

high. But on earth another death-scene was taking place. A strong, dark-browed man rolled and tossed himself wildly on his fevered couch. He was in great agony; but suddenly his countenance became lighted up with a heavenly radiance; his lips parted with a smile; his dark eye beamed with a joyful flash: and then his soul, long redeemed from sin and death, joyfully departed into the presence of his Lord and Saviour. It was the poor Jungle-boy!—*Messenger*.

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## SHORT SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.

### No. 1.—ENDLESS LIFE.

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."—GEN. ii. 7.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You are never to die, but to live for ever, and ever, and ever! You will live a year, and, when that is done, another year, and so on and on for thousands and thousands of years. If you were to count but one grain of sand on the sea-shore in one year, yet, long after every grain was counted, you would still be alive. You are to live as long as God lives, that is, for ever.

I know what you are thinking about. You are thinking of death, which makes you afraid; and wondering why I say such a strange thing as that you are never to die. For, though you have lived a very short time, yet you have often seen burials, and heard of people dying, and have perhaps known some one in your own house, who used to be with you every day, but whom you never see now, nor ever hear speak. And you know, too, that you will never see them more in the house, because they are dead. And, may be, you have also seen some little brother or sister who used to play with you, and whom you loved very much; and you know that they became unwell, and got worse and worse; and then every one looked sad; and by and by you were told that they were dead; and you saw them taken away, but never more come back. Remembering all this, you ask, Am I not to die sometime? and thus no doubt you sometimes think of death, though of course you do not like to do so, for death itself is not good. But I one day saw a little bird in a cage, and it was very happy, singing its songs, and picking its food, and drinking out of its cup. Next day I went to pay it a visit, and hear it sing, but the cage was lying all broken on the floor, and no bird was there! I never saw the bird again.