

## THE HAPPY DEATH OF THE SABBATH SCHOLAR.

In a town on the south-east coast of Scotland a remarkable revival of religion began in 1859, and it is still yielding blessed result. The providence of God has co-operated with the gifts and means of His grace in prolonging, extending, and deepening the religious awakening. During this period there has been a number of deaths, some of them in circumstances peculiarly affecting. This has produced a deep impression of the nearness of eternity, and an awe-inspiring realization of the greatness of its concerns. Last spring a lingering fever prevailed, and many were in considerable danger, but we have heard of only one death. It was that of a Sabbath scholar, only nine years of age. When we visited the town about a month after her death, we found that both teachers and scholars spoke of the event with much interest and tenderness of feeling. She seems to have been of a very amiable disposition, and to have secured the affection of all who knew her. For three weeks she was feeble, and apparently unconscious and never spoke a word. On the day of her death she recovered consciousness, and said in a low tone to her mother,—

"I'm going away."

Her mother thought that her mind was probably still wandering, and, to try her, she asked, "Where are you going, Elizabeth?"

She calmly and sweetly replied, "I'm going to Jesus."

"How do you know that, my dear?—Are you sure of it?"

"O yes! I am sure of it, for Jesus says, 'I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me;' and you know, mother, that I love Jesus."

She was too weak to say much more; but, immediately before her death, she repeated the following verse of a favourite hymn,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul!

Let me to Thy bosom fly,

While the raging billows roll,

"While the tempest still is high!

Hide me, O my Saviour hide,

Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into the heaven guide;

O receive my soul at last!"

In a low tone, and with some difficulty, she uttered the last line,—

"O receive my soul at last!"

and, almost immediately afterwards, calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

Her mother related to me the above conversation, with a few additional particulars. She misses her much, but feels unspeakable comfort in the sure hope that her darling child is now with the Saviour whom she so much loved on earth. The heavenly home has now peculiar attractions to her, and she often thinks of the Redeemer's throne and the happy throng around it. She felt the truth of her daughter's words, and she can never forget them,—*"YOU KNOW, MOTHER, THAT I LOVE JESUS."*

## A FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE.

"Oh, if I were rich, how happy I should be! I would live in a fine house, keep many servants, live luxuriously, move in aristocratic circles, and be perfectly happy, I know I should."

Thus spoke a poor young man to himself one day, as he sat beneath a tree, musing on his poverty and the hardness of his lot. And thus speak thousands of young hearts as they look over the stage of life and behold the glare and dazzle of life among the wealthy and the gay. In fact, young hearts have always spoken thus, and I suppose they always will, because foolishness is the heritage of young hearts, the wide world over.

Now let an old man speak—an old man who moved in the highest circles of fashion, tasted all sorts of pleasure, lived prosperously, and rarely writhed beneath the grip of serious trials. Having risen to the height of his ambition, and while in the full enjoyment of a healthy old age, Goethe, the poet, tells us how much real happiness, wealth, and worldly good can yield. With the memory of seventy-five years of life in his heart, this is his testimony. He says:—

"I have often been praised as an *ESPECIAL FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE*, and I will not myself complain. *But at the bottom there has been nothing but trouble and labour; and I can well say that in my whole five-and-seventy years, I have not had four weeks of real pleasure.* It was the eternal rolling of a stone, that had always to be lifted up again for a new start."

*Less than four weeks of real pleasure in seventy-five years!* "O world of wealth and gaiety, if that is all thou canst yield thy most favoured child, thou art a poor master! *Let*