

had laid down on a bed by his side. All were sobbing. It was a solemn scene; for the first time death had entered that dwelling, and he entered with unknown terrors to all but little Willie. We gazed upon his face, so marked with suffering, and said,—

"You are very poorly, Willie?"

"Yes, teacher," gasped he, "very!"

"Teacher has brought you a little hymn book, will you have it?"

"Please, teacher." He took it in his little hands, and pressed it to him, but immediately gave it back, saying,

"Please, read me a hymn, teacher."

"Which, Willie, dear?"

"'Around the throne of God in heaven,' please, teacher."

We read, or rather repeated it, and the countenance of the little sufferer meanwhile beamed with joy."

Said we "Can we do anything for you, Willie, dear?"

"Pray, teacher."

We could say but little to him, but it was the second time he had made the request. "Pray, teacher." We wished, however, to see if this were real anxiety or merely the force of habit gained in the sabbath school. We did not immediately comply, but stood pensively musing upon the touching scene. Presently his countenance brightened, and his lips moved; we stooped down and put our ear close to him, and asked,—

"What did Willie say?"

"Jesus—died—on—the—cross,—teacher," gasped he.

"Yes, and for Willie, and for all."

We felt we could not prolong the scene, but knelt down to commend him to the Good Shepherd. As our voice poured forth our petition, little Willie tried, oh, how he did try! to repeat the words after his teacher (as our custom in the infant class was). Sobs broke in upon us; it was, we felt, hastening his end. The effort to pray with us was too much; he had only breath to snatch a word here and there; but the "Amen" from those dying lips we never can forget. We rose from our knees, wished him good night, kissed his cold forehead, and left.

We called the next evening:—little Willie was in his coffin.

UNCLE JACOB.

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