

I commend my spirit. Thou hast made my cup run over!"

For a few moments she remained silent and motionless. We believed her spirit had left its tenement of clay. He gazed upon her, watching for the least sign of life. He bent over and kissed her lips—and I could hear him mutter:

"I am a villain—I am a brute! I am not worthy to be so near one who is so near God.—This is as near heaven as a wretch like me ought to approach! Marry—forgive me, forgive me all my wrongs to you. I see now that till now that there was a reality in religion. I see now that it was that which made you bear with me. God forgive me! I am not worthy to live. I wish I could die here with you. I hate myself—I loathe myself."

Suddenly, as he was thus addressing her in his remorse and anguish of soul, her lips moved. She opened her eyes, and said, with animation that surprised me, and an expression of celestial beauty:

"Hark! hear that music! O, it cannot be of earth! Listen. Such strains reach my ears from heavenly choirs!"

Here she paused, and then began faintly to repeat:

"Who are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the—"

Her voice failing her at this word, I resumed where she stopped. She took up the lines, and added, with her soul trembling between earth and heaven:

"Thou the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains" add—"

"O, yes—blessed Lamb of God, Jesus, my Saviour, my hope—there I shall follow Thee, and be ever with Thee!"

Here she seemed to be lost in rapture. Her hands were clasped, her face shone as the transfigured countenance of Moses and Elias, when Jesus talked with them. Her eyes remained closed. She did not seem to breathe. Softly, plaintively she began to sing these words:

"O, there shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul,"

* * * * *

"Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above—"

* * * * *

"AND ALL THAT LIFE IS LOVE!"

"Is love—is love—is LOVE. Come, Lord Jesus, come!"

She spoke no more. Her heart ceased its fluttering—her features were immovable and fixed. The casket of the immortal soul alone remained before us.

The husband knelt still by her pillow. He gazed upon the dead with a look of respectful awe. He stood up, first leaving a kiss upon the insensible brow.

"You have seen, my dear friend, how a Christian dies," I said, gently.

"Yes, sir—yes," he answered, with a superhuman effort to control his tears, "and I have known how a Christian can live, sir. That woman was an angel from God's heaven to me. I see it all. I feel it all, now. It was her Christianity that made her bear with me so—and I called it meanness. Sir, I am a brute. I have treated her like a brute—and yet she never gave me an unkind word. Those lips, now mute forever, sir, never uttered words only of love, gentleness and truth. I hated her because she was so good. Her holy life was always a sermon in my eyes, and before my conscience. She was a living

Bible against me and my evil life. God forgive me!"

He then went abruptly out of the room, and paced up and down the back yard. In the hot climate of this country the dead are soon committed to the ground, seldom remaining twenty-four hours unburied. In the morning, at nine o'clock, the coffin was carried to the church.—The husband was present, serious, and deeply impressed by the services for the dead. At the grave, when the clods of earth fell with hollow sound upon the coffin, as "earth was committed to earth," his feelings overmastered him, and hiding his face with his hands, and leaning his head upon a tombstone near, his massive frame shook, and every eye was turned upon him with surprise and sympathy; for "Jim Derrick" was so well known, as I have since learned, as the "wickedest man" among the Baymen, that even his presence, decently, at the funeral, was a matter of wonder and remark by all. But they knew not the scenes which had transpired by that death-bed.

A YOUNG HERO.

Master Walters had been much annoyed by some one of his scholars *whistling* in school. Whenever he called a boy to account for such disturbance, he would plead that it was unintentional—"he forgot all about where he was." This became so frequent that the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender.

The next day, when the room was unusually quiet, a loud, sharp whistle broke the stillness. Every one asserted that it was a certain boy who had the reputation of a mischief-maker and a liar.

He was called up, and—though with a somewhat stubborn look he denied it again—commanded to hold out his hand. At this instant, a little, slender fellow, not more than seven years old, came out, and with a very pale, but decided face, held out his hand, saying, as he did so, with the clear tone and firm air of a hero:

"Mr. Walters, sir, do not punish him—I whistled. I was doing a long, hard sum, and in rubbing out another, rubbed out that by mistake, and spoiled it all, and before I thought, I whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there and act a lie, when I knew who was to blame. You may ferule me, sir, as you said you should?" And with all the firmness he could command, he again held out the little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished.

Mr. Walters was much affected.

"Charles," said he, looking at the erect form of the delicate child, who had made such a conquest over his natural timidity; "I would not strike you a blow for the world. No one here doubts that you spoke the truth; you did not mean to whistle. You have been a hero, sir."

The boy went back to his seat with a flushed face, and quietly went on with his sums. He must have felt that every eye in the room was upon him, in admiration, for the smallest scholar in the school could appreciate the moral courage of such an action.

Charles grew up, and became a devoted, consistent Christian. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic conduct.—*Twilight hours.*

SIN.

Look now at sin; pluck off that painted mask,—and turn upon her face the lamp of the Bible. We start: it reveals a death's head. I stay not to quote texts descriptive of sin; it is a debt, a burden, a