

The little boy's eyes seemed to grow larger, and more thoughtful, and to be gazing at something far away.

As the air began the second time, to the surprise of all of us he sang :

“Jerusalem, my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?”

For the first few verses the voice was weak and faltering ; and then it burst forth as clear and strong as I had ever heard it :

“Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
(God grant I soon may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye to be.
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich, and rare.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.
Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold,
—O God that I were there !”

Then with a full burst of melody, and with an unearthly sweetness which even that wondrous voice had never possessed before, (the violin too rising to such a pitch of beauty, as if its tones would go with the young soul through the very gates of Paradise) he sang the words :—

“Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Would God I were in thee !
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.”

At which he ceased to sing, gazing before him as at first, the eyes becoming almost fixed.

“‘Tis death !” said a whispered voice behind me.