

pany." They did so ; and you may be sure that the good man felt the kindness of his friends. He much enjoyed the comfortable room they had prepared for him, and would gladly have made them some return ; but they did not need it. But what added to their happiness most, was their only child, a boy. I need hardly tell you that they both loved him very much, and looked forward with warm hope that, when they were old, he would be a comfort to them. They endeavoured to train him up in the fear and love of God, and to teach him those things which alone can make us happy ; and the good old man, when he came thither, was always glad to instruct him, and talk to him of that holy and happy place which the Saviour has prepared for all good children. One day when this little boy was about eight years old, he went out to his father, who was in the fields looking after his men who were reaping the corn ; it being the time of harvest.

The sun shown bright and powerful ; and, as the child was playing about, he felt a severe pain in his head. He ran to his father, and said, " My head ! my head ! " His father desired one of the men to carry him to his mother ; and, when he was brought to the house, he had become insensible from a stroke of the sun. His mother laid him in her lap, and nursed him until he died. It was a great affliction to these good people to see their little boy taken from them so suddenly ; but, although they felt great sorrow, they knew that God sent it for some wise purpose, and therefore they did not murmur. The mother took up the lifeless body of him she so much loved, went into the room where the good

man had slept, laid it upon the bed, shut the door, and came away. She then called one of the men to put the saddle upon an ass, and went immediately to see the good old man on the hill. As she was going up, he saw her coming, and sent his servant to inquire, " Is it well with thee ? is it well with thy husband ? is it well with thy child ? " And she said, " It is well."

Now, does it not seem strange to you, dear children, that the good mother, who knew that her little boy lay at home dead, should say, " It is well ? " But shall I endeavour to explain to you why she could say so ? She knew and believed in that good and gracious God who does all things well ; and although his ways may appear dark to us, He has ever some merciful end in view. " The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord." She likewise felt that she had endeavoured to teach her child the knowledge of his Redeemer ; that he might love Him, and that, through Him, he might be happy, not only in this world, but in that which is to come : it was this which enabled her to say, " It is well." And now dear young reader, ask yourself this question, Could your parents say the same of you, were you to die this night ? Do you think you had endeavoured to be a disciple of your blessed Redeemer ? And does your heart tell you, that He loves you, and would take you to heaven to be with Him for ever ?

When the good man heard how the child had died, he went back immediately with the sorrowing mother ; and when he came to the house, he hastened into the room where the child was laid upon his bed, and shut the door. He knelt down and prayed that the child