

THE DYING CHILD.

The following beautiful picture is taken from a recent Boston publication, entitled, "Our Parish :"—

Carrie sat down near Ellen, on the side opposite her father, and held her other hand, bathing it with tears.

"O, my Saviour !" sweetly exclaimed the child, rolling up her eyes in an ecstatic frenzy of feeling ; "Come, Jesus ! come quickly ! take me to thy bosom !"

"Almost home," said Mr. Humphreys in a low voice ; "almost home, dear child."

"Yes, yes, I see the blessed heaven. Come, my Saviour ! Come, Lord, come quickly ! O, my dear father, make your peace with God ; Jesus stands waiting for you with open arms. We shall meet again in heaven."

"Yes, in heaven !" repeated Mr. Humphreys.

"Little Alfred, and Arthur, and dear mother, too !" added the exhausted and rapidly-sinking girl. "O, we shall never be separated again."

"No more death !" said Mr. Humphreys ; "no more tears—no more parting. Blessed be Jesus for his dear promises to us all."

"Yes, blessed—blessed Jesus !" she repeated ; "dear father, do give yourself to God ; it will make me die so happy ; I shall know then that you will meet us again. Only tell me before I die, that you will give up your heart, all your heart, dear father. I can not stay long ; my breath is so hard !"

The father wept as a child ; he was perfectly unmanned. This was the sinking away of his last hope and stay. Henceforth his way in the world would be alone.

"Yes, yes, my child !" he cried, "I do, I do."

"All, father ? your whole heart ?" asked the dying girl, her pale face lighting with an expression still more heavenly.

"Dear Ellen, I hope I may live the rest of my life as I should. I will try and reach heaven."

It was all he could say. He wept afresh, bowing his head.

The answer was sufficient.

"O, I am so happy !" she exclaimed ; "I am dying so easy ? How long shall I be dying, Mrs. Humphreys ? It doesn't seem to me like death ; I do not fear it, I think I shall be so much happier with Jesus ; and no more sorrow, and no more sickness, nor trouble, nor pain—O, this is death !"

Her fragmentary expressions so deeply affected her father, and her dear friend, Mrs. Humphreys, that they were unable to answer her much. Mr. Humphreys alone remained calm through the whole.

She thanked both her friends over and over again for their kindest of care, and hoped they would always be happy here, and finally ob-