

ther asked, of Christ's willingness to receive you?

"O no, mamma!" was the immediate reply; "think of his own beautiful words, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'; and again, 'Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money come buy wine and milk, without money and without price.'"

"These passages were quoted by her with such emphasis, and her whole manner and expression so struck her mother, that, for the first time, an idea took possession of her mind, that probably the Lord was preparing her for an early removal from the world, and that in her youth she might be called away. This solemn reflection produced a pause in the conversation. After a little, her mother said to her with caution, that she might not be startled, 'Matilda, do you think yourself dying?'

"No," was the reply; and with a somewhat alarmed look, she asked, 'Do you think me dying, mamma?' She immediately continued, without waiting for the answer,—"but nobody can say how any sickness may end."

"One of her prayers was—

"O Lord, I am unworthy, but I believe that for the sake of Christ thou wilt hear and answer me. O wash me in the fountain of his blood. Give me a new heart to love and serve thee. I would give myself up to thee, spirit, soul and body; and I beseech thee, O Lord, to let me rest satisfied with nothing short of thyself. Sanctify unto me this sickness, and give me patience to bear it. Bless my parents, my brothers and sisters, with all that are dear to me in the whole world. O give me thy blessing, and accept me for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"Her mother, (for her father had left the manse for Glasgow) became apprehensive that Matilda's life was in danger; she accordingly declared aside, to the medical attendant, that she could no longer defer telling her child that her dissolution was near. He had formerly dissuaded from this course, with the humane intention of sparing his patient's feelings; but the time now was evidently short, and he gave his ready assent.

"My darling Matilda," her mother then said aloud to her, "Jesus is coming to take you to himself—the hand of death is on you!"

"For a moment she seemed startled and alarmed, but speedily recovered her composure.

"Does the Doctor think me dying?" she asked.

"Yes he does," was the heart-rending reply.

"How long do you think, doctor, I can live?"

"I cannot say how long my dear,—the God who gave you life alone knows."

"On this she turned to her mother, and with a look of earnestness and solemnity, the most

striking, which awed and went to the hearts of all present, she said,—

"Mamma, I have concealed nothing from you—you know the whole state of my mind, and all about me,—do you think that I am resting on Christ?"

"Yes, my dear," was the answer, "I do believe that you are. You know that you have often told me that you felt, and were assured, there is no salvation but to be washed in His blood."

"O yes, I have!" she said; and lifting up her hands with great solemnity, added, "well, then, I am not afraid to die; I love Jesus, and I know that he loves me!"

"Another spasm ensued, and she was in great anguish. The other children had been introduced at her request, that she might see them, but they were withdrawn, as the room became overheated. Her mother's grief which she laboured to conceal, compelled her to retire for a few minutes. When she again appeared, the sweet child said, 'come near me, my dear mamma, till I tell you how much I love Jesus. Ye,' she said in an under tone, when her mother sat down beside her, 'yes I love Him.'

"When she had recovered breath partially, she said, 'I should like to see the rest, perhaps I could say something to them.'

"The children were accordingly brought in. When they were all arranged near her, she said to them, with a tone and manner full of affection and pathos, 'children, I am going to die, and I am not afraid to die; for I know that Jesus loves me, and I love him. O! see that you be good children and love him too.'

"The servants on this came into the room, when she addressed them much in the same strain, informing them that she was dying;—that she had no fear; and that her confidence arose from depending upon Christ alone. One of them who she knew did not understand English, she addressed in Gaelic, solemnly warning and entreating her and all of them to go to Christ.

"When they had quitted the room, her mother asked, 'What shall I say to your dear papa from you when he comes home?'

"After a short pause, during which she was much affected, she replied, with great tenderness of manner, 'You will tell him that I think I am united to Christ; that I love Jesus, and know he loves me.'

"Will I give him your love?' 'O yes,' was the reply. She then said, 'Mamma, I am not sorry to leave the world, but I am sorry to leave you all,' on uttering which her heart seemed bursting. The last, the only tie which bound her to earth was being broken. The enemy could not destroy her, but this one opportunity more was left to inflict a passing wound ere she entered into endless joy. The wound was given, but it was quickly cured.—Her Friend was at hand, and peace could not be distant.