

deemer, passed to his eternal rest. There was another, who had seen the end of earth's vanities, and departed to live among the just made perfect. Between the two was a small, chaste tombstone, with this simple inscription on its face, "LITTLE WILLIE." I started to my feet instantly, almost overpowered with emotion.

I knew the whole history of the little one entombed before me. William P.—was the only child of his worthy, devoted parents, who trained him up in the fear of the Lord, and consecrated him entirely to his service. His mother, especially, was concerned for his welfare. Often, at Sabbath school, she would read to him out of his Testament, and explain its meaning. She once read those beautiful words of Christ to him: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven," when he looked up into her face, and said, with artless innocence, "Did he mean Willie, too?" Thus she instilled into his young mind one of the vital principles of the Christian religion.

But Willie was one of those children whose brows have the signet of Heaven upon them, and whose names are always traced on tombstones. The fell destroyer, consumption, was preying on his vitals, and the hectic fever that glowed on his sallow face was a plain evidence that his stay on earth was short.

It was the Sabbath day, and the playmates of Willie came to see him die. He was lying on his couch by the window, looking at the setting sun, which was throwing its last lingering rays over his features. As they all stood before him, he thus addressed them in his own plain language: "You know I love you all, and you all love me. Now love the good Man, and he will love you. Playmates, I'm going to heaven, where Jesus is; don't you want to go where little Willie goes?" With tearful eyes that bespoke intense feeling, they all sobbed, "Yes." The

little evangelist raised his eyes to heaven, and said, "Praise the Lord, O my soul; for he has heard my prayer."

This was rather a hard effort; for his strength was nearly gone, and he fell into a troubled sleep. But he soon awoke; and, calling to his mother, said: "Mother, I'm going home, where Jesus is. In my dreams last night I talked with him. He said he loved me because I loved him, and he would take me to himself in heaven. Don't cry so, mother, for Jesus calls me, and I must go. Kiss me before I go, and tell father to kiss me, too. There, now sing that hymn, your little Willie loves so well; won't you, mother?" With a tremulous voice she sung that beautiful hymn,—

"O sing to me of heaven,"

which was his favorite. As she sung the fourth stanza,—

"Then to my ravish'd ears
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven,"

his countenance lit up with unearthly radiance, his eye beamed with holy joy, and he seemed to reflect the image of his Saviour. When she concluded, he said, with a smile, "They're coming, mother; they're coming. I see the angels with their harps; and I hear that heavenly music I heard last night. What music! what music! what joy! what love! Saviour, take—Wil—lie—h—o—o—."

Calmly and joyfully, with that blissful "home" on his lips, he passed to the spirit-land, to enjoy the raptures of bliss and music he loved so well.

Yes, Willie, thy Redeemer did take thee home; and, it may be, thou art singing the song that "charmed thee last on earth, and greeted thee first in heaven." Truly, thy youthful sun did set,—

"As sets the morning star,
Which goes not down behind the darken'd
west,
Nor hides obscured among the tempests of the
sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."