

able to bear. John observed this, and often when he might be engaged in play with his companions, he waited by her and assisted her in anything in which he was able to take a part.

Mayhap some of my little readers, instead of watching for an opportunity to assist their parents, sometimes grumble, and are unwilling to do so when required. If so, think what you owe your parents, and I am persuaded you will then be ready not only to do so when required, but like John Adam, to seek opportunities to aid and serve them. He *felt* what a daughter once *expressed* in the hearing of the writer, which expression he, though very young, still remembers, and will probably do so for ever. She had an aged mother, of whose declining years she was the principal staff and stay, and was, at the time referred to, speaking with another female similarly situated. This other was speaking of the difficulty she had in attending to her own family (for they both had families) and at the same time ministering as she ought to the wants of her aged parent, and asking her advice as to the path of duty. In replying she said, "I cannot say what, in your circumstances, may be best, but let us be sure of this, never to forget our mothers—we can never do for them as they have done for us." John Adam was a reflecting boy, and acted upon the principle which this faithful daughter expressed in the above sentence, which, I trust, you, my young readers, will "lay up in your hearts and practise in your lives."

Till about two years before his death he was stout and healthy. About that time his health began to decline, and continued to do so till January, 1849, when he was taken so ill as to be confined to bed, where, save for very short intervals, he lay till August, when he died. Throughout the whole of his illness, which was often very severe, he was meekly resigned. No impatience or murmur (say his parents) was ever seen or heard. When not contorted with anguish, his countenance ever

indicated that sweet contentment and holy enjoyment possessed his soul. His little Testament was his daily companion, and was always either in his hand or by his side. Besides it, he often perused with delight a collection of hymns selected and arranged by Mr. Morison, and a little book entitled "The History of Jesus," by Mr. Mason, and always hailed with much pleasure the monthly appearance of the little *Dew-Drop*.

During the course of his confinement, his parents and others often talked with him about Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, and heaven as the home of the believer. These conversations he always relished, and ever spake with feelings of lively gratitude of the love of God to him in providing a ransom for his soul, and giving him such opportunities of learning about his Saviour.

On one occasion, a friend, who had not before seen him, questioned him in a very searching manner, in order to ascertain if he really saw clearly the way of salvation, and rested securely upon the Rock of Ages. During that interview, in answer to questions, he stated that he enjoyed perfect peace in the prospect of meeting God—that his own doings did not and could not produce that peace, but that it arose entirely from the righteousness of Christ—his own being as filthy rags. On receiving such correct answers, in order to test him farther, the person speaking with him said, "Was it your father that told you all these things?" Upon which, holding up his Testament, he said, "No! I learned them here," and proceeded to point out several passages, such as John iii. 36; 1 Tim. i. 15; Heb. xii. 5. to the end, as those from which he had derived his confidence.

About two months before his death, he requested that that event (which was more distant than he or his friends anticipated), might be improved by a sermon preached from the first of the above mentioned passages; stating that he himself had derived much benefit from it, and that it, by being preached