

the others to do so, and his grandmother engaged in prayer, with which he was greatly delighted. He then called his father, mother, brothers and sisters, and all his relations, by name, and earnestly exhorted them to pray. He said, "Pray now; you will get a blessing: pray now, pa, pray now!" His father said, "Yes; by and by." "No," said he, "Pray now; father, mother, Jacob, Charley, sister, Job, pray now! But Job, he is going with me." His mother said, "Job must not go now; I cannot part with him." "But," said he, "you will have Jacob and Charley."

It now became painfully apparent that the life of this interesting child was drawing to a close. His parents, especially his mother, could scarcely give up their darling to the ruthless hand of death. But death is no respecter of persons. The *young*, as well as the *old*, must submit to the grim monster. But it had no terrors for Richard. During the greater part of his illness, as we have seen, he only contemplated it as a pleasant journey to his *heavenly home*. Its sting was already taken away. And during the few remaining hours of his earthly life, he was more than ordinarily cheered with the glorious prospects before him. He, about this time, told his parents that he heard pleasant and happy sounds; and then, looking and pointing upwards, said, "It will not be long before I go; for I see a great, pretty person, and he is come to take me away. Mother," said he, "Do not cry for me, you will see me again; only pray to God all the time." He then wished to drink, and his mother gave him some tea. "O," said he, "what good tea! but this is nothing to what I shall soon have; I will get better drink where I am going." He then said, in Indian, *yeaa, yeao*; (which means, "always sick," or "in pain;") "but when I get there, I shall not be

sick any more." He then asked his mother for some pie: she had none to give him, which troubled her. He said, "Never mind, mother; there is a plenty where I am going." He then said to his great-aunt, "Good bye; I am going now; farewell." He then called all the members of the family together the second time, and shook hands with them, and proceeded to take a last farewell of them; almost immediately after, while calling his mother by her name, he expired, without a sigh or groan, in the fifth year of his age, just as the first cock crew in the morning.

It is a *remarkable fact*, that not less than fourteen Indian children died within a very short time of Richard; and Job, his brother, was one of them.

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THE LITTLE CANADIAN SCHOOL BOY.

A little boy, being at his grandfather's house on a Sunday morning, when, in consequence of the Missionary's absence, there was no service in church, and seeing a good many people there, proposed that, as their Minister was not at home to call them to the house of prayer, they should join in singing the praises of God; and, so saying, the little fellow opened his book, and commenced singing in Indian the hymns which he had been taught in school. He was joined by the grown persons present, and, having concluded this part of the worship, remarked that it was not sufficient for them to sing the praises of God, they must worship Him too, and invited them to join him while he knelt down to repeat the prayers which he had been taught both at the Sunday and day schools.—*Kingsmill's Missions and Missionaries.*