

earnestly to God commending to Him this soul which was about quitting its earthly abode. When I arose she opened her eyes again which seemed brilliant with a heavenly light. She smiled, and said with a tone full of assurance: "I know that my Redeemer liveth! James, my husband, come near me. I am about to leave you, let me bid you farewell."

The lighterman who had discontinued his walk during the prayer came near his wife's bed, but he continued standing, his arms crossed and affecting a profound insensibility.

"Come nearer James, look at me, give me your hand!"

He came near but with bad grace and stretched out his rude and calloused hand; still I saw that he was touched. The agonized visage of his wife seemed to reach a cord still sensitive in his hardened heart. He said nothing to the dying woman, but he looked fixedly at her; she exclaimed:

"James, farewell! I am going away, I am going to heaven, the thought of which has long sustained me in this vale of tears. I go to be with Jesus who has loved me and has opened heaven for me. I go where there is no more sin, no more tears, no more grief, no more death. The joy of that abode will endure forever, it is eternal life in the presence of God. And now, O my husband, listen to me. At the moment of death one thing sustains me, it is the glorious hope of the gospel of which my reading has so often irritated you against me, but forgive me; I do not want to utter any reproaches. Put your arms about me James."