



THE DYING GIRL.

BY VARY A. ADAMS.

Her spirit was leaving its temple of clay,
And on wings of purity vanished away,
While she raised her hand in the gesture of prayer
That the God of Heaven would welcome it there.

Then the tears rolled down her cheeks of snow,
As she murmured it forth in accents so low,
That you saw but the motion her pale lips gave,
While her bosom heaved like the swelling wave.

And her white hands shook as she held them in air,
Like autumn leaves they seemed withering there,
Till like autumn leaves they fell to rest,
On a pulseless heart and a silent breast.

And thus death had won for his chamber so dark,
With an arrow that ne'er had missed its mark,
A form that seemed like a transient from Heaven,
And that never sinned but to be forgiven.

Though death was so stern, yet he left the trace
Of a holy smile on her calm, white face;
Methinks 'twas a shade that the spirit had cast,
As away from that temple so lovely it passed.
DURHAM, N. H.

From the Christian Guardian.

ELLEN HESS, of Tuscarora.

DIED,—At Tuscarora, the 9th ult., Ellen Hess, youngest daughter of Sampson Hess, sen., (one of the Chiefs of the Mohawk tribe of Indians), aged 9 years and 6 months and one day. Her parents state, at the earliest development of reason, she evinced an unusual reverence for the worship of God. When first she began to walk and talk, she invariably knelt by her father's side, while attending family worship, which was attended to regularly.

At the age of four years, she commenced attending the Mission School, where she was taught the Lord's prayer, with instruction to repeat it at least morning and evening, which instruction she punctually attended to before retiring to rest. During her protracted illness she neglected not this interesting duty, but took pleasure in unboresoming her little heart to her Heavenly Father, as will appear from the following reply to her father's enquiry, whether she prayed. "Yes, I always pray, except when in great pain, then I cannot pray."

Such was her intense desire to unite in the family devotions, that when so debilitated by a wasting disease, unable to help herself, she would insist on being helped from her bed, that she might kneel by her father's side; this practice she continued even when so weak, that frequently her mother had to assist in raising her from her knees.

A few nights previous to her decease, her father was aroused from sleep, at midnight, by the praying of some person, from the propriety of which he supposed some grown person was at prayer; but soon found it was his little daughter. He then went to her bedside, and was requested by her to pray