

and her place there was never vacant but from necessity—Her Bible was her favourite book, and with its precious truths she had acquired an extensive and familiar acquaintance.

At the commencement of her illness, when that insidious destroyer, consumption had too surely marked her for his prey—the adversary of her soul was permitted to trouble her with distressing doubts. Though her life, had been, in the estimation of others, one of the most blameless, yet a deep sense of her unfaithfulness and un-worthiness seemed deeply to trouble and almost to discourage her from trusting in Christ.

Yet grace triumphed—she was not suffered to be tempted beyond what she was able to bear.—The light of God's countenance shone brightly upon her soul, and she was enabled not only to meet death with composure, but to hail the "King of terrors" as a welcome friend.

Some time before her decease, when she thought that death was near, she presented her Bible to her brother-in-law with the solemn request that he would read it, and embrace those precious truths, which were able to make him wise unto salvation. One morning she awoke from a pleasing dream, saying that she had a view of the glories of Heaven, and that she had seen her grand father (the late devoted Smith Griffin, Esq.) and that she would soon be with him there.—Frequently when the body was evidently suffering excruciating pain she would repeat with a peaceful countenance—

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Thus departed this amiable young christian. A young friend composed some truthful lines on the occasion, which were inserted in the *Christian Guardian* of 11th January. I. B. H. *Waterdown, Nov. 5th, 1853.*

POETRY.

LITTLE HENRY AND HIS PENNY.

WRITTEN ON BEHALF OF THE HEATHEN.

BY L. M. THORNTON,

Author of "Poems for the Domestic Heathen."

"I've got a penny, dear mamma;"
So cried a little boy;
"And fivepence which I've in my box,
Makes sixpence for a toy;
I never was so rich before;
I've sixpence; when shall I have more?"
"But, Henry, love," the mother said,
"If you will list to me,
I'll tell you how that sixpence dear,
Much better spent may be;"
And then she took the prattler up,
And placed him on her knee.
"My child, there's many a boy and girl,
Living across the sea,
To whom the Church her missions sends
That they may Christians be;
And through their Saviour, find the road
That leads to the right hand of God."
The child sat silent for a while,
And then looked up and said,
"Toys soon do break, don't they, mamma?
We'll help Christ's word, instead."
And jumping off his mother's knee,
He fetched his sixpence cheerfully.
"But will it help the work, mamma,
So small a sum?" he cried;
"I would it were a dollar!"
And then he deeply sigh'd.
"But I shall soon a man become,
And then can give a greater sum."

Reader, that little boy, henceforth
His pence and half-pence saved,
And never from that time, I hear,
Has he for trifles craved.
Like him, who'll save their half-pence, too,
For heathen souls?—My dear, will you?

LIKE JESUS.

I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For he one cross and angry word
Was never heard to speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
Obedient when a child;
He kept his parents' words, and lived
So holy and so mild.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer:
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met his Father there
I want to be like Jesus,
For I never never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good;
So that it might be said of me
That I've done what I could.
Alas! I'm not like Jesus;
But I will pray to be.
Kind Saviour, take my sinful heart,
And make me more like thee!