



The house where Elizabeth was born—Credit Mission.

### ELIZABETH JONES.

Elizabeth was a little Indian girl, the daughter of Mr. John Jones. Her father was brother to the Rev. Peter Jones, well known as a missionary among the Indians of Upper Canada. The mother of Elizabeth, whose maiden name was Christiana Brandt, was a granddaughter of Captain Brandt, a noted Indian chief. Elizabeth's mother was a woman of good understanding, amiable disposition, and pleasant manners. Her house was the abode of peace and comfort, and her family were trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Elizabeth was made an early partaker of divine grace, and by an unexpected providence was early removed from the transitory scenes of this present life to her heavenly Father's house above.

The day on which her earthly course terminated she arose in good health, and seemed to feel an uncommon degree of joyousness and elasticity of spirits, which the freshness of a clear Canadian atmosphere in the month of November was calculated to inspire.

About noon she remarked how beautiful the day was, and asked if she might take her accustomed walk over the adjacent bridge. After being properly dressed she went forth with buoyant spirits and a cheerful countenance. But she returned no more. There was a hole in the bridge which crossed the stream, occasioned by one of the planks having been moved from its place, and it is supposed that she must have been looking another way, and slipped through the hole into the stream below. Thus, without a moment's warning, she was snatched away by the relentless hand of death.

Her body was afterward found in an eddy near one of the piers which support the bridge, and was decently interred at the Indian village near the river Credit. Six little girls carried her in her coffin from the chapel to the grave, four following, bearing in their hands sprigs of evergreen, which they threw on the coffin after it was laid in the grave.

“And there, upon her quiet tomb,  
Shaded by forest trees,  
The wild flowers which she loved will bloom,  
Fanned by the summer's breeze.

“And other little graves are there,  
Water'd with fondest tears;  
Nature still weeps—faith cries, Forbear,  
And hope's bright star appears.

“So when our silent footsteps stray,  
And watch the grave's repose,  
This star shall point our heaven-ward way  
And dissipate our woes.”

### THE BLIND GIRL'S LETTER.

There is at present, residing in the New York Asylum for the Blind, a young lady from Rochester, of rare talent and accomplishment in writing. The composition of some parts of her letters that have been published, we have never seen surpassed in those points which touch feelingly, the heart, and move affectingly the sensibilities. The following late production which we take from the Daily Advertiser of Saturday last, is full of the most beautiful strains. She writes—

“This hour I sit me down to write you in a little world of sweet sounds. The choir in the chapel are chanting at the organ, their evening hymn—across the hall a little group with the piano and flute are turning the very atmosphere into melody; but Fanny the poetess, is not there. Many weeks her harp and guitar have been unstrung, and we fear the hand of consumption is stealing her gentle spirit away. In a room below, some twenty little blind girls are joining their silvery voices in tones sweet and pure as angel's whispers. And ah! here comes one who has strayed from their number the twentieth time to-day, clambering her little arms about my neck for a kiss. Earth has no treasure so heavenly as the love of a sinless child. Man seldom welcomes you farther than the fair vestibule of his heart—but a child invites you within the temple, where alone the incense of selfless love burns upon its own altar.

“'Tis evening—the moon-beams gladden all the hills, the stars are out and I see them not—once my poor eyes loved to watch those wheeling orbs, till they seemed joyous spirits bathing in the holy light of the clear upper skies: but now they are not lost to me; fancy with a soul-lit look, often wanders in the halls of memory, where hang daguerotypes of all

that is bright and beautiful in nature, from the lowest flower that unfolds its portals to the sunbeams, up to the cloud-capt mountains, and the regions of the starry sky—whence she plumes her pinions, boldly entering upon new and untried regions of thought, passes the boundaries of the unseen to far-off fields where ‘Deity geometrizes,’ and nebular worlds are ever springing into new life and glory—and upwards still, to the spirit land, where all are blessed and lost in present joys, till happiness, forgetful, numbers not the hours. There my thoughts love to linger, till, with the angels, I seem to come and go, wandering by joy's willing fountains and glad rivers of delight.

“But oh! this is truth and not fancy. My life is a ‘night of years,’ and my path is a sepulchred way; on one side sleeps *my friend*, and on the other lies buried for ever a world of light, and all its rays revealed; the smiles of the friends and all their looks of love, with which the heart knows no morning. The Saviour wept at the grave of his friend, and I know he does not chide these tears; they are the imperaled dews of feeling that gather round a sorrowed heart. But where God sends one angel to afflict, he always sends many more to comfort, so I have many angel friends who love me well. Their gentle hands lead me by pleasant ways, and their tuneful voices read to me, and the kindness of their words make my heart better. Oh! tell me; when summer gladdens the world, and vacation gladdens me, shall I again be on the banks of the Genesée, the while loved and blessed by the warm hearts of Rochester?”

### MORNING PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

The Lord hath kept me through the night,  
And brought me to the morning light;  
Oh may he keep me all this day,  
And make me walk in his good way.

From the Watchman of the Valley.

### EVENING PRAYER.

Hark, a whisper gently stealing  
On the breath of evening's air,  
See them reverently kneeling  
In the attitude of prayer.

When the dew comes to the flower,  
When the zephyr whispers sweet,  
Go then to your quiet bower;  
Go, and there your Saviour meet.

When the busy day is closing,  
When the things of earth grow dim,  
Then the heart on God reposing,  
Consecrates its all to him.

Oh! there's something in this hour,  
Calling forth the inmost soul,  
It is a mysterious power  
That the mind cannot control.

There is something o'er it stealing,  
'Tis an influence from above,  
Bathing every thought and feeling,  
In a tide of holy love.