

Some Dying Sayings of Mary Winslow

1774-1854

"I am so happy! I cannot tell you how happy I am!
Not a ruffle, not a cloud."

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"I shall enter heaven a poor sinner saved by grace.
I seem to have done nothing for the Lord, who has
done so much for me."

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"I shall soon be with Jesus! I shall see Him face to
face. Oh, glorious prospect!"

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"Oh, how full His heart is of love I cannot express to
you! And if I had millions of tongues, I could not tell
you how precious He is at this moment to my soul. I
feel His sensible presence. He is near to me; so
near, that I feel as if I could embrace Him."

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"What a glorious prospect I have in view! Who can
picture it? No tongue can tell how I love Jesus; not
because it is my duty to love Him, but because I
cannot help loving Him. He is the chief among ten
thousand, and the altogether lovely One."

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"I am the chief of sinners, but am dear, very dear,
to the heart of Jesus, who shed His blood to save
me, even me, as if there were not another soul to
be saved."

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"It is one thing to talk of death: it is quite another thing, when it becomes a reality, to grapple with it."

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"How long, Lord, will You keep me in the valley of the shadow of death? Why are Your chariot wheels so long in coming?"

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"The gloom has all passed, and I have a full view of the glory that awaits me."

"Lord, I weary, I weary, I weary to be gone. Keep me patient, waiting Your will. I must be perfected through suffering; not one pang too severe, nor one sorrow too much."

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"Read to me the precious words of Jesus. Endeavor to keep my mind upon His truth. Christ is the Rock upon which my feet are placed."

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"Keep close intimacies with Jesus. We must live upon Christ, and we must die upon Christ."

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"Oh, live for eternity! This poor world is passing away; the reality is to come, and a glorious reality it is. How important it is to walk so as to please God in all things!"

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"Little faith will bring the soul to heaven; great faith will bring heaven into the soul."

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"My first joy in heaven will be to see Jesus!"

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"I am passing away, but not a single cloud veils Christ from my view. Language cannot express how happy, happy I am. Words fail to describe the preciousness of Jesus to my soul."

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"I am going home! going home! A welcome home. I have not a need, nor care, nor trouble."

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"I never so much felt my dependence upon the Holy Spirit as I do now. My first prayer in the morning when I awake is addressed to the Holy Spirit, that He would take possession of my thoughts, my imagination, my heart, my words, throughout the day, directing, controlling, and sanctifying them all."

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"If there is a spot upon earth more blessed than another, it is the mercy seat. None can tell the joy that springs from it."

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"He would not have me a spoilt child, therefore He has employed the rod; but all His corrections and rebukes have been in love."

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"The Holy Spirit ministers to me like a little child. My loving Shepherd cherishes the lambs as well as the sheep; and He will come and take me to Himself. I shall not go alone. I want to go. I want to go."

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"Oh, why are His chariot wheels so long in coming? Why does He delay? I am longing to depart, to be with Christ. All is ready."

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"Soon I shall be singing His high praises in heaven. Oh, how great His love! How can He love so vile a sinner as I? Yet He loves me. I have nothing of my own goodness to bring in my hand; all, all I cast away."

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"What will the music of heaven be!"

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Gazing one evening from her bed upon a magnificent sunset, she remarked, "Oh, if the outside of heaven is so beautiful, what must it be within!"

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"I long, I weary to be gone; but I would not be impatient."

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After a day of extreme languor, she said, "The Lord has fed me today with drops of honey."

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"There is a buoyancy, a vitality in the principle of the renewed soul, which, in dying, cannot be depressed. The more the body decays and sinks, the higher it rises to its native heaven."

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"I would not be impatient, but I long to end the conflict, and be with Jesus. Oh, how precious He is

to my soul!"

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"The glory of heaven is Christ."

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"Meet me in heaven!" was her dying charge. And then, when her lips were thought forever sealed; lips that had testified so long and so faithfully of Jesus; she exclaimed, with a voice of wondrous energy and power, **"A cloudless death! A cloudless death! A cloudless death!"** So resplendent was the glory now surrounding her; so sacred and awe-struck the feelings of all who gazed upon the scene; the spot where the last conflict was waging seemed more like the vestibule of heaven than the chamber of death.

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While her gathered children were surrounding her dying bed, watching the closing scene, expecting each moment to catch her last sigh, her eyes partly opened, her lips moved, and with a low yet distinct voice she rapidly repeated the words, **"I see You! I see You! I see You! I see You! I see You!"** The unearthly grandeur of the scene transcends all description. We felt that heaven was opened; that Christ was there; that the eternal world enclosed us. And as her voice grew fainter and fainter, and the words died softly upon her lips, she ceased to move; a holy quiet reigned; a solemn calm ensued; her sanctified spirit was in the bosom of her Lord. From the mental emotion, the soul ecstasy through which she had but just passed; rapt in the vision of her living Lord; there still lingered a luster in the eye, a smile upon the parted lips, and a glow, like that of sunset, upon

the countenance, which formed a picture of inimitable beauty and grandeur.

She has reached, at last, the heaven of glory, for which her panting thoughts and heaving heart so yearned. She has looked upon Christ, whom her soul adored with an affection so absorbing and intense. Glories which the human eye could never see; joys which human thought could never conceive, and music such as earth has never heard, have burst upon her astonished blissful spirit. At His feet who died for her, adoringly she casts her crown, exclaiming, "Worthy is the Lamb!"

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished the race, and I have remained faithful. And now the prize awaits me; the crown of righteousness that the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me on that great day of his return. And the prize is not just for me but for all who eagerly look forward to his glorious return." 2 Timothy 4:7-8

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and may my end be like theirs!" Numbers 23:10