

and kind relatives came to visit her; and few of them left without giving her a book, or a text, or a kind invitation to love the Saviour.

At length a day came when Ellen must leave her mamma. She stood by her bedside, and papa and aunt Mary were there; but they could not ease her pain, or go with her through the valley of the shadow of death. "Mamma, papa," she said, "what are you crying for! I am not afraid. 'He shall carry the lambs in his bosom.' I am one of His lambs, and I want to go to him; won't you let me?" They could not answer her, and she went on, "Sing for me, dear mamma; sing 'Bright glory.'" Her poor mamma tried, but sobs choked her voice, and she could not. "Papa, will you sing? Aunt, will you? Nurse, will you sing 'Joyful' for me?" All tried, but all failed; so little Ellen raised herself and sung:—

"Little children will be *there*,  
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,  
And trusted in his grace.  
Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful!  
Oh, that will be joyful! when we meet—"

The little head fell back upon the pillow, and the song begun on earth was finished in "bright glory," for little Ellen was dead.

