

loved, and as she passed away, she left many, many behind, to mourn her early departure from the scenes of earth. Her fellow Sabbath school pupils had cast anxious glances at her, and sympathized with her, as they saw her writhing in pain, but now they looked upon her lifeless form beautiful in death, and felt that she was indeed happy above, and that their loss was her gain.

We stood beside a newly made grave, tearful and sad. The young and old were there—kindred, associate, friend and stranger, but *all* seemed mourners. All felt that a loved one had been taken from the scenes of mortal existence, just as life's bud was opening. Slowly and carefully that tall form was lowered to its narrow resting place, and a fresh gush of unfeigned sorrow flowed from that mother's bosom, heaving with sorest grief. The tear was coursing down the manly cheek, and aged ones wept as in the simplicity and sincerity of childhood.

Around that lowly grave, now sacred by its hallowed associations, her school-mates joined in singing the following stanzas, which their departed friend had often sung with them :

"Shed not a tear o'er your friends early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Smile, if the slow tolling bell you should hear,

When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave,
Think who has died, his beloved to save,
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,

When I am gone, I am gone.

"Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Sing me a song if my grave you should see,
When I am gone, I am gone.

Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,

Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, I am gone."

My reader, had *you* been thus early called, instead of the loved Eliza, would your last end have been like hers?

Could *you* have welcomed death as a deliverer? If, like her, you have obtained the "pearl of great price," you will be ready to pass the "Jordan of death," and to join with her in songs of praise, and enjoy the smiles of the Saviour forever.

J. H. H.

Jacob Blessing Joseph and his Sons.

When Jacob was one hundred and forty-seven years old, the time drew near in which he should die. He was taken very ill. And some one told Joseph of it: and he came, with his two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, to visit his afflicted father.

And Jacob strengthened himself and sat up in his bed to receive him. And Jacob mentioned many events which had happened to him, and talked of God's great goodness to him through the whole of his life.

But his eyes were very dim with age,—he did not know his grandchildreu, and he asked, who they were. And when Joseph told him, he said, "Bring them, I pray thee, unto me, and I will bless them. And he brought them near unto him, and he kissed them, and embraced them."

And Jacob, said unto Joseph, "I had not thought to see thy face,—and lo! God hath shewed me also thy children."

And he laid his hands on the heads of the two little boys,—and he blessed Joseph, and said, "God, before whom my fathers, Abraham and Isaac, did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day; the Angel, which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads; and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers, Abraham and Isaac; and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth."

It is a pleasant thing, and a great mercy, to have parents who love and serve God, and who are concerned that we should do so too.

Whenever we look back on life, we should never forget that it is the good