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A TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

Death has again hurried another victim to the grave. **SARAH S. MAST** departed this life Saturday April the 20th, aged 31 years, 3 mo. and 27 days. She had for sometime been suffering with heart disease and dropsy, but not seriously until shortly before her death, when apparently the end was fast approaching. She therefore had a telegraph dispatch sent to her friends in Tennessee, stating that she wished to see some one of the family, (her parents and five brothers and sisters live in that state.)

On the same day John Stoltzfus sen. and wife took the train at Concord, Tenn., to see their dying daughter, a trip of about seven hundred miles being quite an undertaking for persons of their age—some seventy years. But love is stronger than death, many waters cannot quench love neither can the floods drown it. It was this feeling that occupied their hearts, extinguishing all the thoughts of their long journey.

They finally reached her bedside, yet alive but suffering distress about the heart. The day before their arrival, she said, "The end is near, oh! so very near." She called her children to her bedside, saying they should take another look at her before she died. She bid her friends farewell, spoke comforting words to them of spiritual things, said she was ready and willing to die. Then asked them to lay her hands upon her breast and close her eyes. Then she appeared to be in a trance. She said, "I see the blue sky oh! how clear; now I see my two little sisters (one being her twin sister, but died when a babe. The oldest died before Sarah's birth) and my dear old grandfather whom I loved so well." She spoke of her grandfathers and grandmothers, some of whom she had never seen before, besides many dear friends, she spoke of Christ's face as the first she beheld. She also saw the gate and seemed waiting for it to open but it seemed her time was not quite yet, as she did not then see it open, but we feel confident that she has since passed through the gate of the New Jerusalem, washed in the blood of the Lamb. She commenced the following sentence which she did not complete Oh! the golden—. These things she said as she saw them with her eyes closed. She again revived and seemed troubled that she could not die. Saying there must be something wrong that I cannot die. Then they told her a dispatch has been received that her friends were on the way. She wished them all to pray that she might live to see them, which prayer, through God's great mercy was granted. They reached her bedside while she was yet alive. She lived a few days longer and then left this sorrowful world without a struggle. She at one time asked all them that could pray, to pray that it might be short, and several times exclaimed, oh! how clear. I love my husband, brothers and sisters, but my heavenly Father best of all. She left a husband, Benuel Mast, and three little children. She also left instructions concerning her children that they should teach them to pray.

Funeral discourses were delivered by Daniel Mast and Jno. P. Mast from Phil. 1:21-23. She was buried at the old Mast's burying ground.