

Box." I told her that God did not require so much at her hand—that I only wished her to bring the half pence which she used to waste ;—she added, "Please ma'am put it in ; I am so sorry for the poor children who have no teacher, no minister, no Bible, and who do not know how to pray to God." As I took the little, or rather the great sacrifice, I felt ashamed of myself, for I never made such a one. She continued to bring her halfpenny every day, and when I tried to dissuade her, she would look so sweetly in my face, and tell me she would run and get a potatoe from her grandmother. In the course of the following month, another little girl brought me a halfpenny, and said, "Please ma'am, take this, to help to get light for the poor children who live in darkness."—Before I had time to reply, Eliza said, "Margaret, the children in Africa have the sun as well as we—it is the darkness of the heart !"

Soon after this her father was seized with inflammation in the eyes, which appeared to distress her sorely. She often told me what a good father he had been, and that she was afraid lest he should die ; and when I tried to comfort her, by telling her God is a father to the fatherless, and that he would care for her and her little brother, she still looked sad, and said, "Oh, my dear mistress, if my father dies, will you take me and Hughie ?—and we will work for you when we grow old !" So much tenderness combined with grace was indeed a lovely sight ! I took her with me once to visit a dying child of her own name,—one who I believe was also a child of God, and remarkable for patience. Eliza was deeply affected ; and I learned afterwards from the mother of the child, that she had called several times by herself, had sung some of her hymns, and said the prayer that is used in the school,—doing all in her power to cheer and comfort the dying girl.

She was of great use to me in school, and all the children loved her. I think I see her at the dinner hour making the little ones repeat from her own lips a Grace,