

become at last a preacher to his nation. But God saw otherwise, and took him early to himself.

He seemed to have a very tender conscience, and often, when he heard others speaking and acting wrongly, he would faithfully and kindly reprove them. Sometimes, indeed, he would reprove those that were older than himself, and this his father checked, but he would reply, "Father, they do not know they do wrong; but if I tell them of their faults, they will refrain from such conduct." He seemed also to be a child of much prayer, and sometimes when the person who had to open the school in the morning with prayer, was absent, he would stand up and very prettily perform the service in his place.

The dear boy, however, was not allowed to live as long as his friends desired. A severe disease broke out in the school about six months ago, and Deeno was one of the first to fall a victim to it; but all through his illness he shewed the greatest patience, and day by day seemed ripening for heaven. One day his parents came to see him, and, as they stood around his bed and saw his sufferings, they could not restrain their tears. Deeno saw it, and sweetly said, "Weep not for me! weep for yourselves! It will be well with me; I am going to my Saviour!"

The evening previous to his death, Mrs. Hill, the Missionary's wife, thought that he was dying, and that he could not speak, and, wishing to know his state of mind, she took him by the hand and said, "Deeno, are you happy?"—He answered, "Yes?" "Do you feel your love to God increase?"—"Yes!" "There will be no weakness in heaven—no sin in heaven, Deeno!"—His intelligent eyes brightened at the words, and he emphatically answered, "No! no!"

Soon after this he took a little food, and seemed revived. His father was sitting by him, and, looking earnestly

at him, he said, "Father, I am not your's—I am the Lord's. Father, did Jesus die for sinners? Then believe in him; pray to him!"

He spoke no more after this, but shortly after fell asleep in Jesus.

Another little boy in the same school died of the same disease. His name was Simon, and he was only seven years of age. His death was more sudden than that of Deeno, for he was only seized in the morning, and was a corpse before the evening. A catechist that was present, and saw that he was dying, said, "Simon, are you afraid to die?"—"No!" he answered, "I am going to my Father's house." "Your father's house!" he said, "where is that?"—He directly raised his dying head, and pointing up towards heaven, he said, "My father in heaven!" "But are you not a sinner?" asked the teacher.—"Yes!" he said, "I know I am a sinner; but my heavenly Father sent his only Son to die for sinners. If he calls me, why should I be afraid?" These were his last words. He then turned himself upon his side, and, without a struggle, breathed out his soul.

My dear reader, it is for you to believe in the same Saviour that these dear boys did, and then you will be found as happy and as calm at last.

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

The Blind Girl.

Little Mary Dale was playing on the side-walk before her father's house.—Ellen Green saw her, and running to her called out, 'Mary! Mary! come and play with me in the sand bank.'

'No, Ellen, my mother has forbidden me to play there.'

'Oh, do come; we'll have a good time, and she'll never know it.'

'No, I can't disobey her. You know it would be wicked.'

'Well, go along then! I don't want you to play with me,' said Ellen, quite