

upon her asking him with a decided determination to hear his opinion, she said, 'I do not, for the sake of my poor mother, desire to die ; but my mother must learn not to depend upon me for her future support, but upon Christ.' I asked her, 'As it is, according to human judgment, alas ! too evident that you will leave us and go home to our heavenly Father, is the foundation of your hope firm enough not to be disappointed in your expectation of eternal bliss ? What are your evidences that God has pardoned and accepted you in Christ ?'

"M—. 'I long to love Jesus ; for when I doubt my love to him, I feel a longing to find him precious to my soul ; then the world with all its vanities vanishes away, and my heart is fixed upon him. Please pray with me, *and for me*, that I may become free from every earthly tie.'

"On another day I asked her what portion of Scripture she would like that I should read to her. 'The 14th of St. John,' she replied. 'Why just that chapter ?' I inquired. 'Because it speaks of my home to which I hasten,' was the answer.

"During the last three weeks of her illness, her body wasted away rapidly, and in the same proportion did her soul advance in heavenly-mindedness and spirituality. She was full of love to Christ. There was that serene resignation to the will of her heavenly Father, which only the assurance of faith and the witness of the Holy Spirit can impart. Throughout her whole illness, and when under severe pain, never the whisper of a murmur was heard from her lips, or noticed in her deportment.

"On the morning of the day of her falling asleep in Christ, M— felt her departure approaching, and begged of her mother to call me, *as she would have to go home in a few hours and be with Christ.*' I hastened to her bed-side. Seeing death upon her pallid face, I said, 'My child, you are not afraid to die ?' 'No,' she said, with a heavenly smile, 'why should I ? Christ has conquered death. (After a little while,) I feel some agony, because dying is hard ; but this is in consequence of this depraved nature, *which death will kill.* Pray with me.' did so.

"I—. 'Do you feel still distressed ?'

"M—. 'Not the least.'

"Her vital spark seemed to have revived, and she exclaimed, 'I shall soon be with Christ. Weep not, dear mother, but rejoice ; *as a Jewess I should not find dying so easy.* I feel happy, happy. . . . Christ, I love thee ! . . . Jesus, come ! . . . Jesus, (with scarcely an audible voice,) I come. . . . *Jesus.*' Her soul took its departure. M— was with her father Abraham."—*The Jewish Herald.*