

here?" I took her hand. "Give me a farewell kiss, my love. Thank you;" and then pressing my hand with all her remaining strength, "We shall be united again soon, Emily, and then you will never have to separate from me. Love Jesus! it will not be long."

A little after, she ejaculated, "Victory!" and raised her dying arm. After a few moments—"Heaven is—heaven is"—the rest was lost. She lay quietly for about an hour; then gently putting out her hand, she said, "Farewell, my dear papa. I am going to glory. Serve Jesus—you will soon be there."

These were the last words she uttered. Her eye-lids closed. For a few minutes she breathed softly and slowly, and then—the solemn stillness of death! My friend was a disembodied saint in glory!

Her spirit had taken its rapturous flight to that blissful rest which she had so long anticipated; and in preparation for which, she had kept her soul with all diligence. Again, through gushing tears, I prayed, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

She died November 27th, 18—, at a quarter past eight o'clock in the evening aged twenty years and eighteen days.*

* The above narrative is partly taken from the *Christian Treasury*, in which it is abridged from the Memoir entitled "Leila Ada, the Jewish convert; an authentic memoir." The work which we strongly recommend to our readers, is republished by the American Presbyterian Board of Publication and may be had of any of the Colporteurs or through the Rev Mr Baxter, Onslow.—Ed.

Temperance.

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS STORY.

From the New York Five Points' *Monthly Review* we select the ensuing scene from real life:—

A few sabbaths since, at morning service, one of the most degraded specimens of humanity that ever greeted my vision, came staggering into the chapel of the House of Industry. His wild and frightful looks, ragged and dirty beyond description, his face bruised and swollen, rendered him an object of disgust and terror. He seemed to look at the children with wonderful interest, occasionally muttering to himself: "Beautiful! beautiful! O, that mine were here!" He sat an hour or two more, and then with a long earnest look at the children, staggered out of the chapel, and went up to the dark "valley of the shadow of death"—Cow Bay.

As the bell rang for service in the afternoon, and while the children were clustering together, the same wild looking man staggered in once more. He surveyed the faces of the children with the closest scrutiny, and at length his eyes rested on two bright-eyed little girls who were singing one of their little hymns. He sat immovable as a statue during the whole service, gazing intently on the faces of these two children.

The service closed, the congregation dispersed, yet he lingered, and the tears

came coursing down his face thick and fast.

Dr S—— asked him, "what was the matter?"

"I am a drunkard! A wretch—an outcast, homeless, and without a penny. Once I had a home and friends—father, mother, wife, children, and hosts of friends, who loved me and respected me. Time passed on, and I became a drunkard! One friend after another left me; still I drank on, and down, down I fell. Father and mother both went down to their graves with broken hearts. My poor wife clung to me when all others deserted me. I still drank on, pawned one article after another, till all was gone and when my wife refused to give me her wedding ring, which she had clung to with a tenacity of a death grasp, I felled her to the earth, siezed her finger, tore off the ring, and pawned it for rum. That fatal blow maddened her, and, in despair, she too drank, and together we wallowed into the gutter.

"Penniless we begged our way from Vermont to this great city. Here we hired a small cellar, in a dark, dismal street, and sent our children out to beg. Many a weary day we spent in that dreary cellar, while our children were wandering in the streets, begging for their drunken parents. About forty days since my little girls went out to beg, and