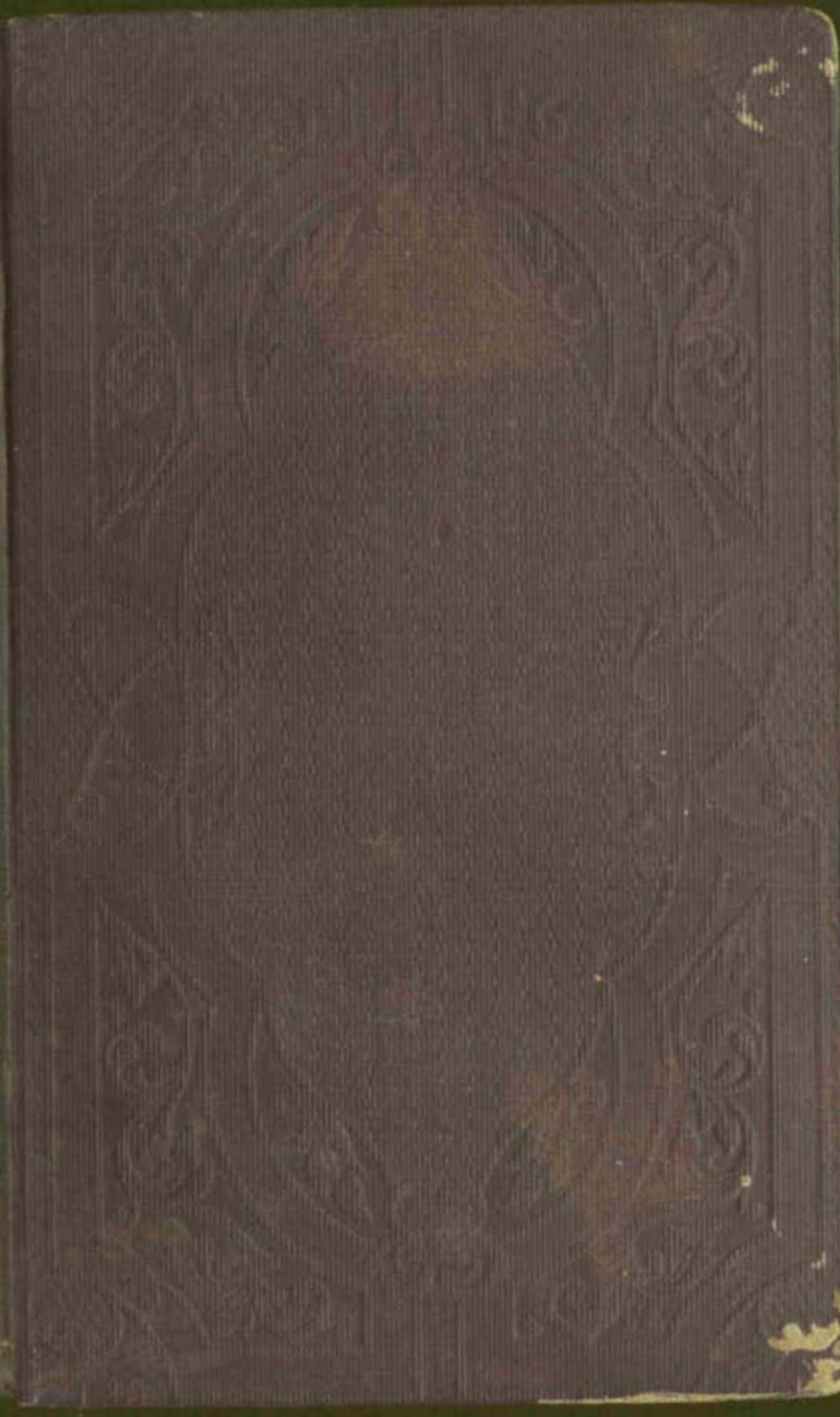


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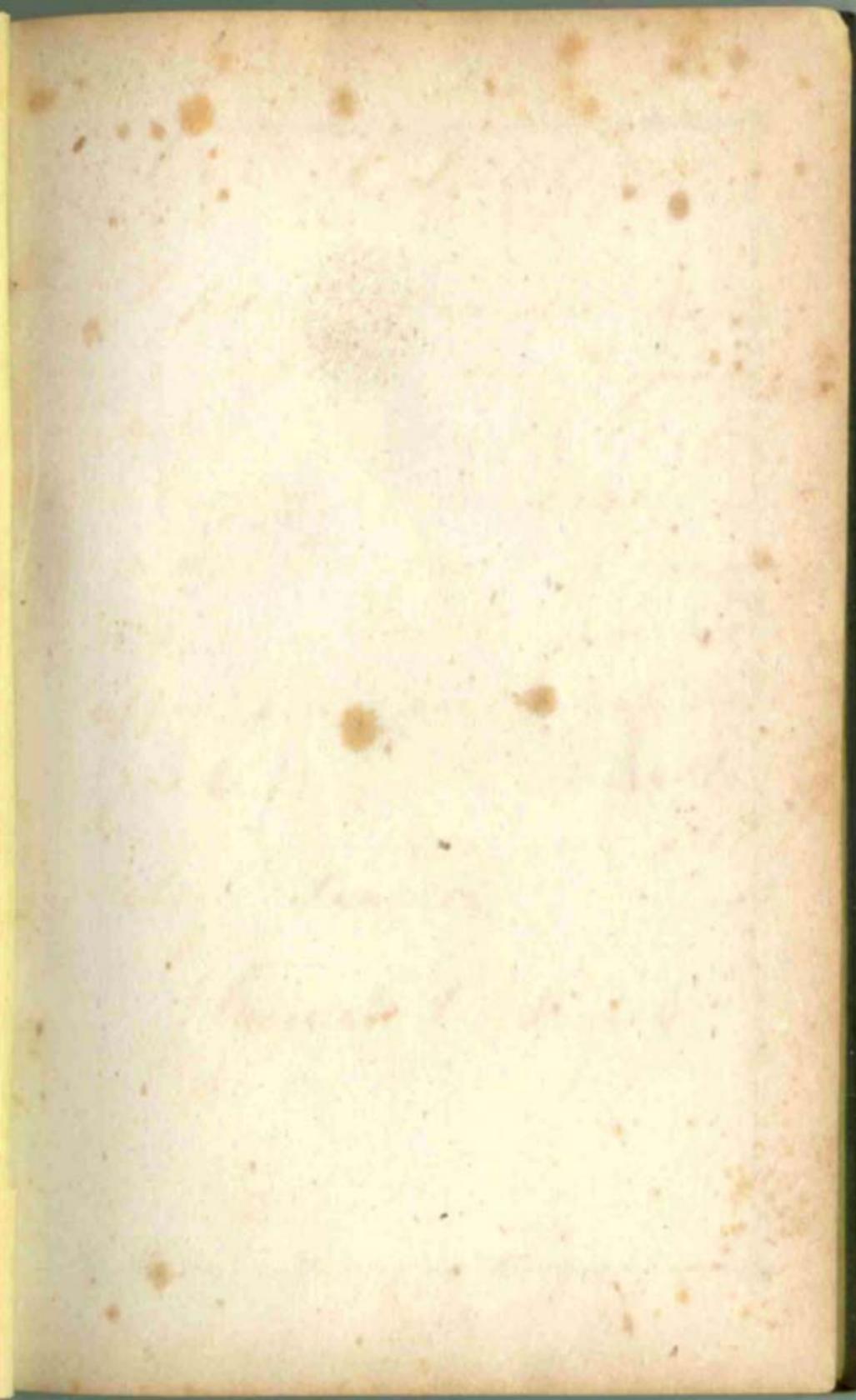
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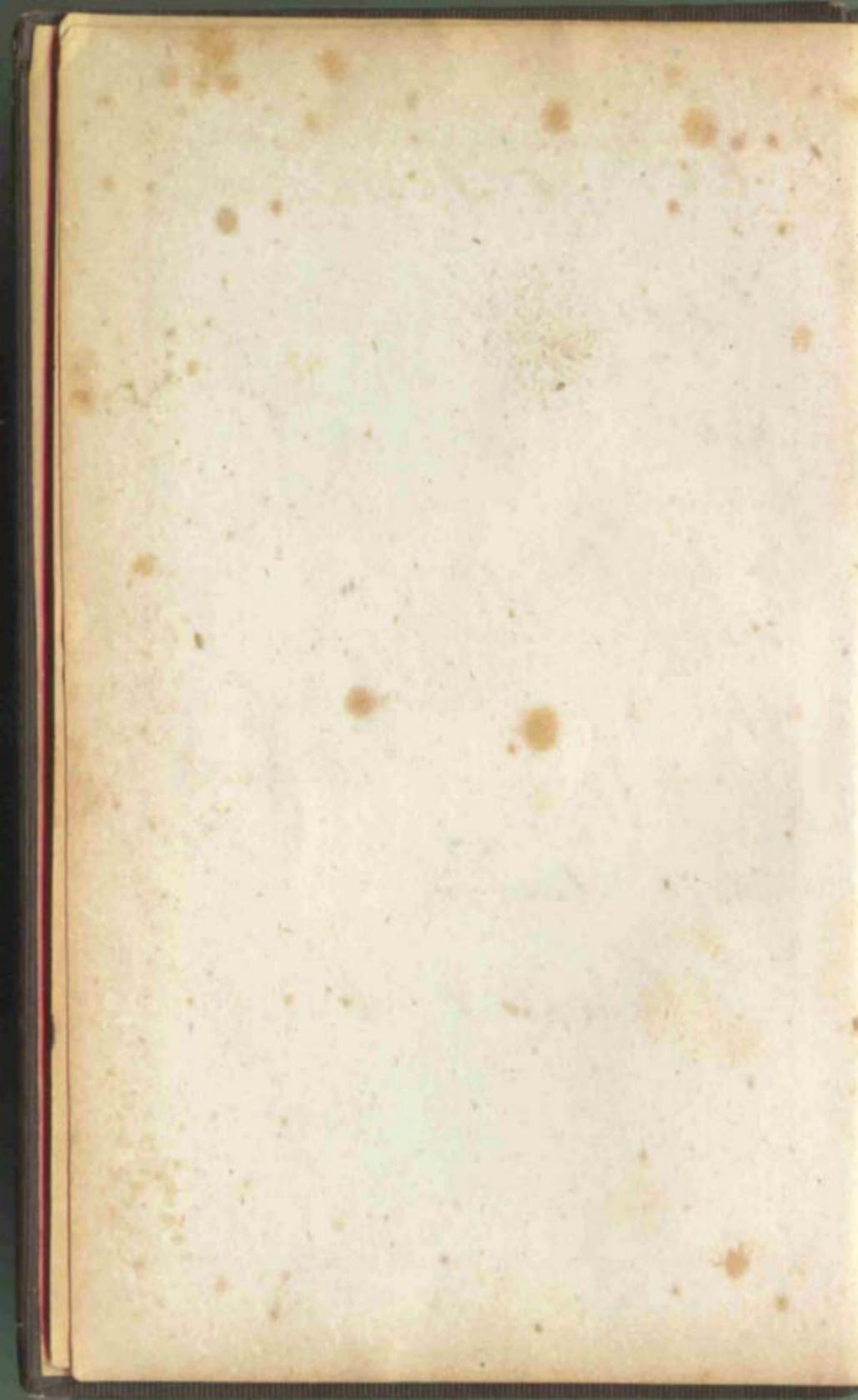


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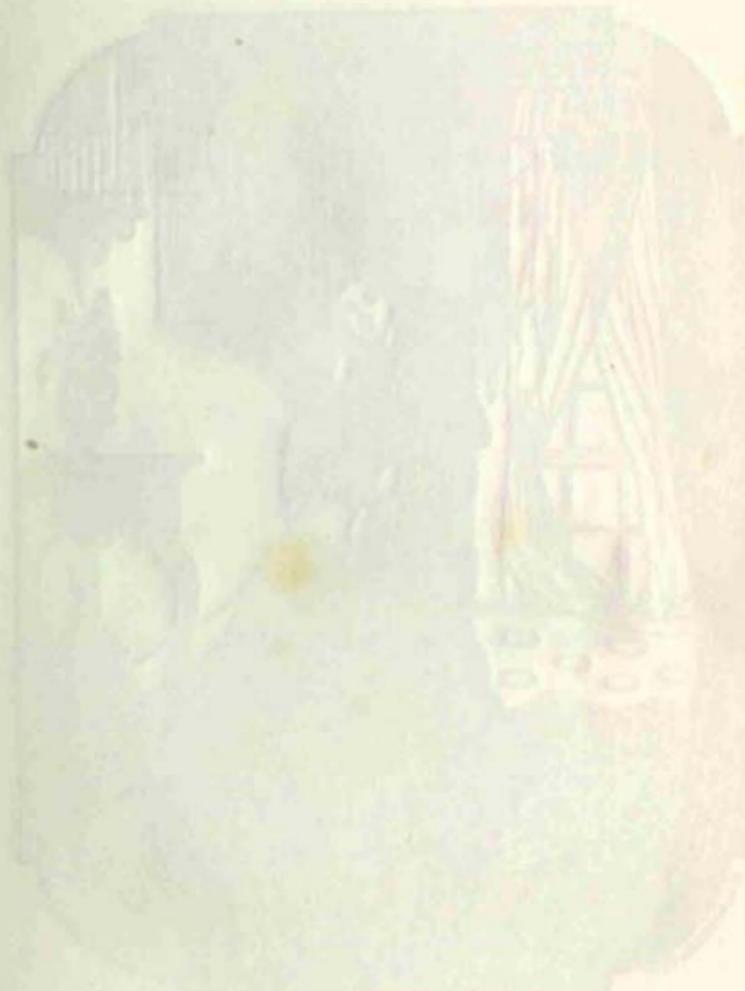
I present you this Book
as a token of love hoping
that you may seek Early
to know gods will concerning
you and that you may Bend
the sweet influences of his word
uppon your heart that will
Guide you in to all truth
Accept of this from your Sabbath
School Teacher

Samuel F. Smith





THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
 BY JOHN B. HENNINGSHAW
 VOL. I. PART I.



FRONTISPIECE.

RELIGION AS IT SHOULD BE :

OR,

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE AND
TRIUMPHANT DEATH

OF

ANN THANE PECK.

*Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and
approved by the Committee of Publication.*

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

AN apology is due to the Committee, and to other friends interested in the publication of this little work, for the delay of its preparation for the press. It is due also to myself.

For some time after I was requested to prepare this Memoir, and indeed until it was evident that no other hand would be invited to the task, I shrunk from the responsibility of such a work, on account of the cares of a sick family, the increase of my ministerial and pastoral labors, and other reasons which will too evidently appear in the work itself.

A still further delay was occasioned by the fact that Mrs. Hamline, to whom the whole matter would probably have been committed, had her health permitted, was in possession of the principal materials until November, 1843, when the second of her most interesting articles, giving a sketch of Ann's life and death, appeared in the 'Ladies' Repository,' under the title of 'The Young Disciple.'

Just at that time a revival of religion, and a protracted meeting in the church of which I had the charge, utterly precluded any attention to the subject till the following spring. Since then, continued family afflictions, added to increased parochial duties, may be urged as the ground of a claim upon the kind consideration of the general reader, as well as the personal friends of the deceased.

After its acceptance by the Committee, the chairman, Mr. Truman, who had charge of its publication, was called to

his reward in heaven. This melancholy event delayed the appearance of the work until the present time.

Two objects have been in view, in the preparation of the following pages. First, to present such facts as can be relied on in illustrating the grace of God in the most simple and direct manner, without an attempt to meet the expectations of the more refined and intellectual reader.

A second and more prominent object has been, to make the work a medium of communication for such principles and precepts as are naturally suggested by the facts presented, especially such as seem particularly adapted to that large and most interesting, but most neglected class of society, who are between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. They are in the budding as well as the blooming period of life,—a period when principles are adopted that will give character to their future history, and result in consequences vital to their happiness in time and in eternity. It is just the time, too, when they are under the least conservative influence at home, and are more exposed to the most seductive and powerful temptations from abroad. Deterred by a false sense of propriety, from attending the instructions of the Sabbath school, or the Bible-class; and with few religious books adapted to their peculiar state of mind, we find them escaping the influence of earlier instructions, falling into the snares of error, and under the power of sin, with less and less hope of future reformation.

In view of these considerations, it seemed desirable so to adapt this little volume as to interest and profit them, rather than to prepare it especially for the younger members of the Sabbath school, who are already most abundantly and suitably supplied.

That God may be pleased to bless it to this end, is the ardent prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

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Introduction.

THE following sketch of one, rendered interesting not only by natural amiableness, but by a singularly early devotion and a premature death, we hope will not be found without its uses, especially among those like her in the morning of life.

To some things in it we would especially direct our readers, as uncommon.

1st. It is the example of one who made it a serious and practical endeavor to *do all the good she could*.

Many Christians are satisfied if they are doing *something*—others wish to feel sure that they are doing much; but few admit the obligation, or make serious efforts, to do *all* they can. Very few seem to have made any practical estimates of what they have to give to Christ, or to be inquiring, with deep solicitude, how it may all be employed in his service.

2d. The motive in her case, seems not to have been conscience, nor a sense of obligation working with a powerful and wearying force, but *love*.

It is this that gives the impulsive, free, and beautiful character to all her efforts. Why, at the age of fourteen, did she go from dwelling to dwelling, urging with childlike simplicity the tender love of Christ; comforting the sick, and praying with the dying? Not because she felt it to be

her duty and *dared* not to do otherwise, but because, full of love to our unseen Saviour, and of pity for those who neglected him, she, like his apostles, 'could not but speak the things she had seen and heard;' and so far from regarding it as a wearisome effort to perform these offices, it would have been a more difficult task for her to refrain from them. This explains the reason, why, though she was diffident and retiring, it seemed to her not an obligation, but a privilege, to pour forth her soul in prayer at the social altar. So full of gratitude, devotion, and love was she always, that prayer was to her sweet necessity, a rest, a relief. Hence the frequency of her seasons of prayer, and her artless declaration, that she 'could not help praying oftener.'

These remarks may assist those, who, conscientiously attempting the duties of religion, find them so often a hard and painful endeavor, and who progress by a constant and desperate struggle. How is all to be made easy?—to flow forth spontaneously and delightfully? Christ certainly had some meaning when he said, 'Learn of me and ye shall find rest;'—he meant just what he declared, when he said, 'my yoke is *easy* and my burden is *light*;' and they who do not find them easy and light, may be persuaded that they are not following the practice of religion in Christ's way, but in some colder and more difficult mode of their own. They may be *Christians*, and their sad and disheartened endeavors may be very precious in the eyes of Him who will not break even a bruised reed; but while their whole life is a constant conflict of a sense of obligation and duty with an ever rebellious heart, they may be persuaded that they do not yet understand the terms on which their Saviour would have them live with him; nor the perfect 'freedom of the sons of God.' There is such a way of living with, or in Christ, that watchfulness, prayer, devotion, patience, gentle-

ness, meekness, become so many sweet and spontaneous *impulses*, instead of labored acquisitions, alternately the subjects of hope and of despair; and this is true *freedom*.

The very figure which Christ uses illustrates this idea; 'as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye *abide* in me.' Now how does a branch bear fruit? Not by incessant effort for sunshine and air; not by vain struggles for those vivifying influences which give beauty to the blossom, and verdure to the leaf;—it simply *abides* in the vine, in silent and undisturbed union; and the fruit and blossoms appear as of spontaneous growth.

How, then, shall a Christian bear fruit? By efforts and struggles to obtain that which is freely given; by meditations on watchfulness, on prayer, on action, on temptation, and on dangers? No, there must be a full concentration of the thoughts and affections on *Christ*; a complete surrender of the whole being to him; a constant looking to him for grace. Christians in whom these dispositions are once firmly fixed, go on calmly as the sleeping infant borne in the arms of its mother. Christ reminds them of every duty in its time and place—reproves them for every error—counsels them in every difficulty, excites them to every needful activity. In spiritual, as in temporal matters, they take no thought for the morrow—for they know that Christ will be as accessible tomorrow as to-day, and that time imposes no barrier on his love. Their hope and trust rest solely on what he is willing and able to do for them; on nothing that they suppose themselves able and willing to do for him. Their talisman for every temptation and sorrow, is their oft repeated, childlike surrender of their whole being to him; as the infant in every trouble, finds a safe asylum in the bosom of its mother. That such was the course of the sub-

ject of this narrative is shown by her great and uncommon activity in every good thing; for, we read, 'He that *abideth* in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth *much fruit*; for without *me* ye can do nothing.'

Some may say, 'Truly this is a very delightful state of feeling, but how shall we obtain it? How shall we begin?'

We answer, just in the same way that a sinner begins the Christian life, by coming to the Saviour, and making a full, free and hearty surrender of his body, soul and spirit; fully resolved in future to resign the whole to the Redeemer's direction. And having made this general surrender, make it also in particular, in reference to every circumstance of every day.

Let us imagine a day spent on this principle. You awake in the morning and commend yourself to Christ's care for the day. The first temptation that besets you may lead you to a waste of time. Say immediately, 'Lord, assist me in this particular.' The next may be a temptation to irritation. Cast yourself again on Christ for this. A few hours after you may be tempted to censorious remarks on some neighbor. Cast yourself upon Jesus. A while after, you may perhaps forget yourself and give utterance to some hasty or ill-judged expression. Turn instantly to Christ, confess your fault, and ask further help. If you find yourself beset with uncommon difficulties and temptations, and in danger of forgetting what manner of spirit you are of,—steal from your avocations though but for a few moments, and ask help of Jesus. The example of the subject of this memoir, in having a full and stated *season* of prayer *at noon*, cannot be too highly commended. The middle is usually the most unspiritual part of the whole day. The cool of the morning is generally to every one a time of good purpose and resolution, and the quiet of the evening is often devoted

to penitence and retrospection; but the noon is too often a season of hurry and bustle—there is therefore so much the greater need that we then consecrate a portion of the time as a stated season of prayer. But the Christian, who would live as Christ directs, must beware of making *seasons* of prayer the substitute for that constant recurrence to him which we have endeavored to inculcate. Morning and evening the little child is with its mother in a long and fond embrace; it listens with rapture to the expressions of her affection, and willingly renders the tribute of promised obedience. But in times of difficulty or danger, it instinctively runs to the same arms for protection, without reflecting whether the danger be great or small.

A direction of great importance to one who would live this life, is this:—In your sins, troubles, and temptations, make no distinction between *great* and *little* things. Remember that nothing that has the slightest bearing on your improvement and spiritual progress is insignificant in the estimation of Christ. Now it is a fact, that Christians are more impeded in their progress by little things, than by great ones;—because, for great things, they seek the strength of Christ, and for little ones, they act in their own. But if the little accidents of every day's occurrence, the petty annoyances to which every one is subjected, be sufficient to ruffle the temper and excite an unchristian spirit, they are to *you* matters of very serious moment; and as such, you must regard them—nor can you fully abide in Christ by attaching to such things that just importance, which shall lead you to refer them to Him with the same freedom that you feel in reference to what you commonly call serious affairs. If you are conscious of peculiar and besetting faults, familiarize your mind to those incidents of the life of Jesus, which show a particular bearing on them.

If you are irritable, examine all those incidents which show his untiring patience; if you are proud, those which exhibit his humility; if you are worldly, those that show his spirituality; if you are negligent and careless in duty, those which show his incessant zeal and activity. Study them, understand them, keep them in memory, and pray to him to infuse into you the same spirit. The memory too may well be stored with those sacred songs descriptive of the character of the Saviour, or imploring his divine aid; for their sweet words will sometimes come to you in hours of temptation like gentle messages from your Lord.

The remarks now made are intended as general hints; but the only teacher of the true life of faith, is Christ. Go to him and ask him to direct you. Remember the remarkable dying words of the subject of this memoir, in relation to the Saviour, 'He came and looked upon me and said, "I am willing to make you just as meek as I am, just as patient, just as lovely. Indeed it seemed as if he had been by me long before, only I had not perceived him."' Christ in the Bible says this to every Christian, when he says, 'I will put my law into their hearts and write it in their thoughts.' Christ is willing to make *you* just as meek, just as patient, just as lovely as he is; and if you desire it earnestly, if you desire it more than every thing else, if you are willing to give up all beside for it, he will explain to you practically what is meant by 'abiding in him,' and by his coming to make his abode with you. Then your Christian race will be full of love and joy; more like the free flight of a bird, than the struggles of a captive. You will naturally lay aside every weight, and the sin that easily besets you, and run with patience the race that is set before you, because your whole soul will be so filled with the view of Jesus at its termination; you will be so inspired with ad-

miration, hope and joy, that you will run because you cannot hold back;—the spectators, the race-course, all about you, will be forgotten in the view of Jesus, at once your helper, your judge, and your eternal reward.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

The first part of the history of the world is the history of the creation of the world and the life of the first man, Adam. This is the history of the Garden of Eden, the fall of man, and the beginning of the human race. The second part of the history is the history of the patriarchs, from Abraham to Joseph. This is the history of the promises made to the patriarchs and the fulfillment of those promises in the life of Joseph. The third part of the history is the history of the Israelites, from the time of Moses to the time of the kings. This is the history of the Exodus, the giving of the Law, and the building of the Temple. The fourth part of the history is the history of the prophets, from the time of Isaiah to the time of Malachi. This is the history of the prophecies and the fulfillment of those prophecies in the life of Jesus Christ. The fifth part of the history is the history of the apostles, from the time of Peter to the time of Paul. This is the history of the spread of the Christian faith and the establishment of the Church. The sixth part of the history is the history of the emperors, from the time of Nero to the time of Constantine. This is the history of the persecution of the Christians and the conversion of the Roman Empire. The seventh part of the history is the history of the popes, from the time of Peter to the time of the present pope. This is the history of the papacy and the role of the pope in the Church. The eighth part of the history is the history of the kings of France, from the time of Clovis to the time of Louis XIV. This is the history of the French monarchy and the role of the king in the state. The ninth part of the history is the history of the kings of England, from the time of Alfred to the time of James II. This is the history of the English monarchy and the role of the king in the state. The tenth part of the history is the history of the present time, from the time of the present pope to the time of the present king. This is the history of the present world and the role of the Church and the state in the world.

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Youthful prospects—Natural love of biographical history—
Author's experience—Object in preparing the work.

ANN THANE PECK, the subject of the following narrative, was a young lady of most amiable disposition, distinguished for her devotedness to the cause of Christ, for her personal piety, and a remarkable death-bed experience.

She died at the age of eighteen, in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 21st of November, 1842. Eighteen! Just developed in their fullness were the beauties of youth! What hopes—what plans are forming at this interesting period of life! How impulsive the passions!

How buoyant the feelings ! How enchanting the prospect ! And when death lays his withering hand upon them all, and gathers around the darkness and horrors of the grave, how chilling, how saddening is the thought ! And yet, who does not find himself instinctively drawn to the funeral scene ; and the more strongly so when youthful hopes and female loveliness lies in ruins, beneath the tread of earth's mighty conqueror. And when this feeling has not degenerated into idle curiosity, it is well ; for ' better is it to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.'

And who does not love to sit down in the social circle and listen while a friend tells the story of some departed loved one ? Come, then, my young friends, and we will tell you of our dear young friend. And while we do so, she shall herself occasionally speak to you. She was a lovely girl ; lovely, because she was good. Her greatest delight was to do good to others ; and although she has gone to her rest, she still speaks. Especially does

she speak to those of her own age, who are passing from the days of youthful romance to years of realization in time, and the retributions of eternity.

Having been intimately and endearingly connected in the instructions of the Bible-class, and in the pastoral relation, with many between the ages of fifteen and twenty-years, I know full well how sorely young persons of her age are tempted by the world to hurry away in pursuit of its pleasures, to the neglect of Christ and of heaven; and often have I watched with anxious solicitude the agonizing struggle between inclination and duty, and witnessed with unspeakable joy the triumphs of grace in the conversion of many, while I have sorrowfully parted with others as they turned down the road to endless wo!

That I may arrest the attention of those to whom I have alluded, and perhaps interest some of their numerous companions of both sexes, I have been induced to undertake the preparation of this little volume.

In the life and character of the subject of

this memoir, I hope to present them with a likeness of one with whom they can sympathize; whose virtues will be attractive, and whose end and reward they will delight to share; by trusting in the same Saviour, and by walking in the same way.

CHAPTER II.

Place of her birth—Early traits of character—Obedience—Sickness—Inquiry of her [mother—The influence of a mother's prayers—Her physical constitution—Attachment to her brothers and sisters—Death of her sister—Removal of her parents to Cincinnati—Conversion of her father—Family scene changed—Convictions—Protracted meeting—The anxious inquiry—Parents' solicitude—The mental conflict—Incident—Submission—The result—Reflection.

ANN THANE PECK, the subject of this memoir, was born in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, on the 1st day of March, 1824. Her father, Dr. William Peck, was a physician of respectability, devoted to his family; but until some years after the birth of his daughter, a stranger to vital godliness. Her mother had long been deeply interested in the subject of religion, and in her the daughter found that sympathy and spiritual guidance so much needed by one just entering on the Christian course. Being the first-born, she

was naturally the absorbing object of parental love and watchfulness; although from the same cause exposed to much injury from over-indulgence. 'From her infancy,' says one* who knew her well, 'she seemed a consecrated spirit; and ere her feeble pinions were fledged, we behold her essaying to plume them for immortality.'

In her earliest youth, her disposition was amiable, kind, and affectionate to all around her. To her parents she was uniformly and cheerfully obedient; a trait of character the most lovely and important that a child can display. Its importance is far from being limited to the present happiness of either parents or children; for experience shows that it is most intimately connected with conversion to God. Of many young persons, who in early life were well taught in the Scriptures, and

* Mrs. Hamline, wife of the Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from whose interesting article on the death of Miss Peck, published in the Ladies' Repository, October and November, 1843, the author will have occasion to quote somewhat frequently.

who have been the subject of many prayers, it may be said that there appears no other reason why they have not been converted, than that they have been *perversely disobedient to their parents*.

It is easy to conceive that a child who grows up unsubmitive to earthly parents, will be very likely to hold out in rebellion against God, and in disregard of his commands. And facts show beyond a doubt that multitudes are in this way led to resist the influence of precept and example, the means of grace, and the stirrings of the Spirit, live on in impenitence, and die at enmity with their Maker. 'What,' say they in their hearts, 'submit to the commands of Jehovah, while there is no fear of immediate punishment, nor hope of selfish gratification? Never!' They will unaccustomed to yield to lawful authority without a bribe, and the affections set upon forbidden objects, rise in determined opposition, and hold out in bold defiance, until the conscience is seared, the understanding darkened, the truth perverted, the Spirit grieved, and the

soul lost! Preferring 'to reign in hell, rather than serve in heaven,' of such it will be said in the judgment day, 'Those that would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay before me.' While the eye of my youthful reader is passing over this page, does conscience accuse? Then let there be immediate reformation, for disobedience is as unlovely as it is sinful and dangerous.

The subject of this memoir was not only obedient to her parents, but uniformly so to her teachers, whose confidence and affection she never failed to secure. The testimony of one of her teachers, in the followings words, clearly proves this assertion:—'During the period of my acquaintance with her as a pupil, she was never, that I recollect, out of place—never deficient in any thing.'

At the age of three years, she was occasionally permitted to attend the Sabbath school. When six years old, she was taken dangerously ill with a fever, and a message was sent to her father, then in New York, to hasten his return, that he might see his daugh-

ter before she died. But through the merciful interposition of God, she was speedily restored to health. During this sickness, her mind was considerably exercised on the subject of religion. She was thoughtful, and took delight in conversing on spiritual subjects; frequently inquiring respecting the death of Christ, and the way of salvation. While recovering from this attack, she one day thus addressed her mother, who was sitting by her bed-side,—‘Mother, how is it that there are three Gods, and yet but one God? I have been thinking a great deal about it; will you explain it to me?’ In her last sickness the mystery of this fundamental doctrine was, as we shall see, most wonderfully explained to her. From this time she was often serious—sometimes anxious and concerned about the salvation of her soul.

In early childhood she had been taught to pray. The influence of a mother’s instructions and example was not lost. Not only did the mother pray *for* her daughter, but *with* her. The daughter was thus impressed with

the importance of the duty, and encouraged in the practice of it by a mother's presence and example. How impressive such a scene! How hallowed the place!

The physical constitution of Miss Peck was naturally feeble, and she was subject to repeated and severe attacks of disease. Yet she had a willing mind, and devoted herself to her studies, and such family duties as devolved upon her, with great assiduity and perseverance. Patient and uncomplaining, cheerful and happy, she often suffered in secret, and strove to please by attempting what she had neither health nor strength to accomplish.

For her brothers and sisters she uniformly manifested a tender interest and a heart-felt attachment. A single fact will illustrate not only this trait in her character, but also another to which we have already alluded. At the early age of three years she lost a sister, younger than herself, whose name was Susan. When this sister died and was buried, she was greatly troubled. Nothing could divert her mind. Often would she ask her mother to go

up to heaven and bring Susan back again, and she, herself, as she afterwards told her parents, frequently went into an upper room, and strained her little eyes in looking up towards heaven, hoping that she might see her sister there. At the same time, if she saw her mother weeping, she would try her utmost, in childlike simplicity, to alleviate her sorrow and divert her from its indulgence. In her intercourse with her brothers and sisters, as well as in all her duties, she was remarkably conscientious; and what was at this time only the result of education and intellectual development, afterwards became a settled religious principle.

When she was eight years old, her parents removed to Cincinnati, Ohio. She had yet but seldom attended the Sabbath school. Her father, as we have said, was not a professing Christian, but the importunity of his daughter wrung from him a reluctant permission that she might regularly attend its instructions—a permission which his prejudices soon induced him to recall.

Amiable and conscientious as she was, she was yet far from what she ought to be in the sight of God ; for with all her loveliness, both of person and character, she had not the added grace of a renewed spirit.

In the year 1833, her father became personally interested in the subject of religion, and a corresponding change took place in the family arrangements. The domestic altar was reared—the long neglected Bible became a daily companion—the secret place of prayer was sought—the children were consecrated to God and nurtured in his fear. The parents were now united in their endeavors for the salvation of their little ones. The hallowed influences of family religion pervaded the fire-side ; the means of grace were sought and improved, and it soon became evident that an important era was dawning in the spiritual history of the subject of this memoir.

The period has now nearly arrived when the great struggle was to be made in which the Spirit of God ‘ fights ’ with the spirit of the sinner, subdues his will, controls his desires,

and fastens his affections supremely and for ever on the Redeemer—or, grieved by continual resistance, departs, leaving the conscience seared, and the heart hardened, and the sinner the hopeless victim of his own unhallowed warfare. This momentous contest generally takes place the earlier in proportion to the knowledge and the privileges enjoyed. It is a fearful conflict, and awfully tremendous in its issues.

Our young friend had often been thoughtful about her soul—sometimes deeply anxious. The example and prayers of her mother had kept her conscience tender, and her soul alive to a sense of its obligation. God had called and stretched out his hand to deliver, and the means of grace had been attended by the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit; but thus far in vain. She was now in her tenth year, and for one so young knew well her duty and the way of life. But although she made no open, decided opposition to the claims of the gospel, she evidently evinced a strong feeling of hesitancy, if not of aversion,

when the question of immediate acceptance and obedience came distinctly before her. The natural heart was still at enmity with God, and was not subject to his law. But slight as was the manifestation of this spirit, and accompanied as it was with much that is lovely and of good report, it would have proved, had not the grace of God subdued it, the germ of future everlasting perdition. The great salvation *neglected*, there is no way of escape from a just recompense of reward due to transgression and disobedience. Unless there be a *positive acceptance*—a cordial, whole-hearted embrace of the offers of pardon and eternal life, the soul will be ruined for ever, however amiable and moral its possessor may have been.

In the providence of God, the subject of our memoir was soon to be controlled by an influence heretofore unknown to her. In the spring of 1834, a revival of religion took place in the church and society with which her parents were connected ; in the progress of which she was deeply awakened to a sense of her

alienation from God, of her sin in neglecting the Saviour, and of the necessity of a renewed heart. Her parents discovered an unusual seriousness and sensitiveness on the subject of religion, by her coming one day, as was her usual custom when doubts arose in her mind, to consult with her mother on the propriety of her going forward to the 'anxious seat,' when invitation should be given at the close of divine services. From this time she was made a subject of special and earnest prayer. It was not until this time that she fully realized the fearful truth that she was a *lost sinner*, without God and without hope in the world! 'What shall I do to be saved?' was now her anxious inquiry; a question of greater moment than any other that ever engaged the attention of a mortal, sinful being. Forgiveness, justification, sanctification, and eternal life,—of these she felt her perishing need. And, like all convicted sinners, she first sought them by the deeds of the law. She began to watch her conduct more carefully. Neglected duties were performed; outward

inconsistencies were banished. The Bible was read with increased diligence, and more faithful attention given to the preaching of the gospel. But all these things only deepened her anxiety, while it increased her interest in the great question. Frequent recourse was had to prayer; not with her mother as before, but alone, by herself, and for herself. And yet there was no sense of sins forgiven, no peace of mind such as she longed for. What should she do? Her mother saw her anxiety and distress, and became more prayerful and anxious herself. Her father's heart was moved; he spoke more tenderly and prayed more fervently than before. Still the young and buoyant spirit of their daughter was borne down with a sense of sin, and her need of an Almighty Saviour and friend. Such an inward conflict was there as those only who have experienced it can know. The mind enlightened, but the heart perverse! The conscience goaded with conviction and remorse, but the will stubbornly rebellious! Youthful and amiable as she was, her mind was agitated

by the fearful apprehensions of deserved punishment for sin! Deeply affected by alternate hopes and fears, her resolutions of obedience to God were weakened by selfish and sinful wishes to defer the duties of repentance and submission until a more convenient season! But the grace of God triumphed. The Holy Spirit still moved in silence, but in power upon her heart. Mercy, mercy was all she sought—was all she desired. To be like Jesus, and to be with him, was her constant prayer.

The closet was her continual resort, and her pillow was wet with tears, as in the watches of the night she meditated upon the character of God, and the depravity of her own heart. The following incident, taken from the narrative from which we have already quoted, will more clearly show her state of mind, at the time of which we are speaking.

One evening as her mother was engaged in family duties, she heard her daughter praying in her chamber for a long time, and apparently with greater fervency than usual. Deeply in-

interested in the discovery, she entered her daughter's apartment and found her in great distress of mind, weeping, and pleading before God, importuning for mercy. The heart-broken suppliant did not notice her mother's presence ; and even when a light was brought she was too much engaged to observe her. The struggle continued, till the mother becoming somewhat alarmed, thought it best to interrupt her. ' Oh, mother ! ' was the first exclamation of the weeping child, ' I am such a sinner ! I fear there is no mercy for me ! ' Her mother immediately knelt by her side with feelings which none but a mother could indulge ; and spending some minutes in prayer, sat down to instruct her daughter in the way of salvation. ' Truly, my child, ' said she, ' you are just as great a sinner as you think you are ; but for just such sinners Jesus died ; and that you are a sinner is the very reason why you should trust him. ' After continuing the conversation for some time, the mother asked, ' Can you not, my child, trust such a Saviour ? ' The daughter replied, ' Yes,

mother, *I think I can.*' The tumult of her mind immediately began to subside, and she gradually sunk into a quiet repose, which was undisturbed through the night.

The next morning, after completing the usual domestic arrangements, her mother retired to her own chamber, intending to allow her daughter longer time for rest. But she had already risen; and hastening to meet her mother, she threw her arms around her neck, and bursting into tears, said, '*O, I am such a sinner, and God so good!*'

Having confessed her sins, and renounced all righteousness of her own, together with the hope and the desire of *future* repentance, she surrendered herself wholly to the blessed Jesus, saying, in the language of that sweet hymn,

'Lord, I am thine; entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent, thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

Thee, my new master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord, let me live and die to thee,
Be thine through all eternity.'

Come, now, my young friends, and let us follow her as she leaves that consecrated spot, and turns to follow Christ. See how light her steps! The dreadful burden of sin is gone. What a heavenly smile upon her face, as the soul looks calmly and peacefully out upon the subsiding waters of the deluge of sin! Her tears are wiped away, yet they come again. But not such as before; for now they are *tears of joy*. She opens her Bible, and it is full of light. As she reads, every feeling of her heart seems to vibrate with peace and hope. Many things are in it, which she never saw before; how interesting! how plain they appear! Here she turns down a leaf, and there another, for the chapter contains something which seems to meet her case. Every truth awakens new feelings, and a renewed interest, as it bursts forth into view, to fill the opening vision of her mind. This tells of Jesus—of his birth, his life, his love, his sufferings. That speaks of his death, his resurrection, and ascension to glory. How wonderful the plan of redemption! and all was

done that sinners might be saved ! She prays again, but it is the prayer of *thanksgiving and consecration*.

The arrangements of her apartment, hitherto somewhat neglected, receive now their due share of attention and regard. Her step is still buoyant and light, but the bustle of thoughtless gayety no longer annoys the quiet inmates of her happy home. She passes softly from room to room like one just recovered from sickness, or one who has returned after long absence, to greet her parents with a kiss, and her brothers and sisters with a smile. And, strange to her, they appear to be different ! she loves them more than ever, and by a variety of little attentions seeks more and more to please them.

Her work seems light, and her lessons at school easy and pleasant. Voluntary self-denial for the good of others, an essential element of true religion, also began to manifest itself. Among other things, she proposed to deny herself the luxuries of sugar and butter, articles considered by many as the necessa-

ries of life, and in lieu of them to receive from her parents a weekly allowance in money, which she proposed to devote to the cause of missions. In short, she appeared so altered, that her anxious mother almost feared she had grieved away the Spirit; and yet it seemed the Spirit's work. And so indeed it was; for she had made her peace with God, and all things were new; all was joy and peace. But it was not the peace which comes over the tempest-tossed lake, when chained by the frosts of a northern winter. Nor was it that deceitful peace on which a false hope of heaven is too often founded, when the Spirit *leaves* the convicted but unrepenting sinner. It was rather like a fountain of water, springing up into eternal life.

In this experience of Ann Thane Peck, my youthful readers may learn what it is to become a Christian. Although all persons who come to Christ have not the same views and feelings, and although the experience of no two is in all respects alike; yet in most cases there is a remarkable similarity. Our late

friend was young, amiable, and intelligent, yet she was a sinner. And like all other sinners, old or young, needed to be convinced of the fact; and under such conviction to go to Jesus for pardon and salvation. This she did, and the result was as it always is, peace, and love, and hope. She repented and was forgiven. She believed and was saved. She gave up the world and chose Christ for her portion, and found him infinitely more precious than all the pleasures of sin. She banished the love of self, and gave her heart to God. Jesus called her and she hearkened. The Spirit drew her and she yielded. Pardon was offered and she accepted it. Thus was she born of the Spirit, renewed, regenerated, converted, and thus she passed from death unto life; from sin to holiness.

The serious, the momentous duty of repentance demands from the sinner the devotion of all his powers. Serious, deliberate, solemn attention must be given to the subject. The whole soul must be absorbed in it. The world, with its temptations and attractions, must be

shut out. There must be earnestness, decision, and perseverance. How different is all this from the experience and the expectation of those who think they can secure religion as they secure earthly joys. Who believe that they have become Christians, and yet have never been heartily and really serious! Who call idle mirth, joy in believing; gadding about from house to house, telling about services and prayers,—interest in the salvation of others! and who, when reproved for the freedom of their manners, and their want of reverence in the house of God, call it Christian liberty? There are some who come under the influence of a revival, who are deluded by false hopes of heaven, founded on a momentary feeling; but with them the seed has fallen on rocky ground; and taking no root, it soon withers away. These give the enemy occasion to blaspheme, and the inconsistency of their professions with their practice induces others to say that if that is religion, they want none of it.

My young friends, beware of such examples. To serve God acceptably is a serious

business, but it brings joy unspeakable, and full of glory. True religion while it encourages occasional retirement, consists not solely in it. Although it chastens the feelings, it does not 'cloud the brow, sharpen the temper, nor deject the spirits;' and, while it invites to frequent contemplation of the joys of heaven, the perfections of God, and the glories of another world, it requires no neglect of the proper duties of this. Its fruits are gentleness, meekness, sobriety, and cheerfulness, mingled with true dignity and true politeness; and it adds a charm to the female character, for the want of which no accomplishment and no attainments can atone.

CHAPTER III.

Ann leaves home—Parting scene—Father's instructions—
Visit to her uncle's—The reception—Influence of her
cousins—Duties neglected—Religious enjoyment declin-
ing—Doubts her acceptance—Her return to God and new
consecration—Private memorandum—Meeting with her
mother—Returns home—Anxiety for impenitent sinners—
Makes a public profession of her faith—Her feelings.

OUR young friend was now for the first time to leave the parental roof, and her piety to be put to the test of new and trying circumstances. A tender flower of the garden, she was but ill prepared for the exposures of the open field. A lamb of the fold, she was ignorant of the temptations and dangers from without. The state of her health rendered a visit to the family of an uncle in a distant state advisable; preparations were made for her departure; and now came the parting scene. The excitement of anticipated pleasures with beloved friends was mingled with

sorrowful thoughts of leaving others still dearer behind. The parting kiss was embittered by the thought that she might never again return to these scenes of domestic happiness ; but the affectionate farewell was uttered, and the young, innocent, confiding, but praying girl was for the first time abroad in the world. A father's counsel and blessing, a mother's tears and prayers, went with her. Her father was well aware that she would be exposed to many snares and temptations. With the earnestness of a parent he had explained their nature, and cautioned her against them. . . But more particularly had he impressed upon her inexperienced mind the necessity of regular, private devotions ; and, having exhorted her to run with patience the race that was set before her, he committed her to a covenant-keeping God.

She reached in safety the residence of her uncle. Here all was new ; new scenes, new associations, new companions. The family consisted of her uncle, her aunt, and two cousins. The cousins, rejoicing to see their

new relative, spared no pains to make her contented and happy. Each vied in their attentions ; and each reserved for their visitor the first and best of all their little luxuries. But there was one thing lacking,—the sweet influence of religion was a stranger in the house. As might be expected, our young friend soon began to take more pleasure in the things of the world, and less in the duties of the closet. For a time, indeed, she kept up her usual practice of reading the Bible daily, and kneeling before God in prayer ; repeating to her gentle cousins, the sharers of her apartment, the instructions which she had received from her father, on leaving home. But this practice of daily devotion, at once simple and sublime, seemed to be offensive to her cousins ; and her sensitive feelings being wounded, her decision was shaken, her confidence failed, and she first became afraid lest she should offend them, then ashamed of her professions, and finally altogether neglected the duty of private devotion. The consequence was, that as her light went out, her

enjoyment was diminished, and she at last lost the 'witness of the Spirit,' and began to doubt whether she had ever been renewed by divine grace.

During this time, however, she was regular in her attendance with her uncle upon the services of the church; and she neither forgot nor neglected the Sabbath school. Here she delighted to assemble with the lambs of the flock, and drink from the fountain of life, opened to her by the kind and faithful teachers. It was here that she was arrested in her backsliding from God, and convinced of her sinfulness in neglecting her secret duties. A pungent exhortation from the beloved pastor to the Sabbath school children, was blessed of God to the awakening of her mind, and leading her to deep repentance, to a life of simple faith, and to childlike obedience. The perusal of a volume peculiarly adapted to her case, was also blessed to the same end. For a season, she was greatly distressed. Her anxiety increased from day to day, until in the bitterness of her soul, she cast herself

unreservedly on the mercy of the blessed Saviour, and found peace. The joy of salvation was fully restored. Her first love returned in all its fullness. The Bible and prayer were more than ever before fraught with interest and delight. Her heart was filled to overflowing, and when her friends returned from an evening meeting, which she was unable to attend, she flew to her uncle, and clasping him in her arms, while tears of contrite joy streamed from her eyes, told him what the Saviour had done for her. So deep were her convictions at this time, and so joyous her return to God and duty, that at first she thought that till now she had been a stranger to true and heartfelt religion. But after mature reflection, and the comparison of her experience with that of others, and the word of God, she again dated her conversion, as at the first, in 1834. Such are the dealings of God with his children. 'From this time,' says the narrative to which we have more than once referred, 'she never seems to have lost her confidence,

but to have grown in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord,

'Till she took her everlasting flight,
From Calvary to Zion's height.'

Two years and a half now passed away since the subject of our narrative left the house of her parents in Cincinnati; an event often referred to as of importance in its influence on her future life. This influence was not confined to herself; for others also, through her instrumentality, shared in the blessing of her restoration to grace. Among those who were affected by her influence and example, were her two cousins, who after her return home, gave themselves to the love and service of Christ,—moved thereto, as we believe, principally by what they had seen in their interesting young visitor.

Some of my youthful readers who take delight in perusing the records of the feelings and the conflicts of the Christian, may perhaps inquire whether our young friend was

not in the habit of noting down from day to day the result of her Christian experience. We can only say in reply, that if she was in the habit of keeping such a diary, she never permitted her most intimate friends to see it, and perhaps she destroyed it. That she was accustomed to record her feelings and experience, appears from her occasional allusions to such a record. A few fragments remain, one of which we shall quote as an exhibition of the secret workings of her mind, after her return to God from a temporary backsliding of heart. From the date, it will be seen that she was just twelve years old, and had not yet made a public profession of faith in Christ.

‘ *March 10, 1836.*—Another Sabbath day is fled, and am I better than I was many years ago? Have I grown in grace, and am I more anxious for the impenitent around me? O Lord, thou knowest. Search me, and know my heart,—try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlast-

ing. Grant that I may hereafter be more faithful in reading thy word. How little do I value it compared with what I ought! Help me to understand it aright, and to be more faithful in obeying it. How pleasant it is to be a child of the blessed Jesus! How lovely is his name! how pleasant to the ear! yes, I adore him—yes, I love him! nothing shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord. My dear Saviour, thou hast displayed to me the light of thy countenance; surely thou art lovely! *Who can behold thy glory, and love this world?* Wilt thou, my dear Father, deliver me from all pride, and make me humble, meek, and lowly of heart. I want to be holy. *O how I want to be holy, like my blessed Saviour in all things.*

Who can read this private memorandum of a child, and not feel that she must have been taught of God? And who can wonder, that after seven years of such teaching and such experience, she was filled 'with all the fullness of God?' As we proceed in her history

to her death-bed scene, and to her final struggle, the truth of this assertion will more evidently appear.

The arrival of her mother, who had come to her uncle's house on a visit, with the design of taking her home on her return, gave her inexpressible delight. She now had near her a friend who could sympathize with her; to whom she could unbosom her whole heart. Her first act was to relate to her mother the dealings of her Heavenly Father with her since she left home. She returned with her mother to the parental roof, and we find her surrounded by all the endearments of home. From this time she began to manifest a deep solicitude for the salvation of others. The language of her heart was, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' And when the Master replied, 'Go work in my vineyard, and whatever is right I will give you,' she hesitated not; but in the childlike simplicity of her heart, began to do as she had opportunity. Having found the Saviour precious to her own soul, her heart's desire and prayer to God

was, that others might also be brought to 'taste and see that the Lord is good.'

One day, after a long time spent in retirement, she came down stairs weeping bitterly. Her little brother on observing her, exclaimed, 'Mother, Ann is sick!' 'No, H., I am not sick; nor would I weep if I were. I have been praying for sinners, and weeping for them.' Feeling that she was truly united to Christ by faith, she was desirous of being united to his disciples by solemn covenant, in fellowship and communion; for she had not yet made a public profession of her attachment to Christ and his cause. Her parents were at that time connected with the Sixth Presbyterian Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Norton.

Having been examined as to her acquaintance with religious truth, and the evidences of her hope in Jesus, and having been received by the church, she was permitted, on the 8th of December, 1837, in the fourteenth year of her age, to make a public consecration of herself to the great Jehovah; and to

cast her lot with the people of God. To her this was not an unmeaning ceremony. She felt that it was a solemn act thus to avouch the Lord to be her God ; to whom she would cleave as her chief good, and whose honor and glory she would seek in preference to any and every other object. To her it was a day never to be forgotten, and next to the judgment day the most solemn and deeply responsible. And yet she considered it a privilege as well as a duty thus to devote all she had to him who died to redeem her. Her feelings on this occasion may be described in the language of the following beautiful hymn :

' O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

High Heaven! that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear!
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.'

She was now at an age when her physical and mental faculties were expanding in all their beauty and strength. The Christian graces were developed in symmetrical proportions, and exhibited a most lovely imitation of Christ. Young, modest, and diffident as she was, and possessed of but a small share of physical strength, she girded herself for the Christian race; she nerved herself for the great contest 'with the world, the flesh, and the devil.' Little did she anticipate how short would be that race; how dreadful that contest! But she was not insensible to the brightness of the crown, the glory of the victory. Through the medium of a lively faith, her whole soul was inspired, and the activity of her energies was kept tremblingly alive by the recollection of that beautiful stanza which has so often cheered and encouraged the believer in the midst of his trials.

'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls me from on high ;
'Tis *his own hand* presents the prize
To mine aspiring eye.'

And she kept constantly pressing forward toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus her Lord. •

CHAPTER IV.

More public character—Sense of propriety—Life of prayer—Female prayer meetings—Symmetrical development of Christian character—Ann's efforts at home—Her little brother—Domestics—Address to her schoolmates and teacher—Fidelity as a tract distributor.

THUS far, we have spoken of Miss Peck, as a delightful and affectionate child. We now enter upon her history as one assuming the responsibilities of maturer life, and publicly consecrated to God. We propose to follow her from the closet to the family circle; from the family circle to the academy; from the academy to the Sabbath school, and thence to the more humble fields of labor, where through scenes of joy and sorrow, of temptations and victories,

' In duties and in sufferings too,
Her Saviour's path to trace,
As he had done, so she would do,
Depending on his grace.'

Exposed to the influences, which, in her progress from childhood to the period of blooming youth and mature womanhood, would naturally draw her from the domestic circle, and the restraining regulations of a well-ordered family, such had been her training by affectionate and consistent parents, that she never for a moment supposed it necessary, in order to secure love and respect, to give way to the fashions and frivolities of her sex, or to spend her time in idleness, nor in useless promenades. Her sense of female propriety, her native and attractive modesty, her fixed religious principles, and her respect for parental authority, led her to shun the temptations and allurements of a pleasure-loving and God-hating world, which, unfitting them alike for the delightful, honorable, and responsible duties of social and domestic life, and the purer enjoyments and employments of a spiritual existence beyond the grave, have caused the ruin of so many of her sex.

‘From this time,’ says her mother, ‘the life of my dear Ann was literally *a life of*

prayer. I never knew one who prayed so much.' She had a time and a place for her secret devotions. Her rule was, to pray three times a day, a rule which she rigidly observed; and such was the force of habit and so much delight did she take in the practice, that she frequently used to say, 'I can't help praying more.' Often, too, when she had indulged her favorite habit, she would return to her place of retirement to renew her devotions, and seemed unwilling to leave the hallowed spot,—and not unfrequently between her regular hours of prayer she would retire from observation to hold communion with her Saviour. 'It was this practice,' remarks her pastor, in the sermon preached at her funeral, 'which made her piety so remarkable for meekness, activity, uniformity and decision.' While the closet was emphatically the *home* of her soul, she did not confine her devotions to that retirement. Young as she was, the weekly prayer meeting of the elder sisters of the church was a favorite resort, and here she was not an idle and indifferent spectator, for

she loved to join in the hallowed services of the occasion. Her example in this respect is full of instruction; especially to those young persons of her own sex, who in excuse for their indifference plead that they have no gift in prayer, or that it is quite unbecoming for them to take the lead when others older than themselves are present.

The following statement will show how highly she estimated the privilege of participating in the exercises of a prayer meeting. Having for several weeks in succession, attended the meeting of the sisters for social prayer, without being called upon to lead in the devotions, she felt a keen disappointment, not of ungratified vanity, but of a sincere desire to offer the incense of a glowing heart on the shrine of her God. On returning home, she thus addressed her mother:—
'Mother, I wish I could have the privilege of praying in meeting; it is so sweet to pray!' Some weeks after this, her mother inquired as she came from the meeting, 'Did you pray to-day?' 'Yes, mother,' was the reluctant

reply, 'but it was so very short!' It did not seem to satisfy her longing soul, accustomed as it was to a feast in the closet; but propriety seemed to dictate a careful observance of time in the social meeting. On another occasion she excused herself from taking any part in the exercises. 'We supposed,' says one who was present at the time, 'that it was on account of a swollen face, from which she was suffering.' But it was far otherwise. Another sister of the church, much older than herself, had first been called upon and had declined; and our young friend from a mistaken sense of propriety, fearing that it would appear forward in one of her years, to take the lead, when one older than herself had asked to be excused, followed her example. But fearing that she had dishonored her Saviour by this refusal, she afterwards suffered great distress of mind, and such was her anguish on that night, that she could not sleep, and her pillow was wet with tears. On hearing of the state of mind, which the circumstance had produced, the sister whose example led her into the

error, exclaimed, 'I shall never forget this reproof.'

Notwithstanding her readiness to engage in the exercises of social female prayer meetings, our young friend was free from every thing like boldness, officiousness, or presumption. On the contrary, her meekness, modesty, and unwillingness to protrude herself, were the subject of remark. Her approaches to God in prayer, although frequent and protracted, were characterized by humility and affectionate dependence. 'She always made,' says one who was often with her, 'a simple, childlike prayer. Yet no one could hear her pray, without the conviction that she felt as if she were in the immediate presence of Jehovah, communing with him, as a man with his friend.'

We have not dwelt thus minutely upon the evidences of a praying spirit in the subject of this narrative, merely to exalt her character, nor even to stir up the minds of others to the exercise of the same gift. But before we bid adieu to this trait in her character, we desire

especially to show the connection it had with the salvation of sinners, particularly in the promotion of a revival of religion in the church with which she was united. We are the more anxious that this connection should be distinctly recognized and vividly impressed upon the Christian's heart, that he may be humbled for his past unfaithfulness, and want of co-operation in the great work of redeeming love, learn something of God's ways in promoting his own cause, and encourage every one to *beg*, even if he feels too weak to labor, or too poor to give.

We have remarked that the Christian character of our young friend was rapidly developed, in symmetrical proportions. The truth of this assertion will appear as we proceed in the narrative. Her Christian traits exhibited no inconsistency; and yet, alas! how often are inconsistencies discovered among those who profess and call themselves Christians. It is much to be lamented that the very frequency of such instances causes them to be unheeded and unreprieved.

In the subject of this narrative we find a beautiful blending of the Christian graces,—a striking exhibition of the Christian character. Attached as she was to her closet and to the social circle of prayer, both of which she sought with great avidity, not only for the benefit she would thereby receive, but also for the good she could do, her personal efforts and her labors for the salvation of sinners were abundant and untiring.

In those efforts she began *at home*, where Christians in general are most reluctant to labor. It is a common remark, ‘that we can talk on the subject of personal religion with others, better than with our relations.’ It is with this feeling, that parents neglect their children, and children their parents; husbands their wives, and wives their husbands; brothers their sisters, and sisters their brothers. It ought not so to be. It was not so with our young friend. She began with the members of her own family circle; with brothers, sisters, and domestics, praying *with them*, as

well as for them, and talking with them as well as praying.

One Sabbath morning she was found weeping, and her little brother, then but seven years old, was seen also in tears. And what does my reader think was the cause? Had they been in a quarrel, or had they been fretting at each other, as brothers and sisters too often do? O, no! The young Christian had been talking and praying with her little brother; he became serious and anxious about his soul's salvation; went to each of his parents to ask them to pray with him, and it is hoped that by the grace of God he there gave his heart to the Saviour.

In a subsequent chapter, we shall have some interesting facts to relate connected with her efforts in behalf of the domestics in the family. We will now follow her into another circle, to show that she did not confine her efforts for the good of souls to the members of her father's family. The young ladies' school, which she was then attending, called

forth her Christian sympathies, her efforts, and her prayers.

The pupils in the school were stately required to furnish an original composition, to be read by the instructor before the whole school. The choice of subjects being left to the pupils, the vigilance of our young friend in improving every opportunity for doing good, was seen on an occasion of this kind. She made her exercise the medium of a direct and public appeal to her teachers and fellow-pupils, in behalf of her Saviour. This was indeed a bold effort, for she was now but fifteen years of age. But to show that it was not done thoughtlessly, nor in a self-confident, vain-glorying spirit, we shall present it just as it was written.

TO MY SCHOOLMATES.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I feel it my duty and privilege to address you upon the subject of religion. Is it not of more importance than any thing else? I fear that many of you are

unconcerned about your souls. Reflect! Are you not in great danger of being lost forever? Oh! the awful doom which awaits the impenitent! You are standing on the brink of a precipice, just ready to fall. If your dwelling was on fire, and it appeared more than probable that it would be consumed, you would not delay to escape. But, my friends, permit me to say, that your condition is much more alarming. Your *souls* are in danger of being lost! You may say, 'of what consequence is it to think of these things now? I am young, there will be time enough by-and-by. I can attend to it in my old age, or on my death-bed.' But is it certain that you will live another hour? It is dangerous to delay another moment. You are now silently choosing whom you will serve; whether it shall be the Lord your Maker, or him who is the enemy of your souls. Do not think, I entreat you, that you are to do nothing. You will do one thing or the other. If you are lost, it will be your voluntary choice. Your

reflections, if eventually lost, will be, 'Oh! that we had repented; but alas! the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' Will you not repent? You know it is your duty, and if you do not, you will certainly perish. Every one of you should say, in your hearts, 'as for me *I will serve the Lord.*' Are there not some of you, anxiously inquiring 'what must I do to be saved?' *Come to Jesus*; to him who died for you. He will save us all if we will give him our whole hearts. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

The Holy Spirit is striving with you; Christ is inviting. He says, 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

MY DEAR TEACHERS,—If there are any of you who do not think that you are prepared to die, I wish you would think of your situation. I hope you will reject the Saviour no

longer. It would be awful to die impenitent. *Do seek the Saviour now*, before it is too late. In a few days, we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and will have to render an account for the deeds done in the body. We should all remember that one duty enjoined on us in this world is, to prepare for another. We are not placed here to trifle away our precious time. How much time and pains we take to feed and clothe our bodies. Let us seize our golden moments, and delay not to prepare our souls to meet our God in peace.

Permit me affectionately to invite you all to come to the dear Saviour; he is ready to receive you. How can you refuse these kind and generous offers. If the dear Saviour had not loved us very much, he would not have left such a lovely place as heaven, to live in this wicked world. After he has done so much for us how can we avoid yielding to him. I wish you could feel as I do. I wish you realized the *immense* value of your precious souls. They will live forever. The world

and all things therein shall be burnt up. Do not treat this letter with coldness or indifference. Does it not contain the truth? I have written it because I feel anxious that we should all meet in heaven. I cannot bear the thought of your being miserable forever. In much love, I remain your sincere and affectionate friend,

ANN THANE PECK.

The appropriateness of this address, both to the pupils and teachers, is quite noticeable; and the subject matter is so condensed, and so arranged, as affords evidence of a well-balanced mind. But the deep and fervent spirit of piety which pervades the whole, strikes the reader with the greatest prominence. While it is remarkable for simplicity, there is a directness and pungency about it, that, under the circumstances of the case, must have been felt. It is earnest, and it breathes a spirit conversant with spiritual things. It was undoubtedly written in an atmosphere of prayer.

And where now are the young persons to whom it was addressed? It may be that some of them were drawn by it to the Christian life, and having finished their mortal career are now with her in heaven. May they who are still living without prayer and without God in the world, now listen to the voice of their departed schoolmate, who, though dead, yet speaketh. O, could she now address you, with what startling emphasis would she say, "*Your souls are in danger of being lost forever!* Come to Jesus, it is dangerous to delay." You will soon meet her at the judgment. Be wise then for *eternity*. And if her dear teachers still survive, and have not yet become wise unto salvation, may they remember the exhortation of their departed pupil who is now taught by archangels, and by Him who is the glory of heaven. Though dead, she yet speaketh. She still says, "Do seek the Saviour *before it be too late*. I feel anxious that we should all meet in heaven." Friends, are you prepared? Beware, lest at the judgment-seat, when the

books are opened, she be called as a witness that you were seasonably and faithfully warned, but *heeded not*.

The field of her labors for the salvation of souls became more and more enlarged, until sickness confined it to the sick chamber and the suffering couch.

Sinners all around her in the busy city were on the road to destruction, while some, "*almost persuaded*," were perishing in their sins. To her they were strangers, but she knew that they were sinners, in danger of the retributions of eternity. Filled with the benevolence of the gospel, and the spirit of the Saviour, she wept over their condition, longing to proclaim to them the wonders of redeeming love, and to beseech them to *come to Jesus*. But what could she, a timid young girl, do? Christ strengthening her she could do all things; and blessed be God, she knew where her great strength lay. How is it then, that so many of the professed disciples of Christ, assured as they are in the Scriptures of his assistance, sit all the day idle, while their

Master is continually saying, "Go work in my vineyard, and whatever is right I will give thee."

How is it, we ask, that they who call themselves Christians can waste their time in the fashions and frivolities of the world, in moral and intellectual dissipation, in selfish indulgences, and inglorious ease, in the perusal of the works of fiction, and in the unspiritual accomplishments of a perishing world, while so many are walking in the ways of perdition, and descending to the grave unwarned, and unredeemed? Can such professors expect a crown of glory? Can they hope for the glorious recompense of an hereafter? Let them learn their duty from the example of our young friend? In the highways and byways, through the cold or in the heat, in sunshine and in shower, might she be seen bearing the message of salvation. Cheered by the promise of her Master, she sallied forth on her errand of mercy, regardless of the sneers and scoffs of a degenerate world. Her bundle of tracts were her sermons,—her faith was her elo-

quence, the cross of Christ was her support. She was strengthened from above, and her efforts were crowned with abundant success.

As a *tract distributor* she was uncommonly faithful and efficient. But it was done in her usual quiet and impressive manner. A sister in the church, who was engaged with her in this useful work, can testify to her fidelity, and the constraining love she manifested for the souls of men. No sacrifice was too great for her to make for their salvation. She was not satisfied with merely getting rid of her share of tracts, or with going through her appointed round. She would visit the families, and seek for opportunities of religious conversation. Nor was this all. A female friend who knew her well, says, "She never left a tract without imploring a divine blessing upon it, and directing the members of the family to Christ, whenever a favorable opportunity was presented. When detained by sickness from her errand of mercy, she daily prayed for the descent of the Holy Spirit to bless our feeble efforts." Nor were her efforts so general, nor

scattered over so large a field, as to leave no definite and permanent impressions. Particular cases claimed particular attention, and such claims she always regarded. The poor, the afflicted, and the dying, awakened her sympathies and called forth her fervent prayers and personal efforts. In a note to the writer, one of her own sex remarks, "I shall never forget how faithfully she labored for the conversion of a woman in the last stage of consumption, but she died without an interest in the great salvation, anticipating all the horrors of the second death. This scene was ever before the mind of our dear Ann until she died. "Oh!" said she, a little before her death, "when the realities of eternity were so awfully vivid before the mind of Mrs. —, if then her foretaste of woe was so keen, what must be her condition now!" In the same family with this unhappy woman there resided a gentleman and his wife, in whom our young friend felt a deep interest, and whom she labored with all fidelity to bring to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Her labors were

crowned with success. Both were brought to repentance, and made a public profession of their faith in Christ. Other cases of the same character occurred, in which, through the blessing of God, she was made instrumental in extending the kingdom of the Redeemer.

CHAPTER V.

Devotional exercises—Diary—Memorandum—Remarks—
Wrong views of religion—Social character—Family letter
—Prayer—The church a hospital—Effects of spiritual
sloth.

THE inquiry may, perhaps, now be made, what was the history of the subject of our memoir, in her closet, and in her more private duties? Was she constant and faithful there? Is there any journal of her feelings, or any evidences of her religious experience and state of mind? These are important inquiries, and it would be gratifying, we doubt not, could we know the history of her closet exercises. But there is little that is definite and certain on this point, which can be given to our readers. That her devotional exercises were uniform and frequent, that they advanced her Christian graces, and improved her Christian character, is abundantly evident from the facts already presented. Her sister tells us that she used

to record her religious experience, her trials, her temptations, and her victories; but she rarely preserved the record, or allowed any one to peruse it. Such records seemed to her sensitive mind to be too confidential to be exposed to others; that as they were designed to note only what took place between the soul and its Maker, no other eyes should be permitted to inspect it. But notwithstanding her sensitiveness upon the subject, a few fragments have been accidentally, or rather providentially preserved, which throw much light upon her private walks, and enable us to see the secret workings of her soul. A certain great poet has very justly said,

“The private walks, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of their lives.”

We confess the truth of this saying, and it is on this account we regret that we cannot present to our readers a regular and connected diary of so remarkable an instance of early piety. We have already presented one of

her private records, written in March, 1836, after her conversion, and previous to her making a public profession. We shall now present a paper written two years afterwards, which she preserved for her own daily perusal. We give it exactly as we find it in the original.

March 21, 1838.—I resolve this day, in the strength of God, to live more for him than I have in times past. A few days ago it was my fourteenth birthday. Those fourteen years which are past, were spent in sinning. O, that the rest of my life may be spent in serving God! I am resolved to try, the next year, if God spares my life. Lord, help me to begin serving thee anew! I will try these resolutions at least one year.

RESOLUTIONS.

- 1st. Regular seasons of prayer.
- 2d. Reading two chapters in the Bible every day, one in the Old Testament, the other in the New.

- 3d. Never to speak a cross word.
- 4th. That my thoughts and conversation shall be directed to heavenly things.
- 5th. To be more careful of other persons' things than my own.
- 6th. To make the necessary preparation for the Sabbath.
- 7th. Not to let a moment pass in idleness.
- 8th. To treat others as I should like to have them treat me.
- 9th. To do all the good I can.
- 10th. Not to get angry.
- 11th. To be punctual in attending meetings when convenient.
- 12th. Not to let my thoughts wander when I pray, or *when others are praying*.
- 13th. When I know my duty, to do it.

I mean to read these resolutions every day, and to set a mark against every one that I break.

The resolutions of Doddridge, Edwards, and others, are justly celebrated, and are thought to have had a powerful influence in

moulding the future character of those eminent men. Here we have those of a young girl of fourteen ; and we venture to say, that they will bear a favorable comparison with any written by the most experienced and devoted Christians. We commend them, not for the elegance of their language, nor the beauty of their style, but for their simplicity, their appropriateness, the deep-toned piety, and the religious experience which they evince ; and in these respects we think they have seldom been surpassed. Has the eye of some young person just been perusing them ? Permit me to urge a re-perusal. Examine them carefully, with pen in hand. Erase or amend as you may think would improve them, and then say, will you adopt them as your own ? and will you try them "at least one year," and honestly endeavor "to read them every day, and set a mark against every one which you break ?"

But let us pass them in review. 1st, Regular seasons of prayer. This is all-important, and without conformity to it no Christian can

make much progress in a divine life. The fourth shows the character of her affections, and the determination of her will. The sixth is one absolutely essential to the enjoyment and profit of the day. The last three are so very excellent as to make any suggestion altogether superfluous. We only ask for them a careful and prayerful examination, and a *practical application*. We add that the subsequent life of our young friend was in remarkable conformity with the letter and spirit of these resolutions. After diligent inquiry, the writer can truly state that he finds no evidence that any one of them was habitually violated. The result of a rigid and cheerful adherence to them, for four years, the reader can easily anticipate.

There are those, and among young persons of the female sex,—it is a numerous class,—who think religion is calculated to interfere with their innocent social pleasures, and to dry up the fountains of enjoyment. The gayeties of the world, the fascinations of dress, the polite accomplishments, music and dancing, with

the attentions of the other sex, light reading and lighter conversation, are by them regarded as the sum and substance of happiness; and proficiency in such attainments as the test of female excellence. Domestic duties, plans of benevolence, the labors of the Sabbath school, and tract distribution, prayer and the study of the Bible, anxiety for the conversion of souls, and an interest in the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth, are, in their estimation, things quite incompatible with the duties which they owe to the world, and destructive to the liveliest enjoyments of youth. If it be so, indeed, how little of happiness can the Christian know, who seeks his enjoyment no where else; and how must angels envy those on whom they now look with pity, because to them is opened a source of happiness which the spiritual nature can never enjoy. But can it be that dress, or fashion, or any of the frivolities of the world, can bring to the opening mind more real happiness than a vision of heavenly glories? More real enjoyment than communion with Christ and the Spirit?—

Strange infatuation! It cannot be. No! The youthful spirit in the very heyday of pleasure, may find in religion that which refines and animates; that which will exalt and purify every earthly pleasure, and open new sources of enjoyment, more exquisite, more ennobling, ever-enduring. The contrast of gold with dross, of the jewel with the casket, of truth with error, of health with sickness, are but faint illustrations of the subject before us. The result of all experience has uniformly been coincident with that of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Why will not the generations that come after profit by this experience? How sad the spectacle of wreck after wreck upon the same reef! Along the stream of life are strewn the ruins of immortal powers and immortal hopes which have been dashed upon the same rock!

Let us now follow the subject of this memoir into the circle of friendship, and inquire whether the influence of religion was maintained in its purity and power there, as well as in the closet; and whether it diminished

her own happiness in the society of her friends, or their delight in hers. The following incident will throw light on this inquiry.

A young female friend, devotedly pious, but whose piety was of a reserved, perhaps of a gloomy cast, came on a visit to the family. She mingled in the social circle with studied caution. In conversation she was guarded in the extreme, lest she should utter a word which might be thought improper for the edification of those who listened. She sparingly indulged in youthful and even innocent pleasures; and the ascetic moroseness of her manners chilled the feelings of all who appeared in her presence. The buoyant spirit of youth, and the elastic step of health were banished from her presence, or converted into a formal manner and a measured tread. In short, her religion assumed the garb of a lifeless frigidity, and put on a most forbidding aspect. But when she came in contact with our young friend, who she knew was no less prayerful and consecrated to God than herself, she was surprised at the cheerfulness of her manners,

rejoiced at her freedom from cold formality, which at heart she herself detested, but thought it necessary to assume; and laying aside her own chilling looks and studied stiffness, she copied the cheerful ease of her little friend, and became an agreeable companion. Her society which had been shunned, was now courted, and as she came into the glorious liberty of the children of God, she learned the lesson so beautifully expressed by an experienced writer, that 'the spirit of true religion breathes mildness and affability—it is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, and dejects the spirits, and teaches man to prepare for another world by neglecting the kindness and the courtesies of this.'

The following letter to her sister, whom, with her brother, we shall have frequent occasion to mention, will show the force and purity of her affection. They were both younger than herself, and had both recently left home for a distant part of the country, expecting to

be absent for a long time, on a visit to her relations.

Cincinnati, Aug. 10, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER :—How hard it is to part from those we love. Could you have seen us after you left yesterday, you would have beheld sorry faces. At dinner, the first thing mother and I laid our eyes on, was the tumbler George gave to Harriet, which reminded us of him. Mother had not been at the table long, before she commenced crying; and when I was half through my meal, I looked round the table, and the thought of the absent ones brought tears to my eyes. In the course of the afternoon, Edwin exclaimed, ‘I want Mary, I want Mary to come home!’ In the evening Harriet had a crying spell. The second time I awoke last night, I remained awake for more than an hour, most of the time thinking of those who had just left us. Many sad thoughts made me weep repeatedly. I did not forget the request you made when we parted, and I lifted up my

heart in prayer for you all. Dear sister, remember me at the throne of grace. Sarah Jane has not returned from Louisville. I handed that emery-bag to Julia, to give to cousin Mary. As I am unable to write much, I hope you will excuse me from saying any more at present. Love to all, and a kiss for my cousins, not forgetting my dear brother George.

From your affectionate sister,

ANN.

In a letter to her parents, from Kentucky, while on a visit to her aunt, for the improvement of her health, then much impaired, she gives an account of the progress of her disease and her sufferings, and then with an overflowing heart speaks of the consolations of religion. This part of the letter we shall notice more particularly in another place. We now design only to show that amidst her bodily sufferings and spiritual joys, she retained a deep interest in the domestic circle.

Thursday, Sept. 29, 1842.

MY DEAR PARENTS:—I received the papers and letters you sent me; was glad to hear from sister Mary (absent in the East). I suppose she thinks it time for me to write to her. I intend to do so when I get home. Please write for me. It is as much as my strength will allow, to write to you at this time. Last Monday evening we received a letter from aunt C.; it contained all the news; we were all very glad to get a letter from her. Little Pauline has been attacked with the croup for two nights. I think some Homœopathic powders would do her good.* How does brother Henry like his school? My dear brother, strive to learn all you can, now while you are young. Does sister Harriet recollect that she told me to stay only a minute. It is a pretty long minute she will think. Brother Edwin, be a good little boy—

* She was herself under the Homœopathic treatment at this time.

mind father and mother, kiss little Samuel.
Love to Sarah and Ellen.

SISTER ANN—DAUGHTER ANN.

P. S. Cousin Margaret is spending the week in town with her mother. I am sorry I cannot see more of my cousin Maria.

The persons mentioned in this letter, by the names Sarah and Ellen, were two domestics then living in her father's family, in whom she took a lively and affectionate interest. Her manners towards all in this humble relation were kind and conciliating. She did not carry herself with haughty airs, nor indulge a peevish spirit, in her intercourse with them, as many of her age, and in her circumstances are seen to do. At the same time she conducted herself with becoming grace and dignity, so as to secure their respect and confidence.

From the domestic circle and its endearments, we now follow her to more public life. We have already spoken at some length of

her fondness for prayer, both in the closet and the social circle. We shall now allude to it in connection with a revival of religion.—Prayer was truly her ‘vital breath, her native air.’ She seemed indeed to realize, that ‘only while she prayed, she lived.’ And this is as true of every Christian as of her. A spiritual state of mind can no more be sustained without prayer, than animal existence without breath. And hence it is that we see so many professors of religion have the *form* without the soul of godliness. Neglecting prayer, their piety is a mere body, without life or motion. It is no more a being instinct with life, but a mere thing. If the body ceases to breathe, or the soul to pray, both cease to live, unless speedily resuscitated by the appropriate means. How long a person may suspend breathing and not die, or a Christian cease to pray without quenching the Spirit, may be curious philosophical inquiries; but they are questions of no practical importance. That nothing would, in either case be gained, by the dangerous experiment, is certain; but the

weakness and the wickedness of such a trial needs no labored proof. That both might prove fatal is an unquestionable truth. The danger and the guilt, in both cases, would be proportioned to the relative value of the soul and the body.

There is a strict analogy between the respective modes of physical and spiritual existence. As the body requires aliment, the soul also needs sustenance, adapted to its powers and capacities; and as the former is invigorated by appropriate nourishment, the latter must be refreshed and strengthened by its proper food.

But the analogy does not end here. The powers of the body need employment and exercise; and many are the diseases which are engendered by inactivity. The soul also has its appropriate exercises in prayer; and without such exercise its powers become sluggish, its desires cease to be fixed on heaven, the eye of faith becomes dim, torpor succeeds to insensibility, and the mark of the prize of its high calling in Christ Jesus is unreachd.

It is much to be feared that the visible church contains too many instances of forgetfulness of this primary duty of the Christian; too many examples of that sluggishness of spirit, which, unmindful of the apostolic injunction, to 'pray without ceasing,' is contented with the ordinary exercises of the sanctuary, and forgetful of the duties of the closet. He whose heart is filled with the love of God, and bowed down with a sense of its own unworthiness, whose hopes and aspirations all rise heavenward, and who has learnt to resist the temptations, and despise the pomp and vanities of a wicked world, will not only be instant in season and out of season, in the performance of those public duties which the church requires of all who claim to be its members, but will find his supreme delight in secret communion with God, in holy aspirations, in pious ejaculations; in fine, in a whole life of prayer. The midnight watch, the retired walk, the leisure hour, nay, even the social meeting, the busy workshop, and the noisy street will at all times afford the opportunity of

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raising the thoughts to heaven, and asking a blessing from on high. And to the devout soul such an exercise is more of a delight than a duty, for it ever remembers that

"Prayer ardent, opens heaven."

CHAPTER VI.

Connection of prayer with revivals—Ann's anxiety for a revival—Her conversation—Constraining love of Christ—Character of revivals—Ann's assurance of a blessing—The result—Conversion of one of the family—Letter to her cousins and aunt—Her interest in behalf of the slave, kind and candid, but uncompromising—Disposition of some money in her last hours.

It is delightful to trace the rise and progress of a revival, and to discover the wonderful operations of God in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. It is like tracing the river to its source, and following it to the boundless ocean, towards which it tends. As we trace its windings upwards, we are led through glade and glen, through fields and forests, and in our course we notice with delight the beauties of the tributaries as they pour their richness into its bosom, to swell the tide of the majestic stream. As we proceed, the mighty river dwindles to a brook, whose

gushings grow out from a *living spring* in some secluded spot, fed by some exhaustless fountain, concealed from human observation.

In a manner strictly analogous may we trace to its source, the cause of those outpourings of the Spirit which in the revival so clearly appear; for be the immediate agency what it may, and however it may be accelerated or increased by circumstances of human action, it is the unseen fountain of all goodness which feeds the spring of the waters of life, and gives them their fertility and their flow. The brook which feeds, or the streamlet which becomes the river, may gush from rock or crevice from the side of the mountain, or the depth of the valley, its source is still the same.

We might pursue this figure further, and show how the waters of the river are borne to the boundless ocean, scattering their fertility in their progress, until they are swallowed in the deep abyss. We might follow them on the broad bosom of the ocean, until warmed and vivified by the genial rays of the sun,

they 'take them wings and spring aloft in air,' and again descend in refreshing showers to give fertility to the field, or to feed the fountain whence they rose. Strictly analogous still would be the operations of the Spirit in the progress of its outpourings, until its objects are borne to the ocean of eternity. The Sun of Righteousness refuses not his influence. The blessed objects now borne in his arms to heaven, have not lost their influence on earth. Their memory still lives. Though dead, they yet speak, and their example, as it is recorded, like that of the subject of this memoir, becomes one of the appointed means employed by the fountain of all goodness for another flow, another outpouring like that which it is our aim to describe.

We have already alluded to the devotional spirit of the subject of this memoir, and have suggested the connection which it had with a revival of religion which took place in the church of which she was a member. We propose now to endeavor to trace this connection.

During the summer and autumn of 1839, she was exercised by the deepest emotions of which the human heart is susceptible. She was filled with anxiety for the spiritual welfare of others, and with horror at the thought of the dreadful fate which awaits a life of impenitence and sin. Her closet was more frequently visited than ever, her countenance became not only more serious but sad; and in her returns from her private devotions, her whole appearance intimated an inward struggle as if she had literally been '*wrestling in prayer.*' Her conversation was solemn and earnest. Deeper and deeper grew the anxiety and solicitude of her soul for the conversion of sinners, till, in the language of her mother, who was always her confidant in spiritual as well as temporal matters, 'her distress and agony of mind was *very great.*' She saw them at enmity with God, rejecting the priceless salvation of Jesus. She saw them on the very verge of the bottomless pit. She heard the roaring tempest of Almighty wrath, threatening to overtake them unless

they fled for refuge and laid hold on the hope set before them in the gospel! The telescopic vision of faith let in a flood of light from the eternal world, that revealed in startling contrast the joys of heaven, and the woes of hell. To escape the one and secure the other, 'one way,' 'one door,' only seemed to be opened. Time was passing like a weaver's shuttle,—death and the judgment seemed near at hand,—there was not a moment to be lost. She pleaded as for her own life, in behalf of sinners. Her heart was set upon a revival of religion. She knew that the fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much. She had faith in the efficacy of prayer. She had an inward feeling that her prayers would be answered by refreshing showers of divine grace. She prayed the more and more earnestly, and the blessing came.

Her mind was relieved of its burden, and she rejoiced as one that had obtained a victory. She had, as she thought and believed, prevailed with God, as a man prevaieth with his friend. The members of the church were

greatly revived, the means of grace were multiplied and attended with power from on high. The result was the conversion of more than one hundred and twenty-five sinners, who united with the church of which she was a member.

It is not intended in this recital, to intimate, much less to express the opinion, that her prayers were the only instrumentality in this work. There might have been others groaning in spirit, being burdened, at the same time, and for the same object. All we wish to show is, the obvious connection between the agonizing prayer of our young friend, and the result as an answer to that prayer. And this we do to witness that God is true; and that every Christian who reads these pages may be encouraged 'to go and do likewise.'

When the work of God commenced, she was at her post, watching as for the morning. The agony of the closet was over, and the shower began to descend; but still there was a work—a great work to be done. Poor,

perishing sinners were to be brought under its influence. The Sabbath school, the tract distribution, the prayer meeting; brothers and sisters, and domestics in the family, all were objects of absorbing interest and fidelity. Among the number of those who through her instrumentality, were at this time brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, a domestic then living in her father's family, may be particularly mentioned; who, as the head of a family, and a conspicuous member of a new colony church, now adorns the doctrine of God her Saviour. Others, also, who at different times have resided in the family, in the same relation, ascribe their conversion, under God, to her faithful labors and affectionate interest.

While she was thus active and concerned about the work of God, so successfully going on in her own immediate neighborhood, she was not unmindful of her friends at a distance. For them she not only prayed but labored as far as circumstances would permit. The following letter to her cousins, residing in a

neighboring State, will show the means which she employed to reach and to affect them. The original was written in pencil, evidently in great haste, and probably after the family had retired to rest.

MY DEAR COUSINS,—Permit me to address you upon a very important subject, and the most interesting one to Christians. I wish to know if you have ever thought of what a dangerous situation you are in? You are in danger of being lost for ever! Oh, what a dreadful thought! *Lost for ever!* Will you not think on your ways, and be wise? Have you ever examined your heart, to see how wicked it is? If you have not, I beseech you to do it now, 'for the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' After having examined your heart, you will without doubt see yourselves to be great sinners. Then will you not repent and give yourselves to Christ, who died for you? Do you not desire to go to heaven? I feel assured you do; yet it is certain that you

will not, unless you repent. 'Repent, for you know not the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh.' I wish to ask you a simple question—are you happy? You will answer, 'No.' What is the cause of your unhappiness? It is because you are living in the neglect of known duty. You know you are doing wrong as long as you put off repentance. Are you waiting to be laid upon a sick and dying bed? If you do that, I am afraid you will never repent, for a sick-bed is a poor place to think. Do you suppose you can think much when your body is racked with pain? While in health it is the best time to serve the Lord. Delay not, then, a moment, for God may say, 'This night thy soul shall be required of thee.' I suppose you have heard of the revival in Cincinnati. There have been many converted, and I believe there are still some converted daily. I am in hopes the revival has only just begun. I do hope that you will be among the number that shall make their peace with God at this time. You do not know the joys of the

Christian. In your present state, death is terrible. But with what delight does the Christian look forward to eternity! He knows that he will be with his Saviour, who watches over him on his death-bed, ready to welcome his soul to the new Jerusalem above. Will you not now make a wise choice? The Redeemer is pleading for you; how can you grieve him any longer? Who so lovely as he? 'He who is the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely.'

"Admit him ere his anger burn;
His feet departed, ne'er return:
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand."

MY DEAR AUNT,—I believe you have a faint hope in Christ. Are you not willing to examine your heart, and see if you have repented of all your sins, and are willing to submit yourself entirely to Christ? If not, I fear you will perish for ever. I affectionately entreat you, my dear aunt, not to rest upon a sandy foundation; for if you do, you will

not be prepared to meet death. Sickness, in itself, is painful; but oh! the horrors of a death-bed, to one who has no hope of heaven! I remember while impenitent I used to think of dying, after I had retired to rest; and the thought was painful to me,—sometimes fearing I might die while asleep, or before another day. If you have any such feelings, I beseech you to go immediately to Christ, and seek pardon and peace in believing in him. Then prayer would be delightful, and the Bible would seem a new book. You know not the joys of the Christian. Some of the most pleasant moments of my life I have spent while in prayer to God. It is a very interesting time with us. Many are flocking to Jesus—a few catholics among the number. I suppose you have heard of the conversion of some of our relatives.

Here she abruptly closed, probably from pain and fatigue. And here we must add the interesting fact, that both of these cousins, not long after receiving the above letter, be-

came the followers of the Lamb. They have also found Jesus to be precious,—‘the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely.’ We trust they can say in answer to the inquiry of their cousin, ‘We are happy.’

Our work will be but partially performed, if we pass unnoticed another field of the labors of our deceased young friend. We refer to her interest in the cause of the slave. Benevolence was a prominent trait in her character; and she was diligent in seeking out as objects of her sympathy, those classes of persons who are most needy, and most neglected. So far as she had opportunity and ability, she would be ‘the friend of the friendless, and of those who had no helper.’ She felt it her duty and privilege to plead the cause of the poor and needy, and to open her mouth for the dumb. In doing this, she wished to stand side by side with her God and Saviour. She asked not what plans and objects were received with most favor in the circle in which she moved. Her benevolence was most emphatically that of the gospel, and

it knew no limits in shades of complexion, in physical condition, nor in geographical lines. The poor African, 'guilty of having a skin not colored like her own,' and 'for such a cause,' doomed and devoted to insult, injury, and oppression, she knew was as much the object of divine love and compassion, as herself. She saw him tasked 'with stripes which Mercy, with a bleeding heart, weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast;' and she was convinced that the system which upholds such enormities could meet with nothing but Jehovah's unqualified abhorrence. She recognized the slave, ignorant and brutalized as he was, as her brother; and in giving her sympathies and prayers, and her feeble but hearty efforts in his behalf, she stopped not to consult with flesh and blood, nor to take counsel of her fears. Aided, or alone, she was always the open, sympathizing friend of the oppressed.

She had learned from her Bible, that under all circumstances, and apart from all motives oppression is itself a sin—a most heinous sin,

which God will visit with his just displeasure ; and that the oppressed are objects of his care and protection. That slavery as it exists in America is a system of oppression, she fully believed. The Scriptures had taught her, that to withhold a full equivalent to the laborer, for his work, is oppression ; and she saw clearly that to withhold the whole, under the same circumstances is not only as criminal, but as much more so as the whole is greater than one of its parts. If to deprive a man of any of his rights, without even pretence of crime, is oppression, to withhold them all is, as she thought, oppression, aggravated to the last degree. Hence she looked upon slavery with abhorrence, and faithfully labored, with her humble means, for its extirpation. However unpopular, or exciting her labors, she knew of but one course to take, and still retain her walk with God.

In her visits to her friends residing in slaveholding States, she failed not to express her belief of the criminality of slavery, and to rebuke even those dear friends whose hospi-

tality she was enjoying, for their share in its evils. Her rebuke was received in kindness, for it was evident that it was dictated by religious principle, borne out by a consistent life. Her judgment dictated the proper time and place, for the expression of her feelings and opinions; and when she saw fit to introduce them it was done with such openness, frankness, kindness, and decision, that none could disapprove the avowal.

In her last hours, when earth and its endearments began to fade from her sight, and heaven, with all its glories came home to her soul, with vivid reality, she did not forget the abject condition of the poor slave, but appropriated a small sum, which her frugal industry had saved, to the cause of emancipation. Her language on this occasion, addressed to her mother, speaks the benevolence of her heart: 'I wish this to be laid out to the best advantage *for the poor slave*. It is so hard to be in bondage;—and theirs is a bondage of both soul and body!'

CHAPTER VII.

Most interesting portion of the narrative—Death in youth—Soldier's death—Mrs. Hamline's remarks—Ann's patience—Visit in Kentucky—Letter to her parents—Enters upon the last conflict—Her father's letter—Jesus precious—A thrilling incident—Ann supposed to be near her end—Great suffering—Heaven near—Messages to friends—Desires the prayers of the church—Miss E. sent for—Ann filled with hope and joy—Desires pious watchers.

WE come now to the most interesting portion of our narrative, the closing scene of her earthly pilgrimage. It is sad to look upon one so lovely and so good—lovely because good—sinking under the attacks of disease, beyond the reach of human skill, and cut down at the very dawning of maturity. Youthful affections crushed! Youthful hopes blasted! Youthful plans frustrated, and youthful strength and beauty, all blended in ruin! A father's pride and a mother's joy, snatched by the king of terrors from their

fond embrace, at the time when the loss will afflict them most sorely. It is sad to see the bold and gallant defender of his country cut down upon the field of battle while yet in all the vigor and beauty of early manhood. But the dauntless courage, the matchless skill, and the glorious victories which commemorate his fall, throw around him a halo, which dazzles the eyes and dispels the gloom occasioned by his death. But the young soldier of the cross—the heroine of spiritual conquests and victories, when she falls, awakens a deeper interest.

In the death of the subject of this narrative, says the lady whom we have occasionally quoted, is a sublimity which we cannot contemplate, but with awe; and upon which angels must have gazed with admiration. But it was all of grace. It was the divine image stamped upon a fallen soul, and this image clearly retained during years of intercourse with a fallen world; it was the meek, retiring female, transformed into the Christian soldier.'

Under afflictions and trials, she was resigned and submissive. There was no bracing up of the soul to bear as well as it might, what could not be avoided; but a spirit which said, 'It is my Father, let him do what seemeth him good.' 'Tis sweet,' she would often say, 'to lie passive in his hands, and know no will but his.' Patience appeared to have its perfect work. There was no murmuring word—no long drawn sigh of impatience and discontent. *Why* she was thus afflicted, she cared not to know. The general truth that it was for her spiritual good and God's glory was, to her, sufficient and satisfactory. She believed that the end of her creation, and of redemption was to honor her Saviour. This she could do as fully and as faithfully upon a sick-bed, as at a missionary station—*suffering*, as well as by *doing* his will. From time to time she visited her friends at a distance, for the purpose of regaining her health. The following extract from a letter to her parents, written while on a visit to her aunt's in Kentucky, will show

the state of her mind when away from home, and suffering severely from a painful and wasting disease.

Wednesday, Sept. 28th, 1842.

DEAR PARENTS,—I have been waiting, for a day or two, to feel well enough to write; and I do not feel much like it now, but will make the attempt, knowing how anxious you must be to hear from me. I am not as much benefited as I could wish, but I feel that it is the will of God. If I were not afflicted, my affections might be placed upon this world. For the first three weeks I improved very much, and aunt M. was quite encouraged about me; but since then, I have been going gradually down hill;—though, every little while, I turn round, and walk up the hill; then, almost before I know it, I am descending again. Some three or four times a day I have very ill turns, but on the whole am much stronger than when I left home.'

After mentioning her case as a singular one, and expressing her willingness to travel for

her health, if it should be thought best, she endeavors to console her parents, and adds,

‘Let us be resigned and thankful for the measure of health I do enjoy. I think Payson’s memoirs (evidently turning to other subjects of more interest to her own mind, and at the same time calculated to direct the thoughts of her affectionate and afflicted parents) an excellent work. I am very much interested in it. The other night on awaking from sleep I prayed to Jesus, and felt drawn by the cords of his love. I suppose that when a Christian dies, he is filled with a Saviour’s love, and drawn by it as it were into heaven. I think much of that bright world.

A few nights ago, I dreamed that I was almost gone. I appeared to be sitting in a chair, and my soul just ready to leave my body. You, dear father, and another gentleman, were watching me, and said, ‘Nature shrinks.’ I did not feel, in view of death, just as I should like to; I prayed for the Saviour’s presence, I fixed my eye upward, the prospect seemed to brighten before me,

and I exclaimed, 'Oh! that glorious place where my Redeemer dwells!' The dream made quite an impression on my mind. The next day was the Sabbath. The first part of the day I thought much of eternity. I received the papers and letters you sent us. Very glad to hear from sister Mary. I suppose she thinks it time for me to write her. I intend to do so when I get home. Please write to me. It is as much as I can do to write you now.

But we must proceed to the closing scene. She was evidently failing fast. Her mind was calm, her soul filled with grateful joy. She seldom spoke freely of her experiences; but in various ways her feelings were developed, much to the edification and comfort of all around her.

With the exception of an occasional ride, or a visit in pleasant weather when her symptoms were more favorable, she had, for nearly a year, been confined to the house. She was now deprived of these pleasures and con-

fined to her chamber. The end of her pilgrimage was at hand. Disease was making rapid strides, and the soul was about to take its flight.

How mournful and yet how interesting such a scene in the life of one like her! A few extracts from a letter written by her father, to her absent brother and sister, will furnish the reader with a succinct and interesting account of her bodily health, and the state of her mind, as she entered upon the last conflict. The letter was written eleven days before her death, under the date of Thursday, Nov. 10th, 1842.

‘Ann has had for a week or two past a bad cold, attended with a cough—but from which nothing immediately dangerous was at first apprehended. On the day I took your letter from the post-office, she was taken suddenly ill. Until this period, the seat of her disease, as you are aware, had been a mystery to me. But at this time the violence of the attack was such as to develope what has long been obscure. I cannot describe to you

the distress that the reflection gives me, when I realize what your dear sister must have suffered in times past without having received that commiseration and sympathy from her father, that she ought to have received.* As I lean over her dying-bed and take her hand, I feel for a moment, as though I would give worlds could her stay be prolonged with us a few years, that she might experience more of her father's care, kindness and attention. I say for a moment I feel thus ; for I realize that she will shortly be in a better world, and where she will receive infinitely more happiness than she could possibly receive here.

‘The recent attack I have observed was sudden. Her pain for a day or two was as much as she could bear; and you know how patiently she will endure. She is now easier,

* It may be well to remark here, that her father refers only to the different treatment he should have adopted, had he been aware of the true character of the disease. That rarely did a child have a more tender and sympathizing father, none who are acquainted with him can doubt.

although she has paroxysms of severe pain. On Thursday night last, when it was uncertain whether she would live till morning, she asked me to pray with her. I asked, "what do you wish me to pray for?" She replied, "That I may continually realize the presence of the Saviour, and be entirely reconciled to the will of God. I wish you to pray for my sisters, and brothers; and likewise for the Sabbath school," and some other subjects which I do not now recollect. I asked her, if she could have her choice, whether she would prefer to live or die. "If it were the will of God," she replied, "I should prefer to die." This evening she is lying comparatively easy, but owing to the rapidity of circulation and hurried respiration, converses but little. She appears, however, to be very happy; feels as though she was lying in her Saviour's arms. "Soon," says she, "I shall be sanctified." It seems to be a most delightful theme for her to dwell upon, that she will soon be where there is no sin. But she is very patient and willing to wait her Saviour's time. She said to me just now,

“Father, you must be more faithful to those that remain,” meaning the children.

‘While setting by her side to-day, I could not avoid expressing my regret that I had not appreciated better what her sufferings have been, and that my grief and distress were greatly increased by the reflection. She replied, “you did what you thought best. Perhaps if you had not been so anxious that I should exert myself, I might have kept my bed all the time.” You see how characteristic this is of our dear Ann,—ever disposed to put the best construction upon every thing—charitable towards all,—benevolent without limitation; not only is she naturally amiable, but she is so conscientiously, and from principle.’

Some additional facts, not mentioned in her father’s letter, will show more clearly the state of her mind as the time of her departure drew near. In a conversation with her parents one day, about her death, and the necessity of leaving them and other kind friends, she said to her mother, ‘You and father are very dear

to me, but Jesus is still dearer; I love you very much, but I love him more; you have done a great deal for me, but he has done far more. I am more indebted to you than I could ever repay if I should live; but to Him I owe every thing.'

Before her last illness, an account of which we shall presently give, she became so feeble as to be unable to kneel in prayer. This was a source of much trouble to her. She was thus deprived of her ability to give a visible indication of the humility and reverence which a sinning mortal owes to his God. She was affected by this deprivation more, perhaps, than she ought to have been; she even attributed to it the diminution of her enjoyment of prayer. She could still lift up her heart to God, while lying upon the bed of sickness; but she wanted to worship her Maker with *all her body*, as well as with all her soul, and to express her self-abasement by an appropriate posture. This weakness, however, was undoubtedly the effect of disease; for she knew full well, that God looks upon the heart, and

that prayer coming from a contrite spirit needs not the accidents of time, or place, or posture, to render it acceptable.

One day, feeling better than usual, she made a great effort to reach her accustomed place for secret prayer, and there spent some time in her private devotions. During her absence from her chamber, her mother entered it, and was much surprised at finding it empty. Hastening to an adjoining room, she met her daughter at the door, pale and trembling from exhaustion. The poor sick girl threw herself into her mother's arms, and then sinking down upon the bed, burst into a flood of tears. 'O,' said she, with a quivering lip, and a tone of disappointment, 'I thought I was so well, that I could kneel once more to my Saviour, where I have so often been accustomed to meet him; but O, mother, my strength has failed me!' At another time, she said, 'that it was a comfort to her to reflect that when in her best health, her greatest happiness consisted in communion with God in prayer.'

What we have just related took place on Tuesday, Nov. 8th. It is evident that from this time she did not expect or hope to recover; and we find her calmly and cheerfully setting her house in order, and preparing for the final change.

She had now entered upon the last two weeks of her earthly existence—a period of bodily pain and spiritual joy, that baffles description. Would that my youthful readers could have been with her at this time, to see the light and glory of heaven bursting on the vision of the dying saint, as she entered the dark valley of the shadow of death. Would that they could have stood by her bed-side, as in the strength of her Redeemer, she defied the King of terrors; and heard with their own ears, her loud and triumphant shouts of victory. The scene was a hallowed one, and it is difficult to do it justice in a description. But come, my young friends, let us accompany the young Christian heroine through the portals of death to the gate of heaven! and as she enters the New Jerusalem with attendant angels, let

us endeavor to catch a glimpse of its dazzling brightness, and a strain of the celestial music pealing with loud hosannas from the blood-washed throng, robed in light, and crowned with immortal glory!

The incident of Tuesday, the eighth of November, we have already described. The following day was a day of trial and of triumph. 'To all appearance,' says her father, in whom were united the careful physician, and the watchful, affectionate parent, 'she would not live to see another day. As I was sitting by her side,' he continued, 'with her hand in mine, and the pulse beating at a rapid rate, I asked her whether she had any message to send to her sister Mary, and brother George. Her respiration was so hurried and her pain and weakness so great, that it was with difficulty that she replied, "Tell them that I am happy," said she, "and would not exchange situations for worlds. Tell them not to weep for me, but to make preparation to meet me in heaven. I feel as though the Saviour was very near to me; so near, that it seems as-

though I could converse with him and receive answers! Heaven appears to be just over my head, and so full in view that it appears as though I was looking directly into it! Tell dear sister Mary, that I have thought much of the many seasons of prayer that we have had together. Tell her to live a life of prayer, to study the Bible a great deal, and to strive to live such a life as she will wish she had, when she comes to die. Tell her to be very faithful to little brother—to read to him, and to pray with him every day. Tell dear brother George, that he must repent, and give his heart to the blessed Saviour now, and not put it off until a dying hour. Repentance is something that is to be done *immediately*, and not delayed. Tell him to read his Bible every day, and to pray much.”

This being the day for the weekly lecture, she requested that a note might be sent to her beloved pastor, desiring his prayers, and the prayers of the church, in her behalf, at the meeting in the evening. When asked what was her special request, she replied, ‘That I

may have Christ's presence when I pass through the dark valley. Tell them to pray for my dear parents, that they may be sustained; and for my brothers and sisters that they may be converted.'

Fearing that she would not live through the night, she sent for a friend, towards whom she indulged the most tender affection, with whom she had taken sweet counsel, and in whose company she had often gone to the house of God. Her friend, on receiving the message, hastened to her bed-side. 'Ann,' said she, approaching the couch of her suffering friend, 'Ann, are you going home? about to leave us?' 'Yes,' replied the youthful candidate for heavenly glory, and as she drew her friend to the pillow, and kissed her affectionately, she added, '*And I can hardly wait.* O, I am so happy!' As she uttered these words, an angelic smile lighted up her countenance, and her whole frame was agitated with joy, such as the world never knew. She was soon so exhausted as to be unable to continue the conversation, but after a little rest, she ex-

claimed with the same sweet smile upon her countenance, 'I wish you were all as happy as I am. Oh! 'tis sweet to lie passive in my Father's hand and know no will but his.' Yes, my young reader, it is sweet to be filled with such a spirit; to give up one's own will, and to have our life hid with Christ in God. None but Jesus can make a dying bed full of comfort. He has robbed death of its sting. *You must soon die! Is Jesus your friend? and are you his?*

'This was a night of great suffering with her,' says her kind friend, in a note to the author, 'and she could talk but very little; but she wished very much to have us sing to her. We sung the hymn, beginning,

"I would not live away! I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark way."

'The hymn from Watts, beginning,

"Death may dissolve my body now,"

was also sung to her. When it was con-

cluded, she exclaimed, "These are my feelings." I then read to her the eighth chapter of Romans, and remarked, that there was a fullness of love and liberty in it for the children of God. "Yes," said she, "and I never understood and felt it as I do now."

It being necessary that she should have watchers, she always wanted some pious, prayerful Christian, who could sympathize with her feelings, and help her on to heaven. How natural, as she drew near to the heavenly world, that she should wish those to attend her, who breathed the air of heaven, and knew the way. A Christian sister in the neighborhood watched with her several times, and our young friend became quite attached to her, and said one day, 'I like to have her watch with me, because she takes such good care of me; but more than all, because she is a Christian—I love to have Christians watch with me.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Most remarkable scenes—Incident—Remarks of Miss E.—Heavenly music—Vision of angels—Room filled with wondering spectators—Father's account of the scene, written to his absent children—Visit of pastor—Graphic description of what he witnessed—Friends leave late at night, philosophizing.

THURSDAY, the tenth day of November, was a day of wonders in the history of our friend. We have before remarked that while she was in health, she said but little of her religious feelings. Such was her natural self-distrust, that the occasional records that she kept of her feelings and experience, were not only kept from the knowledge of others, but generally destroyed as soon as written. There was nothing in her constitutional temperament that might be called enthusiastic. There was no overflow of animal feeling—no tendency to nervous excitement. In the history of her religious experience, we find nothing of rap-

ture or ecstasy, until the evening of this day. But when her friends, and she herself, thought she was dying, and when in answer to the most earnest and persevering supplications, her mind was filled with new and delightful views of Christ and the New Jerusalem, then, and not till then, all reserve was thrown off, and we see the workings of divine grace filling her with enthusiasm, with rapture, and with ecstasy. But even in the midst of her feelings of strongest excitement, she never for a moment forgot the delicacy and propriety expected from her sex. She even carried the feeling so far, that when on bidding farewell to her friends, she had given a parting kiss to her parents, to her brothers and sisters, she refused to extend the same favor to her pastor, until she was assured by her mother of the propriety of the act. This was the more noticeable, as her pastor was the head of a family, and she loved him next to her father, and never expected again to meet him on this side of the grave.

We have said that the remarkable experi-

ence of our young friend was intimately connected with prayer. This is obvious. The reader will notice that on the day preceding the one we have last mentioned, her mind was directed with unusual interest to the subject of personal holiness and sanctification. All this day, we are assured by her friends, she was engaged in prayer—occasionally exclaiming that she desired more of her Saviour's presence. In connection with this fact, the reader will bear in mind what is said of the state of her feelings; and he will not doubt, we think, the truth of the assertion that it was in answer to earnest and persevering prayer, that Christ and the New Jerusalem were revealed to her in so wonderful a manner. But we hasten to the scenes of the evening. A friend who had come to watch with her, thus describes them.

‘We thought her failing rapidly, and through the evening were looking for a change. But how different the change from what we were expecting. It was as one passing from death to life, rather than from life to death.

A few moments before ten o'clock, we observed her smiling, with her eyes open, hands clasped, and raised towards heaven. Her countenance was expressive of the greatest possible delight. It was not a vacant stare, the eye resting on empty space; neither was it a stupid, or delirious gaze, but a look of love and joy, mingled with transport. It was evident to all that Ann saw and heard something unusual and wonderful, which filled her soul with thoughts unutterable. Her mother now approached her pillow, and said, "Ann, why do you smile?" The reply was subdued, and expressive of the mind's attention to something of absorbing interest. "I hear sweet music," said she, "very faint and far distant. I never heard such music before;" and she began to wave her hands to and fro, as though endeavoring to attract the attention of some one at a distance, and beckon them near. "Hark! hark!" said she, "It is coming, nearer, nearer. Yes, I see them now! O, how many!" "What do you see, Ann?" said her mother. "I see angels!" "How

do they look?" "I cannot describe them, mother—it is by faith I see them." Yes, faith had now become the *substance* of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen, in a sense more literal than ever before. Presently she exclaimed, "O, I thought I should die to-night,—I had an impression that I should," and turning to her father, who stood by her side watching every symptom with intense interest, she said, "Is this dying, father! why this does not seem like dying." And then with exulting tones that might have been heard in the adjoining apartment, she shouted, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" With a countenance and manner which no language can describe, she then repeated the stanza.

"O, glorious hour! O, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul."

Her friends had now assembled in such numbers as almost to fill the room, and had called

for light after light in succession, that they might more satisfactorily behold the supernatural brightness that rested upon her countenance, till the whole room was strongly illuminated.'

Her pastor had been sent for, and was now present. He has given, in a funeral sermon, a minute and faithful description of the thrilling scenes which followed; and we have been permitted to take some extracts from it although the sermon was not designed for publication. The statements of her pastor are corroborated by other evidence, which we shall take occasion to introduce. Wonderful as are the facts about to be related, we have reason to believe that they are not exaggerated. At the time of their occurrence, there was nothing in the circumstances calculated to shake conviction that all was real, and just as it seemed.

We shall introduce the relation, with a few extracts from a letter of her father to his absent children, in continuation of a letter of the tenth of the same month. It will be seen by its date that it was written on the day of her

death, four days after the occurrences he mentions.

Monday, Nov. 21.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I had written thus far, when one of the most surprising and interesting scenes occurred, that I ever witnessed. Language would fail me to describe it. I shall be able to give but a faint idea. Ann had been able, on account of her cough, to converse but little, when, very suddenly, she recovered her voice, and although her respiration was uncommonly rapid, and her pulse continuing at 160, she talked with a louder, clearer, and more distinct voice than I had known her for many months. Her countenance was like light, possessing an unearthly brightness. It was a countenance something, I should think, like that of Moses, when he came down from the mount. Her language was superior, and the sentiments expressed far beyond her years. I looked on her with astonishment, and could hardly realize that she was my daughter Ann. I cannot give you a detailed description, for it would more than

fill a whole sheet. I presume Mr. B., who was here, with others, until 2 o'clock in the morning, has taken down the conversation; if so, I will send it to you.

Without longer detaining the reader, we will now give the circumstances of this remarkable case, as they were presented in the sermon of her pastor, the gentleman to whom her father referred in the passage just quoted.

Let it not be forgotten, that while in her usual health, as we have before stated, she said but little about her religious feelings, to any one but her mother; and even to her, she was on ordinary occasions somewhat reserved. There was little of enthusiasm in her nature, little fondness for the marvelous, no overflow of animal feeling, no indication of nervous temperament. Her characteristic traits were delicacy of feeling, modest diffidence, love of truth, and self-distrust. These effectually restrained her from indulging in any thing like raptures and ecstasies.

As her pastor entered the room, surprised

at her unusual, her supernatural appearance, he exclaimed, 'What a countenance! what a countenance!' An uncommon brightness appeared on her face, which seemed to light up her pillow, and to be reflected from it. This remarkable phenomenon astonished every individual present. All agree in saying 'We never could have believed it had we not seen it.' 'Look! look! only see!' said several voices in a suppressed tone, to attract the attention of friends, who were occupied in different parts of the room. But we will quote the language of her pastor, in her funeral sermon. He was an eye-witness of what he relates, and he describes the scene without coloring or exaggeration.

'No human language can convey to one who did not witness it, a just idea, either of her appearance that night, or the force and meaning of what she spoke. It was difficult to resist the impression that some supernatural light was shining upon her face, and the pillow where it lay. The words of the narrative

of Stephen's martyrdom are the only words which come near describing what we saw. All that were in the room, looking steadfastly on her, saw her face as it had been the face of an angel.

‘ She smiled; she embraced her friends, and told them she was unspeakably happy, in tones of unearthly sweetness and clearness; she sent most touching and appropriate messages to her absent friends, and sang from the very joy of her heart. “Tell her,” said she, speaking of an absent friend and sister in the church, “tell her to live a holy life; always to keep the Saviour in her mind, and she will never be in trouble!” She now said that the Saviour no longer appeared near to her, but insisted that she was *in Christ* and Christ in her; referring to the oneness of Christ and his people, even as Christ is one with the Father.—“I in them, and thou in me.” “Ann,” one asked her, “what is it which makes you so happy?” “It is my Saviour,” she replied, “he is *here*, he is *with me!*” “How long have you been in this state?”

“Mother,” she replied, “you will recollect when I said, he is coming!—he is coming! I have been thus ever since then.” “But what does the Saviour do, and how does he appear to you?” “I see nothing now more than I ever did, except by faith, yet it’s just the same as sight. He came and looked upon me, and said, ‘I am willing to make you just as meek as I am—just as patient—just as lovely.’ Indeed, it seemed that he was always present before me, only I did not before perceive him. He seemed to have been waiting till I should become perfect enough.” “Does Christ seem to be thus looking upon you now?” “He is *in* me,” she said with emphasis; “I am in him. There is such a connection as I cannot describe. It seems as if the Saviour is just here where I am. Indeed *I* seem to be within myself,” said she, laying her hand upon her breast, “and my words seem not to come from my lips, but from within, here. It is wonderful! Oh! it is wonderful! I cannot describe it to you!”

‘Perceiving that she seemed almost uncon-

scious of her outward bodily existence, I repeated the text, "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." "That is it," she instantly exclaimed, "that exactly describes what I experience. It seems to me *that I can realize a little, how three persons exist in one God*, though I cannot describe it. I surely seem to be in Christ, and he in me."

"I repeated the words of Christ, from his last prayer; "That they may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee; that they also may be one in us." And again, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

"Her delight at hearing these words of Christ repeated, seemed beyond the utterance. Her joy beamed like streams of light from every feature. And she repeated the words of Jesus over, as if she feared that what she was enjoying might have something unreal, till those words of the Bible were recalled to her memory, describing exactly that oneness which she had just said she felt.

"But I was most struck with the explana-

tion of three persons existing in one God, suggested to her mind, purely by her own union with Christ. She was at the time, thinking of nothing but what was passing within herself; and she spoke it with a slight surprise, as one who had just discovered some new and wonderful truth.

‘Observing her smile, and listen eagerly, I asked, Ann, what are you thinking of?’

“I am trying to hear music,—I have heard it for some time;” and she paused to listen again. “I cannot quite get hold of it, possibly it may be an imagination.”

“What is it like?” I inquired.

“I never heard any thing like it before. At first it was a low, sweet, murmuring sound, or roaring. It seemed now to be more like the sound of a great many coming!”

‘I repeated from the Revelation of John, “And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters—and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps.” She smiled, and said, “That does seem something like it.”’

‘When her attention was drawn to her friends or other objects, this music ceased to affect her; but so long as her ecstasy continued, whenever she listened, it was still there. It surely seemed that her soul was in communication with “the powers of the world to come.”

‘Her allusions to heaven and hell were oppressively awful, sending a thrill through our very frames; and I felt my own soul struggling to bear up under the awe which settled on all present at her words. Yet her words, repeated here, must utterly fail to convey the ideas which they gave from her lips. “O, they are *so happy* there!” Speaking of heaven, “They fly there, they kiss each other, they serve God, they worship the Saviour, and”—her mind seemed to travel on amid glories where human speech failed to follow.

‘But when one directed her thoughts towards hell, the expression of her face seemed to convey more meaning at a flash, than (were it possible) all human language condensed into a single sentence, and she exclaimed in

tones of strange and melancholy sweetness, "*It's awful!* IT'S AWFUL!! O, IT IS AWFUL!!! O, I cannot describe to you how it looks!"

"At such times, her exhortations to faithfulness were moving beyond description. "Tell the teachers in the Sabbath schools to be faithful." She said so to a sister in the church near her, "O, *you* will be faithful, I know you will. You will come soon."

"Ann, how do you now feel for sinners?"

"I feel more for them than ever I did in my life. They don't realize their sins, they don't *realize* their condition. They must *realize* their condition before they will repent."

"But how can you be so happy, as you say, and yet feel distressed for sinners?"

"O," she replied quickly, "I am happy in my Saviour—I am happy in myself. It is for *them* only that I feel distressed."

"Can you realize now how the Saviour could be perfectly happy himself, and yet feel distressed on account of sinners?"

“O, the Saviour felt infinitely more for sinners than I do. It is awful to think of. He must of course have felt for them, for he realized their condition more than I can.”

‘Then addressing a friend by her bed-side, for whom she had felt a deep concern, she said, “Are you not afraid you will lose your soul? Do repent *now*. Repentance is something which must be done *immediately*.”

‘And when her younger brother, whom she had entreated, and for whom she prayed much, promised to give his heart to Christ, “O,” she replied, “but you must struggle; you must *struggle*. You must not think conversion is the end. It is only the beginning. Christians must struggle every day, if they would be with Christ.”

“Ann,” one asked, “do *you* have to struggle now?”

“O, no! because my Saviour is come; he is with me; he helps me move my head, and every thing. You know, father, I never talked before as I do to-night; not even when I was well—I never used to speak so quick—I never

could tell my feelings before. A little while ago, I could not lift my head as I can now, but the Saviour now helps me to do every thing. It don't seem as if I was going to die, only to go to heaven. It's wonderful ! it's wonderful ! I thought I should grow weaker and weaker, but I feel stronger and stronger. I am as happy as I can be, even if I don't go to heaven."

' Observing her distress for her brother, one said, " You must commit him to God, and if you delight yourself in the Lord, he has promised to give you the desire of your heart."

" " I know it," said she, " but then I must be *faithful*, and do what I can. Christians must be *faithful*—angels are *faithful*—that is what makes them so happy."

' This is but a feeble description—all description must be feeble—of her appearance and conversation during part of a single evening. And it is a specimen of her prevailing state of mind, except that her failing strength and severe paroxysms of pain forbade her utterance ; and the ecstasy and supernatural light of her countenance were absent, so that

she resembled herself again, most of the time. At such times, she said "She felt as if she was let down from heaven." But even then, she would often speak out of silence, and say, "Faith can triumph over death!" and other expressions full of joy, peace and triumph.'

We have quoted freely from this sermon, because the testimony of the author is entitled to respect. He was, as we have stated, an eye-witness of the scene, and he has described it with truth and simplicity. They who were present on the occasion, and have heard, or read this recital of the facts, corroborate his testimony and bear witness to his fidelity. To what is related in the extract just quoted, it may be added that when her soul seemed most absorbed with the beatific vision, she would softly ejaculate, 'He is pleased with me!'—She continued in this frame of mind till near one o'clock, occasionally uttering exclamations, as the beautiful forms of the spirit-world presented themselves before her, and the glories of the Son of God were unfolded to her

view. He was literally robed in light, and the splendor of his appearance cast all other objects into the shade. She seemed still to hear the seraphic strains pealing from the golden harps of the saints; and the music appeared to her so enchanting, that she seemed to lose all consciousness of the objects around her, and to be intent solely on listening to the heavenly strains.

Thus passed the memorable night. The friends and neighbors who had come in to see the young disciple die, one after another returned home with their minds overpowered with the thought of eternity, awakened in the chamber of the dying Christian. The light and glory, as well as the reality of a future state, had been revealed to them in a manner, and to an extent seldom witnessed. With minds subdued by solemn awe, they retired to meditate and to resolve, but not to sleep. The scenes which they had witnessed were so strange, so new, so unlike what they had ever seen, or ever believed, the days of miracles only excepted, that the spirit of philosophical

inquiry was balked, and they were left to the alternative, to disbelieve the evidence of their own senses, or to attribute it all to the direct and particular agency of God. Some there were, undoubtedly, who did thus refer it to its proper and immediate cause; while others, perhaps, attributed it all to the paroxysms of disease, the hallucination of a disordered intellect, or the fitful feelings of an exhausted frame. But it was all so consistent, so perfectly in keeping with the whole tenor of her past life, that all but the subjects of a hopeless incredulity must unite in referring it to its proper cause, the direct and immediate interposition of divine agency. It was a foretaste of heaven; she had found indeed and truly, that God is faithful, and that faith is really the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; and that godliness hath indeed the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come.

It was now two o'clock, and to the surprise of all, she continued alive. But to use her own language, she was 'let down again a

little, from heaven to earth.' The lady who watched with her, remained alone with her; and the things of earth, rather than earthly things, again occupied the mind of the dying Christian. The spiritual state of the church, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, were uppermost in her thoughts. 'How lamentable it is,' she exclaimed, 'that many professing Christians can scarcely be distinguished from the people of the world. O, how it wounds the heart and dishonors the name of Christ! But the time is coming when there will be a great sifting. The Lord will come and discriminate between the righteous and the wicked—between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not.' She then insensibly fell into a quiet slumber, and all was hushed. The flickering lamp, and the accidental falling of a coal from the grate, were all that relieved the darkness, and the solemn silence of the room.

CHAPTER IX.

Awoke calm and refreshed—Visit of Sabbath school class—Ann's anxiety for others—Conversation with visitors and friends—Their convictions—Clear views—Great joy—Hope of recovering—Scenes of the Sabbath—Miss E. reads the forty-second Psalm—Family prayer—Health improves—Occasional paroxysms—Patience—Conversation with her father—Sanctification—Vivid views of spiritual things—Awful warnings to the impenitent—Great changes—Singing—Exulting in triumph.

ON the following morning she awoke, evidently refreshed by a few hours of quiet sleep. Her mind was calm and vigorous, her health seemed to be improved, and there was no appearance of a re-action either in the physical or mental powers; nothing like nervous debility or morbid insensibility. Her ecstatic feelings, and the remarkable light of her countenance were, it is true, somewhat diminished; but she said that the Saviour was still with her in all his blessed fullness.

She conversed freely and understandingly on the scenes which had transpired during the night, and looked upon them as nothing less than sober realities. And this was the general belief of all who witnessed them. They were then, and they are now persuaded, that she really and truly saw and heard all that she appeared to see and hear. A pious and intelligent lady of her acquaintance, on entering Ann's apartment this morning, was so surprised at the unusual and heavenly appearance of her countenance, the strength and tone of her voice, and the clearness and vigor of her mind, although all these indications were much less strongly developed than on the previous evening, that she involuntarily exclaimed, 'O, how wonderful, how wonderful!' Another friend who was an eye-witness of these scenes, says, 'I yet well remember the unearthly language of her lips. Her words seemed like angel's words, and with so much of heaven in her countenance that it appeared as if we were standing in the entrance way of eternity.' During the day our

young friend engaged freely in conversation with the family, and with friends who called. Sometimes she spoke of family affairs; at others, of the church and of the cause of Christ; and occasionally to her mother of the halo of light and glory which surrounded the pillow. In the afternoon she desired to see her Sabbath school class. Some of them were sent for, and she rejoiced to see them once more. In her winning manner, she warned and exhorted them to repent and come to Jesus; but on account of her weakness she could say but little. That little, however, was much to the purpose, and, under God, was the means of bringing one at least of her little pupils to the knowledge of the way of life,—for that Sabbath school pupil was soon after rejoicing in Christ Jesus. To the absent members of her class, our dying friend sent most affectionate and awakening messages.

We have stated that family affairs were one of the topics of her conversation. Among these, that which seemed to interest her the

most, was the salvation of her little brothers and sisters. This subject she mentioned to her mother alone. She manifested much solicitude and pleaded with great earnestness in their behalf. 'O, mother,' said she, 'do be faithful to them while they are young, very young. They may all be converted—they will be, mother, if they are taught and prayed for, and prayed with, as God directs.' When some one was speaking of the events of the last evening she expressed much regret that two individuals, whom she named, particular friends of the family, were not present at that time. They were impenitent, and she thought, as she said, 'it might have been blessed to their souls to see what Jesus could do for a dying soul.'

Among the many friends and acquaintance who had heard of what transpired the evening before, and had come in to see her, were some who were estranged from God. These she most affectionately warned of their guilt and danger, and exhorted to repentance. One there was especially, with whom, from a

natural timidity, or from the fear of giving offence she had never conversed freely upon the subject of the soul's salvation. She rejoiced now, in the opportunity of giving solemn exhortation, and she faithfully improved it. It was done in kindness and in love; but with such solemnity of air and manner, that the heart must have been of stone, that was not moved by it. So earnest was she in this case, that from day to day, so long as she lived, her anxious inquiries were repeated as to the result, and to the particular state of mind it had produced in the individual.

A cousin, also, who listened to her conversation about Christ and Christians, became very much affected in view of her own condition. A similar case occurred on the evening of those remarkable circumstances we have mentioned. A young man was present, who was still in a state of impenitence. As he was standing by her bed-side, in utter amazement at the scene before him, she fixed her full, dark eye on him, took his hand in her's, and with all the kindness and importunity of a

ministering angel besought him at once and in earnest to attend to the welfare of his soul, and she would not relinquish his hand until he promised 'Yes, I will, I will.' Remembering this promise she greatly rejoiced, and while she lived she repeatedly said, 'He did promise, did he not?'

The next day was Saturday, the twelfth of November, and she still continued apparently to amend. Her mind was filled with peace and joy, but there was nothing particularly remarkable in her appearance. She conversed freely with all who came to see her, and manifested a deep interest in the sanctification of believers. She desired to see the members of the church, and expressed a hearty wish, to die the next day, because it would be the Sabbath. On the whole, her feelings were much the same, and as freely expressed, as they were on the day before. She repeated to the friends, who visited her, her views of a higher standard of personal piety and Christian self-denial. She said to her mother, that the Saviour had been

teaching her on divine things, as he never had done before. She was so much better this day that she suggested to her parents the possibility of her recovery. In the course of conversation she proposed to them that they should appropriate a certain sum for her clothing and other little matters, and permit her to dispose of it as she thought best; remarking, that she thought by economy she could save something for benevolent purposes. And here we remind the reader of a similar proposition that she made at the age of ten, having reference to abstinence from certain luxuries, an example which was followed by her brothers and sisters.

Soon after what we have related, a chill came over her, accompanied by fever, and she could converse no more.

On the Sabbath of November the thirteenth, the same friend who had so faithfully attended her, had been watching with her through the night. 'Her sufferings,' says this friend, 'were very intense, but the Saviour was evidently present and precious

to her. At times, she was able to converse freely. Among other things, she spoke with deep interest, and strong conviction that there soon would be a revival of religion in the church of which she was a member. This subject, she said, had lain upon her mind for many days. During the night, notwithstanding her weakness, and her sufferings, she prayed particularly for a revival, with unusual earnestness and faith. 'The Lord is coming,' she exclaimed, with confiding interest, 'to set up his kingdom in the hearts of men,' and then added, '*There must be more praying.*'

Before leaving her, her friend and faithful attendant read to her the forty-second Psalm, 'As the hart panteth after the water-brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?' 'These were just my feelings on Thursday,' she exclaimed. The reader will recollect that she spent that day in prayer. How wonderfully did God reveal himself in answer to that prayer. At family worship this

morning, her father read that chapter of the Gospel of John, which contains the Saviour's last prayer. The sentiments of that chapter, the seventeenth, always precious and comforting, were now so fully comprehended in all their deep and spiritual import, that every feeling of the soul seemed to thrill under their life-giving power. It will be recollected, that during her transports of Thursday night, her views of God in Trinity, were such as the Holy Ghost alone could inspire. Those views still remained, and their accordance with the declarations contained in that chapter, gave her inexpressible delight.

The Sabbath was always to her a day of special delight, but this one was more particularly so. She considered the Sabbath as a holy day, set apart from common use, and consecrated to the worship of Jehovah. Her mother being detained from public worship, it sorely grieved the daughter to see her mother giving, what she thought, an undue share of attention to domestic duties. She even spoke to her about it, and respectfully

suggested that the sanctity of the day should be strictly observed, and that its hallowed hours should be spent, as far as it was possible, in communion with God, and in doing good to the souls of men. So anxious was she that God should be glorified, by the proper observance of the day, and that the soul of her mother should be blest, she even ventured to hint to her mother that she seemed too much like Martha, 'cumbered with much serving;' and too anxious about worldly things. So earnest was she in her intercessions upon this subject, that upon reflection she was fearful that her remarks had too much the appearance of reproof, inconsistent with proper respect in a daughter. It was indeed a bold step, and she was apprehensive that her zeal had outrun her discretion. The thought gave her much pain, and she could not be composed until she had humbly apologized to her mother, and earnestly besought her forgiveness, if she had in the least degree wounded her feelings. Yet there was nothing in what she said, nor

in her manner of saying it, inconsistent with the respect due from a daughter. But such was her sensitiveness, that she shrunk with apprehension from even an appearance of disrespect.

On the following day she appeared to be better, though at intervals the paroxysms of pain returned. She was happy, and improved every little opportunity for doing good. The children of her Sabbath school class frequently visited her; and with them she was affectionate and faithful. She had labored with them, and prayed for them for two years; and now, that she was about to leave them for ever, her warnings were solemn, her entreaties urgent, and her prayers fervent. Two ladies calling to see her, asked about her class. The bare inquiry excited emotions too full for utterance, and she burst into tears without uttering a word.

The next day, Tuesday, she continued patient and composed. Christ was evidently her joy and support. She appeared like one expecting to go on a journey, and already

in waiting to be called for. Friends and strangers who called, were exhorted and warned. With Christians she took great delight, continually entreating them to seek higher attainments in the divine life, to secure holiness of heart, and to make an entire consecration of themselves to God. These graces were most remarkably developed in her own character. Herself, her all, she considered set apart for holy purposes. After a night of comparative ease, she entered upon the scenes of the next day with unusual animation. She spoke freely with her father about her disease, and really began to entertain expectations that she should yet be well. '*All one side is well,*' said she to her father, with an affectionate and consoling emphasis. '*And there is only a little difficulty here,*' laying her hand upon her left side. '*But, my daughter,*' said her father, '*if you could have your choice, to get well, and live in health many years, or to die now, which would you choose?*' '*Why, father, if it was for me to choose, I would rather die now,*'

said she. 'But I am just as willing to live, if it is the Saviour's will.'

There were two female domestics in the family, who, gay and thoughtless, had given little attention to religion. She faithfully labored to bring them to Christ. The seed thus sown was not lost, for one of them very shortly after the death of our young friend, became the subject of a hopeful conversion, and declared that the warnings of her friend were ever ringing in her ears, and troubling her conscience, until she submitted to God, and found peace in believing. No one can conceive the vividness and reality with which she brought spiritual truth and religious subjects to the minds of her friends and visitors. Did she speak of heaven, and its blessed inhabitants?—it was as one speaking of things and scenes present and familiar, and she did it with indescribable interest and joy. Did she allude to hell?—it was with the same, or if possible, with a clearer conception of all its woes. Hell, and the lost, were as much a reality in her mind, as heaven. When she

entreated or warned, it was evident to all that she was conscious of the force of her expressions. She spoke of spiritual and divine things like one risen from the dead, more than like one about to die.

Another incident that occurred during her illness, deserves to be mentioned. Her pastor had promised to call and see her on a certain evening, and she anticipated the interview with much delight. 'How pleasant it will be to talk with him about heaven,' said she, to those around her. When the evening arrived, the expected visit was delayed, and she expressed much anxiety lest it should be omitted that night. 'Did he not promise to come, mother?' she asked with some anxiety. Then changing the subject, she spoke of her views and feelings, until the scenes of that memorable Thursday night were almost revived and repeated. Her face again became radiant with a heavenly light, her eye beamed with unusual lustre, and her voice assumed more strength and vivacity. When the clergyman arrived, a paroxysm unfortunately came

upon her, which prevented the anticipated enjoyment of conversation. This was a severe disappointment, and she afterwards alluded to it with much feeling.

A week had elapsed since those remarkable scenes which we have related, occurred. The impressions of that night had never been obliterated, scarcely obscured. Christ seemed just as near and precious, although not revealed in such power and glory. When speaking of recovery, she often repeated the desire that the views and impressions of that night might never be effaced from her mind, or lose their power by length of time, and intercourse with the world. So vivid were they at this time, that she addressed her father, who was humming a tune for the amusement of the children, respectfully requesting him to desist; and on inquiring why she made the request, she replied, evidently referring to the celestial music that filled her ear,—‘Because it is so different from that I have been hearing, that it appears insipid.’

On Friday, the seventeenth of November, she seemed to be anxiously waiting for the coming of her Lord, and still seeking to improve every remaining hour for the glory of God, and the good of souls. The great salvation—its fullness and freeness, was her theme. On her quoting the expression, ‘the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin,’ some one present asked her if she felt that she was cleansed from all sin? ‘Yes,’ she replied, ‘but I find I can still sin.’ ‘How,’ she was asked, ‘do you think you have sinned, since you became so happy?’ ‘By forgetting my Saviour,’ she replied. ‘I have thought too much about my sufferings. But Christ is still with me.’

On the following day there was an alarming change in her symptoms. The following extract from her father’s letter to the absent children, will best describe it.

‘On Saturday morning Ann was taken with a chill, followed by fever. This was accompanied with great pain and tumefaction,

from the effects of which she never recovered, but continued to fail every moment until she died.'

But her soul was quietly and happily expecting to rest in the arms of her Saviour. There was no rapture—no ecstasies. She was calm and collected, tranquil and composed. The same dear friend, whom we have frequently mentioned, again watched with her during the night. Her sufferings then re-commenced, and she was almost in an agony; but while she was thus excruciated with pain, a letter was received from her sister; and she seemed to forget her sufferings, as she earnestly inquired, 'Was it to me?' and she then expressed the wish that it might be read and even re-read to her. During the night, although her sufferings were so great as to prevent distinct articulation, she sung several hymns, the words of which appeared to be peculiarly appropriate to her situation; among them, was the hymn which begins with the line,

'All is well,—all is well;'

and Pope's beautiful lines, entitled, 'The Dying Christian,' which contains the expression,

'Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying.'

Her father, standing by her bed-side with his hand upon her pulse, remarked, 'My daughter, unless some change take place, you will not be with us long.' Her features immediately assumed a most interesting appearance, and fixing her eyes upon him, shouted, 'Glory! glory!! glory!!!—I'm going home, I'm going home!' This exulting expression brought in a friend from an adjoining room, '*O, I'm going home! I'm going home!*' she repeated with rapturous delight.

Her father, fearing that she might lose the control of her mind by such exhausting efforts, gently checked her, and she immediately became composed; thus showing a perfect command of her feelings. Being assured that she was in full possession of her reason, and that there was no unnatural nervous excite-

ment, he afterwards encouraged her not to repress her emotions, but to give them free vent.

CHAPTER X.

Last Sabbath—Miss E. reads the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of Revelations—Effect—Taking a final leave—Harriet and Edwin—Deep impressions—Death begins its work—Calmness—Sweet anticipations—Severe pain—Resignation and confidence—Triumphs—Final scene.

THE Sabbath of the nineteenth of November, was the last Sabbath in her life. She spoke of it as such, and as such wished to observe it, that it might be what it was designed to be, a foretaste of 'the heavenly Sabbath,'—'the rest which remains for the people of God.' It was also the last day of her life. How near to eternity! *One day*, and earth exchanged for heaven! the mortal clothed in immortality, and death swallowed up in victory! During the night previous, her sufferings, as we have stated, had been intense, but her soul was elevated above her sufferings. She seemed enraptured at the

thought that this would probably be her last Sabbath on earth, and she often exclaimed, 'I shall soon be through.' Then she repeated, as well as her strength would allow, the favorite hymn,

'All is well,—all is well;'

Before leaving her on this Sabbath morning, her faithful friend read to her the last two chapters in the Bible. These chapters were strikingly descriptive of what she already possessed by faith, and would soon realize in all its blessed fullness and glory. She enjoyed the reading much, and exclaimed, 'O, beautiful!—beautiful!—blessed!—I shall soon be there! Yes, *that is it*—even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' Other expressions in the same chapter clearly showed the perfect coincidence of her views and expectations with the word of God. The effect was so overpowering that she besought her friend to desist, for she could hear no more.

Her friend then brought in the children, and lifted them up to her pillow. She most tender-

ly embraced them and commended them to the blessed Saviour.

Her preparation for eternity seemed to be finished ; there appeared nothing remaining to be done, but barely to die. Yet every remaining hour her thoughts were employed in the good of others. Strangers and friends that came in to see her, the teachers and scholars from the Sabbath school, the servants and children in the family, were again and again warned, and exhorted to repentance and a life of faith, obedience and love.

As her mother came into the chamber during the day, she met the younger children coming out of it in tears. The little son was then in his fourth, and the little daughter in her sixth year. They afterwards told their mother that their sister had been talking to them about Christ and heaven, and that she made them promise to pray three times a day—morning, noon, and night. So deep were the impressions then made upon the mind of even the youngest, that it has never been effaced. The hallowed associations of the

occasion have stamped it indelibly on his mind.

Through the day our dying young friend suffered much pain from a difficulty of breathing. The door being thrown open, she exclaimed, 'Well, I shall soon be where there is free air, and pure. There I shall not suffer in breathing.' On her mother's inquiring whether she still felt willing to live, she sweetly replied, 'Yes, if it is God's will. But it would be hard to be sent back to earth, after being so near heaven!'

The evening came, and the hour of her dissolution was at hand. Of this she appeared to be fully sensible, and talked about it with much composure and freedom. When told that she could not possibly live more than a few hours longer, she expressed great joy, and commenced singing,

'Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying.'

When the pain became so severe that she could not repress her feelings, she mingled the words of consolation with her groans, and in-

sensibly changed the sound to a note of exultation.

Wishing to know from time to time whether she was easier, her father asked the question repeatedly. She at last expressed the desire that he would not ask again, as she did not wish to think of her pains.

About eight o'clock in the evening, death began its work; and she calmly said to her father, as he sat by her side, '*Father, how long do you think it will be before I get through?*' 'Not long, my daughter,' he replied; 'death has already commenced in a part of your system. Is the Saviour with you still?' 'O yes,' said she, 'and as precious as ever! He is not only with me, father, but *in* me, and I in him!' 'Do you feel happy as death approaches?' 'Oh, unspeakably happy!' Again her father said to her, 'We are expecting that every moment will be your last; are you glad?' '*Yes, sir,*' was the earnest reply. When wearied with talking, she requested those around her to sing; and in the very agonies of death she called her

uncle, and requested him to sing the stanza beginning with the line,

‘When I’ve been there ten thousand years.’

A few moments before her death, her father asked her whether the Saviour was with her still? ‘Yes,’ she replied, ‘near and dear. I fear no evil. All is well!’ and added in a tone indicating surprise, ‘but I *can’t think*,—what is the reason, father?’—(meaning that she could not control and concentrate her thoughts as she had done.) Her father, in explanation, told her that the brain was the organ of thought, and that it was dying with the rest of the body. This satisfied her. In a few moments she added, ‘But the mind will continue to think, independent of the body, forever.’

Her pains now became very severe; the muscles of the throat lost their action, and finding it impossible to swallow, she asked her father if he could not give her something to restore the action. ‘No, my daughter, it is death!’ replied her father. Still he was induced to administer a potion, which gave

immediate relief, and the dying girl suffered no more from this cause. In a few moments she again asked her father, how long he thought it would be before she was set free? and being told that she could live but a few moments longer, she collected her remaining powers, and with great exertion raised her hands exultingly,—clapped them together, and shouted so loudly as to be heard in the adjoining room, ‘*Glory!—Glory!—Glory!— I’m going home!*’

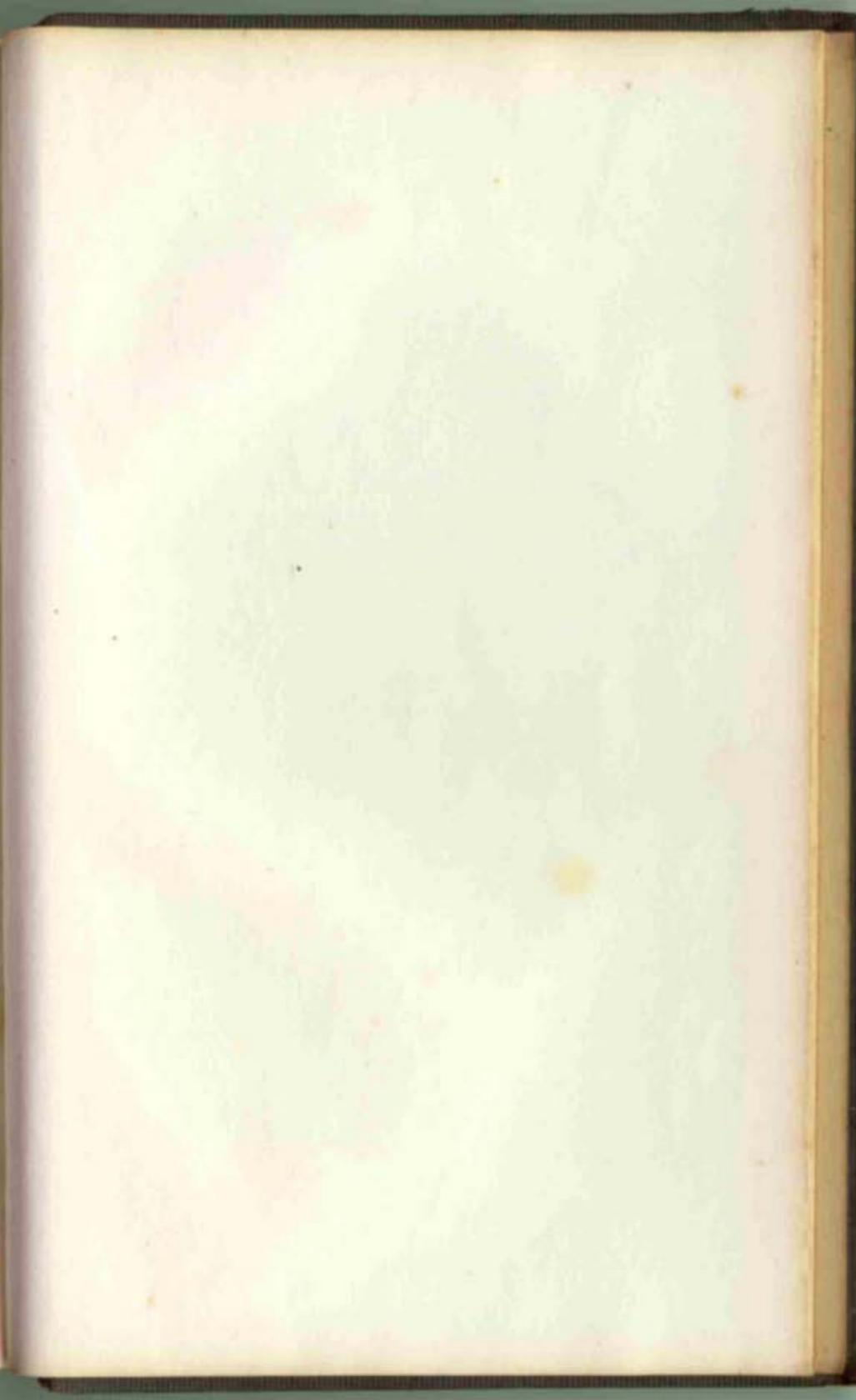
Calm in her mind, and fully prepared to go; joyful in her anticipations of future glory, and full of the vivid realizations of her faith, divine grace enabled her, young and timid as she was, to defy the King of terrors, undaunted by his horrors; certain of victory, and a victorious crown. Still lingering in great pain, singing and groaning in the same breath, and in a continued state of serenity, she again inquired of her father whether he could not administer something that would relieve her pain. The remedies which he applied, contrary to his expectations, relieved her, and from this

moment she was free from pain. Her strength soon failed, and she could speak no more. Her last words were, 'How long will life linger? When her hand became palsied, her voice hushed in death, and the cold damps gathered upon her marble brow, her eye and her heart were fixed on God; her countenance beamed with peace and triumph, and she seemed to say,

'Come, deathless death, have o'er—lo, here's my pass;
In blood 'tis written, by his hand who was,
And is, and shall be. Jordan, cut thy stream;
Make channels dry. I bear my father's name
Stamped on my brow. I'm ravished with my crown,
I shine so bright; down with all glory, down,
The world can give. I see the heavenly port,
The golden street, the blessed soul's resort,
The tree of life; floods gushing from the throne,
Call me to joys! begone, dull woes, begone.
I lived to die, but now I die to live;
I do enjoy more than I did believe.
The promise me into possession sends,
Faith in fruition, hope in having ends!'

Thus died ANN THANE PECK, at the age of eighteen, exemplifying, by the grace of God, religion as it should be, transforming in life, triumphant in death.





There is a great deal of talk about the
importance of the study of the history of
the world, and it is true that it is
of the highest importance to know
the history of the world.

