

“ Being unexpectedly called upon to make a few remarks, I stammered out in broken French our Christian salutations; told them that we knew their history, honoured their name and their faith, and, in common with all the friends of Christ, felt our obligations to them for having kept the faith in purity; that we rejoice in their spirit, and regarding them as the hope of Italy, and the hope for the truth in Italy, should pray for them, and exhort Christians to pray for them continually. The exercises were concluded with singing and with prayer, in which we, our friends, and our country were most affectionately commended to God. At the close of the meeting they gathered around us and grasped our hands in cordial salutation.—They also presented us with a copy of their hymn-book as a souvenir.”

### Juvenile Contributions.

We have great pleasure in giving the following a place in the *Record*, and hope it will be the means of inducing others to go and do likewise:—

To the Editor of the *Sabbath School Record*.

SIR,—Enclosed I send you 9s. 4½d., the subscription of my three children, requesting you to send it in aid of the Scriptural Schools in the South of Ireland. This sum they obtained by denying themselves of tea and toast for the last twelve months, that they might save something to assist in carrying out this good institution, where the poor children are receiving a Christian education, and their minds, which have heretofore been held in darkness, ignorance, and superstition, are now enlightened by God's holy word, which is leading their feet into the paths of peace.

And through this glorious light, thousands of children and parents are brought to a knowledge of the truth,—have cast away their idols, and are offering to God a pure and Scriptural worship.

I mention the means by which my children saved the above sum, hoping that other children will adopt the same or some other laudable means to assist in carrying on this glorious work of the Most High. Yours, &c.,

Lachine, Feb., 1853.

M. C.

[FOR THE “S. S. RECORD”]

### Obituary Notice and Poetry.

Elizabeth Ann Odelia, the subject of this memoir, was the daughter of Nathaniel and

Ruth Ann Hadley. She was born near Lindsay on the 13th May, 1841, and on the 5th of September, 1848, departed this life, aged 7 years, 3 months, and 23 days. She made herself greatly beloved; although so young she was a sweet singer, and used the harmonium with a natural skill and ease. At the age of five years and ten months, she was taken to see a piano, and as soon as she had ascertained the location of the notes, she could play a tune through, sometimes without a mistake. About two hours before her death, when the disease on her lungs had almost deprived her of the power of speech, she repeated our Lord's Prayer and the verse—“Suffer little children to come unto me,” &c., also a metrical verse of praise, which she had lately learned and loved. These and other incidents are referred to in the following verses which may have no other merit than that they commemorate the excellencies of a lovely child:—

Thou'rt sleeping in thy grave, Odelia!

Thy lowly, silent grave;

Though we desired thee long to stay,

Death came and bore thee swift away;

Nor had we power to save.

Alas! we miss thy face, Odelia!

Thy once familiar face;

Thy little chair is empty now

Where worshipp'g, thou oft didst bow;

There's none can fill thy place.

We miss thee too at noon, Odelia!

We miss thy face at noon;

Thy pleasant voice, no more we hear,

Or meet thy smile, our hearts to cheer;

How could we part so soon?

And, O! at evening's hour, Odelia!

Death's symbol—*evening hour*,

We miss thy music, and thy song,

Which once did flow so sweet along,

With such a pleasing power.

But we shall meet again, Odelia!

We all shall meet again;

And when we meet, O! shall it be

To dwell in happiness with thee,

Or part from thee in pain?

We'll strive to serve the Lord, Odelia!

Our ever-gracious Lord;

Whom thou, until the last, didst seek,

When thou couldst scarce draw breath to

Speak;

O may we keep his word.

Yes, thou art in the grave!

The lonely, silent grave;

In vain we wished thee long to stay,

A blossom doomed to quick decay,

A flower we could not save.

'Till bid thee now adieu, Odelia!

A sorrowful adieu;

Thou hast escaped a world of ill

Where we awhile must suffer still,

And then we'll quit it too.

R. McLEAN PURDY.