

plation of the wonders of redeeming love. And when she reverted to herself, she could not, dared not, hope on her own account, and yet she admitted that the subject itself, and on its own account, was worthy of her highest admiration and joy. In this situation, after once more leading her to the throne of grace, I left her.

I saw her again next evening, and discovered at once, that being justified by faith, she had peace with God throughout Lord Jesus Christ. She had made great advances in the knowledge of Christ. The Scriptures, with the letter of which she was before familiar, were now unsealed, and displayed treasures of the richest wisdom. Her daughter apologised for the disorder apparent in the house, by saying that her mother wished her to read to her continually, and that she had been nearly the whole day by her bedside reading the Bible. She was now able "to give a reason of the hope that was in her," in the calmest manner. After this I did not see her again for several days. My own dear friend was too ill for me to think of leaving her. I watched her bedside, chiefly, till her soul rested with God. Returning, however, from the "City of the Dead," where I had been to deposit her precious remains, I called in to see dear Mrs. G——. Her daughter met me at the door, and said, "you are too late, Sir, my mother has not spoken for several hours. She is nearly gone. She spoke much of you this morning, and earnestly desired to see you; but knowing how deeply you were afflicted in your own family, she would not ask it. She was very happy, Sir, and prayed much for you, that you might be supported under your own afflictions." I stepped to the bedside, her eyes were partially closed, her breath short and difficult, and she had every appearance of a person dying. The daughter called "Mother," but she paid no attention. She put her mouth close to her ear and said, "Mr. L—— is here." Upon hearing my name she opened her eyes and attempted to speak, which in a short time she was able to do. She expressed much joy and thankfulness at seeing me again; and said her mind had been a long time entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the wonderful

subject of the love of Christ which I had taught her. She expressed the greatest astonishment at her former blindness, and deep concern for the thousands who were in the same state. She wondered that she should ever have thought herself a Christian, for instead of having lived an innocent life, as she first assured me she had, she now looked upon her former life to have been very wicked. She mentioned anger as her besetting sin. She had met with reverses and suffered injuries, and she had allowed herself to nourish anger and even hatred towards those who had wronged her, without ever attempting to subdue or even control it. Nay, in her paroxysms of rage she had often profaned the holy name of God, and then pleaded the former sin as a justification of the latter. She now looked upon these things with the utmost horror. And in proportion as she viewed herself a great sinner, she magnified Christ's pardoning mercy. Having had much forgiven she loved the more. In this happy state of mind, a few hours afterwards, she slept in Jesus, and like the pardoned thief, was doubtless the same day with him in Paradise. L.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

BY JOHN FOSTER.

The records of time are emphatically the history of death. A whole review of the world, from this hour to the age of Adam, is but the vision of an infinite multitude of dying men. During the more quiet intervals, we perceive individuals falling into the dust, through all classes and all lands. Then come floods and conflagrations, famines, and pestilence, and earthquakes, and battles, which leave the most crowded and social scenes silent. The human race resemble the withered foliage of a wide forest: while the air is calm, we perceive single leaves scattering here and there from the branches; but sometimes a tempest, or a whirlwind, precipitates thousands in a moment. It is a moderate computation which supposes a hundred thousand millions to have died, since the *exit* of righteous Abel. Oh! it is true that ruin hath entered the creation of God! that sin has made a breach in that innocence which fenced