

afterwards a teacher; but this frail reed was not only shaken but broken by the wind, and at eighteen her work was finished. This sensible, impressible child had ripened soon and fast under the genial culture of her teacher's instruction and example. She wanted to be always with Miss Arnott, as if feeling instinctively that life was short and that she must be prepared for the end by the only one who could lead her. She would often say to her teacher: "I wish I knew Jesus as you do." When Miss Arnott was ill and her recovery was doubtful, Hannah's care of her was affectionate, unremitting and pathetic. She kept up the school all alone that, as she said, her teacher might be at peace while laid aside; and the teacher was no less tenderly concerned about her pupil. "I dread," said she, "to leave her alone in an evil world; I prayed the Lord that I might be spared to tend that frail plant and see her safe home first, little knowing how soon and strangely my prayer was to be answered."

Hannah's life was drawn heavenward as a flower to the sun, and drew from heaven wondrous beauty. She fondly studied the New Testament, saw plainly the virtual heathenism of the church which had only a name to live while practically dead, and greatly desired to unite with the Protestant Church. She would wake in the night and read precious promises from her Testament, and when there was no voice left to her would repeat: "My faith *looks up* to thee," which is a great favorite with the natives as rendered in the Arabic. When nearly gone, and struggling to speak, her teacher bent down to catch her parting word; it was "*water*." When her mother brought water she said, "*No; the water of life*." Quietly resting on Him who had promised, her weary soul was longing and panting for rest. The day before the last came,

it was Saturday, and the hot sirocco wind wasted her strength, but in the afternoon she revived, and her teacher read about the vine and its branches, and said: "Who are the branches?" She quietly replied, "I am one." "Then," said the teacher, "why has the Lord sent you all this suffering?" "For my soul's sake," she replied. In the gray mists of the Sabbath morning she requested her mother to take her in her arms, and there alone with her mother and her poor blind father, who groped his way to her bed, not to see, but to feel his child before she, who was the light of life to them all, should go out of the household, she laid his hand on her forehead and kissed it, and said: "Dear father, I am going where there shall be no pain, and where the blind shall see." He stood there, the tears flowing from those sightless eye-balls. She struggled once more in her mother's arms, saying, "Oh, mother, I am dying. Jesus help me!" and her spirit was with the Lord. Hannah, the first missionary, who had gathered the first fourteen into Miss Arnott's school and had been her most helpful teacher, was gone. Had there been no other result of all this twenty-five years' toil, this, the first fruits of Miss Arnott's work would have been a rich and royal compensation.

MISSIONS AMONG THE JEWS.

THE interest in the conversion of the Israelites to Christ has taken a practical form in the Lutheran Church abroad, which promises much for the future. An association for missionary purposes has also been organized with Dr. Delitzsch at the head, and they publish a monthly magazine.

The Jews have been the great bankers of the world; have furnished great scholars and statesmen. Neander, the celebrated church historian; Stahl, the eminent jurist, and not a few of our finest pulpit orators were