

“She must die.” I was young; but oh, what child ever lived whose mother’s voice was not dear to it, whose mother’s smile was not sweet to it? The child in after-years clings more fondly to the early pious instructions of its mother, than to anything else. Ay, and oftentimes they draw the heart to Jesus when all other means of grace have failed. God never bequeathed so rich a blessing to me as the prayers of my sainted mother. They were prayers of faith, for she trusted that God would fulfil his word to his children; they were prayers of love, for she knew the Father in whom she trusted was infinite in love, and would listen with a sympathizing ear to all her cares and anxieties in regard to her beloved ones. In Jesus she reposed her earthly cares, waiting only to accomplish his will.

Again another spring-time dawned upon the earth—a fair spring-time. With what joy had I always before hailed this beautiful season!—but now far different feelings filled my soul. Yet, as the warm sunny days of May gladdened the earth, and my mother seemed to grow better, we began to entertain hopes that she would really recover. Alas, how delusive are human hopes! A few cold, stormy days of east wind brought her low—very low; and then for the first time we fully realized that she had not long