

The father could say with Jacob, "It is enough: my son is yet alive."

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in heaven, when those who were in danger of being lost for ever, arrive safely on that happy shore? How will the angels rejoice, and the family of heaven be glad! Perhaps when some of you will hereafter go to heaven, your fathers and mothers, or brothers and sisters, will welcome you and say, "I am delighted to see you safe. Welcome! welcome!" You will not go there like the boy with a cap and clothes of which he was ashamed, but in garments of salvation, white as snow, with crowns of glory that fade not away. And what must you do to be ready to enter heaven when you die? Think what it is; and then do it.

But remember the great multitude of heathen children, who have never heard a word about heaven, and who do not know that there is any Saviour for lost men. Suppose you had seen that Liverpool boy carried out to sea by the tide. How would you have pitied him! Then suppose you had seen the water full of boys, all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirit have died within you! When you should have turned away, and gone home, how sad you would have felt! No "pleasant bread" could you have eaten that night. But all the children in heathen lands are drifting hopelessly onward—Can you tell whither?

The Early Grave.

Eliza B.—was the daughter of pious parents, and had been early taught the blessed truths of God's word. She was early found in the Sabbath school, and even before she could read, she was taught easy hymns and familiar passages of Scriptures. As she grew older, she was constant in her attendance, and soon became interested in her school, loved her teacher, and was loved by all, teachers and scholars. As she

advanced in years, she grew in the knowledge of divine truth.

A few years passed by, and a change had come over her. She was languishing on a sick bed, and fearful were her struggles with pain and disease. The fires of a fever burned with terrible ragings, and she tossed from side to side, in pain and anguish. Still that raging fever increased, but she had learned to be patient, and even cheerful under her affliction, for she had early given her heart to the Saviour. Although she suffered much, she did not murmur. She trusted in her Saviour, and had learned even to rejoice while enduring intense suffering. And as her end drew near, for her Saviour chose to take her to himself ere she had struggled long with sin and sorrow, she loved to sing familiar and devotional hymns, and raise her youthful prayers to Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

At last her glorious morning dawned, that morn which was to usher her into the presence of her Saviour and her friend. It was in the still "watches of the night." Near and dear kindred and friends had retired to rest, fatigued with the kind attentions of the day, and two only watched by her bedside. The ravages of disease apparently had been stayed, and a heavenly calmness pervaded her soul. She felt, undoubtedly, that she was soon to enter the portals of the celestial city, and sing the song of redeeming love. And so it was, She quietly "fell asleep in Jesus," while no pang, or sigh, or movement of a muscle warned us of her departure. Her soul had fled ere we were aware of her nearness to her glorious reward on high. For a time we could scarcely persuade ourselves that it was not a quiet, refreshing slumber; but when she awoke from it, the bliss of heaven dawned upon her soul.

That was indeed a "house of mourning." Death, long expected, at last came suddenly. Eliza was dearly