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### The Dying Child.

Emma Ray was twelve years old when she died. Dear child, how sweetly she fell asleep! So calmly, so pleasantly did she sink to repose, like a summer's sunset! Folded her thin and wasted hands over the young heart, so early stricken; opened her eyes, that beamed with celestial hope, and looked upon her friends with so sweet a smile; faintly murmured "Jesus," and then—she slept.

It was just at evening, one day about the middle of June, when a little boy, perhaps eight years old, came to the door and said, "Mother wishes you would please to come to our house." "Who is your mother?" I asked. "Mrs. Ray," was the reply. "What does your mother want?" I enquired. "Sister Emma is sick?" was his answer; "is very sick,

and wishes you would come and see her;" and the tears forced themselves down his cheeks, in spite of his evident attempt to keep them back.

He mentioned the street where they lived, and I said, "Well, I will come round there this evening, and see your mother and Emma." The boy turned slowly away a step or two, then stopped, looked up in my face, and said, while his lips quivered and his tears started afresh, "I wish you could go now." "I will go now," I replied. In a moment I was ready, and taking the little fellow's hand, hastened along with him.

We were soon at the door, and entered the kitchen. There was no one present. The little boy handed me a chair, and then went into the next room. I looked around; it was evidently [the abode of