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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
MARGARETTA C. HOGE,

WHO DIED MAY 6, 1827.

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## PREFACE,

BY THE FATHER OF MARGARETTA.

IN publications similar in character to the following memoir, it has been the usual practice to give fictitious names, or merely the initial letters. This has given them the air of fiction—of a mere work of imagination, and may have, in many instances, impaired their usefulness. Hence the inquiry has been often made, why do we not, among the many instances of remarkable conversions which are published, hear of some in our own country, or our immediate neighbourhoods, where the truth or falsehood of the statements may be investigated and established by living witnesses? To obviate this objection, it has been concluded to give the name and parentage of the subject of the following memoir in full; and the reader may rest assured that the strictest regard has been paid to the simple truth in every statement. Her conversations were com-

mitted to writing at or very near the time when they occurred, and care has been taken that her own words should, in every instance, be preserved. Nothing has been suggested, or too highly coloured, and it is confidently believed, that the numerous visitors who stood around her dying bed, and unite in the opinion that "the half has not been told."

Margaretta Cooke Hoge, was the third daughter of David and Jane Hoge, of Steubenville, in the state of Ohio. She was born August 27th, 1812, and died on the 6th day of May, 1827, being then of the age of fourteen years eight months and nine days.

Of her early years nothing is recollected, that would be interesting to the public. She was a most affectionate, kind-hearted, and dutiful child, taking evident delight in anticipating the wishes of her parents, and ministering to their comfort. Modest and retiring, the leading traits of her character were strength of understanding and great prudence of conduct. In her education she had made considerable progress. But she has gone, and the places which lately knew

her, will know her no more for ever. Let us turn to the living, for whose benefit alone the narration of her life was penned.

#### YOUTHFUL READER,

The eye that now reads must soon be closed in death. Your spirit must stand before God. He is infinitely holy, infinitely just. To you a welcome must be given, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world;" or, the sentence pronounced "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Are you prepared for that solemn trial? Have you obtained an interest in the Saviour? Have you made the Judge your friend? Dear youth, "my heart's desire and prayer to God for you is, that you may be saved." Read the short narrative of Margaretta's life. Read and ponder. Examine your heart, review your life. Are you comparatively innocent? None was ever more innocent than Margaretta. Are you naturally amiable, kind hearted, dutiful? So was she. Do you read and study the precious word of

God? So did she. Do you regularly attend public and social meetings for the worship of God, the Sabbath-school and Bible class? So did Margareta. But all this comparative innocence, and natural amiableness, and course of external duty, could not restrain the hand of death, or give Margareta any comfort, when a messenger from God evidently drew nigh. In that trying hour she found that something more was necessary. She knew that God was holy and just, and she felt she was a sinner. God had commanded her to give him her heart, but she felt her heart hard and cold, and unwilling to yield obedience to his command. She saw that the law was holy, just, and good; but she found "a law in her members warring against the law of her mind, and bringing her into captivity to the law of sin which was in her members." She felt that she had transgressed all the precepts of the good law of God, and had never yielded a willing obedience to its reasonable requirements; and that unless she obtained a better righteousness than any she had to plead, she must be justly condemned at the bar of God,



to perish for ever. She well remembered the declaration of her Saviour, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" but she felt that she could not of herself change her heart, or new-create her soul in the divine image. Sensible that she was a wretched, polluted, helpless sinner, just ready to fall into the hands of the living God. In this extremity, and in the agony of her soul, she raised her cry unto God her Saviour, who alone was able to help her, and was graciously and mercifully heard and answered.

Dear youth, as you are now, Margareta was a few months since. As she lies now in the silent tomb, you must shortly lie, and the green grass grow over you. To you I would affectionately and anxiously say, prepare for death and judgment, for in an hour that ye know not the Son of Man cometh. Arise and call upon God. Seek an interest in the Saviour, without which, you must inevitably perish. Seek it as for your life—dig for it as for hidden treasure. Resolve that you will not give sleep to your eyes, or slumber to your eye-lids, until you have found a place

in your heart for the precious Saviour. Then your life will be comfortable and happy, your death peaceful and triumphant; you will be lovely in life, lovely in death, and lovely throughout a happy eternity. For "eye hath not seen, or ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." That this may be the happy lot of every reader of this little book as well as of the writer, and that God of his infinite mercy, for his dear Son's sake, would abundantly bless the reading of it to you, dear youth, sincerely prays the bereaved, afflicted, though much comforted

**FATHER OF MARGARETTA.**

*Steubenville, August 6th, 1827.*

# HISTORY

OF

## MARGARETTA C. HOGE.

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MARGARETTA COOKE HOGE, was born in the town of Steubenville, a village pleasantly situated on the bank of the Ohio. Her parents, both of whom were the professed followers of the Lord Jesus, took pains to instruct her, in common with their other children, from her earliest childhood, in the knowledge of the great truths contained in the Bible. That she had a wicked heart—a heart full of enmity against God—a heart that prompted her to sin against God continually; so that she was not only a sinner, but an exceedingly guilty sinner. But that God in his great mercy, had sent his Son into the world, who was born of a woman, and became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and who had died to save such sinners. That he not only died upon the cross, bearing

the wrath of God, and suffering, the just for the unjust, but that he also rose again from the dead and ascended up on high, even to the right hand of God, where he is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and the remission of sins.—That he was willing to become her Saviour, if she only felt that she was a poor, helpless, and guilty sinner, and would truly repent and trust in him for salvation. That Jesus would send the Holy Spirit, who would take away her hard, wicked heart, that would not love God, and would give her a new heart; that then she would know the Lord-Jesus. She would see how lovely and precious he is, to all that believe on him: and that then she would love him with all her heart—love him more than she did her father, or mother, or brother, or sister. And Jesus would also love her; would be her friend through life; would be present with her when she should come to die, and would at last bring her to heaven, “to be ever with the Lord.”

But, notwithstanding these and such like truths were often repeated, in the solemn instruction, which was frequently and affec-

tionately given to Margaretta, by her parents, who loved her tenderly; and although she was an amiable and affectionate child, who always obeyed her parents, "in all things;" gave a ready attention to the instructions she received, as well as a constant attention at the Sabbath school and the house of God, still she lacked one thing—she did not know Jesus—she did not love Jesus. Like too many children, she did not know what a hard heart she had; what a poor lost sinner she was; and, therefore, she did not seek the Lord in good earnest. It is true she did not, as too many wicked children do, lie down at night and rise up in the morning, without thinking of God, or praying to God. This duty she had been taught to perform almost as soon as she could speak; but then like too many, who pray night and morning, she thought God would love her because she prayed. Thus, instead of crying to God, in the name of the Lord Jesus, for mercy, as a poor sinner, who was in danger of falling into hell—instead of praying to Jesus to give her a new heart and to save her from her sins, she put her prayers

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in the place of the precious Saviour. And, Oh! what a mercy was it, that Margaretta was not left to depend upon her prayers and other religious duties, as it is to be feared do many children, and grown people too, until death overtake them and they perish for ever.

Margaretta continued to be as already described, until she had completed fourteen years of her life. It is true, she made good progress in her education, for she was fond of her studies, and ambitious to learn her lessons well. She seemed also to take delight in her Bible, and in attending the Bible class, where, by the correctness of her answers, and her knowledge of the scriptures, she attracted the particular notice of her pastor and teacher. And during her attendance at the Sabbath school and at home, committed large portions of the precious word of God to memory. But, still she was not made wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. But shortly after arriving at the age of fourteen, and whilst indulging no fears of death, because she was so young; and no fears of hell, because she prayed and read

her Bible, and attended the house of God, and did not indulge in those scenes of folly and wickedness, in which she saw too many young people take delight, Margaretta's health began evidently to decline.

For some time the fears of her parents were not much excited. They supposed that it was merely one of those diseases to which children and youth are occasionally liable, but which usually yield to remedies, when applied by a skilful physician. And, although her complaint seemed obstinate, and they could not but daily perceive their lovely child to be declining, like the withering flower, still they were unwilling to believe her to be in danger; and still indulged the fond hope, that each new prescription, by a physician, in whom they justly reposed confidence, would produce the happy effect, and that they would soon feel their hearts cheered, in beholding the health and spirits of their daughter revive. But, alas! from frequent disappointments, this fond hope began to wax fainter and fainter, until it had almost expired. In the mean time, as they began to apprehend her life to be in dan-

ger, they became more than ever anxious for the life of her soul. But, while death was gradually approaching, and evidently drawing near, poor Margareta remained in a great degree insensible of her perishing condition. She did not realize, that she was a child of wrath, even as others. It is true, that whenever her parents attempted to converse with her, as they often did, upon the importance of a preparation for death, she was much agitated. For, like most persons, she not only feared to die, but seemed unwilling to think of death. In her view, death seemed indeed to be terrible. It is no wonder, then, that she earnestly wished to live, and was not only willing, but anxious to do any thing that might be the means of rescuing her from the grave; for she felt that she was unprepared to meet a holy God in judgment.

After the lurking disease, which for many months was progressing, had baffled the skill of her physician; as the last resort, and at her own earnest desire, it was resolved to try the effect of travelling. Accompanied by a brother and sister, she went by a cir-



cuitous route and short journeys, on a visit to the family of the Reverend Mr. J., who resided at W., about thirty miles distant, and who had formerly been the Pastor of the church of which her parents were members. It was hoped the journey might do her good, but it soon followed with the contrary effect. Margaretta grew much worse; soon after she left home; and when she arrived at W., appeared evidently to be drawing near to the time of her dissolution. Still her mind was not deeply impressed with a sense of her state as a sinner against God, nor was she aware that death was so near. While at W. an unfavourable change took place in the weather, whereby she was prevented from returning home so soon as was expected, and it began to be very doubtful whether she would be able to bear the fatigue of traveling, or would live long enough to reach there. Her situation, at this time, was the cause of much anxiety, not only to her parents and friends at home, who were left in a state of painful suspense concerning her, and to her brother and sister who were with her, but also to the family where she then was. Her

mind seemed so easily as well as so greatly agitated by any suggestion of her approaching dissolution, that it was not thought advisable to inform her distinctly of her danger. Mr. J., at whose house she then was, did nevertheless frequently pray particularly for her, as well as affectionately converse with her, upon the necessity of "a new heart," as a preparation for death. These conversations and prayers seemed to engage her attention, whilst they did not unnecessarily alarm her. After due consultation upon the expediency of her attempting to return home, it was thought advisable that she should set out, with her brother and sister. She was met on the way by her father, who had previously been informed, by a letter, of her dangerous situation.

She became no worse on her journey, until she arrived within a few miles of home, when she began to sink very fast. Shortly afterwards, she complained to her father, who had taken the place of her brother in the carriage, of a strange singing in her ears. He instantly stopped the carriage, and upon examination found her hands and arms to be

cold, and that her pulse had ceased to beat. In a word, she seemed to be in death's cold embrace. Awful indeed, was her situation. And what must then have been the feelings of a tender, pious parent, who realized both the worth of her precious immortal spirit, and the imminent danger of its loss. Although Margarettta was apparently sinking into the arms of death, and her soul just about to leave the frail, wasted, clay-tenement, to appear before God, she had expressed no hope in the Saviour. Indeed, she had not as yet, expressed any deep sense of her sinfulness and guilt, and her consequent need of Jesus, to save her from her sins, as well as from hell. May the good Lord grant, that no pious parent, who may read this memoir, may ever experience such a trial.— And may every child and youth seek the Lord early, and continue to seek until he find him, lest he should not only be apparently, but actually, overtaken by death, whilst unprepared to meet God.

What were the feelings and painful anxiety of the father at this awful moment, can be better judged of, by an extract of a letter

written by him after her decease. "O, my dear friend, you may imagine the agony of that hour. I raised my cry to God and pleaded only for a day or two, that we might reach home, and have an opportunity of talking with her, and directing her to the Saviour." A vial of ether, which had been providentially furnished her sister, before leaving W., by the blessing of God, was made the means of reviving Margareta, and the prayer of her father was heard and answered, to the full extent of his anxious desires for her. For she was not only at that time delivered from the power of death, but was permitted to spend nearly three days after she arrived at home, with her parents and friends, before she bid a final adieu to this world and all things in it.

The evening of the same day on which she arrived at home, seemed to be the commencement of God's gracious dealings with her soul, though there is reason to conclude that her mind was seriously exercised for some time before. As has already been observed, the conversations of Mr. J., whilst at his house, on the subject of the necessity

of a new heart, as a preparation for death, seemed to engage her attention, and whilst there, her mind was also so far reconciled to the thoughts of dying, that she expressed herself to be willing to go, if it was God's will, provided she could only be prepared.— Also, when bidding him farewell for the last time, she earnestly requested Mr. J. to pray for her. On the way she also spoke of “his sweet prayers for her,” and when she arrived in sight of home, she said, “I thank my heavenly Father, that I am permitted to get home to my dear parents, and dear sisters and brothers.” Whilst on the way home, she was so weak, that her life was suspended, as it were, by the slenderest thread, and the least alarm or agitation might have proved fatal. Her father, therefore, was afraid to talk much or plainly with her, concerning her dangerous situation, but thought best to postpone it, until she should arrive at home. Accordingly, the evening after she arrived, and before he left her for the night, her father conversed with her respecting the probable issue of her disease, and gave her such advice, as he thought suitable to her

case, intending to be more faithful and plain the next morning, when he hoped she would be recruited and better able to bear it. Being fatigued, he retired to rest about midnight, leaving her mother and one of her sisters with her. Sometime after her father had retired, Margareta hearing her mother and sister whispering concerning her, anxiously inquired what they were saying, and would not be satisfied until her mother told her, the Doctor thought her very ill, and that her parents and all her friends considered her in great danger. This information, although it could not have been altogether unexpected, agitated Margareta for a short time, very much, and made her exclaim, "Oh! it is hard, very hard; I am so young, and must I die and leave you and my dear father and all my friends?" Her mind, however, soon becoming more tranquil, she said, she must prepare for death, and asked her mother to pray for her.

What a mercy is it, when children have parents who *can* pray for them—not only, day by day, in offering up the morning and the evening sacrifice, and in the closet,

where they can commune more unreservedly with a gracious God and Saviour for the life of their souls; but also, when their children are called to suffer affliction, and especially, if they are brought near to death. Such was the case with Margarett, and now, for the first time, she seemed to be fully aware of her danger. She viewed death and eternity as just at hand, and at the same time she began to be sensible she was not as yet prepared to die. And why was she not prepared? Because, notwithstanding all her natural amiableness of character and conduct, she was a sinner, a child of wrath. And, because there was reason to fear she had not as yet been born again, that is, born of the Spirit of God, whereby alone she could become a new creature, and without which she could not hope to enter into the kingdom of Heaven. No wonder then, she was so agitated and afraid to die—or that she should even tremble at the thought of appearing before God, before whom sinners cannot stand. No wonder that she called upon her mother to pray for her.

After her mother had poured out her heart

in earnest prayer to God for her, Margareta became for the time composed. In the morning of the next day, (which was Friday) her father dealt more plainly and faithfully with her, and made her fully acquainted with her situation, not only as a sinner, but as one that must very shortly appear before God. This again agitated her for some time, though not to as great a degree as had been apprehended. But, at this time she expressed a deep sense of her sinfulness, and began to give good evidence of her having become a convicted sinner, by expressing her fears of the justice of God. "He is a just God, (she exclaimed,) and I am a great sinner. Oh! who can bear to lie down in everlasting burnings." She was then told, that what she alleged was most true; and that it was right she should see and feel herself to be a sinner indeed—a sinner justly condemned to die for ever, and unworthy of the least favour from a just and holy God. But she was also told, that Jesus came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. That it was a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that he came to save not



only sinners, lost sinners, but even the chief of sinners. That in him mercy and truth had met together—righteousness and peace had kissed each other. That by reason of what Jesus had done and suffered for us, by becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, there is no condemnation to them that are united to Him by a living faith; so that now God can be just, and yet be the justifier of the guilty sinner who believes in Jesus. And, therefore, if she only obtained an interest in the blessed Saviour of sinners, by truly believing on him, she would have nothing to fear from the justice of God, as Jesus would then be her surety, as well as her Saviour, and would answer all the demands of God's law against her. She was, moreover, at the same time exhorted to be continually engaged in prayer, and in crying to the Lord to change her heart, and to enable her to lay hold upon Jesus, as the only hope set before her.

A short time after the conversation just related, whilst it was evident that thoughts about her present situation and future prospects occupied her mind, to the exclusion of

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all other subjects, she said she would "So like to live to be a comfort and a blessing to her dear father and her dear mother, but if it was God's will, she was willing to die if she could only be prepared." Being directed where and how preparation could alone be sought and obtained, even by that repentance towards God, and that faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ, both of which were the gift of God; she replied that she did pray, and she wished to love God and her Saviour Jesus Christ, but she found her heart to be *so hard* she could do nothing with it.

Shortly after this the doctor having called to see her, she desired all present, besides himself, to leave the room, and had a conversation with him alone. It was to inquire of him her true situation, as it regarded her prospect of life or death. He dealt faithfully with her, and from this time she appeared to give up the last, lingering hope of life, and became more deeply than before engaged in prayer. She seemed sensible that she had a great work to do, and but a short time to accomplish it.

Her father, in the letter, an extract of which has already been given, says, "Oh! what a load hung upon my soul at this time!" But a merciful and good God, did not permit this load long to oppress him; for he adds, "I soon entertained a hope, which brightened through the day, and before the usual hour of retiring to rest, I could scarcely doubt." Thus, it is hoped, the Lord showed mercy to poor Margaretta in a time of great necessity; and that having been convinced of her sin, her mind was also, by the Holy Spirit, enlightened in the knowledge of Jesus, and her will renewed, so that she was both persuaded and enabled to embrace the Saviour, as he is freely offered to sinners, in the gospel. The reasons for this hope will appear from her behaviour and expressions used in conversation after this time. Some account of these shall now be given, and so far as I shall attempt to repeat a few of her many interesting expressions, her own words will be used as nearly as possible.

She said she hoped she had given her heart to Jesus, and that he had pardoned her sins,

and would take her to heaven. Thus, although she had been made to feel her heart to be so hard, that she could do nothing with it, yet there is reason to conclude she also experienced that the Lord would take away that heart of stone, and enable her to comply with his own command when he says, "My son, (or my daughter) give me thine heart." But, still she was not entirely freed from fears lest she might be mistaken. She wished to have her calling and election made sure. Therefore, on one occasion, she said, "I want to be sure, Oh! *so sure.*" But, as though sensible of the deceitfulness of the heart, as it is believed she began to be, she did not depend upon her feelings and hopes, that she had found the Lord, but prayed earnestly, that she might not be left to deceive herself. Afterwards, when endeavouring to ascertain the true state of her heart, and whether she had any true love for the Lord Jesus, she said, she thought he really was precious to her soul, and then exclaimed, "Oh, what a dear Saviour I have found! I did not know before what a dear and lovely Saviour he was." And, although

but a short time before, nothing seemed so to terrify her, as the thought of death, yet she added, "Now I wish to die that I may see my dear Saviour."

Notwithstanding these and such-like expressions, which seemed to indicate a comfortable assurance of her interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, still her fears, from time to time, would seem to prevail. Hence, in conversation with a female friend, she said she was sometimes afraid that she wished to die, to be released from pain, and called her father to inquire if that would not be sinful? But, added she, "It cannot be for that reason I wish to die, for God is so good and kind to me, I have but little pain;" and she yet further observed, that she really thought she wished to see her dear Saviour, and, in his presence, to sing Hallelujahs for ever. She thereupon declared she felt strong hope he had pardoned her, and would take her to himself, and then exclaimed, "Oh, what would I have done, if this dear Saviour had not left his Father's bosom, and come down to suffer and die for me! I must have lain down in everlasting burnings."

She also spoke much of the glories of heaven, and her countenance seemed to bear evidence not only of her sincerity, but of the mighty change that had been produced in her soul, by the glorious grace of God. Indeed, her countenance, as well as her heart, seemed to be entirely changed.—It was no longer fearful and anxious, but animated and peaceful and heavenly. Her mother having come into her chamber, said to her, “dear daughter, you smile.” She forthwith replied, “O why may I not smile, dear mother! I am going to heaven, and that would make any body smile.” Still, at times, she became fearful that she might be deceived, and then she would express her earnest desire and hope, that she might not go into eternity, as too many do, the subject of deception and delusion. She wanted to be sure, “to read her title clear to mansions in the skies,” and several times said to those around, “Oh! do not let me deceive myself. Do tell me if I am deceiving myself, dear friends. Do not let me deceive my soul into eternal ruin.” But, notwithstanding these occasional fears, her confi-

dence was for the most part firm, and seemed to indicate, that she had indeed "set her hope in God" and her Saviour Jesus Christ. Through the night of Friday, she appeared several times to be sinking, and was not expected to survive till morning. About three o'clock, she thought she was dying, and called for her parents, but afterward revived a little. Mrs. B., who sat up with her through this night, told her, she had not slept the night before, but was continually thinking of her. "And did you pray for me?" Mrs. B. answered, she had prayed for her without ceasing. And again, she asked, "what did you pray for?" And when she told her, what had been the burden of her prayers for her, which no doubt was that her precious soul might be saved alive, she replied, "Oh! what a good cousin you were to pray thus for me, and your prayers were answered. And dear Mr. J. also prayed for me, and his prayers were answered too." Mrs. B. then asked her, if it were left to her own choice, to live or die, would she choose, and would it be her desire to live longer, or "to depart and be with Christ." After a little

reflection, she answered, "I think I would not like to choose; I would rather God should choose for me."

On Saturday morning early, her father went to her, and found her pulse stronger than it had been the evening before, and when asked, if her hope and confidence in God, as her reconciled God and Saviour, were still strong, she replied, "Oh, yes!" Notwithstanding her pulse was stronger this morning, she was at times very faint, and complained to her father of feeling very weak. "But, dear father," said she, "when I get to heaven, will I not be strong and happy?"

Although it had pleased the Lord to deal graciously and tenderly with her, whereby, for the most part, she had been raised above distressing fears, and her mind kept in peace, according to his promise to all such as truly put their trust in him; yet he was also pleased, before he took her to himself, to permit her to experience something of the christian warfare with the powers of darkness. Whilst conversing with Mrs. B., for some time towards day-break, on Saturday



morning, she said, that the thought came into her mind, that what all her friends had been saying to her, were idle words, and that there was no truth in it. This temptation evidently distressed her much; and was probably permitted for the trial of her faith in God and his most holy word, which is truth.

And again she was made to experience the warfare within, by reason of the remains of that carnal mind, which oftentimes fills the most experienced of God's people with distress. Some time after her father had gone to her in the morning, as before related, she called him to her, saying, "O dear father, I feel as if I hated to pray. O, do pray that the Lord would take away this wicked feeling. Pray, my father, pray fervently." Whereupon, she herself broke out in prayer, and poured out her heart before the Lord, as follows: "O Lord! take away this hard and stony heart, and cleanse me from all my iniquities, and cast my sins behind thee, far, far—O far away, Lord, that they may never be found."

After a short interval, she addressed her

father as follows: "Dear father, if I should die to-day, do *you* think I am prepared? Do tell me." He replied, that he hoped she was, and asked her, if she herself did not entertain a hope. She said she did.— "Well then, my dear daughter, he replied, take care not to rest satisfied with the hope you have already obtained. But in the same way in which you sought the Saviour, and obtained the hope which you now have, continue to seek with your whole heart." She was, moreover, told at the same time, that she ought to remember and to endeavour to imitate the conduct of the great apostle, who had "suffered the loss of all things, that he might win Christ, and be found in him, not having his own righteousness, which was of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." And "who, forgetting the things which were behind, and reaching forth unto those which were before, pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Whereupon she observed, she had been afraid lest she might rest contented with her present

hope, without giving diligence to make her "calling and election sure." And immediately she poured out her heart in prayer, with strong cries and tears, beseeching God, that she might indeed be found in Christ, and concluded by saying, "O give me an interest in the Saviour, Do, Lord—Oh! do." But this solemn and anxious concern, that she might make sure work for eternity, and be fully prepared to meet God, did not lessen, but rather increased her solicitude for the salvation of her dear friends. She told her mother she had been engaged in prayer for her dear sisters and brothers, that they might all follow her to heaven; but she was so weak, she was afraid she had not prayed fervently enough, and that she must pray for them again.

On this day she manifested great tenderness of conscience. She frequently expressed a fear of having committed sin, by indulging such a wish to die, as might indicate impatience, and unwillingness, on her part, to wait all the days of her appointed time, until her change should come.— Frequently, she uttered the prayer, "Come,

Lord Jesus, come quickly." And, on the other hand, when she felt the powerful workings of natural affection, she asked if it was a sin sometimes to feel sorry to part with her dear parents and her dear sisters and brothers and friends, and appeared to fear it would prove she loved them more than she loved God. On an occasion of this kind she said, "Dear mother, I think I would feel happier in dying, if my dear sisters, Eliza and Jane, were going with me." O my dear daughter, her mother replied, how can you be so selfish as to wish, at the time when I must part with you, to take from me your dear sisters too, and leave your poor mother desolate. Margaretta immediately replied, "Dear mother, forgive me, I did not think of that. O Lord Jesus! forgive me this selfish and wicked thought."

As another evidence that she had passed from death unto life, she manifested a great anxiety, not only, as we have already seen, that her dear friends, but that her acquaintances and all about her, should follow her to heaven. To many that came to see her, she addressed herself most earnestly, advis-

ing them to prepare for death, and charging them to meet her in heaven. She wanted to see them all there, and seemed as though she could not bear the thought of any one of them being for ever lost. Throwing her emaciated arms around her mother's neck, she said, "Dear mother, you will follow me there, and Oh! how we will sing together the praises of God." Col. C. (who had been very kind and attentive to her) coming in, she, fixing her eyes solemnly upon him, with earnestness, said, "Colonel C. will you follow me to heaven?" To C. B. (a friend who had formerly lived a considerable time in the family) she talked a long time in a most solemn manner, and until all around were dissolved in tears. "C." said she, "you have been a great sinner. You have lately been sick and like to die. Then you were alarmed, were you not?" C. answered she was. "Then, when you were frightened, you prayed, but you did not continue to pray. When you got better, you forgot all and returned to sin. O, C.! such prayers will do no good. God will never hear or answer such prayers. You

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should have continued to pray. I once thought, that if I made a few prayers, it would do; but I found it would not. But at length I was enabled to pray with my whole heart, and then the Lord heard and answered my prayers, and I trust he will pardon me and take me to himself. I am the youngest among you, and I must soon die; you are old and must die too." To several of her friends she sent messages expressive of her affection, together with some solemn advice, warning them to prepare for death, and to follow her to heaven. Upon one occasion, she desired Mrs. W., a near neighbour, who was standing near her, to give her love to all the dear children, and especially to dear P., adding at the same time, "P. knows what it is to suffer, she has lain a long time sick, but now I am going before her."

Margaretta was much attached to doctor A. for his care and kind attention during her sickness, and had asked him in the morning if he would accept a little present from her as a token of her regard, and which might be to him a remembrance of her. She observed at the time, her father had given her a pretty

little hymn book, and, said she, "if you will accept of it, I will give it to you, and when you read a hymn in it, think of me." And in the evening when he again called, she asked for her hymn-book, and calling the doctor, said "Dear doctor, will you accept this as a present from your dying patient. I know you did all in your power to relieve me from the disease, by which I am now brought very near the grave." She moreover requested him to attend her funeral.

Upon one occasion, when her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Beatty, entered her room, she said to him, "O Mr. Beatty, just when you came in how happy I was!" He asked her what it was that had made her so happy? She replied, she had been thinking about God and her dear Saviour. Mr. Beatty thereupon told her, that she then had enjoyed communion with the Father and with his son Jesus Christ. "Is that," said she, "what it is to have communion with God. I never before knew what that was. O I wish I could feel so again, I was so happy."

Her mother in conversation with her spoke of the willingness of God to pardon sin for

Christ's sake. "I know it, dear mother," she replied, "and I feel that 'God has pardoned my sins and washed me in the blood of the Redeemer.'" Thereupon she spoke familiarly and with perfect composure of her approaching dissolution. She inquired who would lay her out when she was dead, and requested that it might be done in the plainest manner. "Dear mother," she added, "I will tell you how I would like to die if it were God's will. I would like to die, at night, just after bidding farewell to all my dear friends. It would then be so sweet to lie down and fall asleep in the arms of my dear Saviour."

Early on Sabbath morning she was asked by her father, if she still held fast her confidence in God? She replied, "I do." When he was about to engage in family-worship, she requested him to read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, which, in a manner the most wonderful and affecting, and more than seven hundred years before the blessed Saviour was born, describes him, not only "as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," but as having "borne our griefs and



carried our sorrows," as having been "stricken, smitten of God and afflicted," "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities," as having made "his soul an offering for sin," by pouring it out unto death, whilst "the Lord laid upon him the iniquity of us all." This was indeed a portion of God's holy word, that was well suited to the solemn circumstances of Margaretta, who was very shortly to appear before God, and who felt she was a sinner, and could entertain no hope of salvation, except on account of what Jesus, as her Saviour, had done and suffered for sinners. And when her father engaged in prayer, she was heard joining with him in every petition.

A short time afterwards, having asked her father to pray for her, and having been informed, that he was continually engaged in prayer for her, she replied, "I thank you, dear father."

About this time she suffered much with a pain in her back, and addressing her father, she said, "Dear father, you have suffered much with a pain in your back—you know

what it is—is it not very severe ?” She thereupon began to weep, but soon seemed to take comfort and to bear it patiently, and as if recollecting the affecting description of the sufferings of Jesus, which she had heard read in the morning, she said, “This is nothing to what my dear Saviour bore for me.”

Her father being about to write a note to the Rev. Mr. Beatty, to request an interest for her in the prayers of the church, he asked her if she desired it? She replied she did. And about the time of public prayer in the church he said to her, “Now, my dear daughter, Mr. Beatty and all the good people in the congregation are praying for you, should you not then join with them and pray to God that their prayers in your behalf may be heard and answered?” Immediately thereupon she turned her head a little and began to pray with much earnestness. But she was now becoming very weak, and the interesting scene was drawing nigh to a close.

About one o'clock it was evident the time of her departure was at hand, and that she was taking leave of this dull mortality to be

united (as it was, and still is hoped) with the spirits of the just made perfect. Her father conversed a little with her, and again had the satisfaction to learn, that she held "fast the confidence and the rejoicing of hope firm unto the end." And when, for the last time, he embraced her, in a most affectionate manner she said, "Dear father, I love you—I always loved you—though I never made much show, yet indeed, dear father, I always loved you." Her mother then came, tenderly embraced her dear dying Margarett, and spoke a few words to her. She then spoke out distinctly, deliberately, and in a most tender and affectionate tone, "I am dying—dear sisters farewell—dear brothers farewell—come and kiss your dying sister." They came to her one by one, and as they kissed her pale lips, she said affectionately, "Dear sister farewell—dear brother farewell,"—at the same time speaking a few words appropriately to each one. And when all had given the parting embrace, except her youngest brother, she said, "Have I not another dear brother here? O yes, here is another;" and as he also kissed her, she said, "Dear

brother farewell, now that is the last time :” when clasping her hands together, she solemnly said, “ Now I have nothing more to do in this world, Amen, and Amen, for ever and for ever, Amen.” And then several times repeated the following petition : “ Now once more, Lord Jesus, my dear Saviour, receive my departing spirit.”

Shortly after this solemn and affecting parting scene, her mind began to wander a little. She tried to tell her father something that was not quite intelligible, but upon singing a hymn in her hearing, she became composed and attempted to join. At this moment the Rev. Mr. Beatty coming in, sat upon her bed-side, and taking her hand, inquired if she knew him. She replied that she did, and named him. He then asked, do you still retain your confidence firmly in the Saviour? She fixed her full expressive eye upon him, and with a look of calm composure, said in the most decided manner, “ Yes, I do.” And is Jesus still precious to your heart? “ Yes,” she replied, “ Jesus is precious to my heart—but these hands are cold, they have no feeling.” These were the last words she

spoke. About two o'clock, P. M. she became speechless, but lay easy and composed; and in half an hour afterwards, (on the Sabbath, May 6th, 1827,) as we hope, sweetly and gently fell asleep in Jesus her beloved Saviour.

The father of Margaretta, in the conclusion of recollections which he committed to writing, as they occurred to his mind, whilst the solemn scene was passing, or shortly after it had closed, and which form the substance of the principal part of the foregoing narrative, makes the following interesting observations. "This is but a very imperfect sketch, and but a small part of her conversations, and no words can convey any idea of her manner, the solemn and affectionate tone of her voice, and above all the expression of her eye and countenance. She was always a very affectionate child, but during the three last days of her life, the affections of her heart appeared to burn with a more intense, a brighter, a purer flame. I cannot describe the love that beamed in her eye, and breathed in tender and touching accents from her lips. Patient and re-

signed, she never murmured, and seldom complained. She had, in a very remarkable degree, overcome her natural diffidence and taciturnity, and conversed freely. All that she said appeared unstudied, nothing like acting a part, or repeating a lesson that had been taught her. She appeared to forget herself, never to have a thought about what might be proper or improper for her to say or do; but all seemed to flow spontaneously from the feelings of her heart, which she poured out without restraint. She displayed an intelligence beyond what I had given her credit for, and an acquaintance with the Scriptures, which surprised those who heard her, quoting many texts correctly, particularly the promises, which appeared to delight her. She prayed frequently aloud, without regarding who were present, and her prayers were uttered slowly, deliberately, and with indescribable fervour. The whole energies of her soul seemed to be poured into the repetitions, at the end of each petition, 'Do, Lord, O, do.' In the repetitions before mentioned, 'far, far away,' &c. she seemed to labour to increase the distance so infinitely,

that there might be no probability of their being found again."

Also, in a letter to the writer of this memoir, he observes, "I hope you will agree with me, that the evidence of a real work of grace on her heart is decisive. If you had but seen her manner, and heard the fervour of her petitions, I think that you would scarcely doubt; yet I regret that I had not more particularly inquired as to the foundation of the strong hope or assurance which she expressed, though I am persuaded it was founded on the Rock of ages, and was that hope which will never make ashamed." "She appeared not to have any *very pungent* convictions of sin or great fears of wrath, (though she several times, especially at first, expressed both,) but to have been drawn by love. And I certainly consider her case, as a striking instance of the power of grace to support at the trying hour of death. Death was entirely disarmed of his sting, and welcomed as a messenger to waft her soul to heaven. She more than once expressed sorrow, when told her pulse was stronger, and that probably she would not die

that day, saying, 'Oh! it will be so long to wait.' And on Sabbath morning, when her mother, in answer to her question, said, she would probably die that day, she expressed joy, and asked her mother if she was not glad too.

"I consider her case also as a strong proof of the importance of early imbuing the minds of children, with a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto eternal life. She repeated many texts, and seemed to feed on the promises with delight. It proves, that though the good seed of the word may long lie dormant, yet when the blessed Spirit condescends to breathe upon the heart, the growth is more rapid and the fruit more abundant."

Thus I have endeavoured to give a brief, but faithful history of Margareta, and especially of her last lingering illness, of God's gracious dealings with her soul, and her happy death. It is hoped it will not only be found interesting but instructive. If, by the blessing of God, and by the working of his Spirit in the hearts of those who shall read it, this shall prove to be the case, and especially if



it shall be the means of the salvation of the precious souls of children and youth, the great object of this little history will be accomplished, and the labour of the writer be graciously and fully rewarded.

Keeping this great object still in view, I shall now conclude with a brief address both to parents, and to children and youth.

1st. To Parents. You may see, not only from this little history, but also from the word of God, what encouragement you have to engage early, in the duty of instructing your children in the knowledge of the important truths revealed in the Bible. This, God requires of all parents. "And these words," says God, "which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Now if this was not of the first importance, in this diligent instruction of children, in the knowledge of God's word, was not, by the appointment of God, nearly connected

with the salvation of their souls, and the promotion of his own glory, it certainly would not have been so solemnly and particularly enjoined. It is, indeed, the great means (without which all other means must usually fail) which God has blessed and will bless, to the salvation of the souls of the children of his people. And if parents could only be excited to more diligence in the discharge of their duty, so that it might be said of each of their children, as it was said of Timothy: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures;" and if, therewith, they would be instant and fervent in prayer for the blessing of God, and the teaching of his Holy Spirit, to accompany their instructions, they might hope soon to see their children made "wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus."

2d. Let children and youth be warned and persuaded to seek the Lord—to seek him without delay—to seek him until they find him. Perhaps some of you, my dear children and youth, are living in the total neglect of prayer. This is most wicked, and if you continue to live thus, you will surely

be turned into hell.—For God has declared, “the wicked shall be turned into hell,” with all who forget him. But, perhaps, there may be others who do pray sometimes, or even every night and morning, and therefore have no fears of death or hell. But my dear children and youth, be assured, you may continue thus to pray all your life time, whether it be longer or shorter, and at last lose your souls. You have seen that Margareta, whose history you have been reading, once thought as you do now, that if she said a few prayers it would do. But when she was near to death, and an awful eternity, she found her great and dangerous mistake. And it was not until she felt she was a poor sinner, in danger of perishing for ever, and thus was brought to seek the Lord with her whole heart, that he was found of her, and was pleased to take away the stony heart, and to give her a new heart, as well as to pardon all her sins and prepare her for heaven.

Now unless you thus seek the Lord with your whole heart, until you find him, you must at last go to hell, for “Verily, verily, I say unto you,” says Jesus, “except a man be born

again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven."

But perhaps some of you may say: "It will be time enough to seek the Lord in good earnest, when we see death to be near. It is hoped that Margaretta then found the Lord, and why may not we hope then to find him?" It is true, it is hoped she found the Lord in the time of extreme necessity, and when death was near; but that is no reason why you may put off seeking the Lord now, with a hope that you may find him before or when you come to die. And I will tell you why. The Lord has no where, in all his precious word, promised, or even given any reason *now* to expect, that he will *then* hear your cries and save your souls. His word runs thus—"Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." He gives the greatest encouragement to such as seek him without delay; "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." But threatens with dreadful destruction such as refuse to hear and obey his voice. "Because I called and

ye refused—ye have set at naught my counsel and would none of my reproof—I also will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early but they shall not find me. For that they hated knowledge and did not choose the fear of the Lord.”

It is true the great Jehovah is a sovereign God, and he may show mercy to whom he will; but we have reason to believe that very few who put off the great work of repentance, until they lie upon a death-bed; and especially if they live to grow old, or even to grow up in sin, escape the wrath to come. It is then a most dangerous thing to live without Christ; for they who live without him, generally die without him; and they who die without him, perish for ever.

But perhaps you may be ready to think, that when death comes, you will seek the Lord in good earnest, with your whole heart; and then the Lord has promised that he will be found, without any reference to time or circumstances. But what if death should overtake you as a thief in the night? What

if he should come so suddenly as to give you no time to seek the Lord? Or what if you should be seized with a lingering illness, see death approaching, and yet have no heart to seek the Lord; or find your heart, as did poor *Margaretta*, so hard that you can do nothing with it? And although we hope the Lord gave her a new heart, he has not, as we have already seen, given any promise that he will do the same for you, unless you seek him now. "Come then, ye children," says God, "hearken unto me; and I will teach you the fear of the Lord. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." O that children and youth were wise, and understood this, that they would consider their latter end—then they might hope to die the death of the righteous, and that their last end would be like his—which may God of his infinite mercy grant, for Jesus' sake. AMEN.

**THE END.**

