

DEATH-BED THOUGHTS

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Death-Bed Thoughts by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of these Thoughts, who, when they were written, was in daily expectation of her final summons, hopes that no ostentation of religious feeling induces their publication. Such feelings should not be too familiarly discussed. To God they are addressed, and to Him should be sacred. It is only at the wish of some

dear and intimate friends, whose partiality caused them to wish for copies, that they are given to the Press.

TO MY SISTER.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

IN offering up to the Great Source and Fountain of all Blessings, "who turneth the shadow of death "into the morning," the aspirations of a grateful and resigned heart, how could I forget the precious friend whom He made the minister of so much comfort to me ; whom He inspired with such unfailing affection ; and whom He taught, by the tenderest and most unwearied

assiduities, to render months of, humanly speaking, hopeless illness, a brief and happy period? Such has been your task, my Sister! Accept this testimony to your angelic fulfilment of it; and that your transit from this world to a better may be cheered and consoled as you would have cheered and comforted mine, is the prayer of

Your grateful and affectionate Sister,

M. H.

DEATH BED THOUGHTS.

I.

OH, my God ! thou hast withered my life in the midst of my career ! The light of my days is extinct, as it were a midnight taper !

Among the trees of the forest was my pleasant path ; I saw also the mountains which thy hand has heaped, and my heart swelled within me.

In the rolling of the ocean I beheld Thee ; in the silence of the wilderness