

with, and for her ; while thus exercised in prayer, she remained quiet and attentive. When her father had ceased, she said, "The Lord is directly over my head, and knows my pain, and is coming to take me ;" and then in prayer further said, "The Lord have mercy upon me, and take me ;" saying also, "I see my brothers and sisters (who died before her birth) and am going to Heaven to be with them."

When speechless, and in the agonies of death, she clapped her hands in seeming joyful emotions.

In confirmation of the above facts, the teacher of the deceased assures me that she was a most interesting and amiable little girl. He also states that on one occasion, when exercising the class to which she belonged, in the repetition of the Lord's prayer,—and after endeavouring to impress on the class the character of God; the importance of prayer ; their need for help ; and that prayer should be made at least morning and evening ; that they should ask God to make them good boys and girls ;—he interrogated them individually, whether they had attended to his instruction ? Some were silent, others answered in the negative, while she, with a sincere and placid countenance, answered in the affirmative.

The particulars of the deceased, as above related, suggest a few reflections, which I take the liberty of submitting.

Although there are many things in connection with *Mission work*, especially among the *Six Nation Indians* upon the Grand River, of a discouraging and disheartening character, the effect of the Gospel upon the parents of the deceased, in leading them to establish and maintain family worship (and theirs is not an isolated case, for there are many of our brethren who invariably attend to this important duty) and the power of the gospel to sustain the deceased, so that she, when "earth's shadowy scenes were receding from

her view," felt that death had lost its sting ; and not only her, but many others of riper years, who have died in the triumphs of the Christian faith, tend to raise my bowed head and drooping spirits, and serve to encourage to renewed energy, leading me to feel that if all that is desirable cannot be effected by the labours of your Missionary Society, yet there are results that may swell the *celestial choir* through eternity for your benevolent and Christian exertions, in sending us the Gospel. Oh ! glorious Gospel ! that teaches us how to live well, prepares us for death, and introduces us to a glorious immortality ! Will you not continue to us this gracious boon ? As nothing but the Gospel can counteract the baneful influence of early, strong impressed feelings and habits, and elevate us to the rank and happiness of civilized and christianized nations.

Yours sincerely,

A. W. SICKLES.

Tuscarora, Jan. 20th, 1853.



LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments.
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heav en above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.