

Words cannot express the care and love this little girl showed myself: when I was confined to bed she walked so softly through the room and often read to me. Once when going from home, I asked Eliza to sleep with the little girl who lived with me. On my return I asked if they had read a chapter, and said their prayers? She answered, "Oh we were very happy; we sung the eighth Psalm—I read a chapter and Eliza prayed." Will not these children rise up and condemn those who neglect this duty? Verily, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise?

Our readers may ask,—Were there no traits of our fallen nature in that child? Did she never behave amiss—did she always display such a lovely picture of a child of God as you have here described? It must be confessed that in many respects she was much like other children; still, with all her faults, there was something more than nature,—grace had been at work. On one occasion she told a lie; but she was soon brought to feel this grievous sin, came and confessed it before the whole school, and begged that I would pray God to forgive her.

I must now come to the last day she was in school, Sabbath 19 January 1840. Every one observed her on that day to be unusually attentive, and that her eye never wandered from me for one moment. I remarked it myself, and thought she was afraid I did not love her as I had done,—little did I think she was within a few hours of eternity!

On the Monday following, Eliza was left at home to prepare the dinner, while her aunt was at the mill. In putting the pan of potatoes on the fire, her apron caught the flames, and before any one came to her assistance she was burnt in a dreadful manner. It was about one o'clock when they came to tell me the sad news. On entering the room I saw the form of a child standing in the bed, and heard from it a well-known voice,—“Mistress, do you know me? I am a’burnt; I have no mother, and my father is far away—Oh, this is dreadful suffering!”