

rich green ; but round their little sister, the kind hearts of her brothers and sisters gathered feelings that even the happy spring after the long cold winter, was not to them so beautiful as if she were well to share it with them. One of her little brothers loved her dearly, and used to bring her all the rare things he could obtain, scarcely leaving her, except for a short time, and then the first question was, "How is Isabella?" She felt this kindness so much, that she wished him to be always near her. As she grew worse, her mother talked with her about dying, telling her she feared she would never get well. She said she was afraid to die. When asked why, she answered, "Because she had done so many wicked things when she was well." Her mother then asked her, if she was sorry for having done them? She said she was very sorry, and was afraid she would not go to heaven. Her mother then told her, that Jesus would forgive her if she was sorry for her sins, and take her to heaven, and that it was the wicked one who told her that she could not go to heaven, for the Lord wished to save her. At another time, when speaking about dying, she said, she thought she could die if her sister H., or her mother, could go with her. Her mother then told her that she might die herself soon, and then it would be far worse for her—Isabella—to live and have no mother to take care of her. She might grow up a wicked girl and never go to heaven, but if she died now, she would be safe. After this, she seemed more reconciled ; and when again asked, if she was afraid to die ? she said, No ; and she was willing to go, for she would go to heaven. She told them once, that she feared that she would not see

them all in heaven, particularly her brother.

Once when their minister visited them, he enquired if she was afraid to die, she answered no. He then asked her if she thought the Lord loved her. She answered, she believed he did, and would take her to heaven. The last night of her life she requested to see her brothers before they went to bed, they had gone, but got up again. She shook hands with them all, bidding them farewell. Her mother asked, "Where are you going Isabella," she answered, "to Heaven," and so she did the next morning at ten o'clock, without a struggle, after so much dreadful suffering. After her death, some of her little companions came to see her with their teacher, they seemed very serious as they looked on her pale still features, so calm, so sweet, in death. May they ever remember her and prepare to die.

The Rev. J. Messmore preached a sermon from Job 16 Chap. 22 ver. "When a few more years have come I shall go the way whence I shall not return." He could say there was hope in her death. And we hope her brothers, and sisters, and companions will remember how she died and her little brother who loved her so tenderly, and mourned her death sorrowfully, will strive to meet her in Heaven.

Little children remember it is sometimes best to die early, if Isabella had lived to be old, she might have forgotten God, and then her last words would not have been, "I am going to Heaven." And dear children ever pray that God may prepare you for life or death, as he sees best ; that you may meet by the stream of life, in the dwelling of Jesus, who supported Isabella in her sufferings, and carried her