

"J. 'Because me feel me seek me Sabior when in helt (health), and Him no lef me now me sick. If me no seek religion when me well, wat wid a be-come a me? Me bin loss quite—quite loss! Yes, me know dat, but me Sabior dead for me, and he willin dat me be saby.'

"M. 'Have you any righteousness of your own by which you hope to be saved, and wherein you can trust?'

"J. 'Ritouness (he exclaims)! Me had none—me no say dat Massa (*i. e.* God) wi sabe me because me good, but me belebe in me Sabior—me ax him sabe me, and him will, him will; and me tink, too, him make me free from sin—doe me sin eberv day me lib, but fast me go to Massa, him forgh, and so me say, me free from sin.'

"M. 'But why do you think God has forgiven you?'

"J. 'Christ came into de world to dead for me, and he forgh all who go to him—him blood wash all from sin—him die to sabe me most wicked sinner. You know, minister, him neber turn away any dat go to him.'

"M. 'Do you feel afraid of death?'

"J. 'You know, minister, debil wicked person—he bodder me too much—he come to put bad toughts in me heart, and he want to fritten me. Sometime he make me a little bit fritten, but den me pray to me God, and debil, go, and me no fraid. De Sabior will be wid me, den me heart come easy, and me feel me be sabel.'

"M. 'You must not trust to what you feel in your heart, for the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'

"J. 'Yes, me know so; me no trus altogether to me heart—me go by wa de Book (Bible) say; wa de Book say, and me heart say, me belebe; but, minister, when me heart say wa de Book no say, me know dat Satan work, so me no belebe him.'

"M. 'Which do you think you would like best, to live or to die?'

"J. 'Me wait Massa's (God's) will.'

"While reading a few verses from

'the Book,' which I considered applicable to his state, he frequently sighed, and at the close exclaimed, 'Yes, yes!' Having prayed with him, and about taking my leave of him, he said: 'Tank you, minister. God bless you. Pray for me. Do pray for me! Massa bless you, minister.'

"The last time I saw him he was too feeble to maintain a conversation, but just before his happy spirit was released, he put up his hands in a praying posture, and cried out: 'Come now for me, blessed Jesus—me ready—come, come! Glory be to dee! Glory be to dee! Glory be to dee! Amen!' And thus the redeemed soul of James Stewart passed triumphantly through the dark valley, and entered the rest that remaineth for the people of God. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—*Miss. Mag. and Chronicle.*

Motherless.

(From the *Well-Spring*. By H. S. G.)

A sad word is this which my pen has just traced, whose very mention brings a tear to the eye, and a pang to the heart. Our earliest and fondest recollections cluster around a mother's name, which is associated in our minds with all that is good and lovely. We, upon whom a mother's smile still beams lovingly, and on whose ear her kind words yet ~~will~~ approvingly, cannot imagine the anguish and desolation of heart felt by the motherless.

Not long ago, on a peaceful autumn Sabbath, the remains of a relative of the writer were committed to the grave. Borne from her city home to a quiet burying-place in the country, her early friends gathered around the silent sleeper, in sorrow and tears. Those who looked on her closed eyes, knew the veiled lids would never open again, and the white lips would no longer utter the sound once familiar to the ear.

There is something inexpressibly solemn in death; something that ap-