

saw him the day before his death. He seemed quite insensible, so much was he occupied by his sufferings; once he brightened when I spoke of his Sunday school class."

There was a little girl among them also—a child of the fairest promise. She was always in her place in all extremes of weather. One Sunday it was intensely cold—a most unusual day for a southern winter—she was among the few that braved it—but her last lesson was said! That night she was attacked by a fever, which in a few days carried her to the grave. She died with her little prayer book under her pillow, and the last ray of reason was given to that precious volume.

The same fever that had thus thinned my numbers, laid low a little boy belonging to the class of a fellow teacher, whose patient labors are registered in Heaven.

He was the only child of his parents—the centre of all their hopes, fears, and anxieties. He had been attacked with unusual violence, and friends, physicians, nurses, all but—parents, felt that he must die.

The disease was reaching its crisis, when I went with a friend to pass the night with the little sufferer. Deep stillness hung around the cottage. At the extremity of the low piazza sat two medical men in anxious consultation. The tones of their voices were low and subdued, and the expression of each serious and doubtful.

The sick chamber was profoundly still. It was difficult to recognize in the sunken burning countenance before us the mild and placid features of our little scholar. His eyes rolled wildly from side to side, and his mouth was blistered with fever. I took his hand and parting the curls on his hot brow asked him if he knew me. A loud unmeaning exclamation burst from his lips, which told the sad story of wandering reason.

The physicians separated, and he to whose watchful care the child had been consigned, prepared to pass the night by his bed-side. The father who had anxiously waited the result of their consultation, called him aside, and asked their united opinion.

Dr. ——— hesitated—"Tell me," exclaimed the parent—"I do not listen in my own strength."

"We think he cannot survive,"—said Dr. ——— tenderly—"to-night, however, is the critical period, we have decided upon trying a violent remedy—I shall remain and watch its effect—should it be favorable, he may yet be spared to you—but the hope is but slender."

The father bowed his head in submission, and summoning in a distant apartment such of his family as were not engaged with the sick, he commended the child to the arms of his Saviour. His life was asked, but with deep submission to the Divine will—not our will, but *Thine*, was the spirit of the petition.

The still vigils of the night commenced. They were interrupted only by the moans of the little sufferer, who after a moment of troubled sleep, would awake to a new sense of his distress. His mother had been persuaded to leave the room, and seek some repose: but again and again during the night would she steal to the bed-side of her child, and bend over him her tearful eyes to see if there was any change—but he would shrink, and cover his face with the clothes as if afraid of her who had so often pillowed his infant head.

The night wore away, and the first faint light of morning found the poor child exhausted with suffering. The cold stamp of death seemed already on his brow, and his very calmness led us to fear that all would soon be over. As we moistened his lips and smoothed his pillow, he turned over and appeared to be settling himself to sleep. In a few moments his soft steady breathing fell upon our ears. The physician hastened to his side, and a ray of hope crossed his face. It was a critical hour—one to which he had looked forward with fear. Nothing could be more favorable than this quiet slumber, the first he had enjoyed since his attack.

The father came in at this moment. His expression of anxiety had given place to one of tranquil acquiescence. On hearing the opinion of Dr. ——— on the preceding evening, he had surrendered his child to God, and in the fulness of his faith had been enabled to "bless the giver and the taker too."

"Your care and nursing may yet be rewarded," whispered Dr. ———.

"Give God alone the praise," exclaimed the grateful parent.

We all stood round the bed watching the long sleep—we stood in prayer, waiting the Lord's decision.

After an hour or more the child opened his eyes. One glance told the mother that her prayers were answered. Those eyes rested in fond intelligence upon her. He looked around upon the group, and then faintly asked—"Where is my Sunday teacher?" The first thought that reason guided, rested on his Sunday school. What a testimony to the faithfulness and efficacy of the instructions he had received! It was enough to encourage that teacher to persevere in his efforts to the end of life, or it seemed like a voice from the other world attesting to the value of Sunday-school labors.

FRIENDSHIP RECORDED IN THE SCRIPTURES.

One of the strongest and most striking instances of a faithful attachment to be met with in history, occurs in the friendship which subsisted between two females. The instance alluded to is recorded in the Jewish annals, and most pathetically related by

one of the sacred penmen. This is the friendship of Naomi and Ruth.

Two very remarkable instances of friendship occur in the history of our Saviour's life: it may not perhaps be altogether unnecessary to state them in all their striking circumstances.

The evangelist, in relating the miracles with Christ performed at Bethany, by restoring a person to life who had lain some days in the grave, introduces this narrative by emphatically observing that "Jesus loved Lazarus;" intimating, it should seem, that the sentiments which Christ entertained of Lazarus were a distinct and peculiar species of that general benevolence with which he was actuated toward mankind.

Agreeably to this explication of the sacred historian's meaning, when the sisters of Lazarus sent to acquaint Jesus with the state in which their brother lay, they did not even mention his name, but pointed him out by a more honorable and equally notorious designation; the terms of their message were, "Behold, he whom thou lovest is sick!" Accordingly, when he informed his disciples of the notice he had thus received, his expression is, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."

Now that Christ did not upon that occasion use the word *friend* in its loose and undistinguishing acception, but in a restrained and strictly appropriated sense, is not only manifest from this plain account of the fact itself, but appears further evident from the sequel. For, as he was advancing to the grave, accompanied with the relations of the deceased, he discovered the same emotions of grief as swelled the bosom of those with whom Lazarus had been most intimately connected; and, sympathising with their common sorrow, he melted into tears. This circumstance was too remarkable to escape particular observation: and it drew from the spectators, what we should think it must necessarily draw from every reader, this natural and obvious reflection, "Behold how he loved him!"

In the concluding catastrophe of our Saviour's life, he gave a still more decisive proof, that sentiments of the strongest personal attachment and friendship were not unworthy of being admitted into his sacred bosom. They were too deeply impressed, indeed, to be extinguished even by the most excruciating torments. In those dreadful moments, observing, among the afflicted witnesses of his painful and ignominious sufferings, that faithful follower who is described by the historian as "the disciple whom he loved," he distinguished him by the most convincing instance of superior confidence, esteem, and affection, that ever was exhibited to the admiration of mankind. For, under circumstances of the most agonizing torments, when it might be thought impossible for human nature to retain any other sensibility but that of its own inexpres-