

doubly dear to bereaved parents and friends. Such was the case with the sweet and pious subject to which this short record has reference.

A painful and wearying disease of many months' continued and progressive suffering, and in which at last all hope of her recovery, or even alleviation from acute and agonising paroxysms, was abandoned, brought that dear child to her end ; but in the few hours of partial release from pain, she proved herself indeed a true and faithful Christian, as many of the following conversations, which occurred at various intervals, will fully attest.

"I cannot read for myself to day, dear Grandma, will it trouble you to read me that chapter in St. John about the many mansions, where Christ says he will prepare a place for all good people who believe in him ? I love Jesus. When he was upon earth he always loved little children, and he took them in his arms and blessed them. I wish I had been one of those children, Grandma ; though I know Jesus is able to save us and bless us now, if we are sorry for being naughty, and try to be good ; but why did Jesus say to his disciples, ' Suffer little children to come unto him, for they were like the kingdom of heaven ?'

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