

LETTER FROM A FATHER ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER AGED  
ONLY TEN YEARS.

[This letter was not intended for publication, but we requested permission of the writer, (an old and amiable friend,) thinking that this developement of the feelings of a devoted father, and, at the same time, of a resigned Christian, might prove useful to our elder readers, whilst this record of precocious piety might interest our juvenile readers, and excite them to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth."]

MY DEAR S——,

We are in much affliction for the loss of our affectionate, mild, and interesting little Julia, the circumstances attending whose death are so remarkable, and her behaviour throughout the trying scene so far surpassing all former precedents, that it is impossible to believe otherwise than that she was sustained in her severe struggle by the immediate hand of God. Knowing no individual better qualified than yourself to duly appreciate the true inferences deducible from the fortitude, patient endurance of agonizing pain, considerate conduct towards her attendants, affectionate inquiries, and gentle admonitions to her brothers and sisters, with the perfect resignation of this child of ten years, to die, should it be God's will; I proceed to give you particulars, first assuring you, that whatever omission there may be, nothing, no expression shall be set down but what was really uttered within my hearing. And oh! could you have heard the heavenly tone and manner of this spotless girl, your soul would have been lifted to God to whom, as she frequently observed, "all things were possible." She was in rude health on arriving here, and attended church the following Sunday, 24th of June, saying, as usual, the collect of the day and extempore prayers to her mother, who remarked the child as growing up stout and pretty. On Monday, she complained of her throat, which continuing to be troublesome the two following days, recourse was had to strong purgatives. Obtaining relief therefrom, I went over to ——— on Thursday. Returning on Saturday, I found she had been in spirits on Friday, insisting on her mother's going to Mrs. ——— to tea, or she would accompany her rather than she should stay at home on her account. On Saturday, her complaint returned, but on the doctor's assurance that not the least cause of apprehension existed, my mind was more at ease though not satisfied. Her mother and myself now watched her with intense anxiety, and the symptoms growing more alarming, she was blistered, and again took aperient medicines. She passed a restless night, but her anxiety not to distress her mother concealed from us the extent of her sufferings, and consequently that of the disease. Inflammation had now made rapid advances, and on Monday morning, being much agitated, we called in further assistance, when, to our