

cut off a part, and it is getting less and less, and yet moving still."

"Where is our favourite Schihallion now?"

"I cannot see it; it is all hidden with the brightness."

"Yes; but in a few minutes the sun will have gone down quite behind Schihallion, and then the mountain will appear again, dark against the sky."

"You are right, mamma;—there, the pretty gold sun is getting less and less; and now it is quite gone; and there is Schihallion again. Oh! how beautiful! Do you see this every evening?"

"Always something beautiful, but not often so clear and bright as this. And now, can my little girl tell me what it makes me *think about*?"

"I do not know, mamma. What is it?"

"It makes me think about *dying*; the day of life being over, and the time which the pretty hymn speaks of for falling "*asleep in Jesus*" being come. And I think I should like to die *like that sun*,—to go down as calmly and brightly into the grave, and leave a *golden memory* behind me."

"Mamma," said Mary, looking very grave, "you often speak about dying; but does it not *make you very sad* to think of leaving all this pretty world, and lying down in the dark grave we saw open last week in the church-yard?"

"Why should it, my love? Does it make you sad to see the sun go down as it did just now?"

"Oh! no; there is nothing melancholy in that."

"Why not? It will soon be quite dark and cold, and we could not see the flowers any more, and you must go out of the garden, and go to bed in the dark nursery."