

part of a prayer which she had learned at school. She bore her sufferings with great patience, and they must have been very great. The flesh was quite burnt off her hands—I saw the bare bones—yet she murmured not. She shewed great affection for her friends, asked if they were all come, and often cried out for her dear father. When I asked her if she would like the Minister to pray with her! she told me he was not at home, and bade me pray myself. I asked her if she wished to get better? She looked at me half surprised, and said, “Oh, I cannot get better; pray that I may go to heaven, that happy place. I felt my whole soul drawn out in behalf of the little sufferer. She lay perfectly quiet, and listening to every word, and when I had done, she said “Thank you, ma’am; will you kiss me? I know you love me; do not cry, it will not make me better,—we shall meet in heaven, that happy place.”

At about half-past ten the same evening, she breathed her soul into the hands of her Redeemer. My heart was filled with gratitude to God for his mercy in releasing her so soon.

Eliza R———died on the 20th January 1840, aged nine years.

Let us hope there are many such flowers in this bleak world—who will all be gathered in at last to God’s presence for ever. May there be many of our readers thus growing up loving and serving that gracious Saviour, who offers his salvation to all sinners who put their trust in him.

HYMN.

Once upon a Saviour’s ear,
 Glad hosannas sweetly fell;
 Children’s voices soft and clear,
 Mingled in that music’s swell.

But the Saviour sojourned then,
 In this world of sin and woe;
 Now a bright and glorious train
 Round his heavenly footstool bow.