

thither in a chair. At last, as the winter came on, he saw with great joy his deliverance approaching; for besides his being weary of the world, and his longings for the blessedness of another state, his pains increased so on him that no patience inferior to his could have borne them without a great uneasiness of mind; yet he expressed to the last such submission to the will of God, and so equal a temper under them, that it was visible then what mighty effects his philosophy and Christianity had on him in supporting him under such a heavy load. He could not lie down in bed, above a year before his death, by reason of the asthma, but sat, rather than lay on it.

He was attended in his sickness by a pious and worthy divine, Mr. Evan Griffith, minister of the parish, and it was observed, that in all the extremities of his pain, whenever he prayed by him, he forbore all complaints and groans, but with his hands and eyes lifted up, was fixed in his devotions. Not long before his death the minister told him "there was to be a sacrament next day at church, but he believed he could not come and partake with the rest; therefore he would give it him in his own house." But he answered, "No; his Heavenly Father had prepared a feast for him, and he would go to his Father's house and partake of it." So he made himself be carried thither in his chair, where he received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on his knees with great devotion; which it may be supposed was the greater because he apprehended it would be his last. He had some secret unaccountable presages of his death; for he said that if he did not die on such a day, (which fell to be the 25th of November,) he believed he should live a month longer; and he died that very day month on Christmas-day.

He continued to enjoy the free use of his reason and senses to the last moment, which he had often and earnestly prayed for during his sickness; and when his voice was so sunk that he could not be heard, they perceived by his always lifting up of his eyes and hands, that he was still aspiring towards that blessed state, of which he was now speedily to be possessed. Between two and three on the afternoon of Christmas-day, he breathed out his righteous and pious soul. His end was peace.

Bishop Burnet tells us that Sir Matthew Hale, having lost one of his sons, the manner of whose death had some grievous circumstances in it, to one coming to see him and condole, he said, "Those were the effects of living long; such must look to see many sad and unacceptable things;" having said that, he went to other discourses, with his ordinary freedom of mind. For though he had a temper so tender, that sad things were apt enough to make deep impressions upon him, yet the regard he had to the wisdom and providence of God, and the just estimate he made of external things, did to admiration maintain his tranquility of mind, and he gave no occasion, by idleness to melancholy, to corrupt his spirit; but by the perpetual bent of his thoughts, he knew well how to divert them from being oppressed with the excesses of sorrow.

LIBRARIES are the shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and without delusion and imposture, are preserved and reposed.—*Bacon.*

EVANGELISM does not flatter mere morality by making it the rival of Christ, but it is the highest promoter of all that is honest, temperate and of good report, as our daily conversation must prove.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

DEATH is to a good man but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room in his father's house into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining.—*Adam Clarke.*

Boys and Girls.

"CHEERFULLY, CHEERFULLY."

One bright morning little Daisy was helping mamma put the room in order. The windows were opened to let in the sweet air, and as the little girl stood a moment by one of them, a little bird in the cedars sang out "Cheerfully, cheerfully." The words were so plainly sung that Daisy said, "O, mamma, do you hear that birdie singing 'cheerfully?'"

"Do you think he says 'cheerfully?'" said her mother.

"It sounds just like it, mamma."

"Well, it is a cheery song he sings, isn't it? He must be happy, don't you think?"

"Yes, mamma," and she leaned out to try to get a glimpse of the bird in the tree. A glancing of bright brown wings was all she could see through the thick boughs.

"Suppose you take his advice, Daisy, to-day, and do everything cheerfully," said her mamma, after a pause.

It was a new thought to Daisy that a bird should teach her a lesson, and she laughed. But she knew her fault, and pretty soon, with a little sober face, she said:

"I will try to do as the birdie says, mamma;" and all day long she did try, especially if mamma would say "cheerfully," by way of a reminder. Even little Janie, the baby sister, sang "cheerfully, cheerfully," in bird like tones, and with a happy heart.

So the birdie did something besides sing that lovely morning.—*Vantuzi.*

NEDDIE AND ME.

A preacher in England was once talking about the heathen, and telling how much they needed Bibles to teach them of Jesus. In the congregation was a bright little boy, who became intensely interested. He wished to help to buy Bibles for the heathen. But he and his mother were poor, and he was puzzled to know how to raise money. Finally, he hit upon a plan. The people of England used rubbing or door-stones for polishing their hearths and scouring their wooden floors. These stones are bits of marble or free-stone begged from the stone-cutters.

The little boy had a favorite donkey, named Neddie. He thought it would be nice to have Neddie help in the benevolent work, so he harnessed him up and went around, calling, "Do you want any door stones?"

Before long, he raised fifteen dollars. And then he went to the minister and said:

"Please, sir, send this money to the heathen."

"But, my dear little fellow, I must have a name to acknowledge it."

The lad hesitated, as if he did not understand.

"You must tell me your name," replied the minister, "that we may know who gave the money."

"Oh, well, sir, please put it down to Neddie and me; that will do, won't it, sir?"—*The Gospel in all Lands.*

SEVEN TIMES.

"Seven times one are seven—seven times one are seven, seven times two are fourteen," sang little Mary as she sat on the door-step studying her lesson. Just then she felt something crawling on her neck, and jumped up, thinking it was a spider, and she was so afraid of spiders. But it was only her brother Robbie, who stood laughing as hard as he could, with a long straw in his hand.

"Now, Robbie," said Mary, "if you do that again I'll slap you."

Robbie ran away, and Mary sat down and began again: "Seven times two are fourteen; seven times three are twenty-one;" and then she screamed. She was sure it was a spider this time, but it was Robbie again; and Mary rushed up to

him and with her face flushed with anger, slapped him so hard that he screamed with pain.

Mamma came to see what the matter was, and took Robbie up stairs with her. By and by she came back and asked Mary what she was doing.

"Studying my 'seven times,'" Mary replied.

"Seven times?" said mamma. "That reminds me of a story in the life of Jesus. One of His disciples came to Him and said, 'My brother has sinned against me; how often shall I forgive him, Lord? Seven times?' But Jesus, His whole face lighted up with a sweet, tender smile, answered 'Not seven times only, but seventy times seven.'"

Mary stopped a moment, then hid her face in her mother's lap and sobbed: "I know you mean me and the way I treated Robbie a little while ago; but 'O, it's so hard to be good, and he did tease me so'"

"Let us ask Jesus to help you, dear daughter, and keep asking Him till all this quick temper goes away."

Mary learned a new lesson that day, and she has often thought of it since when she has said "Seven times one," or "Seven times two," or "Seven times seven."

Mamma talked to Robbie too about teasing his sister and trying to make her angry, until the poor little fellow, who was rather thoughtless than bad, came and asked her to forgive him. Mary kissed him and made it all up, and went to bed that night a happy little girl, forgiven and forgiving others.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—*Emerson.*

The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the star, but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and the star than the comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us.

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