

boy said to him, very coldly, "Your brother's dead."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, and was silent.

"Did he suffer much pain?" said another.

"Oh yes, sir," was the only answer.

A friend of mine, a gentleman who loves little children, and was travelling in the same carriage, bent kindly forward, and said, "And is your dear brother dead?" and the kind tone of his voice touched the little mourner, who looked up with his eyes full of tears, and replied, "Yes, sir, dear Willie is dead."

"When did he die?"

Just as the clock was striking nine this morning, sir."

"Did he love Jesus?"

"Oh yes, sir, and he was very happy when he died."

"And do you love Jesus?"

"Once I did not, but I do now, sir."

"Then you think," said the gentleman, "your brother has gone to heaven."

"Yes, sir. I'm sure he is with Jesus now."

"Did you see him die?"

"Yes, sir, I was with him at the time."

"Then tell me about his death," said the kind gentleman. And the little boy began:

"Dear Willie had a great deal of pain, but he was very happy, and the pain was very bad just before he died, and I think the last thing he said to me was, 'Be sure and meet me in heaven.' After that he could not speak, and he had so much pain, that I said, 'You know, Willie, Jesus hears prayer, and though you can't speak or say a long prayer in your heart to ask Jesus to take you to Himself—just lift up your hand, and beckon to Him to come, and He will understand that just as well.'"

"And what did he do?" said the gentleman, deeply interested in the touching story and the faith of the children.

"Well, sir," replied the boy, "he just lifted his thin arms and did that,"—(making the sign of a person beckoning with the hand.)

"And do you think Jesus answered him?"

"Yes; for I soon saw Willie was dying, and I said to him, 'O Willie, Jesus is answering your prayer; put your arms about me, and kiss me before you go; and he put his arms round my neck, and kissed me, and the angels came and took him away to be with Jesus.'"

Now, would you not like to meet little Willie in heaven? Then you must, like him, come to Jesus in faith for a new heart; and then, whenever you die, the angels will carry you, as they did little Willie, to the mansions of glory, to dwell with God for ever and ever.

J. T. C. G.

## WOMAN.

As if to intimate that man should not take occasion from her part in the sad history of the Fall, to hold in light esteem the appointed companion of his life's journey, deeming her to be merely a

"Fair defect of nature,"

God has chosen to confer singular honours upon woman throughout the sacred Scriptures. They, who disparage her capacities, and pour contempt upon her understanding; they who condemn her faithfulness and distrust her truth; they who make her man's household drudge, or the mere instrument of his pleasures or convenience—have no warrant in Scripture for so doing. Although we may not overlook the sad part which woman took in the fall of our race, yet that terrible damage—which was not, after all, wholly her work—may be held to have been fairly and fully counterbalanced by the part she had in bringing salvation. It was not without some such significance that the illustrious "Seed of the woman" who took upon Him "to bruise the serpent's head," was "born of a woman," and nourished from her breast.

But let us look at the woman mentioned in Scripture, and observe how few of them are undistinguished by some useful quality or holy grace. Some are seen to have been endowed before men with supernatural knowledge, being favoured by the Spirit of God with the high gifts of prophecy—such were Miriam, Deborah, Huldah, and Anna. Others are noted for their sagacity and understanding, for which indeed they were proverbial—such as the wise woman of Tekouh, and she of Abel-Bethmaachah. Sarah lacked not strong capacities of faith, and strong was the faith of Rahab, of Samson's mother, and of that alien woman whose faith won from Christ a blessing which then belonged only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Some have shown greater courage for the church, and manifested firmer resolution, than men have done. Did not Deborah encourage Barak to battle against the innumerable hosts and iron chariots of Jabin, and adventure her presence with him to the war, when, without her, he—the selected champion—was afraid to go? And who could be more resolved to