

what Jesus endured for me. In conversation with his father, he asked his father, do you think I shall die? His father replied, I cannot say, my dear, but I think you will not recover. His father attentively watched his countenance during this conversation to see the effect which such an announcement would have upon his mind; but not the slightest symptoms of alarm or dread appeared. He then said, are you afraid to die? To which he immediately replied, No, father, I am not afraid to die, for I shall then go to be with Jesus. On another occasion his father asked him, if he felt that his sins were forgiven? He said, Jesus Christ came to atone for our sins. Yes, replied his father; but do you believe and know that He has pardoned your sins? He said, I don't know that; I cannot say that I know that; but afterwards, he observed to his mother, O! mother what a glorious prospect there is before me; I shall die and go to heaven, and see Jesus and all those who are already gone to glory, naming several that he knew, and amongst them his aunt Betsey. As he drew nearer to the closing scene of his brief life he was mercifully relieved from much of his suffering and seemed to lie in a state of quiet. He would look upwards with great steadfastness and raise his hand and point with his finger as though to some object on which he was looking with delight; and he said to his mother, do you see those bright beings hovering above me? His

mother asked him what they were like. He said they are like men and women flying about: the room is full of them: do you hear that sweet music? His mother said, No, I do not hear anything. He said oh! it fills my ears. During the whole of his illness, as long as he could bear to be moved, he always insisted on being carried into the parlour during the time of family worship; and shortly before his death he said, I should like once more to go to the Sabbath School and to Chapel. The whole of Monday the 9th, he lay very quiet, and spoke but little, except occasionally to say O father! O mother! He was evidently sinking rapidly; and about one o'clock on Tuesday morning his ransomed spirit quitted the poor clay tenement and was borne to the arms of that gracious Saviour whom he had loved and believed in.

My dear young readers, listen to the warning voice which sounds to you from the grave of poor little Abraham. May it lead you to follow his example; to give your young hearts now in the days of youth and health to Jesus Christ, and then if it be the will of God to afflict you and call you to an early grave, you will know the blessedness of having, like Abraham, no fear of death, but a joyful anticipation of eternal glory; and like him you will leave behind you a sweet testimony; that those who have loved and watched over you on earth, may anticipate a joyful re-union with you in the realms of eternal glory.

F. R.