A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF Mary Langston, OF TAXALL, in CHESHIRE; Who died January the 29th, 1769.

Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul. Psalm lxvi, 17.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. xv, 55, 56, 57.

LONDON: Printed by R. Hawes, (No. 40) in Dorset-Street, Spitalfields, MDCCLXXV.
WHEN Mary Langson was about fourteen years of age, it pleased God to awaken her by the preaching of the gospel; and soon after, she received a clear sense of his pardoning love, in the enjoyment of which she continued, though not exempted from those trials and temptations which are common to believers.—From her first hearing the preaching, she was diligent in the use of all the means of grace, whether private or public: and though the preaching was seldom near, she attended at every possible opportunity.

She was constant at meeting her class; and those who were most acquainted with her, being of the same family, observed that she always expressed the state of her soul, just as it was, and manifested such a spirit of sincerity in all her deportment, as convinced them that she was an Iraclite indeed, in whom was no guile.

Her step-mother being rendered incapable of managing the affairs of the house through affliction, the care of a young family in a great measure devolved on her, which with the attendance needful for her helpless step-mother, necessarily brought upon her considerable exercises and trials, to one of such tender years; yet being inwardly strengthened for the performance of these duties, she manifested as much tenderness towards her, as if she had been her own mother; (an example too rarely seen in such cases) and was enabled to go through her constantly trying circumstances with unwearyed patience. Although by these means she was deprived...
deprived of providing for herself such sort of apparel, etc. as those of her age usually expect, and may perhaps innocently enjoy.

Having been tried and in some measure entangled in her affections, she was sensible of a decline in her spiritual confusions, but through the mercy of God, this lasted not long; for she relieved till she had recovered all she had lost; so that she was enabled to testify to a Christian friend, while she remained in health, "I find my heart loose from every creature, and all created good, and wholly fixed on God; this is the estate of my soul.

"O that I might walk with God,
"Jesus, my companion be;
"Lead me to the blest abode,
"Through the fire, and thro' the sea:
"Then I shall no more complain,
"Never at my loose repine,
"Welcome toll, or grief, or pain,
"All is well, it Carith is mine."

When the grace of God in so eminent a degree, takes place in the heart, how little does every thing we suffer for his sake appear. How empty is all the world calls good and great, to a soul thus filled with divine love!

From the following remarkable circumstances, it seems as if she had some apprehensions of the near approach of death. She began to be more abundantly diligent in the use of every means of grace, for some weeks before her last sickness. It was also observed that though she had not been accustomed to pray at the class-meeting, yet being now exceedingly fervent in spirit, one evening at class, she broke out into earnest prayer; she appeared to enjoy much freedom and great nearness to God, and was deeply affected with a sense of the evil of sin, and her own weakness, which occasioned her cries to God in such expressions as these, "O Lord! Rather let me die, than live to offend, or ever sin against thee!" Indeed the
the vehement importunity with which she uttered these petitions made her brethren suspect that something more than common would happen; for the power of God was unusually present.

Soon after (on the 14th of January, 1769) she sickened for the small-pox. One then asked her, how she felt her soul: she said, "My evidence is clear, and life or death, the will of the Lord be done."

During her illness, she continued perfectly resigned to the will of God. The Thursday after sickness, she became blind, when one of the society coming in, and discerning the distemper to be dangerous, sat down and wept. As soon as she perceived it, she said, "Do! What are you doing? Are you weeping for me? "Don't you know, that if God takes me away, it is from much evil that is in the world? I have often looked at your mother, and thought, O that I was but as near glory as her: (she being about fourscore) but now I think I am nearer glory than she is, and shall be in possession of it before her!"

Such were the pious affections of this happy young woman! But how different are the desires of most of her age; These alas, are promising themselves long life, and saying what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and especially wherewithal shall we be clothed? Yet out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God can perfect praise. The loveliness of the Lord Jesus can so powerfully attract the heart from earthly things, even in the bloom of youth, as to make us long to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, which will afford us greater happiness than all the enjoyments of this vain world.

When she was asked again how she found herself, she answered, "Glory is every moment open to my soul: there is nothing between me and eternal glory, but a few moments more of light affliction."

At night she called for her father, and said to him, "Dear father, you have had many trials and difficulties in the world, and you have many more before you,"

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"you; but fear not, you are in the \textit{way}, the \textit{right way}
continue in it, and \textbf{God} will bring you thro' all."

On Saturday the 21st, about Eleven at night, she
broke out in an ecstasy of joyful praise; speaking in
the most delightful language for more than an hour
together, concerning Jesus and his kingdom. Some
that were present on being asked what she then said,
answered, we heard words not possible for men to ut-
ter: and indeed but little of the conversation could be
retained by any of them, they were so overwhelmed
with a sense of the presence of God.

Once she was observed to speak in the following
manner, "There is never a fiend left now; they are
all banished; Jesus has conquered them all for me!"
By which it seems, this was her triumph in the last
combat she had with Satan.

She then repeated and explained, in a most feeling
and sensible manner, many passages of Scripture, espe-
cially Dan. vii. 9, 10, "I beheld till the thrones were
cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose gar-
ment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like
the pure wool; his throne was as the fiery flame, and
his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and
came forth from before him; thousand thousands mi-
nered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand
flood before him: the judgment was set, and the books
were opened:" Adding in the end, "O lovely Jesus!
Blessed Jesus! Adorable Jesus! Glory! Glory!
Glory! Glory! To God in the highest! On earth
peace; good-will towards men." Thus Christ's
coming in the clouds to judgment, was to her infinite-
ly desirable, and so abundantly was her soul ravished
with the prospect that she could not forbear rejoicing
with joy unutterable and full of glory. However ter-
rible his appearing will be to the unprepared, it will be
a day of gladness to the righteous, yea of their eternal ei-
peror: to Christ.

While in health, she seemed at a loss to content
so the doom of the wicked, but now she said, "O
how
how willing is Christ to save all that come to him! But they who will not come shall be destroyed; and though I could not for a long time say Amen to the sentence of imperfect sinners, yet now I can, seeing how willing God is to save all who will accept of his offered mercy.' Surely he defers not the death of a sinner, and therefore hath given his well-beloved Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, though it is certain, that those who believe not, shall be eternally miserable.

She likewise repeated Revelation xiv. 1, 2, 3, taking particular notice of those words, an hundred and forty four thousand, in the first and third verses: and said, "A goodly company! And I shall be one, and all that have died in the Lord, and all the preachers whom I have loved, (mentioning some of them by name) and I shall see them there; and all the Methodists, that are such indeed; they shall be there." May we be Methodists indeed, who are so called, and not rest in a name to vine while we are dead.

She again cried out, "O precious Jesus! My beloved is mine, and I am his! He is the fairest of ten"-hirt, and yea altogether lovely. * O what glory do I see! And all for me! How does my soul burn with love to Jesus, who has provided it for me! I wonder, that that happiness could have no higher title than heaven." How little can we conceive of what God has prepared for those who love him, till be reveal it to us by his Spirit! And then the soul is transported, like Sheba's queen at the sight of Solomon's glory, and can truly say of all they have heard of Jesus and his glory, the one half was not told me!

On Monday the 23d, she called her father, and said, "I am going." He asked where? She answered "to heaven; adding, I am glad I do not leave you, in your sins, but that you are brought into the right way; only endure, and you will shortly follow me!"

* Cant. vi. 16. These were the words she chose for her funeral text.
"Do not grieve for me; O resign me." He cried.
"I am a wretch, I cannot resign you;" to which she
answered, "that is nature, I was a wretch too, but
"God has set me at liberty; do you pray to him,
"and he will give you more grace." He complained
"I cannot pray, do you pray for me." She said, my
"bowels yearn for you;" and then lay quiet a little,
interceding for him and the family; after which she
broke out, "Lord aid thy work; do more now in
"my soul in a day, than thou wait wont to do in many
"days. She then repeated Rev. xxii. 1, and said
"well may they be called rivers, for I see fountains
"upon fountains; O what rivers of pleasure are these!
"How shall I swim in those oceans of love to all etern-
"ity! I am overcome with love! Oh if I were love
"from this affliction how would I sing." And calling
on those who were present to sing, she gave out

"No need of the sun in that day,
"Which never is followed by night,
"Where Jesus’s beauties display,
"A pure, and a permanent light:
"The Lamb is their light and their fun,
"And lo! By reflection they shine,
"With Jesus, the only one,
"And bright in elegance divine."

To her father she said, "You have many difficul-
ties in the world, and I will tell you what you must
"do; give your hands to the world, and your heart
"to God, and it will make a way for you."

She seemed to enjoy a happy foresight of the pros-
perity of the work of God, when she said, "You may
"look for gladness times to come; for the Lord
"has a great work to do on earth, before the
"chosen remnant can join the church triumphant."

To some of the ladies who were present, she said,
"God has given you the means of life, in order to
"bring you safe to glory; see that you do not flight
"or
or neglect any of them; use them constantly, and
look through them all to Jesus.”
Afterwards one asked, how she was? She answered,
Weak in body, but happy in soul; I long to be
gone to heaven.” Being told, you must be resigned,
she answered, “I am resigned, but would rather
be with Jesus.”

Sure who desired to serve the Lord, but were not
heartily in earnest, came to see her. One of these,
she had invited some time before to the class-meeting;
and she had almost promised to come, but neglected;
she said to him, “I thought you would have been at
the meeting as you proposed; O how was my soul
glad that you did not come! Will you come the
next time? The Methodist way is the right way. It
was a happy turn that I was ever brought into it.
O how good have I found it to remember my Creator
in the days of my youth! Now I can say, though I
walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil, for the Lord is with me, his rod
and staff shall comfort me. She then encouraged
them heartily to join with the people of God, and
not to fear any reproach they might suffer on that
account. —Blessed is he that shall not be offended in me,
and Jesus. Lord grant we may never be ashamed of
thy cause, servants, or people, here, and then we need
not fear thy disowning us at that day.

When the disorder was at the height, she said,
“Some may think that I have a heavy affliction. No:
I have none that I can spare. Oh! it’s a happy
affliction!”—While the soul thus enjoys Jesus,
it profits in tribulation, finding that tribulation works
enlargement, patience, perseverance, and patience experience, and experience
of, even a hope fail of immortality.
“Others, said she, may say of me, she was once
happy; how is she altered now? But I was never
blessed in all my life; I am as the King’s
daughter, all glorious within: and my raiment is
of wrought gold.”

Sure
Sure the Lord chastens only that we may be made partakers of his holiness: and however it may be grievous for the present, yet every affliction yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who endure according to the will of God.

A little before her departure, being visited by the wife of one of the leaders, she asked how her husband did? Adding, "He has had many struggles to help me forward in the ways of the Lord; but now he may rejoice in all his labours, for I am going to glory, and hope to meet him there. O little children! Love one another." She also advised her as she had many children to take care what example she set before them.

Afterwards one asked whether she thought her present sickness would end in death; she answered, "I cannot tell; but the will of the Lord be done. Only this I know, that neither life nor death shall separate me from the love of Jesus, who has redeemed me from the foundation of the world. If I die, as soon as you see me depart, sing Happy soul, thy days are ended: and when you carry me to the grave, sing the same hymn. When you return, do not let your hearts be filled with grief, but praise God, as I shall be rejoicing with him in glory."

Thus she triumphed over her last enemy, death, describing glory to him who had given her the victory, and returned with singing to Zion, and everlasting joy upon her head, before the expiration of her twentieth year; a dying witness of God's power to save even unto the uttermost, them that come unto him by Christ Jesus.

By this, and such like evidences of the power of inward religion, how ought our faith to be strengthened, our hope confirmed, and our zeal quickened for God's glory, and the salvation of our own souls and the souls of others.

How much happier is it, for youth, of either sex, to live as thus to die, than to be employed in all the gaeties
gaieties and pleasures this vain world affords! May it be the constant care and steady endeavour of all such, to get and maintain that union with Jesus, which alone can make life happy, and disarm death of all his terrors. If this is indeed your desire, that you may not be disappointed in your expectations, be you found always waiting upon God, in every means he has appointed. Be willing to forego what the world falsely calls pleasure, that you may here experience the foretaste of bliss, and may hereafter fully enjoy those rivers of pleasure, which flow from God's right-hand for evermore.

An H Y M N,

sung at the time of her departure.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
   All thy mourning days below;
Go by angel-guards attended,
   To the fight of Jesus go.
   Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
   Lo the Saviour stands above,
Shews the purchase of his merit,
   Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
   To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
   To thine everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee
   Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
   Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN
O THOU God of my salvation,
   My Redeemer from all sin;
Move'd by thy divine compassion.
   Who hast died my heart to win:
I will praise thee,
   Where shall I, thy praise begin.

Tho' unsee, I love the Saviour,
   He hath brought salvation near,
Manifests his pard'ning favour,
   And when Jesus doth appear
   Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

While the angel choirs are crying
   Glory to the great I AM,
I with them, will still be vying,
   Glory, glory to the Lamb.
   O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus's name.

Now I see with joy and wonder,
   Whence the gracious spring arose;
Angels minds are lost to ponder
   Dying love's mysterious cause;
   But the blessing
Down to all, to me, it flows.

This has set me all on fire,
   Strongly glows the flame of love;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
   Struggles for its swift remove,
Then I'll praise thee,
   In a nobler strain above.