

"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too ;
But, mother dear, when you come there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you;—
You know I never saw you here !"

He spake no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given ;
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes—in Heaven.

My Grandmother's Conversion.

My grandmother was a High Church woman, outwardly moral, upright in all her dealings, regular in her attendance to all the ordinances of her Church, punctual in payment of all her dues, both to God and man. She was brought up in strict obedience to her parents, loved and revered them, and was a living witness of the truth of the fifth commandment ; her days were long upon the earth. But alas, 78 years had passed over her, and as yet she knew nought of the power of Divine grace upon her soul ; it was all dark. Oft would she say, when spoken to of a necessity of a change of heart, "Ah, indeed, its a pity of the world, if one so good as I miss heaven." Often have I heard her numerate her good works, and thought it could not be, one so pure in herself, so righteous in all her dealings with the world, and God so merciful ; no, she could never be lost. After grandfather's death, which occurred about two years before her conversion, she came to live with my mother, where she was brought in contact with family experimental religion. My parents with many others talked to her of the necessity of being born again for a meetness of Heaven, but it was a great insult to her dignity : she could not be persuaded, but she was all right and would often say, I am not afraid to meet my Maker at any time ; I never committed a sin that would dam my soul ; I never stole, lied, or cheated in any way. Poor soul, little dreaming that she had robbed God all her life long of his glory.