

ELIZA JANE BROWNLEE, of Marlborough.

Died, on the 31st of December, at her father's residence, in Marlborough, Eliza Jane, daughter of Mr. James Brownlee, aged fourteen years and ten days.

She was born in the township of Goulbourn. Her parents have, for many years, been very exemplary members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church; her father, for many years, has been a pious, devoted, and zealous class-leader. Being thus highly favoured with pious parents, her bent to good was given when very young. Like Samuel, she was given to the Lord when a child; and like Timothy, she was early taught the scriptures, and revered them as the words of eternal truth. Many portions she committed to memory, and repeated to her teacher at the Sabbath School. In the Sabbath School she took great delight, and regularly attended, never allowing anything to prevent her attendance over which she had the control. And going on a sabbath when the weather was cold and damp, she took a severe cold, which is supposed to have brought on the disease which terminated her mortal existence.

She was dutiful and obedient to her parents, a kind and affectionate sister; being naturally mild and gentle in her disposition, and having the fear of God before her eyes, she took no delight in those sinful plays so common to children, and in her leisure hours would rather seek retirement, and read some good book, or spend her time in some profitable exercise.

During her sickness she suffered severe pain, but she bore all without a murmur or complaint; she had no fear of death, she loved Jesus as her Redeemer, and expected soon

to reign with him in heaven. She is gone, she sleeps in death and rests with God. Her funeral was attended by a numerous concourse of friends, and a sermon preached from Mark v. 39, "The damsel is not dead but sleepeth."

G.



THE FOREST FUNERAL.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," she said in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of the Æolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me; and with a very few words of the like import I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, rich, melodious voice—"Father, I am cold—lie down beside me;" and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "dear father, dear father!"

"My child," said the man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the further shore?"