

during the sixth and seventh centuries. It is now well ascertained that almost all the sacred books, so highly venerated by the Anglo-Saxon Church, and left by her early bishops as heirlooms to their respective sees, were obtained from Ireland, or written by Irish scribes.

—
THE COMFORTER.—Observe some beautiful and copious river; how it exhilarates the country and fructifies the soil through which it passes—bestows a thousand conveniences, and yields a thousand delights: so the Comforter, dwelling in the heart, gives such charming views of Christ and his unsearchable riches, as gladden the conscience, and make us truly happy. Hence, as from an inexhaustible source, true holiness and every spiritual good flow. This will raise our desires far above earthly, sensual, transitory things; even as David's thoughts were raised far above the shepherd's scrip when he sat exalted on the throne of Israel.—*Hervey.*

AN AGED SCHOLAR.—There is an old lady in Perry county in the State of Georgia, scarcely less than sixty years of age, who is a regular pupil at a day school. Her object is to learn to read the Bible. How widely different is her course from those who, though taught already, refuse to read it.

—
OBITUARY.

[The following artless narrative is from the pen of a converted Ojéboa youth; and being printed "without any alteration" (as stated in the *Christian Guardian*, from which we copy it), affords a gratifying exhibition of the proficiency made by a recent pagan Indian in the English language, and a most cheering evidence of the transforming power of the Gospel of Christ on the Indian's heart and conduct. We are assured that the hand writing of the Manuscript is very neat.]

MUNCEY TOWN, April 4, 1838.

DEAR BR.—I send you a death of an excellent girl for your wide circulated paper, if you judge it worthy of insertion.

DIED, on the 2nd inst., Annetta, aged 8 years, daughter of John Thomineo, a Muncey Indian. According to his statement, accompanied by my own observation at school, she was a dutiful, obedient, pious and praying child. During her sickness she often prayed earnestly to the Great Spirit for her soul's "salvation" after death; praise God she has not prayed in vain. The last farewell address she made to her parents are as follows:—Her father was going in where she was, and heard her saying to her mother, "how do the righteous live?" Previous to this question her mother was exhorting her to be patient, only to believe in Christ and pray to him as the righteous do when they are afflicted, and added, "if you live like the righteous as long as you live, you shall die like the righteous, and go up to heaven." Her father immediately answered her question by telling her that "the righteous love God, because he was so good to them in sending his only Son into the world to die in their stead; they also believe in Christ as their only Mediator and Redeemer, and they pray every day for more religion, and for the Holy Spirit's assistance to guide them through life and afterwards to be received in heaven." "Now dear child," said the Parent, do you wish to live like the righteous, and do you believe in Christ for "Salvation?" "Yes," replied the child, "I believe in Him and will not cease to pray to him as long as I live. I am sorry to leave you, but dear father you must be faithful and mother also;" and she turned herself, she saw her eldest and youngest brothers crying. She said, "my dear brothers you must not cry for me, but weep for yourselves, try to be faithful as long as you live." And her happy soul was about to fly away to immortality, she sent for two of her Aunts. She said, "I want to see them again," and as they approached she wept for some time and then began to exhort them to persevere, and to live faithful. After her exhortation was over she sat silent for sometime, and her father asked her whether her prayer was yet "without ceasing." "Oh yes," said she, my heavenly father is ready to receive me," and she looked round and shook hands to her parents and two brothers and her little sister, she talked for sometime, which her parents could not understand, and a few minutes after she calmly fell asleep into the arms of that Being who suffers little children to come unto him. Her father is ready to say, like David of old, you cannot come to me, but I will soon follow you in heaven. This encourages us to do as much as we can to teach the other