

place of safety. No; while he was able to speak, he ceased not to press their duty upon sinners, and to recommend to them Jesus as their best friend. He would refer to himself, and ask his auditors what would have been his situation had he not in actual possession a good hope through grace. I visited him repeatedly, and found him generally thus engaged, for seldom, in the evenings at least, was his dying chamber without visitors. I well remember my visit on the afternoon before he died. Approaching his humble dwelling, I observed the door standing open for the admission of air, as the room was crowded. I entered unperceived, and what a scene did I witness! There was the aged dying saint supported by pillows—the hand of death visible in his changing countenance, but glory beaming from his exulting eye. Mortification of the throat, rendered it difficult for him to articulate, and yet there he was, preaching Jesus and the resurrection and recommending to their confidence the gracious Saviour, whom his soul loved. He was imparting consolation, not craving it. O! thought I, can the religion which produces these effects, under such circumstances, be a cunningly devised fable? Can it, when rightly understood, be a source of gloom and despondency? Who could look on such a scene, and not with his whole heart join in the appropriate wish, “Let me die the death of the righteous, let my last end be like his?” After mingling prayers, praises, and farewells, we parted, and I saw him no more.

I have seen many death-bed scenes—witnessed varied effects produced by the perceived approach of the last enemy; but seldom have I seen manifested the same fulness of hope, love, and joy, derived from faith in the divine sufficiency of the Redeemer’s atoning blood, as in the words, and prayers, and thanks, and anticipations of *J. M.* And comparing my first and my last interview with him, seldom have I been more powerfully impressed with the importance of bringing forward in every sermon, the gospel in all its unfettered freedom, and impartiality.—*Rev. A. W. Knowles, Linnithgow.*

WOMAN’S PATIENCE.

It is pre-eminently in woman that this virtue of Patience is exemplified, as indeed her sphere gives more occasion for the passive virtues than for active and noisy heroism. Often it is given to her to suffer, where it is given to man to toil; and too often does woman suffer without due sympathy from that sterner nature whose very toil she sweetens with her gentle assiduities. The noblest pages of heroism and of martyrdom are unwritten, save in God’s book of remembrance; for who could write the Patience of a wife’s devotion, of a mother’s love, in seeking salvation for her house? Where there is one Miriam to lead the song of the exultant host, there are a thousand Marys living in obscurity, pondering in their hearts the promised redemption, and through ignominy, and disappointment, and delay, and sorrow piercing like a sword, still magnifying the Lord, and waiting for his salvation, beside the cross and at the door of the sepulchre. Where there is one Deborah to arouse the tribes to battle with her war-chants, there are a thousand Hannahs, who, with silent but agonizing prayer, wait upon God, and who bring their Samuels to his altar as the sacrifice of love, and faith, and hope. The mother of the great Augustine, who for fifteen hundred years has so largely moulded the creed of the church, the devout Monica, had in her own household the most bitter trials. Her husband, a proud and sensual Pagan, hating the cross, and hating her for having embraced the cross, would not only annoy her by all manner of heathen orgies in the house, but being a man of most violent temper, would turn upon her the fury of his passion. Especially did he seek to thwart her religious influence over their son. He brought up Augustine in Pagan schools, and even allowed him in the vices of the times. But through all this Monica was so gentle, so kind, so meek, so patient, so faithful, that at length she softened the tiger to a lamb, and her husband before he died accepted the faith of Christ. But his evil example outlived him in his son, and Augustine, at twenty, beautiful in person, brilliant in intellect had all the ungodly impulses of his father’s fiery nature, strengthened by indulgence, and now left without restraint. But Monica had given him to God; she has scattered divine truth along his path from infancy upward;