
A little spot of hallowed ground.

O Jesus take me to thy breast,
And bless me that I may be blest;
Both when I wake and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep."

After she had repeated it, or sometimes in the midst of doing so, she would ask her mother the meaning

of a line she could not comprehend, and among the rest the following: “what’s the meaning of a little vessel full of thee, mother?” After it was explained to her she altered the line herself, and when she had repeated it, as it stands, she would say, “a little vessel full of God.” The last verse she seemed to understand well, and would often say, “I should like to be God’s little lamb—I hope I shall be God’s little lamb, mother; I hope I shall not be Satan’s child.”

I have said that she had two traits in her character which were very observable,—resolution and self-will, the former of which she retained till her death; and the latter, by the judicious education of a pious mother, accompanied, I have no hesitation in saying, by the grace of God, was most markedly subdued. Resolution showed itself in various ways: whatever she did was done to the purpose: had she occasion to cry

from a fall, or when punished for a fault, she did it with all her might; and if she was delighted, her delight was expressed with almost ecstasy. In doing any little mechanical acts for her parents, which she was able, such as dusting the chairs, placing the books on the sideboard, or fetching any thing for her mother in different parts of the house, it was done with such resolution, dispatch, and neatness, as would have done credit to older children. One day she was sitting with her mother, when she said, "mother, I have not any thing to do, I must not be idle." Her mother said, "why must you not be idle dear?" she replied, "because Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do." In taking medicine when she was unwell, and especially in her last illness, her resolution was remarked by all who saw her. Her natural disposition, that of wishing to have her own way, I have said was markedly subdued;

and I may add, her parents' will was almost invariably her's.

As the facts which follow happened in so short a space of time, I shall not be particular in naming the date of their occurrence, but shall divide them in the following order:—

1. Her affection and obedience to her her parents.
2. Her love to the Saviour.
3. Her love to the Bible.
4. Her regard for the Sabbath.
5. Her views of the omnipresence and omniscience of God.
6. Her love of prayer and praise.
7. Her fear of displeasing God.
8. Her illness and death.
9. Reflections.

Her affection and obedience to her parents.—I notice this first because it seems to me to be the spring of action: if the affection and obedience of children be not secured, it is impossible to lead them to the Saviour, or “train them up in the way they should go,” for “he that loveth

not his brother (or parents) whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen." The sentiment of the sweet singer of our British Israel, whether we apply it to children with their parents or man with his Creator, is equally true—

“ 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move.”

Our dear little Angelina was remarkably affectionate and obedient, and latterly, whatever her mother bade her do was done instantly, with “yes, my darling mother.” The following is an instance of her affection: one day her mother was speaking to her of death, and observed, “perhaps you will die first and go to heaven and wait for father and mother”—she heard this with pleasing emotion—her mother then said, “perhaps father and mother will die first, and go to heaven and wait for Angelina:” she immediately threw her arms around her mother’s neck, and burst

into tears, and it was with difficulty she could pacify her—she was then about three years old. Her affection and obedience were also manifest in her daily conduct, which was more satisfactory than any isolated and striking instance of them; but I cannot refrain from giving the following. Her mother did not allow her to drink beer, giving her as a reason that it was not good for her: about a month before she was taken ill, I took her to a friend's house in the morning, to spend the day. At dinner time Mrs. —— offered her some beer, she said, “no, thank you, ma'am, I don't drink beer.” Mrs. —— said, “but you will take a little now you are come to see me,” she replied, “no, thank you, ma'am, mother don't wish me to drink beer.” Mrs. —— pressed her, and said, “your mother did not say you should not drink any at my house:” she said, “no, but mother says it is not

good for me." Mrs. — then said, "will you take a litter water, dear?" she replied, "yes if you please ma'am." This fact has been communicated to us since her death, by the friend at whose house it occurred, and if I could not place the most implicit reliance on its truth in every particular, it should not have found a place here. I know I can do this, and my earnest prayer is, that it may be the means of good to those children whose eyes it may meet. "Children obey your parents in the Lord, for that is right." Eph. vi. 1.

Her love to the Saviour.—One of the sweetest sounds that can vibrate on the ear of a Christian is that of infant lips lisping the name of Jesus.

I love to hear a little girl
Her tuneful tribute bring;
I love to hear a little boy
His Saviour's praises sing.

We have often had our hearts warmed and delighted by the love which our dear child manifested to

the Saviour's name. She would often say, "please to tell me about Jesus Christ:" and on being asked what Jesus Christ had done, she would answer, "he died for sinners; and you are a sinner, a'ant you mother? and I am a sinner. You have a sinful heart, hav'nt you mother? so has father, so has uncle, and so has Miss S——;" and thus she would sometimes go on naming most of her relations and friends: it was not done in a careless manner, but spoken as if she felt the force of what she was saying. Often when she was going to bed, her mother would say to her, "you have a good bed to lie on, my dear, you ought to be very thankful; God is very kind to you." She would reply, "yes, Jesus Christ had no bed to lie on," adding, "he had no where to lay his head, had he mother?" When she was first told of this circumstance she said, "poor Jesus Christ, he had

no where to lay his head," and tears stood in her eyes. One day, a few months before her death, Miss B—— who was very fond of her, took her out for a walk, and a flock of sheep passing them, Miss B—— asked her some questions respecting the sheep and lambs, and then said to her, "who is the Lamb of God, dear?" she immediately replied, "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Sometimes when asked a question which related more particularly to the Redeemer, as for instance, "who took little children up in his arms and blessed them?" she would answer, "God." Her mother wishing to make her fully understand it was the Saviour, would say, "yes, dear, Jesus Christ:" she would immediately reply, "but Jesus Christ is God, mother," "the effect of which," says her mother, "on my own mind has been, to make me think more than I ever did

before of the Godhead and divinity of the Saviour." About the time she was three years old, one morning when kneeling at the family altar (which she had done for some time before with great stillness and attention) petitions were being offered for her and her little sister, who was then but a few weeks old, and on the following being presented, "O Lord, grant that they may grow up to love and serve thee," she immediately said aloud, "grow up to love and serve Jesus Christ." She has often since that said "I hope I shall grow up to love and serve Jesus Christ," and she was never better pleased than when hearing of him. Her happy spirit is now before the throne waiting his pleasure, and serving him in the perfection of love and holiness.

Her love to the Bible.—We cannot begin too soon to store the minds of children with the truths of Scripture. The first text which her mo-

ther taught our dear child was, "Jesus said, suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Of this passage she was very fond, and would often repeat it. One Lord's day, when at chapel with her parents, the minister quoted it in his sermon; her mother noticing that she looked up as if her attention was aroused at hearing it, when we came home said, "can you tell me, my dear, any thing that Mr. — said this morning?" She immediately replied, "yes, he said 'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" She was very fond of being asked scripture questions, especially about the Saviour: also questions respecting Joseph, and the various prominent scripture characters, and would give her whole attention to the subject on which she was questioned. Her mother was

one day talking to her of Eli, when she asked her usual question, "Was Eli a good man, mother?" "yes, my dear, Eli was a good man, but he did not correct his children when they were naughty, and God was very angry with him and punished him for it," and added, "if I were not to correct you, when you are naughty, God would be angry with me, and punish me." This seems to have taken fast hold on her mind, for when her mother has since had occasion to punish her (which has been but few times) she has submitted to the punishment with very different feelings to what she did previous to that time. When asked who Peter was? she would answer "one of Jesus Christ's disciples, and yet he denied his Master." One Sabbath evening her mother was reading to herself some religious book; Angelina came to her with the Bible in her hand, and said, "my dear mother please to

put away that book and read to me in God's holy Bible." I need not add that the request was immediately granted, and she sat listening attentively to the words of eternal life.

" Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies :
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise."

Her regard for the Sabbath.—

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" is a divine command; and we cannot neglect it ourselves, or permit our children to do so, without incurring the divine displeasure. The following facts will shew the regard which our dear child had for this holy day. When she was about three years old, she was anxious to enquire what the different articles of furniture were in the house; what they were made of, and what kingdom they belonged to, &c. One Sunday she began to ask what the chairs and tables, &c. were made of, when it was said to her, "my dear,

we must not ask such questions to-day, this is God's holy day; and we must ask scripture questions to-day." I think I may say, she has invariably, since that time, in making her daily request, "please to ask me some questions," said on the sabbath, "please to ask me some scripture questions," often adding, "we must ask scripture questions to-day, not about chairs and tables." Many times during the past summer, when in her bedroom going to bed, she would look out at the window, and see some children in a waste ground on the opposite side of the road, at play on the Sabbath, and she would say, "they are naughty children to play on God's holy day." Her mother would say, "yes, my dear, perhaps they have no kind friends to teach them, as you have; we must pray God to give them new hearts, and then they will not play on the Sabbath." After offering up her

little prayer she would sometimes continue to kneel as if in deep thought, and on her mother asking her if she was thinking of something more to ask God, she would say, "yes," and add, "please to give all the wicked children and wicked people new hearts, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."—One sabbath morning she went out through the yard to the gate, and presently she came running back to her mother and said, "there's a man selling things on the Sunday; he has a basket on his arm, and yet he is a big man mother." She used to anticipate with delight, the time when she should be old enough to go to the Sunday School, which she would have been allowed to do, but for the great distance our place of worship is from where we reside; and her mother being necessitated by domestic circumstances, often to stay at home, she was a pleasing companion to her, and at the

same time received those instructions which are given in a Sabbath School: still we should consider it to be our duty to send our dear children as soon as practicable.

She was very fond of repeating on the Sabbath, the 27th and 28th of Dr. Watts's Divine Songs for the Lord's day morning and evening, with the last verse of which I shall close this part of my narrative, only observing, that on the word foolish she would lay particular stress, and say, "mine is a foolish heart, isn't it, mother?"

With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

Her views of the omnipresence and omniscience of God.—A child, when conscious that the eye of his parents or teacher, whom he fears to offend, is upon him, will not do that which he would do when that eye is removed (of course I mean a child

who does not love and fear God); hence it appears to me to be of the highest importance, that we impress on the minds of children, as early as possible, the truth that the eye of God is always upon them. If this impression can be deeply fastened on their consciousness, they will fear to sin, and be led to love and adore the almighty omniscient Creator.—The following were the views of the subject of this narrative on this point. Her mother, after putting her little sister to bed on the Sunday evening (which was generally before six o'clock) would take Angelina with her into the front bedroom, when she would begin to ask questions on various religious subjects: “her questions,” says her mother, “at such times, have been such as to constrain me to offer up a silent petition for divine teaching, that I may be enabled to answer them according to the word of truth;” and on these occa-

sions it was, piincipally, that she would make the following and similar observations : “ mother, God sees us now—He is looking down upon us :” then looking up she would say, “ I cannot see God, yet he is here in this room, and he is at chapel with father, and in the back room taking care of dear little Emma : He is every where present, and he takes care of us when we are sleeping. He is a *kind, great good God* ; he will let nothing hurt us.” Thus like Hagar, she seemed to be under the impression “ Thou, God, seest me.”

“ Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night ;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.”

Her love of prayer and praise.—
“ Suffer the little children to come unto me” was the Redeemer’s command when he was upon earth ; and he delights now to see them bend their little knees at his footstool, and is pleased to hear them lift up their

little voices to his throne in supplication and praise. Angelina's mother, in teaching her to pray, usually varied the language of her little prayer, and had latterly said much to her on the necessity of having a new heart, adding, "we are all sinful by nature; that is we are born in sin, and if God does not give us new hearts we can never go to heaven." When she was first spoken to on this prominent doctrine of the Gospel, she said, "have you a sinful heart, mother?" "yes, my dear:" "has father a sinful heart?" "yes, dear: the Bible tells us that we are all sinful—'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God;' and you know you say in your little hymn, 'a sinful creature I was born'"—she said, "yes;" and added, "and from the birth I strayed." After this, when she had finished her little prayer in the morning or evening, she would sometimes continue to kneel,

and say, "have I asked God to give me a new heart, mother?" if the answer was "no," she would immediately do so. In that petition of her prayer where she was taught to pray for the pardon of her sins, from "pardon all my sins," as it was taught her, she altered it herself, to the following, always laying particular emphasis on the words she had herself introduced—"pardon all my *naughty, wicked* sins." If at any time she had been playing and her mother wished her to say her prayer and repeat her hymns, she would say, "my dear, think of what you are to do: remember God sees you, and if you trifle and do not pray with the heart you only mock God." She would then immediately become serious, and putting up her little hands would remain silent; and when asked if she was ready, would reply, "no, I am thinking," and would often continue thus for a minute or two

longer, when she would begin of her own accord. She appeared latterly to take much pleasure in the exercise of prayer and repeating hymns, and if on any occasion her mother has not been able to attend to her so early as usual in the morning, she would remind her of it, with "mother, I have not prayed to God to-day." "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Matt. xxi. 16.

" Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath ;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death."

Her fear of displeasing God.—
The highest motive which a child can have of fearing to displease its parents, is that of fearing the displeasure of God. It has been a maxim with us in the training of our dear child, never to pass by a fault, and at the same time endeavour to make her feel that any act of disobedience to her parents was displeasing

to God. The following fact will evince her feelings on this subject: About two months before her death, she was engaged in collecting her little sister's playthings from the floor: her mother, who was in another room, called her, but she was so intent on her work that she did not come until she had been called a second time, when her mother said, "you have been disobedient, my dear, and I must punish you for it;" she was made to sit in a corner of the room, and whilst sitting there she made use of several expressions indicating her sorrow. Her mother told her she had sinned against God, and therefore she must ask God to pardon her: she looked around and said several times, "God is not striking me dead, is he, mother?" Soon after, she came to the door of the room in which I was sitting, and said, "father, I wish God to blot out my transgressions against him this

day." I called her to me and said, "my dear, if you wish God to blot out your transgressions, you must ask him to do so," when I was surprised and delighted to see her immediately kneel down by my side, put her little hands together in the attitude of devotion, and, of her own accord, offer up the following prayer: "O Lord, bless me and my dear father and mother, blot out all my sins that I have committed against thee this day, please to give me a new heart, blot out all my sins that I have committed against thee this day, take care of us all the day: I desire to thank thee for taking care of us in the night when we were sleeping, take care of us all the day, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." I immediately put it on paper and am not aware that a single word is altered. She appeared after this to be quite cheerful and happy.

“ When we devote our youth to God,
 ’Tis pleasing in his eyes:
 A flower, when offer’d in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.”

Her illness and death.—The Lord, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways, has seen fit to take this promising bud from us to transplant it into a better soil and a more genial clime. On Sunday, August 14th, she was taken ill: she had for more than a week before had a bad cough, and we thought it to be the whooping cough. On Wednesday, the 17th, she was taken worse: the medical attendant immediately ordered leeches, as her head seemed to be much affected, and she lay from that time till her death very drowsy. She was, during the whole of her illness, remarkably patient; not a word of complaining escaped from her lips, and as has been before observed, she took her medicine with remarkable resolution. After many repeated doses, when her

little stomach seemed to loathe it, and she at first refused, it was said to her, "you love your dear mother don't you?" she would say "yes;" "then you will be obedient to her, and take your medicine?" "yes;" and, as if summoning up all her strength and resolution, she would drink it off immediately. Many things which she said during her illness are very interesting, and I have no doubt, if the disorder had been less violent and she had been less drowsy, she would have said much more. In the early part of her illness it was observed to her, "God can make you well again, my dear;" she said, "yes." "Do you wish to get well?" "yes." "Do you think you shall get well again?" "yes." A day or two after this, when the same question was put to her, "do you think you shall get well again my dear?" she said, "no." It was again observed to her, "God

can make you well, dear ;” she said, “yes.” About this time her mother was giving her some medicine, and said, “my dear, this to try to make you well ;” she shook her head and said, “you have nothing that will make me well :” she appeared to be worse ; and her mother said, “do you think you shall die now, my dear ?” she said, “yes.” “Where do you think you are going, my dear ?” she replied, “to hell.” This answer surprised us, but I have no doubt either the enemy of souls was busy with his evil suggestions, even to the mind of so young a child, or that she felt the force of the truth which had so often been repeated to her, that if God did not give us new hearts, we could not go to heaven : and thought, perhaps, that she had not a new heart. This is the more probable from the fact that, whenever she had shown any symptoms of naughtiness, her mother used to say

to her, "that shews my dear, that you have not got a new heart," at which she would often manifest much concern. It was observed to her, when she gave the above answer, that Jesus Christ died to save her; she said, "yes;" and that he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not:" she looked up and replied, "yes." Her mother said, "I hope he will take you to heaven my dear;" she again answered, "yes." Her head being so much affected, and particularly at this time, she was so heavy that it was with great difficulty she spoke a word. In the early part of her illness I one day said to her, "shall we kneel down my dear, and ask God to make you well again?" she said "yes." We did so; and when we arose from our knees, I said to her, "did you hear father ask God to make you well?" she turned quickly round and said, "I did not know

that was you." Her mother said, "who did you think it was dear?" she replied, "a gentleman." This arose, I have no doubt, from the suppressed tone of voice in which the prayer was offered, as loud speaking seemed to distress her. Early one morning Mr. G—— was sitting by her, and hearing her speak, he said, "what did you say love?" she replied, "I was not speaking to you." He said, "were you praying to God dear?" "no:" "to Jesus Christ?" "no." Soon after this, she said, "please will you ask me some questions?" He said, "who was Joseph?" she replied, "I don't know." He then said, "who was Jesus Christ?" she immediately answered, "God."

On the Sunday previous to her death, her mother said to her, "do you think you shall get well again?" she said, "no." Do you think you shall go to heaven my dear?" "yes."

“ Shall I ask God to make you well ?”
“ no.” “ Shall I ask him to take
you to heaven ?” “ yes.” After this,
when she had been dosing for some
time, her mother said to her, “ will
you ask God, my dear, to take you to
heaven ?” she immediately put her
hand over her eyes, and said, “ O
Lord take me to heaven now : O
Lord take me to heaven now. Par-
don all my sins, for Jesus Christ’s
sake : pardon all my sins, for Jesus
Christ’s sake.” She said something
after this, but it was not audible.
The same night I was waking by her,
and about midnight, at her request,
I sat her up in the bed, when she
said, “ this is Sunday.” I said,
“ yes, my dear, it is Sunday-night.”
Wondering how she knew, I said,
“ how do you know it is Sunday, my
dear,” she replied, “ God.” Think-
ing she might not be quite sensible,
as the reply was rather a strange one,
I said, “ what do you mean dear ?”

she immediately answered, "by God teaching me." In speaking of this to her mother, she said she had told her in the morning that it was Sunday, and had asked her whose day it was, when she replied, "God's day, and God loves it." She was asked several times after this, if she was going to heaven, when she invariably and sweetly answered, "yes;" and on one of these occasions her mother said, "heaven is a *beautiful* place;" she looked up with great earnestness and fixed her eyes for a moment on the tester of the bed, as if viewing the bright abodes of bliss, and then sunk again into her former drowsy state. On Tuesday morning, August the 23d, she was seized with convulsive fits, and had two severe ones: after this she tried to speak, but utterance was choked. Twice we heard the word "naughty," which was all we could understand. We thought it probable that she

wanted to say something of her dear little sister, of whom she was very fond; and when in health, and sitting at table together, Emma would sometimes manifest impatience for her food, she would say to her, "Emma, you must wait—you must learn to be patient: Job was patient you know." The convulsions came on again about two o'clock the following morning, and terminated her life a quarter before six the same morning. Her disease was measles, attended with inflammation on the lungs and brain; and so violent was it from the first, that the most active measures of her kind and skilful medical attendant failed of giving any relief. And here I would record with gratitude, that he came twice every day to see her, and left nothing untried that was likely to do her good: but the Lord, who knows the end from the beginning, and does all things well, was pleased to take her

to himself, blessed be the name of the Lord. She was interred on the following Saturday evening, on which day her dear sister, who has already been mentioned, was taken ill. The measles, in her case, came out well; but the inflammation on the chest did not leave with the measles. Her head, however, was not affected; and being every time relieved by leeches or blisters, we had great hopes of her recovery. But she constantly relapsed; and on Thursday morning, September 15th, she died, aged seventeen months and three weeks. Again we were called to say, and I trust from the heart enabled to do so, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." The stroke was heavy, and repeated: the trial is keen, and it could not be parental—nay, it would be inhuman, not to feel: but we were dumb, we opened not our mouth, because THOU didst it.

Reflections.—The first reflection which naturally suggests itself to the mind, in reading the foregoing memoir, is, how powerfully efficacious is the grace of God, and how adapted to every case. We know that it can melt the heart of the most hardened sinner: we have seen the trophies of its victory, and have exclaimed “behold! what God hath wrought.” In this instance we perceive it subduing and sanctifying the heart of a little child; and, with no less wonder and adoration, we again exclaim, “behold! what God hath wrought.” “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the praise.” The second reflection is, how short and uncertain is life: to day we possess youth and health, to-morrow disease may seize upon us, and life be taken away, and we called to appear before God—“whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor de-

vice, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither we are all going." The third reflection is this, whilst we rejoice in the many pleasing instances of devotedness to God, which we have on record, we reflect with pain on the fact, that so many thousands of old and young are "rejecting the counsel of God against themselves." Reader, how is it with you? I ask not whether you are old or young, rich or poor, learned or unlearned; no, this is of little consequence to me; but I do ask, affectionately and solemnly, the pertinent and important question, are you seeking the salvation of your soul by faith which is in Christ Jesus? If you have hitherto neglected this, I beseech you to neglect it no longer,—to morrow may be too late,—“now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.”

WHAT IS LIFE!

Life is the rising of a breath:
 It rises not—we call it death;
 The whisper soft is heard to say,
 "He's gone!" the spirit could not stay.

Life is the flowing of the blood,
 The active, crimson, vital flood;
 It flows not, and the mystery's o'er,
 Man dies to live, or lives no more.

Life is the throbbing of the heart,
 Its often palpitating smart;
 It throbs not—nature's work is done,
 New objects seen, new work begun.

Life is the beating of a pulse,
 Its quick vibration nothing else:
 It beats not---life's for ever gone;
 It stops---a mortal's work is done.

Life is a span, a speck, a mite,
 A vapour floating just in sight:
 We gaze---the vapour disappears,
 And shadows seek to claim it theirs.

If life be such, and such it is,
 Reader, with Jesus make thy peace;
 Then death will end thy mortal strife,
 And be to thee eternal life.

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