

know whether we should live to see another rising sun. She looked most earnestly at me, and said, "Why, aunt, I am not ill!" But, dear children, without the withering blast of sickness, this sweet flower was transplanted in an instant to a more congenial clime, in the bloom of health, and with a buoyancy of spirits that had excited the remarks of those around her; illustrating in her own history that death has not always sickness for its harbinger.

From the account received, it appears that a kind friend residing at the port or mouth of the river Credit, about a mile and a half from the Indian village, had requested Elizabeth's father to let her spend a short time with her during Mr. J. Jones's absence for a few weeks. To this he consented, of which he sends the following account:—"On the 6th of November, dear Elizabeth followed us to the waggon." (Mr. Jones had married again.) "She kissed her mamma and me, saying, 'Good-bye, mamma; good-bye, papa.' Never shall I forget the spot where she stood; little thinking she was bidding us a final farewell."

The month of November, which in England is usually very dreary, is quite otherwise in Canada; and it appears the morning of the 20th was very fine. This dear child arose in good health, and it would seem as though she felt an uncommon de-