

None can describe them; and only parents who have lost such a child can fully sympathize in them. He returns to the spot where he left her well and happy; but instead of the bounding step, the beaming eye, the cheerful tones of welcome that were wont to greet him, he is conducted by his sympathizing and distressed friends into the mournful chamber of death. There was the form he had so often gazed on with delight, and it still looked like his Elizabeth; but the heart's pulses had ceased, the eyes were closed, the ears were stopped, the spirit had fled. Such is the portion of earth; but by the eye of faith we turn to those blissful regions where her happy spirit has found admittance;

“Where she joins in the anthems for ever that rise,
Now dead to the earth, and new born to the skies,
And heir of the kingdom of heaven.”

O, dear children; what a lesson is this! Could any thing but the assurance that “sudden death” to her was “sudden glory” have comforted the heart of her sorrowing parent, and enabled him to write, “Her happy spirit is returned to God, whose praises she loved to sing, whom she worshipped, adored, and loved?” Surely not! And if you wish to share with her the happiness of heaven, if you wish to see her there, you must seek an