













Family Reading.

THE HAPPY END OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

(From the Church of England Magazine for 1852.)

July 6.—After breakfast our dear child said, "I am so glad I feel stronger this morning. I may not my last Sabbath on earth; and I shall so enjoy some reading."

I read to her part of the Church services for the day; and she did enjoy them. She expressed a great desire to partake once more of the members of a dying Saviour's love, and on the following day, July 7.—Mr. C.—administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the bedside of our departing child, her dear father and mother being present in communion with her. We felt the glorious presence of him of whom "the whole family in heaven and earth is named," and it was indeed to all "a day to be much remembered."

For many days our beloved sufferer was so feeble as to be unable to converse, or even speak aloud a whisper. Often we thought she could not survive the night. On the 12th of July, however, she appeared so wonderfully better that we fancied a recovery was passed, and finally hoped she might yet recover. I said to her, "What joy it would be shouldst thou ever you restored to those who so tenderly love you!"

She replied quickly, "Yes! but I think of giving up such glorious prospects!" Then, after a pause she slowly said, "I feel I am going to die, but I am willing for whatever is in the Lord's will."

In the afternoon, the subject being resumed, she said, "I have not now such near views of heaven as I had, neither have I thoughts of earth. I seem quite passive."

I expressed a hope that she had a clearer perception of Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, and loved him more and more. In a deep, earnest tone she responded, "More and more."

July 13.—Mr. B.—(one of her medical attendants), having been obliged to go to London, and thence to Germany, dear family said to me, "Mamma, I have been thinking what a blessed time it is that Jesus is not obliged to go away, and leave me as Mr. B.—is. If he were to send a message to say he was going and he would send me for so many weeks, O dear, what should I do? I should be led to think more than I could bear, and I should be all together, and how glad I should be to be all I could to comfort you, but now I wish to think only of heaven."

"You will have a better portion there, dearest," I said.

"Yes," she replied with firmness; "I know it."

July 15.—In the course of the day our dear child said, "I have such a great value for the Lord's will, I might fall asleep and wake in heaven."

July 16.—A day of much calm rejoicing to our precious child. She spoke of her anxiety to depart, and said, "It cannot be wondered at that I should wish to go, when you consider how very weak and powerless my poor body now is; and how often of the instant freedom, bounding away to the everlasting life."

After a few moments of thought, she repeated in a solemn tone the words, "For ever! for ever!" and said, "How awful those words seem to me! I would a month ago for I knew I was not safe to die. Now it is so different."

July 17.—Dearest family expressed a wish to send a message to her dear mother, and I had to send her as if she had any message for her little cousin (S. G. F.—), she said, "O yes, tell dear 'Lambie,' when I parted with her, I did not think we should never meet again in this world; but we shall meet in heaven. Tell her all my love and my confidence in Jesus; and she will find, when she comes to dying, that this is the only true consolation. Tell her to seek him first, and then to seek him early. They that seek me early shall find me. My greatest regret now is that I did not seek him earlier. It is such happiness to know and love him."

July 20.—I found on the bed of our darling some lines neatly traced with a pencil, and asked her what they were. "O," she said, "I was only trying to write some farewell words, in the shape of a little hymn, to my dear ones; it will be so good as to bring a pencil, dear mamma, I can dictate them to you, for I find I am too weak to write." I did as she desired; and, with little or no hesitation, she repeated, as I wrote, the lines so precious to us. It was her first effort to put her thoughts into verse since the previous November.

"This had to part, 'tis hard to part; But, O, my dear ones, do not weep, When I am called to leave this life, And I am going to my home; O come, my dear ones, quickly come! My loved ones, check the mourning tear; I cannot, must not, grieve here; For, though from this earth I go, My rest and home is not below. Scorch, spread your wings and fly; Wait, O, wait me to the sky!"

And when you kneel upon the ground, Beside the spot where I shall lie, Ye'll find an angel hovering round, And pointing upwards to the sky. He says, 'When I am called to leave, Your darling's in her long, long home; Then ye must upward look, and view My little spirit at above; I shall look down to smile on you, And whisper of my Saviour's love; There's room for all on Jesus' breast; Then follow me, and be at rest.'"

On the evening of the 20th I said, "My darling, you have spoken of the great calm in your feelings in the last two months; it would be constant to me to know what are the evidences to your own mind of that change."

"O," she replied, with a smile full of feeling, "I have touched the hem of his garment, and been made whole. I have thrown myself at the feet of his cross, and realized his love."

Some days before this I had inquired of my beloved child what it was that had really brought her to Christ. After a moment's thought, she said, "I think it was the sufferings of that week" (alluding to the first week in June). "I found it impossible to sustain those sufferings alone; and I went to Jesus for help; and he did help me," she added, with emphasis.

July 21.—A visit from her kind friend, the Rev. O. W.—. Our tent invalid was unable to see my mother, but thanked him for all his kindness, repeating, after he had gone, the expression of her gratitude. She had more than once referred to the faithfulness of this good man, as the instrument of her awakening from a state of spiritual security most fallacious and perilous. He had plainly told her, about three months before this time, that he did not consider her safe for eternity.

July 24.—Visited my darling at half-past two, A. M., to inquire how she was. She told me she felt "very low," and detailed some of her symptoms; then, asking me to bend over her, she fondly kissed me, and whispered, "But Jesus is all—the Rock of ages."

About nine o'clock in the morning, I was with her alone, and she again asked me to kiss her. Her dear little arms were round my neck, and she said with the most tender affection, but at the same time with perfect calmness, "I feel that the parting is very near." Soon after she remarked, "I feel rather sleepy; if I awake I shall like to take my father's sleep; just then, hearing her brothers going to breakfast, she said, 'Give my love to all the dear boys, and when I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' While she lay, her mother and I had had much sweet converse with her dear business."

"The constant change of residence, resulting from our wandering in the same years, had been very trying to one of us; and a month or two ago, 'long home,' a 'long home,' was peculiarly attractive to her heart."

and it was a touching sight, as they hung over of kin beside her, to see the young sister gathering up her dying energy to animate them with her own bright hopes, and to lead them to rock and to serve the Master whom she loved so well. Now, a few words, of a precious text, were all she could share with them.

In the afternoon she revived much, and begged me to talk to her about heaven. She spoke with a becoming look of "the river of pure crystal." Her words were full of feeling, and being with her dear Saviour. "All his sufferings ended!" she suggested, "And all mine too," she added. On another occasion, she told her aunt that in her "dream" she had seen him at the gate; "but now she seemed to have come a little way to meet her."

July 25.—Our beloved Emily sent an affectionate message to her sister Anna. In the course of the day, she begged me to give two texts to her dear brother, to think of with respect to her: "Behold I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that thou mayest not take thy crown." (Rev. ii. 10.) "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have the right to the tree of life, and they may enter in by the gates into the city." (Rev. ii. 14.)

The night of the 25th, I passed on the couch in my darling's room. It was, comparatively, a quiet night with her; but, in the morning, she suffered much in changing her position. After she was settled, she popped up by her many anxious looks, and asked for a kiss, and said, "I hope I was not cross." Her fondness of conversation was revived, a few days later, when she whispered to me with a voice full of distress, "I am so grieved at something I said to Dr. J.— last night; I told him I knew I should not sleep, and I was so distrustful, so wanting in faith to say so. I am sure I did not deserve to sleep; I have prayed for forgiveness."

On another occasion she said, "I am so distressed at those thoughts about eating and drinking. Perhaps they are partly owing to the nature of my malady; but they are so unworthy of one whose soul is so near at hand. I pray earnestly against them." On the night of the 26th, I was again with my precious child. She was very restless, calling her position to be frequently changed. After a calm sleep, she said, just as I lay down once more, "I hear, and mamma, you are so kind to me."

I answered, "Who would not be kind to you, my dear?"

"O many others would lose patience," she gently said; "but I cannot speak." Even these words were scarcely audible, on account of excessive weakness.

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The market is daily supplied with all the necessities of life; and an active trade is carried on with the interior, though attended with great risk of property and life. Knaping is very common, and the citizens are continually in danger of being seized and sold by their more warlike neighbours.

The chief of Abbeokuta seems to possess intelligence and energy. He is the man who first attempted to imitate our mode of building houses. His desire will admit a person to enter erect; he has windows, and rooms floored with board, and painted on his house. His example and influence will, doubtless, be felt for good by his people. They are already greatly affected by the tribes around Sierra Leone in intelligence and civilization. Arrangements were in progress, at our last advice, to establish a "model farm."

Three learned Clergymen of the Church of England are settled here, viz: D. H. Trotter, R. Crother, and Mr. Townsend, all well educated men. There is also a Methodist and missionary station here. The number of disciples to Christianity is about 300, some of whom become converts at Sierra Leone. The mass of the natives adhere to their superstition, but the existence and operations of Christian teachers are attracting much attention in the interior.—Colonization Herald.

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On Sale by the Undersigned, SEVERAL First rate COWS—fresh Milkers with several other good milking cows, and a few calves. FLOUR in the Bag, at low rates. Apply to BOYDELL & Co. Nelson Street, near the Market. 27 Horse, Cross, &c. bought and sold on Commission—Toronto, 13th July, 1853. 50-17

City of Toronto Debitures. TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to the 20th day of August next, for CORPORATION DEBITURES, to be issued under a By-law of the Corporation, upon any day after that date, to the amount of £100,000, in the form of Debentures, payable either in full at the end of Twenty years, or in sums of 667 1/3 annually in from one to twenty years. The Debitures to be made out for such