

SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS IN HEAVEN,

AND HOW THEY CAME THERE.

STORY OF ADA.

"I AM SO HAPPY."

PRECIOUS RECOLLECTIONS.

BESSIE'S THREE HOMES.

A LAMB OF THE FOLD.

"I SHALL SOON BE TEN YEARS OLD."

THE FLOWER FADETH.

LONDON:
W. H. BROOM, 29, PATERNOSTER ROW.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY W. H. AND L. COLLINGRIDGE,
ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

STORY OF ADA.

BY HER MOTHER.

THE object in putting together these few facts is to show the work of the Spirit of God in the mind of a little child. We sometimes wonder in what way we should have received the truths of the Gospel, if we had had no previous conventional ideas of "religion." In following the work of the Spirit in the mind of one who was unacquainted with the usual forms and expressions, we may better be able to realize the extreme simplicity of faith, and the living power of the Spirit.

It will be seen that Ada was a child of a peculiar mind, capable of receiving ideas more clearly than most children of her age. It is not likely, nor would it be desirable, that

children should in general receive the Gospel in so reasoning a manner as she did. In her case, however, the intellect was not forced in any way, but as much as possible kept back. She was taught only the simple facts of the Gospel. This, instead of exciting her mind, had, as will be seen, the effect of controlling and calming her when in health, and of giving her unspeakable happiness in sickness and death. Again: though it may be said she had but childish notions, it was clearly proved that, such as they were, they were powerful enough to turn her naturally strong will in the right direction, to mould her character into conformity with the will of God, and to fill her with joy and peace in believing.

Ada was born in June, 1857. The first thing we remember in connection with her spiritual life, was when she was a year and a half old. She one day came into my room, in January, 1859, and, pulling my dress said, "Mammy, kneel!"

I knelt down, and she did the same, and said, "Pray, mammy!"

I said, "Ada shall pray."

She put her hands together and said, "Jesus good ! Ta !"

This was her constant prayer for some time.

Once, when she had been praying in a whisper, I asked her what she had been saying.

She answered, "I say to Jesus, O Lord, Ta !"

Yet, though she felt thankful to Jesus for all the things He gave her, she did not at this time love Him personally.

One day, when she was just two years old, I asked her to pray, which she refused to do, saying, "I don't want to pray now."

I said, "Children who love Jesus like to pray."

Ada answered, "I don't love Jesus !"

I said, "It makes me very unhappy to hear Ada say that."

She burst into tears, and said, "Oh, please don't be unhappy;" and seemed so miserable I was obliged to comfort her, and turn her attention to something else.

She went to play with her toys on the carpet, and, about half an hour afterwards, I heard her suddenly begin to cry.

I asked what was the matter. She got up and ran to me, and then, throwing herself down, in the most beseeching way, she said, with the tears streaming down, "Oh, mammy do *make* me love Jesus !"

I told her that *I* could not, but that Jesus could, and that He would if she asked Him.

She knelt down immediately, and asked Him to make her love Him.

After this time she always spoke of Him with the greatest love, and frequently said to her elder sister, Edith, "I do love Jesus so much !"

And when Edith asked her why, she said, "Because He's *so* kind."

When she was about two years old she began to pray for everything she wanted.

She was never taught any prayer till she was three years and a half old ; so that she was accustomed to use her own words, and she considered everything a fit subject for prayer.

When she was about two and a half, she had been very busy arranging her bedroom in London, and she came to tell me that

there were no china candlesticks, on the chimney-piece, as there were in the other bedrooms.

I said, "That's very sad ; what *will* you do?"

She answered immediately, "I know." And she ran into the next room, and remained there for a minute. When she came back, she said, "I've asked Jesus to let me have some candlesticks, and now a man at the shop will give some to papa for me."

But six months later than this, when she heard a story of a little girl who prayed for toys, she said, "I shouldn't pray for toys *now*. It wasn't wrong of the little girl, because she was so wee ! *Now* I ask Jesus to make me good."

She continued, however, to thank Jesus for the smallest things. She prayed very often, but generally only for one or two things at a time.

At one time she disliked being kissed, because it interrupted her when she was busy with her toys ; and sometimes she refused to kiss me, when I went into the nursery in the morning.

One day I heard her praying, "O Lord Jesus, do make me not mind kissing mammy!"

After this, when she was just three years old, she no longer objected to kissing, or being kissed, but would constantly come and say, "Now I will give you a lamb's kiss!" by which she meant a very gentle one.

When she heard of wicked people, she generally proposed to pray for them.

One day, when we were all in the garden, and were talking of the Jewish children who were to come from the Bethnal Green Schools, next day, to dine under the trees, we remarked, that the weather had been so wet we could hardly hope for a fine day; and some one said, "We really ought to pray that it may be fine."

Ada, hearing this, instantly knelt down on the gravel, and said, "O Lord, do make it fine to morrow, that the little children mayn't get wet!"

Several people remarked, next day, "Ada's prayer has been answered;" for it was one of the few fine days of that summer.

She liked to pray where she was not disturbed. Finding that Ashley would come and pull her frock, she at first spoke to him very gravely, and said, "Ashley, you shouldn't disturb me when I'm praying to Jesus."

Ashley, however, who was not much more than a year old, paid no attention. Ada then made a practice of going into her brother's room every morning to pray, because there, she said, she could be quiet.

Once when she came back, she said, "I must go into S.'s room again."

I said "Why ? do you want to pray any more? "

She answered, "No, I've done praying; but I must go and think." She went and remained there alone several minutes.

When she came in to family prayers she sat quite still while the chapter was read, and always brought with her a small Testament; for she imagined she could read it. When the prayer began she knelt down, repeated her own prayer in a whisper, and then got up, and sat perfectly still till the end.

Some one said to her once, "Why do you

get up in the middle of prayers ? you should kneel all the time."

Ada, who had no idea of doing any thing merely as a form, replied, "I do kneel as long as I am praying." And this plan she persevered in; for it seemed to her that to remain kneeling when she was not praying was unreal and unnecessary. She listened to the chapter at prayers, and tried to understand it.

It will be seen, from the preceding, that Ada was not accustomed to repeat religious expressions as a parrot, or to speak of religion without a definite idea of what she, at least, meant by it. The remarkable point in her character was, that whilst she argued about common subjects, and required a clear explanation about them in answer to her questions, she never disputed any spiritual truth which was put before her. She sometimes said, "I can't understand that ;" but she never made any objections. With regard to other things, nothing short of the fullest explanation would satisfy her. For instance, when only two years old, before she was able to walk down stairs, she was in the habit of sitting on the

stairs and slipping down. One day she stopped in the middle of the staircase, and said, "Tell me why I can slip down, but I can't slip up."

I answered, that she was not old enough to understand why, but that I would tell her some day.

This did not satisfy her. She continued, "Things can slip down, but not up : do tell me why not."

I merely replied that they could not slip up, and that that was quite enough for her to know now.

"Yes," she said, "but I do want to know why. They can't slip up—then what makes them slip down?"

The only thing to do was to change the subject.

Another time, on hearing a story of a boy who cut his hand with a sickle, she said, "I don't know what a sickle is."

She was told it was something to cut corn with.

"Yes," she said ; "but what is it ? Is it like a scythe ?"

On being told it was not, she got some paper and a pencil, and said, "Draw me a picture of a sickle, and then of a scythe, that I may know the difference."

This was done. She repeated, "Sickle—scythe," till she thoroughly knew it; and some time after, when driving out, she said, "Now I can see a man with a sickle! I know now what a sickle is."

In this way she learnt about everything which surrounded her, and never forgot a thing, having once formed a clear idea respecting it. In the same way she would ask the meaning of words, and take the greatest care to use them correctly.

On one occasion she asked if she might come down stairs; adding, "Perhaps there are some strawberries down stairs."

I said, "I am afraid you love the strawberries, and that makes you want to come—not because you love mammy."

She said, "No: I love *people*—I like *things*. I don't love strawberries." At this time she was only just two years old.

It was not likely that, reasoning in this

way, she would take up spiritual expressions, and use them as she did, without having been fully persuaded of the truth of what she meant to say.

It was of course necessary, with a mind of this sort, to refrain from teaching her as much as possible. She was therefore taught nothing but the simplest facts of the Bible, especially those directly concerning the Saviour. Finding, however, that she was not to have lessons as she wished, she used to form the letters with her fingers, or copy them with a pencil, asking the first person she saw to tell her the name of that letter. But as much as possible she was left to play ; on Sundays she learnt Bible-stories or hymns, generally from Edith in the morning. This she called her Sunday-school, and insisted on going to her lesson with a little shawl on, and a handkerchief tied like a sun-bonnet, in order that she might be like the cottage children going to school.

One Sunday I found her in the school-room, building a house with bricks. She said, "Do you think Jesus will mind my having my bricks on Sunday ?"

I said I thought not, because she was such a little girl.

Another Sunday she came again, and said, "M. says I ought not to have my toys on Sunday. Do you think *Jesus* will mind it?"

I again answered that I thought not.

She went on; "I don't think He will, because I am such a wee girl. If I was a great girl, like Dada (Edith), and could read and write, then I wouldn't want to have my toys on Sunday, because I should be able to read about Jesus. But now I can't read—so I don't think He will mind."

But she was always ready to leave her toys to hear stories from the Bible, to which she would listen as long as anybody would tell them to her.

Sometimes I was obliged to say, "I shall tell you no more now, but wait till another time."

One Sunday, when I had finished, she said, "I like Sunday much the best of all the days, because then I hear so much more about Jesus."

She was a child naturally self-willed, and

very passionate, besides being of an excitable and irritable temperament. About the time that she was two years old, her health was for some time delicate, and she was more indulged during that time than would otherwise have been the case. The habit of going into violent passions began to grow stronger. She would cry out, "I will!"—"I shall!"—"I mean this for naughtiness!"

In consequence of this, her father threatened several times to whip her; and at last, soon after she was three years old, he actually did so, lest she should imagine he did not mean what he said. He whipped her on two occasions.

Instead of being angry and repelled from him by this discipline, she seemed fully to understand it was a duty which cost him as much as it did her; and she appeared to love him the more for it.

At first she would argue about it with me, and say, "When Eugénie" (her doll) "is naughty, I don't whip her: I only kiss her, and say, 'Be good!'" and that makes her quite good at once."

I told her there was once a man who treated his children in that way, but that God was displeased with him, and his children grew up very wicked.

She said, "Yes—that was Eli. Then people ought to be punished."

I do not remember that after this she disputed the point.

After having been whipped, she took great care never to commit the same fault when she thought her father was within hearing.

One day, however, he came in unexpectedly, and caught her in one of her passions, and was about thus to punish her again, when she put her little hands together, and looking up in his face in the most beseeching manner, said, "O Pappy! shall you be *obliged* to whip me?" An appeal which a father's heart found it impossible to resist.

It was not, however, till some time after this that, through grace given in answer to prayer, she was enabled entirely to overcome her evil tempers.

One day she said to me, "Oh, I've been in such a passion! I did pray to Jesus about

it, but I think I didn't *try* to stop it. It is no use to pray if I don't try. I must pray and try too."

Another time she came to me and said, "It's all no use. I can't help going into passions. This time I prayed and I tried too, and then all at once I forgot, and I screamed, and I was *very* naughty! Why *can't* I help it?"

She would sometimes stop short in a burst of passion, and say, in a determined voice, "Go down, naughty will, go down!" She would then kneel down instantly, and pray most earnestly to be made good. But it frequently happened that almost as soon as she had done praying, if her will were opposed in any way, she would again go into a passion; so that her nurse one day observed, "I don't think much of such prayers; for it seems to me like the Roman Catholics, who think, when they've said their prayers, it is all done, and they may act as they like."

This remark was, of course, not comprehensible to Ada; but it happened, some weeks after this, that she came to me and

said, "Tell me what a lie means; I heard them talking about some one who told a lie."

I told her a story of a little girl who broke a jar, and said that she had not done it, and explained that a lie meant saying or pretending what is not true. As she wished to hear more about it, I told her the stories of Gehazi and Ananias.

She then said, "I know now what a lie means."

About an hour afterwards she came again, and said, "Tell me more about lies. Suppose I pray to Jesus, and say, 'O Lord, make me good!' and then, as soon as I have done, I go into a passion, and say, *I will*, and *I won't*,—*was my prayer a lie?*"

I replied that it was, for that she could not have really wished to be good if she forgot so soon.

Ada looked grave, and then, kneeling down, prayed most earnestly, "O Lord Jesus, do make me good, and don't let me go into passions! Oh, do make me good! Do, do, Lord Jesus! Amen." Then, getting up, she said, "*That prayer was not a lie.*"

From this time we never remember that, after praying, she lost her temper : indeed, about this time, which was, to the best of our recollection, in November, 1860, she left off going into passions altogether, and, some months after, she said, " You see I don't go into passions now. The reason is, I asked Jesus not to let me, and He keeps me from it."

She said another time, " I used to go into such passions ! But now I ask to be made good."

About a week before her illness, I said to her, " I am so glad you have left off going into passions, as you did once."

She answered, " Yes, but I do *think* the naughty things in my heart still, though I don't scream them out now."

The sorrowful way in which she said this was very touching.

About the time that she most frequently went into passions, she had a habit of refusing to be dressed in the morning. When the dressing was over, she used to come into my room, and have a water-biscuit, of which she

was very fond. At last I made a rule that she should never have the biscuit unless she had been good whilst dressing : and she was to tell me herself every morning whether that was the case. She sometimes said, "I am sorry to say I have been *very* naughty."

It often cost her some tears when she found that this confession really lost her the biscuit ; but it never seemed to occur to her to conceal the truth in consequence.

She would perhaps say, the next morning, "I am afraid you mustn't give me a biscuit, for I can't say I've been good. I screamed, and said '*I won't.*'"

One morning she said, "I've been *almost* good, only I was rather a little vain ; I wanted to have on my new frock, when Ninny said '*No.*'"

I never once found, from inquiry, that she told me anything but the strictest truth ; indeed, sometimes they told me she had rather exaggerated her naughtiness than otherwise ; for, when they had scarcely remarked that she had been impatient, she insisted upon it

that she had been naughty, and said so accordingly.

It should be observed that, from the time she was three years old, she appeared to have a very clear and definite idea of the character of the Lord Jesus; and not only so, but of His work of Redemption and Sanctification. This impression of His character seemed so firmly fixed in her mind, that it never for a moment varied.

Before she was three years old, we were one day looking at the Sunday Picture Book, and Ada asked me to explain the picture of the Woman of Samaria. I said, "This is meant for Jesus, and the woman is a naughty woman, who came to get some water."

Ada said, "Tell me what Jesus is saying to her."

In order to try her, I questioned as to His saying, "Go away, naughty woman; you are too bad to talk to me!"

Ada looked incredulous, and then said, "No, He wouldn't say that."

I asked, "What do you think He said?"

After thinking an instant, she answered, "I know. . . He said, 'Woman, I will make you good.' "

Just before she was three, she was playing with a little angel made of Parian china, of which she was extremely fond. She ran with it into the nursery, and said, "Look, Ninny, how white and clean the little angel is! It looks as if all its sins had been washed away."

Her nurse replied, "People's sins cannot be washed away by making them clean outside. If I were to wash you ever so much, I couldn't wash away your sins."

Ada said, "No, *you* couldn't; but I know who *can*."

On her third birthday she had a great many presents, with which she was extremely delighted. She went round the house to show them, and afterwards ran into my room, where she knelt down and prayed in a low voice, so that I could only hear a part of what she said; but I could hear that she finished her prayer by thanking Jesus for all her presents, which she mentioned

one by one,—“My doll, my little work-box,” etc., and having mentioned them all, she added, “And I THANK YOU, O JESUS, THAT YOU WAS PUNISHED ASTEAD OF ME.”

On another occasion, when she had finished her prayer with the same words, she observed that I was listening; and getting up, she said, “You see I ’membered about His being punished.”

Sometimes, when she had told me that she had been very naughty, I said to her, “It is quite right of papa to punish you. Do you think God will punish you?”

She answered, “No, *He* won’t. Jesus was punished astead of me.”

And often she would come and say, “Tell me a story; tell me about what the wicked people did to Jesus—how Jesus was punished.”

Having told her, I sometimes said, “Why was Jesus punished in that dreadful way? Had He done something naughty?”

It would be impossible to forget the emphatic way in which she answered, “No, it was *me*. It was because *I* was so naughty,

and Jesus loved me so much He didn't like me to be punished; so HE WAS PUNISHED ASTEAD OF ME."

This she often referred to, saying, "Jesus didn't want me to be punished; it was because He loved me so, and He wanted me to live in the beautiful place." The more clearly she received this truth, the greater became her hatred of sin.

About the time that she left off going into passions, we all remarked, in her whole conduct, a strict conscientiousness about other matters. She became extremely obedient, and frequently, when in the nursery, said, "I mustn't do this or that; papa told me so once."

One day, during the Christmas holidays in 1860, I met Ada in the passage screaming and crying. She ran into my room, and I could not pacify her. I thought she must be seriously hurt, for it was long before she could speak for crying. At last she said, "Oh, I *can't* tell you what it is—I can't say it."

I entreated her to tell me; and, after

refusing several times, she said, "I've said a bad word, and I can't tell you what it is, because then I should have to say it again. I've said a word that isn't fit for a young lady."

On inquiry, I found it was a nonsensical but harmless word, which the boys had made her say. As soon as she had said it, she imagined that it was something wrong, and ran out of the room crying.

About the same time one of her brothers had a habit of calling people pigs. Ada said to him, in return, "You're a pig." But no sooner had she said it than she burst into tears, and refused to be comforted, saying, "Oh, I didn't know I said it. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to say such a bad word." And she went up to bed crying.

Soon after she said to me, "Willy will say bad words. Why *will* he say them?"

I replied that they were not bad words, but only ugly words, and that he learnt them from boys at school. I said, "Many boys at school say bad words, and I am glad Willy doesn't say those; he only says ugly words."

She said, "I'm glad they were only ugly words. I suppose the naughty boys say very bad words indeed: perhaps they say, 'I won't!' and 'I don't care!' I'm glad Willy doesn't say that." She seemed, however, hardly satisfied about him.

During the last few months of her life, the very idea that she had *thought* of a naughty word made her unhappy; and several times she told me, "I haven't been quite good, I *thought* about '*I will!*' and '*I won't!*'"

This appears in a letter which she wrote to her father in January, 1861. She dictated this letter word for word, and insisted on holding the pen herself. She was very anxious that the date, with the Post-office letter, W., should be written at the top, and would not begin the letter till she was satisfied about this—having heard her father mention that the District had been changed by the Post-office from S.W. to W.

"BEAUTIFUL CREATURE,—I hope you'll soon come; and when you come, on your birthday I'll give you a present. And I will give you seven kisses. Baby's arm has got

very bad. We got a perambulator, and I hope we'll soon go out ; but it is very foggy to-day, and I think it'll soon rain. Ar (Alice) is sick, and she can't go out.

“Dear papa, we're very happy here. I've been very good, but not all day. I *thought of some naughty words*. I hope you'll soon come back, dear papa. I send you seven kisses. I hope you'll like this nice letter. Dada (Edith) gave me some nice toys. I hope you're very well. And we've got the piano. They brought it in an ugly box. I hope you're happy.

“Affectionate ADA.”

This carefulness about her words was, perhaps, increased by her intuitive dislike to all that was coarse or ugly—not merely in language, but in everything else. She had a remarkable love of beauty in any shape, and it was an intense delight to her to see any beautiful object. When we went to F——, in 1860, she was taken for a walk near the church, and came back perfectly delighted. She said, “Isn't it *much* more beautiful than the church at T—— Park?” which was per-

fectly true—the one being an ugly modern church, and the other a very pretty Early English one.

“I wish,” she said, “papa would let me have a little house close by it, and then I would always look at it.”

In the spring, before she was three years old, her delight at seeing the flowers was beyond expression. She constantly added to her prayers—sometimes kneeling down on the spot—“I thank you, Jesus, for making the pretty little buds and flowers come!” (Gen. ii. 9.)

Flowers, and especially wild flowers, were her greatest pleasure. She asked to be told the name of every flower she found, and repeated it over and over till she knew it thoroughly. She took great pains to learn the difference between any which were at all alike ; as, for instance, camomile-flowers and ox-eye daisies, and she could soon tell them at a distance. At F—— she delighted in seeing the sheep-folds and the corn-fields and in running about on the hills. She thought the hills perfectly beautiful, and

said, "Oh, I wish we could take a hill back to T——Park!" She preferred one or two wild flowers to any number of garden flowers, thinking them so much the prettier.

In the autumn of 1860 she ran into my room, threw herself down in a perfect ecstasy and said, "I've seen something *so* beautiful. You *must* go and see it!"

I asked her what it was. She said, "It's a picture. But it's much, much more beautiful than any picture I ever saw before. I think it must be more beautiful than any other picture in the world. I will tell you about it. It's a beautiful round picture. There's a woman sitting so (she leant forwards and put her head down sideways .

She has such a lovely face! And she has a very wee little boy sitting on her knee; and he has a very, very sweet little face, like Ashley. And there's another little boy not quite so wee, and he stands so (putting her hands across); and he has a little cross, and he looks at the wee little boy. It's the most beautiful picture I ever saw in all my life!"

I at once concluded it was the Madonna

della Seggiola ; and, on inquiry, found it was so—a copy having just arrived from Florence, which Ada had seen in her brother's room.

The common pictures, such as those in the Sunday Picture Book, she had never cared for, except on account of the stories ; every now and then remarking, “I suppose Jesus is not really like that ? I don't think He is.” Yet it required more than this feeling for the beautiful to give her the sense of sin which caused her sorrow when she had spoken or heard that which she believed to be wrong or unbecoming.

From about the time that she was three years old she constantly said, “I wish I might go to Jesus *now*.”

When I said to her, “We shall go some day,” she looked disappointed, and answered, “Yes, but I want to go *now*.”

This she constantly repeated, and added, sometimes with tears in her eyes, “Then I shall never be naughty any more.”

Often she said to me, “Tell me about when I shall go to Jesus, and about the beautiful place.”

She said one day, to Miss R., "I love Jesus more than anybody else does : I love Him more than papa and mamma do, for *I* want to go to Him *now*."

And about the same time, after talking on the subject to her nurse, she knelt down and prayed to Him to let her come *now*—repeating this most earnestly, till her nurse was obliged to turn her attention to something else, lest she should excite herself too much.

She often prayed that He would soon come ; and once, when I had prayed with her before going to bed, and had said nothing about His coming, she called me back, and said, "Say to Jesus, 'Do come *soon* !'"

She often asked me to pray for this ; and afterwards she would say, "Now, perhaps, He will come to-day !"

Sometimes she would call Edith to go with her into another room alone to pray, and she would then pray most earnestly that Jesus would soon come.

She constantly asked me to talk to her about His coming, and to tell her about her

little sister Lucy, who had died fifteen years before, at about her own age.

She was never so much pleased as when she was allowed to see Lucy's toys, and to put on a scarf with which Lucy was fond of dressing herself up.

We always remarked that she looked extremely grave and thoughtful on these occasions ; and she once asked, " If Jesus comes now, and brings Lucy with Him, will she mind that I have been playing with her toys ? "

She was never tired of hearing about Lucy ; but her chief desire was to see Jesus. If she heard that anyone loved Jesus, it would overcome her natural shyness ; and, amongst those she knew well, she was always pleased to find that they spoke of these things.

In general, she was not fond of strangers, and would run away if visitors came ; and till she was three years old, she often cried at the sight of a face to which she was not accustomed.

One morning, when Mr. H. was coming into the room, and she was running off, as

usual, I said to her, "You need not be afraid of Mr. H.; he loves Jesus." She came back, and shook hands with him.

About the same time a gentleman with moustaches called, and she not only ran away, but went all round the room to avoid passing him.

Her nurse said to her afterwards, "It was silly of you to be so frightened: that gentleman is a good man, and loves Jesus."

Ada answered, "I didn't know that, or I would have shook hands with him."

At first she was very much afraid of Mr. P., a pious clergyman, and cried whenever she saw him; but just after she was three years old, when she heard that he was coming, she promised not to be afraid. She kept her promise, and talked to him immediately. She said, "Ashley's going to be a little sailor-boy."

Mr. P. asked what she would like to be.

She said, "I would like to be a little lamb."

Mr. P. said, "Do you know who is the Good Shepherd?"

She answered, "Yes—Jesus is the Good Shepherd. I want to be His little lamb. I know a hymn about that." She then said,

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!"

This was one of the few hymns she knew. She generally said it when she went to bed, leaving off with the lines,

"Bless the friends I love so well;"

(and explained, "That means Gerty and Emily K.")

Her favourite hymn was,

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old."

She knew, however, only the first verse, and altered it in some respects. For instance, in the last line, she always said, with great emphasis,

"Let the *dear* little ones come unto Me!"

One day, just before she was three years old, when I called her to say her hymn, she began with a very serious face,—

"'Twas God who made the pretty flowers,
So pleasant and so bright."

The remaining two lines I forget : they were correct in metre and rhyme, but not well expressed : so that I said, "Who taught you that hymn?"

She answered, "A silly little woman—it was me!"

I found she had composed it, as she constantly did others.

She was almost always telling herself stories, in verse or in prose, and had a very correct ear for metre. The stories were very often about good people who died and went to Jesus. Her favourite hymns and stories, except those directly about Jesus, were those about little children. Her fondness for little children was very great: nothing pleased her so much, when she went out, as to see the little children by the road-side. She sometimes said, "Oh, do let me get out of the carriage and talk to them!"

The little girls gleaning in the corn-fields delighted her. She would say, 'Oh, that darling little girl! Do let us drive back again the same way, to see her again! She looked at me so sweetly.'

When she was walking, she asked to be allowed to talk to any little children, and to kiss them. If they were shy, she was very much distressed, and would put her arms round them, and say, "Don't be frightened, dear! Do talk to me!"

She was very fond of going to the school, and talked a great deal about the children, remarking of one little girl, "She had a black frock on. Poor little girl!—perhaps she has got no mother."

If children came to see her, she was ready to give them her toys, and would offer them what she considered the greatest privilege—to drink out of her own mug at tea-time.

When Ashley became old enough to take her toys, she was at first very much displeased, and for some time was not kind to him. Afterwards we remarked a great change in her in this respect; and she became ready to give up to him on all occasions, because, as she said, he was "littler." When he was ill and put in a warm bath, she ran out of the room several times to pray for him; and when he was naughty she would do the same,

saying, "O Lord Jesus, do make Ashley good! Oh, do, do, Lord Jesus!"

She hardly ever prayed without mentioning all her brothers and sisters.

A few days before her last illness, she was in the drawing-room when a basket was brought in full of things for sale: amongst them was a worsted ball of bright colours. Ada was charmed with this ball, and said, "O mammy, do buy it for me!—it's the most beautiful ball I ever saw in all my life!"

I said, "We will look and see if there is one for Ashley, too." But there was no other, upon which I said, "What shall I do? Shall I give this one to you or to Ashley?"

She answered, "I think you had better buy it for Ashley; he's such a much littler boy."

I told her she might take it to him, which she did with the greatest delight.

Another day she had been out with us in the carriage. As we returned home we met Ashley and his nurse. After a little discussion whether it would be too cold for Ashley to drive home on the box, we ended

by taking him. But Ada began to cry bitterly, and cried all the way home, till she saw Ashley taken down. Then, in answer to inquiries as to what was the matter, she said, ‘ I thought Ashley would be so cold up there.’ She was very anxious that Ashley should, as she said, “ know about Jesus.” Before he was a year and a half old, she constantly attempted to teach him to pray, and one day said to me, with great delight, “ Ashley *does* understand about Jesus. He’s very wee, and doesn’t know many things ; but I think he does know about that, for he kneels down and says ‘ Jesus.’ ”

There are many more things which we might remember, showing the power of the Gospel over her mind, during the last few months of her life especially. She looked at all that she was taught in a practical manner. For instance, in the autumn of 1860, I told her the story of Eve. I observed that Eve ought not to have stayed to listen to the serpent, nor to look at the fruit, because she was thus led to wish for it.

Some days after, Ada wished to run out of

the drawing-room window to gather *Eschol-zias* from a bed upon the lawn. I told her not to do so, as she would catch cold. She gave it up at once, but remained looking out of the window for some time. At last she turned away, and said, "I think I'd better not look at the flowers any more. It might make me wish to run out. It would be like Eve." And she went away to play, out of sight of the flowers.

When she was nearly three and a half, her aunt, the authoress of "The Peep of Day," gave her a copy of her book. This she preferred to every other book, and was constantly walking about with it, and asking people to read it to her. Her favourite part, as far as she knew it, was page 21 ; and this she soon knew by heart, and used to find the page herself, and repeat it as though she was reading it, giving great emphasis to the questions and answers. She was delighted with the account of the creation.

She had an unlimited respect for everything her father said, and all he told her she carefully remembered. She one day said to

me, "Do ask Aunt F.* to write a book about papa. He's so wonderful, there ought to be a book written to tell people about him!"

She had become scrupulously obedient in the smallest matters, and took great trouble to do all she was told.

Before she left T—— Park for the last time, she was very fond of painting pictures, when she came down to the drawing room. As this was rather an untidy process, a rule was made that she should spread a cloth on her little table, and, when she had done, put away all her things in her drawer, which was low enough for her to reach. She asked to be taught to fold up the cloth, and did it several times, till she could fold it neatly.

It was very touching, on going to T—— Park a few days before her death, to find in the drawer all her little painting things carefully put away, including the small mug still half full of water, showing that she had put them away herself when unobserved.

A great change had shown itself in her

* The authoress of "The Peep of Day."

character with respect to another point. A year before this I had generally found her very unwilling to do anything for others—even for me. If told to bring or pick up anything, she would at once refuse, and would persist in refusing in the most determined manner. Once, when she had consented to pick up a ball of worsted, she remarked, with a look of offended dignity, “*Some Adas would not have done that.*”

By the time she was three years old I had no further trouble with her in such matters. She had become extremely fond of helping others, and would constantly say to me, “Do let me carry that for you ; I think you’ll be tired.” One of her favourite amusements was to pretend to be a little cottage girl, waiting on her sick mother. In the autumn of 1860 I was unable to go down stairs for some time. Ada, hearing that I had my lunch brought up to me, and that I was unable to leave the sofa, hurried through her dinner, at which she was generally slow, and, without a hint from any one, came into my room, saying, “I think I’d better stay with you

while you have your lunch, because you can't change your plate, nor get yourself things." During the time I was on the sofa (about a fortnight) I do not remember that she missed a single day, and would sometimes bring with her a plateful of her own pudding, saying, "I've brought you some nice pudding to do you good." It gave her the greatest pleasure to see me able to eat it. She could be fully trusted with plates or glasses, being as careful as a grown-up person in the way in which she carried them, and doing everything with perfect neatness and quietness.

About the same time she told me that she prayed for all her brothers and sisters, and a great many other people. I said, "Do you pray for Ninny and Diddy?" (two nurses.)

She said, "No, they can take care of themselves." I explained that they could not.

A day or two afterwards I heard her praying as follows:—"O Lord, do take care of Diddy, and make her thumb well. And do take care of Willy and Roly at school. Oh, do, do take care of them! Don't let them be naughty, and learn to say bad words. Oh,

do, do take care of them, Lord Jesus ! And I thank you for all my nice things what you have given me. And I THANK YOU, O JESUS, THAT YOU WAS PUNISHED INSTEAD OF ME. Amen."

About the 16th of February, 1861, Ada brought me the little book containing the "Fifty-two Tracts for Highways and Hedges."* She found the picture of the Ark, and said, "Tell me about that."

I told her the story, and said that God would never punish people by sending a flood any more, but that the next time He would send fire to punish wicked people.

She said, "Will everybody be burnt?"

I said, "The people who love Jesus will be taken away into a safe place before the fire comes." (1 Cor. xv. 51 ; 1 Thess iv. 16 to end ; 2 Thess. i. 8.)

She looked very grave and thoughtful for a moment, and then said, very quietly and decidedly, "*I do love Jesus.*"

She took the little book up with her to the

* A new edition of this little work is just published, under the new title of "Streaks of Light."

nursery. She had carried it about with her for several days : ever since it had been in the house.

In the afternoon she was playing in the nursery, and looked well and merry. Her father told her that she must come down in the drawing-room before dinner to see her Uncle and Aunt B. She was not at all fond of coming down to see strangers, but made no objection. At tea-time she looked tired and unwell. Ashley asked her to run out and play with him in the passage.

She said, "I'm very tired, dear, but I'll come for a little while, if you like."

When she came to have her frock changed, she said, "I've got two headaches, and something I don't like in my throat; and I'm *very* tired, but I'd better go down."

Her nurse said, "I think you had better not; you don't seem quite well." But she repeated, "Yes, I'd rather go down, because papa wishes it."

When her frock was changed she came down into my room, looking so ill that I said to her, "I think you had better go to bed,

and I will tell papa you were too tired to come."

She answered, "I'm very tired, but papa would like me to come down, so I think I'd better."

She went down, and almost immediately fell asleep on her father's knee. She was then taken up stairs and put to bed. In two hours she was in high fever, and became delirious.

The next morning she seemed better, and when I asked her how she was, she said, "I'm *quite* well again now ; but I should like to have my breakfast in bed."

She had wished for several mornings before to have breakfast in bed, but had added, "I'd better not, because papa likes me to go down to prayers."

On this morning she said, "Perhaps papa won't mind if I have my breakfast in bed to-day."

At this time a rash had come out on her face and hands. After breakfast, when the doctor came, he pronounced it to be scarlet fever.

Ashley was taken ill the same day, and both children were carried to a room at the top of the house, and kept entirely separate.

In a day or two, when Ada was better, she sent down to the nursery for the little book of "Tracts for Highways and Hedges." This she made Adeline read to her constantly, and preferred it to any other book, though she had other new books sent to her with coloured pictures. The stories she liked best were "The Happy Night," "The Happy Morning," "The Woman at the Well," "The Praying Mother," "The Ravens," "The Two Sisters," and "Jesus blessing the Little Children."

She constantly prayed, but not always aloud; and as soon as she was well enough to get out of bed, she insisted upon kneeling on the floor to pray. She said, "I think it's better to do so."

She often prayed for Ashley—that he might be good and patient, and that Jesus would make him well. In the same way she prayed for herself.

Whilst her throat was sore, it was touched

once or twice a day with acid, and this she disliked extremely, and at first cried constantly when it was done, and was angry with the doctor who did it. Afterwards she was extremely sorry, and said to Adeline many times, "Oh, I hope I shall go to Jesus to-night ! then I shall have no more naughty tempers."

After a little while she left off crying when her throat was touched, and as soon as the doctor came she opened her mouth to allow him to do it, without making any resistance.

This was explained some weeks later, when the sore throat returned, and it was necessary to touch it with caustic. As the doctor was going to do it, she said, "Wait a moment, till I have prayed to Jesus." She then prayed, but not aloud, and, opening her mouth, allowed the whole to be done without making any complaint.

In the interval, before the return of the sore throat, she had become much better, and was able to get up and play with her toys. She would take Ashley by the hand, and lead him about, taking the greatest care of him, and would lend him her toys. Whenever

she was well enough she asked for her work, and was very anxious to do it properly. She worked at little presents for her friends, and talked much about her brothers and sisters. She said, "Dear S. !—he is my favourite brother : he prays so often, and he loves Jesus so much !"

One day she said, "I should like to see the nursery once more. I should just like to go and have one little peep, and then come up here again."

She talked a great deal about her friends Gerty and Emily, and little Bessie B., at F——. She said, "Dear little Bessie !—she loved me so much ! She used to put up her little face for me to kiss. She was such a sweet little thing !"

She remembered, too, the poor people at F——. Seeing her nurse with a warm jacket and shawl on, she said, "I think, Diddy, you'd better give that warm jacket and shawl to Mary Wheeler : it would keep her so warm, and she can't buy things like you can." This has been done, as she requested.

She was very much pleased at having a new set of pocket-handkerchiefs, which had been hemmed and marked by the children at T—— School. She said, “How kind of the little girls to hem them and mark them for me! Perhaps Lucy P. did some.”

She looked forward very much to going back to T——, that she might go to church with her father, as he had promised her.

During the whole of her illness she suffered a good deal of discomfort in several ways, and had to submit to much that was disagreeable to her: for instance, having her ear syringed constantly. But she was invariably patient and submissive, and would say, whenever her nurse proposed to do anything which was painful to her, “Yes, darling!—just as you like.” To everything that was said she replied, “Yes, darling!” or “Yes dearest!”

All who were with her were struck by her wonderful patience and sweetness. Dr. B., in speaking of her in a letter written afterwards, said, “I do not presume to offer you any word of consolation, except to remind

you how patiently and submissively your little girl bore all the disagreeable disturbance we were obliged to impose upon her."

She received great Christian kindness from Mr. L., who attended her daily. He told her he had had a little girl who had died just at her age, and was gone to Jesus. This pleased her very much, and she said to her nurse, "When I go to Jesus, I shall see that little girl."

It is a great cause for thankfulness that she should have been, during her illness, under the constant, watchful care of a nurse who was not only devotedly attached to her, but who could, from the heart, speak to her of the Saviour she loved.

She still liked nothing so much as the "Fifty-two Tracts," and asked to have them read over and over. The little hymns at the end of the tracts pleased her very much, especially the one,

"Here we suffer grief and pain."

The fifth verse of this hymn was her favourite, and she soon knew it by heart, and constantly sang it :—

“ Oh how happy we shall be,
For the Saviour we shall see !—
Oh that will be joyful ! ”

About four weeks after the beginning of her illness, a day was fixed for the removal of the children to Norwood. We had seen her at the window a few days before, looking bright and well, and more lovely than ever. When the time came for the removal (Thursday, March 21), she was not well enough to go, the sore throat having returned, though slightly. When the nurse, who was going with Ashley, wished her good-bye, she said to her, “ I hope, darling, you will soon come too ! ”

Ada kissed her several times, and answered, “ No, I shall never go to Norwood ! ”

From this time she became rapidly worse, and on Saturday we were told she was in danger. During the Friday she talked a great deal about her little sister Lucy, and asked whether she might go to see Lucy's grave when she went back to T—— Park. She talked still about her brothers and sisters, and was delighted to hear that Roly had just come from school. Speaking of her baby-

brother, she said, "Darling little fellow ! I used to play with him, and he loved me so much." But the one thought which seemed to fill her mind was that of Jesus.

During these last days, she seemed to be already in heaven, constantly singing her hymns, especially the one,

"Around the throne of God in heaven."

She still wished the "Fifty-two Tracts" to be read to her, and the "Peep of Day," in French ; and when Adeline said to her, "Do you understand it ?" she answered, "Oh yes—it's about Jesus ! Read me more about Jesus !"

She appeared intensely happy, her face beaming with joy and love. Nothing, indeed, that can be given by way of description could convey any idea of *that* happiness. As Adeline observed, it would be impossible to exaggerate it ; none could see it without wonder.

Her mind remained clear till late on Sunday morning. She then sank rapidly, and seemed scarcely conscious ; but about noon

she looked up, with a radiant smile, and appeared to fix her eyes on something which gave her intense delight. She held Adeline's hands, and said, "Sweetest, dearest Diddy!" and endeavoured to make her look up also. As her smile brightened, she said, "Pretty Lord!"—the word "pretty" always having been used by her to express something bright and glorious, connecting it, as regards persons only with her idea of the Queen.

Adeline said, "Do you see Jesus, darling? He is come to fetch you to be with Him."

She made no answer, but turned her face with a smile of assent to Adeline, evidently understanding clearly what was said. She then looked up again with the same expression of joy, and afterwards spoke no more, except to say "No" when offered some barley-water.

About three o'clock that afternoon she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. It was on the day observed by many as the one upon which Jesus said, "Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?"

On the following Thursday she was laid by the side of Lucy, to wait for His appearing.

It seemed no strange thing that the Saviour whom she so loved had heard her prayer, and allowed her "to go to Him *now*."

It was very sweet, six weeks afterwards, to hear the testimony of little Ashley, not yet two years old. Hearing her name mentioned, he said, "Dear Ada lent Ashley saucers." And, as we did not understand, he repeated, "Ada did. Dear Ada lent them to Ashley to play with."

Adeline then recollected that some little cups and saucers, which we had sent upstairs to Ada, had pleased Ashley very much, and she had immediately given them up to him.

She had lived amongst us but three years and nine months—a short life; but in her case long enough to show the marvellous power of the grace of God; by means of which one scarcely more than a baby could overcome evil passions, and, surrounded as she was by all that was bright and pleasant in this world, could count it better to depart and to be with Christ.

“ABOVE THE BRIGHT BLUE SKY.”

THERE'S a *rest* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And “Abba, Father,” cry :
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and danger free ;
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

There's a *home* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky ;
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare ;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

There's a *Friend* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky ;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

There's a *crown* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky ;
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by.

A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found His favour
And loved His name below.

There's a *song* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky—
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually :
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing ;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

There's a *robe* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky ;
And a *harp* of sweetest music,
And a *palm* of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone ;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.





“ I AM SO HAPPY.”

THESE were the words of a little girl of ten years old when she was dying. Should you like to hear about her? I think you would like to be as happy as she was ; so I will tell you about her. Her name was Matilda Gomer : she had Christian parents, and went to a Sunday-school ; but one Sunday morning she seemed so unwell that her father and mother, thinking she had a bad cold, kept

her at home all day. In the evening, when the rest of the family were away, her father stayed to keep her company, and had some pleasant talk about the things of God. She had been reading a nice little book, in which there were four verses which struck her very much. They were these—“Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners” (1 Tim. i. 15); “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (Matt. xi. 28); “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out” (John vi. 37); and “God is love” (1 John iv. 16). Her father told her that the name of “*sinner*” belonged to her, and to everyone else who came into the world; but, if Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, He would save Matilda if she believed in Him. Her father then spoke to her of the kind words which the loving Saviour speaks to poor weary sinners, promising to “give them rest.” Then he told her if Christ would “cast out *none*,” *Matilda* was welcome to come, and rest in His bosom, though she was only a child. He then spoke to her of

the love of God, in meeting all her wants ; and most of all in giving His only Son to die for sinful men. Matilda thought very much of what her father said, and I believe the Spirit of God led her that evening to believe on Jesus, and to "come unto *Him*" who has promised to "cast out none." When her mother came home she thought her better, and hoped she would be "all right" by the morning. But next morning, between two and three o'clock, she seemed very ill ; and when her parents went to her she did not know them. All day Monday and Tuesday it was very distressing to see her tossing about, and refusing everything her friends thought might do her good. On Wednesday her senses returned, when her father asked her if she was happy. She said, "Not quite. Not as I wish to be." He told her to think of the Lamb of God, and prayed with her. Her mother stayed with her while the family dined ; and as she was hanging over her, very full of sorrow, she said, "My dear little child, can I do anything for you ?" Matilda answered, "I want you to pray for

me." "Shall I call your father, and ask him to pray for you?" "Oh, yes, do!" said Matilda. Her father came, and after speaking a few soothing words, and telling her to trust all to the Saviour of sinners, he prayed with her. In a short time after this Matilda burst out into expressions of such joy, that it was delightful to see her beaming face, and hear her songs of praise. She said, "Jesus *has* washed me from my sins in His own blood, and has made me as white as snow; I am so happy!" Then she looked full of love to her parents, and asked them, "Father, are you happy? Mother, are you happy?" She then said, "Oh! if my brother would only give his heart to God, what a happy family we should be." Another time she said, "I am only ten years old, and Jesus Christ has pardoned my sins." To each person standing round the bed she said, "Will *you* come to heaven?" and seemed satisfied with all their answers, till she came to the nurse, who said, "I *hope* and *trust* I shall follow you there." Matilda answered at once, "You must believe in Jesus, you



know, but *be sure you come.*" Then, naming two little friends of hers, she said, "*Bring one in each hand.*"

She left messages for several of her school-fellows whom she loved, begging them to *meet her in heaven.* She asked her father to tell several friends who were engaged in preaching the Gospel, and also the Sunday-school teachers, to pray *much*: and to persuade all, whom they could, to believe in Jesus, that they might come to heaven too.

A friend, whom she had asked to see, on coming to her bedside, said, "Well, my dear, I am sorry to see you so ill." But Matilda

answered, "Jesus has washed me ; I looked at the cross, and He pardoned my sins." Her mother said to the friend, "We wanted you before to come and pray, but now you must praise." Matilda repeated, "*Pray and praise.*" The friend tried to pray, but was so touched by the scene that she could not go on. "Never mind," said Matilda, "meet me in heaven ;" and fixing her eyes upwards, repeated with much feeling,

"There is my house and portion fair.
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home."

She was now fast sinking, but whenever her father said, "Sing of salvation," she would try to sing, "for *ever and ever.*"

On Thursday morning about eight o'clock she fell asleep in Jesus, and her happy spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord. One text which she often used to repeat was, "Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." She seemed to feel how needful it was for everyone, even the youngest, to come at once to Jesus, who "came into the world to save sinners ;"

who invites the “ weary and heavy laden ” to come to Him, and says He “ will in no wise cast out ” any who come.

Dear Reader, I repeat to you Matilda’s message. It is the voice of a little child, calling to you as from that blest place where sorrow and death are known no more ; where the Saviour’s blessed smile beams for ever on the little ones, of whom, when on earth you know He was so fond that “ He took them up in His arms.” It is the tender request of a loving little heart, that longed to see all as happy as itself : will you not listen to it ? Hark ! she calls to you, even to you,

“ MEET ME IN HEAVEN.”

PRAISE.

(1 TIM. i. 17).

Now to the King eternal

Th’ unseen, the only God,
Enthron’d in light supernal

We, with our feet unshod,
Give honour, praise, and glory,

As humbly we adore :
And still shall bow before Thee
In worship evermore.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

THE Saviour is gracious,
 His love is a well;
 His blood, oh, how precious !
 Its worth, who can tell ?
 He lov'd us so truly,
 He came from the sky,
 That He, the Most Holy,
 For sinners might die.

The love of a mother
 And father is great ;
 The love of a brother
 And sister is sweet:
 Yet who but the Saviour
 For us could have died,
 To bring us for ever,
 With God to abide ?

From heaven, His dwelling,
 That bright, blessed place,
 He sweetly is telling
 Us all of His grace.
 In mercy delighting,
 He speaks from above,
 Poor sinners inviting
 To trust in His love.



LITTLE DOTTIE, PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER DEATH.

PRECIOUS RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR EARLY-FOLDED LAMB.

Matt. xviii. 10.

MY DEAR SISTERS,—You well know the deep sorrow through which we have been called to pass, in the illness and death of our precious little Dottie ; but, while sorely distressed on account of our loss, we do

greatly rejoice in the exceeding grace of God manifested *to* and *in* our darling ; and for the praise of Him who said, “ *Suffer* the little ones to come unto me ;” and to encourage you to bring your own dear children *early* to Jesus, I want to tell you how sweetly our darling’s heart was drawn to Jesus when a babe of less than three years old.

We received her as a precious gift from the Lord, in the place of our sweet Katie, whom He had taken to Himself about sixteen months previously ; and sweetly did she fill the void, for she grew full of life and love, and was so open and winning, that all who *knew* her *loved* her ; and she was, so to speak, the sunshine of our home. The memory of her short sojourn here is very precious, with scarcely one sorrowful exception. Our great desire was to lead her little heart to Jesus ; and oh, how graciously were our desires met, and our efforts blessed ! The Lord indeed caused the seed sown to take root, and bear fruit a hundred-fold ; to His dear name be all the praise !

Before our darling was two years old, the sweet tale of Jesus taking little children in His arms and blessing them had won her heart, and she would listen with intense delight while told about it. As soon as she could talk, she would get on my lap, and say, "Now, ma, tell me about Jesus;" and resting her head on my bosom would listen as long as I would speak to her, and then say, "I like that."

Her brother Charlie had a book with many pictures, that pleased her exceedingly, but none of them so much as one of the crucifixion; *this* she would select from all the others (indeed the page is quite soiled with her reference to it), and with her elbows on the table, and her little head in her hands, she would look at it a long time, and then say, "*That's* Jesus; He died for us; He loves us;" and the quiet confidence of her manner showed that she comprehended the precious truth. Indeed, I believe one of the first things she felt and believed was that she was a sinner; and that Jesus died for her. Well may we say

with the Lord Jesus, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." About this time she wanted "to learn a little prayer to say to Jesus," and one of her sisters taught her—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Put thy gracious hand on me,
And make me all I ought to be."

Kneeling in her sister's lap, she would repeat these words, and then of her own accord would add, "Please, Jesus, make me good;" and as she grew older, other little petitions were added, with all the simplicity of an infant's heart. She would never omit her little prayer, if she could help it; but more than once, when I have gone to look at her in bed, supposing she was asleep, she has said, "I have not said my prayer, mamma; I *must* get out of bed and say my prayer;" and then she would do so with such earnest simplicity, and afterwards go to bed so happy. When she had her good-

night kiss, she would often say, "I not afraid, ma; *Jesus can see me*;" and at another time would add, "*God never goes to sleep.*"

Her faith and trust in Jesus was very precious, and she seemed to delight in the thought that He saw her always. The manner in which she spoke of Him was at times almost startling; she always did so with the greatest solemnity, and yet as a real *living person*, one who *loved* her, and whom she loved.

God she seemed to know as a *Father*, and would say, "God gives me food and nice clothes, and takes care of me" (Matt. vi. 32); but of Jesus her constant tale was, "He died for us; He can make us well," evidently in her heart appreciating the precious truth in one of her hymns—(see last page).

"He went about, He was so kind, &c.

I had often told her of her two little sisters in heaven, and one day, after telling her again how happy they were, I added,

"They see Jesus ;" she looked up, and in her own sweet assured manner said, *"I shall some when."* Precious child ! I little thought that in a few months she would see Him whom, unseen, she loved. She had a most retentive memory, and was intelligent beyond her age ; before she was three years old she could repeat many hymns, and was very fond of singing. Her grandmamma gave her a little book, "Tracts for Children," and she had it read to her till she knew all the tales the pictures were about ; but the hymns pleased her most, and as they were read to her, she would say of one, "That's a prayer ;" of another, "That's a hymn ;" and again, *"I shall sing that to Jesus."* It was not only her delight to hear about Jesus, but the sweet, intelligent remarks she made showed how fully she understood what she heard, and her eyes would brighten with joy as she heard of the love of Jesus.

Her love of the Bible, which she called "God's book," was very great ; and although she could not read, she had a Testa-

ment of her own, and always held it open at our morning reading. Scarcely a day passed without her bringing it to me, and saying, "Now, mamma, read to me about Jesus," and with great delight she would listen to the oft-repeated tale of Jesus dying and rising again, and of His wonderful works while living, and respond to all most sweetly.

She had a beautiful manner of responding to what was said to her ; for instance, when repeating to her the hymn,

" I think, when I read that sweet story of old,"

she would say at the end of each verse, " Ah, I wish I had ! " " Yes, I do," &c.

She was very fond of Bible stories, especially of David's killing the lion and rescuing the lamb. I recollect once telling her that David loved his lambs, and would not let the lion have one ; *that* was like Jesus, He loved His lambs, and would not let Satan have one of them ; but that Jesus did more than David, *he killed* the lion, but Jesus *died* for His lambs. She took up the

thought directly, and made some sweet remarks which I have now forgotten ; but I know my heart greatly rejoiced at her faith in the love of Jesus, and as long as she lived, Jesus as the Good Shepherd had a peculiar hold on her heart.

The following hymn she was very fond of, and in her dying hour it gave her comfort :—

“ A little lamb went straying
Among the hills one day,
Leaving its faithful shepherd,
Because it loved to stray.
And while the sun shone brightly,
It knew no thought of fear,
For flowers around were blooming,
And balmy was the air.
But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew,
The sun soon ceased its shining,
All dark and dismal grew.
The little lamb stood bleating,
And well indeed it might,
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night.
But, ah ! the faithful shepherd
Soon missed the little thing,
And onward went to seek it,
And home again to bring.

He sought on hill and valley,
And called it by its name :
He sought, nor ceased his seeking,
Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom
The little lamb he pressed ;
And as he bore it homewards,
He fondly it caressed.

The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure ;
The shepherd, too, was joyful,
Because his lamb he bore.

And now, dear little children,
There's a Shepherd up on high,
Who came to seek the straying,
Who all deserved to die.

For sin each lamb had ruined,
And far from God had led ;
But, oh, what love unbounded !
He suffered in their stead."

On the Sunday-school being opened, she greatly desired to go, but being so very young (only two and a half years), we objected, but her pleadings prevailed, and ever after nothing could induce her to stay away. *There* she soon learnt to sing hymns, and then, as she nursed her doll, or played about, her little voice, clear and strong.

would be heard singing some of her hymns, but most frequently, "There is a happy land;" "Glory, glory, glory;" "Here's a message of love;" and "Mothers of Salem." These she *loved*, and often when she has sung her hymn has she said (with a look I cannot describe), "*I shall sing that to Jesus, ma; God will let me, won't He?*" Truly, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise."

The Lord's-day was one of special enjoyment to her; entirely of her own accord she would lay aside her playthings, and as each blessed day returned, very soon after breakfast she would say, "I must not play on Sundays; but I may have my book and my pencil, and you must read me my hymn." This hymn was on an illuminated card, and greatly treasured by her, for it was the echo of her own little thoughts—

"'Tis Sunday morning, dear mamma,

I do not wish to play;

Last night I put my doll and toys

Safe in my box away.

I'll come and sit down by your side,
While you the story tell
Of the good little Joseph, whom
His father loved so well.

And how the infant Moses, too,
Floated the Nile along,
And how his mother made for him
The basket-cradle strong.

Please tell these Bible stories, then,
And take me on your knee,
And I'll sit still, my dear mamma,
And listen quietly."

The last Lord's-day my darling could stand she brought her hymn to be read. She loved to go to the meetings, and her quiet manner and happy face were often remarked; though she did not understand what was said, she knew that Jesus was the theme, and that the bread and wine were taken in remembrance of His death; and that was quite enough to arrest her attention, and awaken in her little heart thoughts of love and peace.

One Lord's-day, before she was three years old, her papa was very poorly, and could not go out; and, as it was very cold, we thought it best for Dottie to stay at



"Jesus
said, Suffer
littlechild-
ren to come
unto Me."—
Luke xviii.

home. At first she objected, but her papa said, "We'll have a meeting at home, Dottie;" she was then quite willing to stay, and when we returned home, she ran up to me full of glee, and said, "Pa and me had a meeting, ma." They had sung some hymns, and talked about Jesus; indeed,

her papa was astonished at her remarks. In the course of her conversation, she had said to him, "I have two little sisters in heaven, and they have white frocks on, and harps in their hands, and crowns. *I have got a very wicked heart, but Jesus will wash it in His precious blood, and make me so clean*; and I shall go to heaven, and have a harp and a crown too." In the evening of the same day her papa read to her and her brother Charlie a little book, entitled, "I love Jesus." When he had finished, she said very earnestly, "I love Jesus, *I do*. Do you, Charlie?" appealing to her brother.

She often asked of others if such a one loved Jesus; and if told they did, her heart would open to them at once. That *she* loved Jesus with no childish love was apparent to any one who spoke to her about Him.

During the last four months of her little life, we could plainly discern the work of the Spirit in her heart; she expressed herself so clearly and sweetly about the Lord Jesus and His "precious blood." She always said, "PRECIOUS blood," and that

little word showed how she valued it. Surely this was the work of the Spirit, for no human teaching ever made Jesus or His blood precious to one soul. We must adore the wonderful grace of God in revealing the power of that blood, and showing the *need* of it to such a little one; nothing but the work of the Spirit could have led my darling to say, "I have a *very* wicked heart, but Jesus will wash it in His PRECIOUS blood, and make me *so clean*, and I shall go to heaven, and have a harp and a crown." Precious Gospel! that gave my little one such full assurance: she had no doubts, no uncertainty, but simple faith in the precious blood, and joy in the result of its perfect cleansing. It is sweet to remember how her heart was occupied with Jesus; it really seemed "full of thoughts of Jesus, and of heaven where He is gone."

Heaven seemed so near to her, she would associate it with anything that gave her pleasure, and she would speak of it as a place to which she was soon going; for instance, she had a pink frock made, and the

first time she wore it, she said, very simply, "I must have my pretty frock in heaven."

She was told she would not want it there ; Jesus had a white robe for her in heaven. She answered, "Very well," and never again referred to her frock.

To talk or sing of Jesus was her great delight. To any one she would sing of His love ; even in the workshop her voice was not silent. We have often missed her, and found she had been singing "Happy land" and "Mothers of Salem" to the men, and telling them she was going to heaven, and should have a harp and a crown. So much was one impressed by what she said, that, when she was ill, he said, "That child will not get well ; she has told us so often she was going to heaven."

In little things it was sweet to see how her heart was turned to the Lord. She would not eat without a blessing had been asked ; and if any at the table began before it was done, she would say, "Stop ! we have not said a blessing."

One day she was sent to fetch something

from upstairs, and by mistake she brought a very *large* instead of a *small* thing, and as she let it fall at my feet, I said, "How could you bring it down, my darling?" "*God helped me,*" was her ready answer. This was her real feeling; there was no lightness in her manner when speaking of the things of God, or of God Himself; but at other times she was full of life. It is a matter of great thankfulness to us that our darling scarcely knew a naughty word, or any of the foolish nursery rhymes so common; she had no heart for *them*, but the pretty lines to the cow, pussy, fly, &c., she was very fond of, and often as she stood watching the flies on the window have I heard her saying, in a low voice—

"God is very kind and good,
Gives even little flies their food."

She was intensely fond of her baby brother, and, with her arm around his neck, she would sing—

"Little brother, darling boy,
You are very dear to me;
I am happy, full of joy,
When your smiling face I see."

Very sweetly, but firmly, had her winning ways and loving heart entwined themselves around our affections ; but we knew not how we loved her till she was passing away ; and though sometimes we were astonished at her words, and felt how sweetly the Good Shepherd had drawn our little one to His loving heart, yet we did not think how soon He might take her to Himself. But Jesus had beheld and loved her, and now He called her to come to Him ; He would carry the lamb in His bosom ; He came into His garden to gather this lily, and though we sometimes sing, “He hath done all things well,” yet how hard it is to give up these precious lambs and say, “Even so, Father ; for so it seemeth good in thy sight.”

The last time she went to the Sunday-school was just a month before she died ; she was then in good health, and had been for some time very open, *so* ready to speak of Jesus : that afternoon she came home very happy (Mr. R—— had addressed the children), and with great delight she said : “Oh, ma, Mr. R—— told us about Jesus making lots

of bread for the people, and there was too much ; and we sang ‘ Mothers of Salem ; ’ and I LIKED IT, I DID.” On the Monday she bought with her own money several little books to give away, and she told Mr. R—— what she loved to tell—“ That Jesus would wash her in his precious blood, and make her so clean, and that she would go to heaven,” &c. Before the next Lord’s day she had taken the whooping-cough, and was very poorly. We very soon saw that she would not bear it ; she was very slender, never strong, and the cough tried her much ; but through all this trying illness, we were compelled to adore the grace and love of the Lord towards this lamb of his flock ; she was kept in perfect peace, never once cried or fretted, and when asked, “ How are you, dear ? ” she would say, “ Not very well.”

To be talked to and sung to about Jesus afforded her real enjoyment. One day I said, “ We are very sorry for you, but we cannot make you well.” “ No,” she answered, “ but Jesus can.” Another morning, on saying, “ You have coughed very badly to-night,

darling," she answered, "Yes, *Jesus* heard me cough, nobody but Jesus," and then she added, "Nobody but you, and pa, and Jesus." She was evidently comforted with the thought that Jesus heard her cough; and we, too, felt that He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," would not lay more on His precious one than she could bear. At another time she said, "I cannot say my prayer now." I said, "You can say, 'Jesus, bless Dottie.'" "So I do, ma," she answered.

About a week before she died she was exceedingly weak and ill (having for many days refused all nourishment). I undressed her for the last time, and when her night-dress was on, and I had wrapped her in a shawl, she said, "Now, ma, rock me, and sing to me; sing 'Happy Land.'" I did so. "Now, 'Mothers of Salem;'" but I did not know the tune, and she said, "That's not right." I then repeated the words she so loved, and when I said, "Jesus, sweetly smiling, kindly said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,'" she turned her expressive eyes upon me, and said, as though delivering a message,

"That means suffer ME to come to Him." (Ah, the Lord knew how hardly we suffered it ; but from that hour we sought to give her up to Him who had given her to us.) She then said, "Now, ma, sing '*Around the throne of God in heaven ;*'" and *then* her little voice, clear and beautiful, rose above mine. I sang slowly, for her breath was short, and would have ceased at the third verse, but she said, "*No ; you must sing, 'Because the Saviour shed his blood.'*" And again she sang every word to the end, "Glory, glory, glory."

A more touching scene I never witnessed, as I held that precious little body, and looked on her sweet pale face, her whole soul beaming in her eyes, as she sang, "Glory, glory, glory." Anything more beautiful than that last dying strain I *never* heard ; nor can I ever forget. It was her last on earth, but now

"She has learned the song they sing
Whom Jesus has set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With her new-born melody."

Though suffering at times very much, the Lord dealt very gently with our darling ;

she had sweet sleep and perfect peace. Once in that last week she rallied, and asked for her little book, and told her sisters the stories the pictures were about; but she mostly lay with her eyes closed, and scarcely spoke, unless to answer a question, or to ask us to sing to her. She had become very weak. Before the cough came on, she would moan very much, and it was most touching to hear her say, rather quickly, "Sing, sing; sing 'Happy Land:,'" and thoughts of that happy land would calm her distress. On the morning of the Lord's day on which she was taken from us, she was greatly distressed, and called for one and then another to take her; seeking relief, but not able to obtain it. We were only able to cry to the Lord to quiet her; and as we told her Jesus was here, she said quickly, "Oh, sing, sing 'Happy Land;'" but our hearts were breaking, and we could not sing. She then turned to her papa (who was nursing her), and said, "Tell me about the little lamb." He did so. Her moaning ceased. The Lord graciously heard our cry, and it did not return.

Throughout the day she was sweetly sensible, and looked at us all more than she had done for some time, frequently asking to be sung to, and to be told about Jesus. In the afternoon, as I was nursing her, she said, "Ma, tell me about the little lamb," and once again I told her how the Good Shepherd went to seek the little lamb, and when he had found it, he took it up in his arms, and was so happy, because he had found the little lamb. She responded to every sentence, and evidently enjoyed it.

A little while after, I said to her, "Jesus has sought and found ma's lamb, and is going to take her to his loving bosom, and Dottie will be happy then." Though scarcely able to speak, she again responded in her peculiar manner. It was very evident that she was fast passing away, but she was so sweetly composed and quiet, that I laid her in her bed on the sofa, thinking she might sleep a little, but in a few minutes the cough came on, and she became insensible. Consciousness never returned, and in a few hours my precious lamb was safely folded. "Absent

from the body, present with the Lord." She fell asleep in Jesus on July 5th, 1863, aged three years and five months.

P.

"THE LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY."

JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

He went about—He was so kind—
To cure poor people who were blind ;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.

And more than that, He told them, too,
The things that God would have them do ;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

But such a cruel death He died !
He was hung up and crucified ;
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

And so He died. And this is why
He came to be a man and die :
The Bible says He came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.

He knew how wicked man had been,
And knew that God must punish sin
So out of pity Jesus said,
" I'll bear the punishment instead."

HYMN.

SAVIOUR, Thou dost love me ;
What a love is Thine !
Deep and far above me,
Yet that love is mine.

Thou, Thyself who gavest
Unto death for me,
Living, ever savest
All who come to Thee.

Thou dost know the number
Of Thy lambs and sheep,
And dost never slumber,
But each one dost keep.

Grant Thy faithful keeping,
Lest I go astray;
Guard me, waking, sleeping,
Lead me in Thy way.

Be Thou all my pleasure,
Bind me by Thy love;
Thou, my joy and treasure,
Thou, the Lord, above.

BESSIE'S THREE HOMES.

THE BIRTH PLACE.

“When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.”—PSALM xxvii. 10.

It is a very simple story which I have to lay before you, dear reader; yet I trust to awaken your interest, and to enlist your sympathies, in behalf of the object I have in view, by relating the following tale, which shows, in a striking manner, the ever-watchful Providence of God over the outcast, the stranger, and the orphan. This account is humbly written to His glory, and to the praise of the name of the Lord Jesus only. It is about a little negro girl—now fallen asleep. We called her “Our Bessie,” as we all claimed a share in her love, and she was really, in a special manner, the child of the Refuge.

I will now tell you a little of her *first* home. Bessie was born in one of the worst parts of the east end of London, by the river-side ; where she was brought up in the very midst of iniquity. Her baby eyes saw nothing but what was repulsive, and her nursery rhymes were songs of blasphemy. In this atmosphere of sin and vice she lived with her mother—an abandoned woman of colour from the West Indies, whose mother before her lived also a life of open sin. Thus Bessie attained her tenth year in that nest of sin, when the Lord removed her, having provided a better home for her.

One dark night in January, about six years ago, her mother, in a sullen fit of drunkenness, turned her out of doors to go and sleep on the cold stones, or wander wherever she pleased ; she did not care what became of her poor child of sin and misery. How true are those words of Scripture—“ Can a woman forget her sucking child ? Yea, they may forget ” (Isa. xlix. 15). Was not little Bessie often a hindrance to her wicked life ? Perhaps the child reproved

her, when she dared ; so the unnatural mother wished to get rid of her by any means.

But now let us watch and see what will befall our dear little Topsy, as she is trotting, as fast as her little feet will carry her, away from that horrid spot—never to be entered any more—and the unkind words ringing in her ears. At last she grew tired, faint, and cold, her thin rags scarcely covering her shivering body. Selecting, then, a quiet, dark corner, on a door-step, she rolled herself up, slave fashion, and, as she thought, settled herself there, undisturbed for the night's sleep. Poor little thing ! It makes the heart sad to think of the many children in London who have to endure the same fate, even now, through the brutality of their drunken parents. However, we are again reminded of the words of our God, and to look to His promises, for thus we read (Heb. i. 14) about the angels—"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who *shall be* heirs of salvation ?" With deep reverence, and wondering adoration, can we not fancy hearing the blessed Master

saying to those so closely connected with our welfare—"Watch over her that no harm come to her. I have set her as a seal upon my heart; she is mine; a vessel of mercy, fitted for my use." Well might the Apostle Peter say—when the Holy Spirit had taught him the meaning of the vision he saw (Acts x. 14)—"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but, in every nation, he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him" (Acts x. 34, 35).

Bessie was aroused, with some alarm, from her cold slumber, by some one shaking her. It was not a policeman, who, in the fulfilment of his duty, greeted her with the words so familiar to street-sleepers, "Move on, move on; what are you doing here?" But it was a gentleman, who, on his way home, was attracted by seeing the poor little thing all of a heap, sleeping in the street on such a cold night. "Get up, my child," said he in kindly tones; "give me your hand, and I will take you somewhere, in a house, to spend the rest of the night. Then, in the morning, I will see what can be done for you."

Bessie's first friend felt rather puzzled what to do with her. The Workhouse's Casual Ward did not seem to him to be the best place. After a little thought, he was led to take her to a near Ragged School, when, like the good Samaritan, he asked the mistress to take care of that little girl until the morrow, when he would call again. This gentleman retraced his steps homewards, thankful for the opportunity of showing kindness.

Early the next morning, Mr. A. went and fetched Bessie—I dare say she was on the look out for him ; he had settled what to do with her, and that was to take her to our Girls' Refuge, Broad Street, St. Giles'. Mr. W. W., Secretary of the St. Giles' and Bloomsbury Refuges, and the matron there, Miss D., looked upon the little darkey with no small interest and compassion. She was admitted at once, as sent from the Lord to be trained for Him.

This was Bessie's SECOND home. At first, she felt very strange, and shy, it was all so new to her ; the sight of the other little girls

running about singing hymns—the order—the quiet discipline of the whole arrangement—filled her little mind with wonderment ; so different was it from that distant court, and what she had left behind. And, after she had undergone the process of a thorough bath—as is the rule for all new comers, and which is much needed by some of the poor children—and of being dressed in a nice violet print frock, and white pinafore, with good warm stockings to her legs, and new boots to her feet, I can assure you that Bessie had some degree of self-admiration when looking at herself from head to foot ; and all this great change had taken place in two or three days.

I well remember the first Sunday I saw her after her admission : I thought she was the prettiest little black girl I had ever seen ; and my heart was knit to hers at once. It was truly that *love at first sight* which we sometimes talk of. By degrees, she felt more at home, and began to awaken to the reality of her new existence. Although of negro and slave extraction, she had much intelli-

gence, and a thoughtful, original mind. She soon learned to read and write ; but what is far better, she was brought to know the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. The good seed took root—for the Lord blessed the soil on which it fell.

Our Bessie was about twelve years of age when she first knew herself a lost sinner needing a Saviour. She became, then, intelligently converted to God ; and, from that time, a great spiritual change developed itself in her. Her spine was then discovered to be affected—the body beginning, thus early, to decay ; but the soul, having been united to Jesus Christ by being born again—"not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John i. 11—13). Several years of weary pain, endured with much patience, in a delicate and feeble body, was the way—the best way—in which this dear young saint had to glorify God, and to witness for Him.

For the last two years of her life, she was completely bed-ridden ; wasting slowly, but surely, away, yet daily growing in grace—

ripening for Paradise. Her influence for good over the other girls was telling most wonderfully. She was quite a little missionary in her zeal, trying to work for her dear Master among them ; like Mary of old, doing what she could to show her love. She had a word for each, according to their need. When any had transgressed, they were taken to her, in the sick room where she lay, and then Bessie, in her own quaint way, would draw from the bosom of the little offender confession of sin ; and she would point them very clearly to Jesus, the Lamb of God, the Saviour from sin. Thus I might weary you, were I to tell you all her doings and sayings in the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ.

She had many friends, to whom she had become very dear. Mr. W. was one of these. He visited our Bessie very often, and with much kindness used to sit by her bed-side, to read and explain God's word to her ; it was refreshing to her soul, strengthening her for endurance in her weary pilgrimage.

Her Sunday-school teacher, Miss Eliza M—, to whom Bessie was tenderly attached,

had given her a canary, to keep her company ; it gave her pleasure through many a lonely hour, with its warbling, and ceaseless jumping up and down. Alas ! Dickey, one day, was taken ill and died. I happened to come to see her shortly after its death. On entering the room, I saw the empty cage, and then looked at Bessie, who appeared sad. After raising her, and seating myself by her side, I said, " Well, Bessie, you are looking very dull to-day. Whatever is the matter, dear ? Not even a smile for me ? "

" Dear Dickey is dead," was the sad reply, " and I can't make up my mind to it. I know it is wrong ; but I did love my Dickey so much,"

My dear child, I do feel very sorry for you, and it was not wrong for you to love that dear little bird ; it was given you by your kind teacher ; and God has made them to cheer us with their songs. But we must not forget, either, that everything created is liable to change, decay, and death ; so that we must not rest on things which may be taken from us in a moment. Jesus wants us

to love Him more than anything else. When I was a little girl, like you, I shed many a tear over a lost cat, or a broken doll ; and since I have become a woman, I have had to learn many a hard lesson in that way. But I know now, by the grace of God, what the Apostle Paul meant when he wrote these words :—"Set your affections on things above" (Col. iii. 1, 2).

"Thank you, dear Miss V.," she said, "I need to be always reminded of God's will. I am so prone to wander, then, like a silly sheep, I get hurt, but Jesus does all things well." I saw she was crying, and I asked her to tell me if there was anything on her mind, and if I could in anything or any way help her.

"Oh !" she said, "I feel very, very miserable sometimes about my mother—my poor mother ; she does come to see me now and then ; and I talk to her, but I do not see any change in her. It is the greatest sorrow I have ; and my heart feels at times as if it would break. Will you pray for my poor sinful mother ? for I do love her still ;

she is my mother, and God commands us to love our parents—whether they are good or bad. I feel I have not long to live, and when I am gone, no one will tell her about the Saviour, and of the precious blood which washes away all sin ; and she will go on as bad as ever. She is never out of my thoughts, and it makes me cry very much when I think about it.”

This was the secret—the burden—the cross—of dear Bessie's heart ; it was heavy to bear, along with the increasing feebleness of her poor frame. She understood something of the exceeding sinfulness of sin in the sight of a holy God ; and its terrible wages and consequences. The idea of her dear mother being eternally lost, shut out from the presence of God, was terrible to her tender heart. No wonder, then, that she wept.

Towards the end of August, 1868, I saw she was drawing to the close of her short life. I frequently visited her, and rejoiced that her calm assurance in the Saviour's love and His perfect merits alone for salvation

never left her. She continued very happy until she fell asleep, which took place on Friday morning, Sept. 11th, 1868.

HYMN.

I A little pilgrim am,
Of the flock a little lamb ;
Jesus has my sins forgiven,
Called me to Himself in heaven.

I was born a sinful child,
But am pardoned, reconciled ;
Washed in Christ's most precious blood ;
Made a happy child of God.

Lord, Thou art the Living Bread,
On Thyself may I be fed ;
Springs of life in Thee are found,
May the streams in me abound.

Saviour, keep me near to Thee,
Lest I from Thy presence flee ;
Shepherd, guard me night and day,
Lest thy foolish lamb should stray.

Teach me, Lord, to love Thy ways,
And to live unto Thy praise ;
Young and feeble though I be,
Make me wise and strong in Thee.

Soon shall come the happy day
When Thou'lt call Thine own away ;
Then, within the heavenly fold,
We shall all Thy face behold.



FLORENCE K. NAYLOR.

A LAMB OF THE FOLD ;

OR,

A Brief and Simple Memoir

OF

FLORENCE K. NAYLOR,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1867, AGED
NINE YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.

THIS dear and interesting child came under my care at the age of seven years, with a younger sister, named Blanche, aged four years. She had a remarkably sweet ex-

pression of countenance, and her disposition was most loving and affectionate. Unlike most children of her age, she was unusually thoughtful and inquiring, and would frequently express her great desire to know more. Indeed, young as she was, she thirsted for knowledge, made rapid progress in her studies, and very soon left behind her those much older than herself. She would sit for hours poring over her lessons, while her school-fellows were enjoying their recreations.

When I first knew her she was utterly ignorant of the way of salvation, yet manifested a great desire to hear and learn of Jesus, and would pay the most profound attention while listening to Divine truths. She appeared deeply concerned when I pointed out to her her condition as a poor, lost, helpless, and sinful child in the sight of God ; but when told of the all-sufficiency of the precious blood of Jesus to wash away all her sins, a ray of hope seemed to beam upon her soul. Though naturally shy and reserved, and particularly so on religious

subjects, she ever sought the company of those whom she believed to be the children of God ; and would express in the warmest terms her great love for them. Many times a day would she bring her stool and sit down beside me, or climb upon my knees, and beg me to talk to her about Jesus. These circumstances afforded me great encouragement, and led me to hope, that the Spirit of God was indeed working within her, though, as yet, she had not full confidence and peace.

But oh, how graciously and tenderly did the blessed Saviour deal with this beloved child ! Gradually the light dawned upon her soul, and she was enabled by Divine grace to trust in him as her all in all ; and I would add, to the praise of his glory who called her by his grace (Gal. i. 15 ; Eph. ii. 5), that from that time until the day of her death she never had a single doubt as to her eternal security. The sweet story of the Saviour's love now became her constant theme, and her thoughts seemed almost wholly occupied with his blessed Person. So

fully did she realize the preciousness of his love, that all her desire was to see him and be with him. She now loved to speak of death, and would frequently introduce the subject herself. A few weeks after her conversion, while I was alone with her one evening, we were conversing on the subject of death ; when I asked her whether she would feel afraid if she knew she should die before the morning ; to which she replied, with perfect calmness and composure, “ Oh, I should like to know *that*.” I then asked her why she should have no fear, since death was such a solemn event. She answered with a smile, “ Because I *know* I should go to Jesus ; he died for *me*, he has washed away all my sins in his own blood, and only asks me to believe it ; and I *do* believe ; and besides,” she added, “ if you and every one in the world were to tell me I was not saved, there is something here” (placing her hand upon her heart), “ which makes me feel *sure* I am saved ;” thus clearly testifying of the Spirit’s witness with her spirit, that she was born of God.

A LAMB OF CHRIST.

How sweet to be the lamb that Christ has bought,
To know the tender Shepherd's love and care ;
Oh, might I never have another thought
Than following the Shepherd everywhere.
The world can never give a joy so deep
As that which Christ, the Shepherd, gives his sheep.

He leads them in the meadows green and cool,
Where waters still and clear are flowing by ;
Their cup of joy is ever, ever full,
The living streams are never, never dry.
And for the lambs there is no sweeter rest
Than lying on the loving Shepherd's breast.

And he will keep the lambs in safety there,
Through every danger and through every fear ;
The wolf can never pluck them from his care,
For he has power, and they to him are dear.
For ever and for ever he will keep
The little lamb, the weak and helpless sheep.

Then, if I would be happy evermore,
My place must be amidst the flock of God,
Who follow where the Shepherd goes before ;
No more along the broad and sultry road,
But through green fields where all is fresh and sweet :
The tree of life a shadow from the heat.

And all the blessed way he leads me here
Is nothing to the glory yet to come,
When we, through millions of happy years,
Shall praise the Lamb within our Father's home ;
And there we first shall fully, clearly see,
How blest it is the lamb of Christ to be !

Her temper, which was naturally irritable, owing to her excessive nervousness, was a source of great trouble to her, and would often cause her to mourn deeply. On one occasion, having overheard her speak in a petulant tone to her little sister, who had displeased her, I waited an opportunity, and, calling her to me, asked her in a solemn manner if she thought Jesus ever spoke unkindly when he was upon earth. I then endeavoured to show her the sinfulness of giving way to temper, the great need we have to look to Jesus for strength to guard against it, and also for grace to follow his example, who was meek and lowly in heart. She burst into tears, but did not utter a word ; but in a few moments I missed her, and found she had gone to her room. She soon returned with a happy countenance, and, stealing to my side, looked up into my face, saying, “ I have asked Jesus to forgive me for being so naughty, and I know he will, and I will try never to speak cross again.” She then threw her arms round the little one’s neck, and kissed her very affectionately.

One beautiful and striking feature in her character was her strict truthfulness. Never did I find her out in a lie, indeed she utterly abhorred lying, and I fully believe it was, in her sight, the worst of crimes. One morning, while engaged in dressing the two children, a circumstance occurred which greatly pained dear Florry. I missed some lozenges which I had laid upon the drawers the evening previous, and, on making inquiry, both children denied having touched them. I was fully satisfied at once that Florry knew nothing about them, but rather suspected the little one; and upon taking the latter upon my knee, and talking very seriously with her, she confessed that she had eaten them. I then left the room, closed the door, and remained outside, anxious to hear what passed between the little ones. I had no sooner gone than Florry threw herself on her knees, and entreated the Lord that he would forgive her little sister, show her the sinfulness of lying, wash away her sins, and make her a good girl. I stepped into the room and saw her clasp the little one to her,

begging her with tears never to tell another story, but to love Jesus, and to try to be a good girl. Poor Blanche seemed much affected by her sister's manner, and wept as though her little heart would break; and I trust her sister's solemn and earnest entreaties were not utterly lost upon her, for since that time I have never known her to utter a falsehood.

When Florry was eight years of age, it pleased the Lord to give her another sister, with whom she was highly delighted; and on the second or third day after its birth the children were sent for to their home. I accompanied them, and, on arriving at the house, found the mother very ill; when Florry burst into an agony of tears, crying out, "Oh, my poor mother will die! what shall I do?" It was some time before she could be pacified; indeed she cried all the way back to school that evening, and the first thing she did when she got in was to rush into her bedroom, fall on her knees, and beseech the Lord to spare her dear mother. She prayed also for the dear babe,

that, if spared to grow up, it might become a follower of Jesus. She afterwards seemed much comforted, and calmly laid herself down to rest.

I was particularly struck with the seriousness of her manner when at prayer, and when Jesus was the subject of conversation ; for though, in her hours of play, she was uncommonly lively, and her merry, joyous laugh would ring above that of her playmates, yet, when sitting or walking with me, her mind would instantly revert to heavenly things, and she would ask me to tell her something more about heaven and Jesus. I never knew her grow weary of listening, but the more she heard, the more she wished to hear.

She once asked me if I thought there were as many rich people who went to heaven as poor ones. "Why, my dear," I said, "what makes you ask that question?" "Because," she replied, "I should think rich people think so much about what they've got that they have no room for Jesus." I then read to her the 19th Matthew. "Oh," she said,

when I had finished, "I do hope my mother will never be rich." Ever afterwards, when she saw a poor creature in the streets, or begging at the door, she would say, "I wonder if he or she loves Jesus; I hope they do, because then they won't mind being so poor."

Her anxiety for the conversion of souls, particularly those near and dear to her, was very great. "Oh," she said to me one day, "how delighted I shall be when baby grows older; then *I* shall have a Sunday-school, and dear little Blanche and baby will be my scholars, and I can talk to them about Jesus. Oh! won't that be nice?" The Sunday-school was one of her highest delights, and she would forego any pleasure rather than absent herself; and, indeed, her questions, answers, and remarks on what had been read, were most astonishing. Truly this dear child was taught of the Spirit. Whenever she was invited out to spend the day on a Sunday (which was very frequently the case), she would say, "I cannot come until the afternoon, as I do not like to miss school for any-

thing ;” and it was very rarely she could be persuaded to do so.

It was truly blessed to witness the anxiety she manifested lest she should be tempted to do anything that was displeasing to the Lord. One evening, on returning from a visit to her parents, I found she had been weeping ; but it was some time before I could ascertain the cause of her grief. At length she again burst into tears, telling me that she had been asked to attend some place of amusement which she feared was a sinful place, but that she had refused. We then fell on our knees and gave God thanks for thus graciously preserving this young and tender disciple from the snares and temptations which surrounded her.

Whenever she heard of the death of any individual, her first inquiry was, “Did he love Jesus ?” and if answered in the affirmative, would exclaim, “Oh, I am so glad then he is *with him* now.”

I well recollect once—on returning home, after witnessing the death of a dear youth whom Florry knew well—I went up to her

bedside, but she appeared to be sleeping soundly. I said softly, "Florry, dear H—— is gone." She immediately raised herself in bed; and with a look of great earnestness inquired if he was saved; and when told that he died trusting in Jesus, she exclaimed, "Oh, I should like to be with him!" On the day of the funeral of this dear youth, I took her with me to see him interred, and never shall I forget the effect produced upon her mind. She wept aloud during the whole of the ceremony, and continued to do so for some time; but at length, when somewhat calmed, she looked up into my face and said with the deepest solemnity, "I wonder who will be the next." Ah! little did I think that my next visit to that graveyard would be to witness the last remains of my precious charge committed to the tomb. Oh, how wisely has the gracious God veiled our eyes, that we may not penetrate through the mists and gloom of an unseen future! That same evening, when alone with me, she said, "Oh, I am so glad you took me with you this afternoon, I did so like to be there, and I



could understand nearly all that was said. Will you always take me with you when you go to see a funeral?" I promised I would do so, all being well; and I fulfilled my promise, for her body was there with me

when I next visited that cemetery, though the happy soul had fled.

We had some texts of Scripture printed in large type and hung near her bedside ; and she would never leave her bed in the morning, or go to rest at night, without reading them several times over ; and would sit up in her bed with her arm drawn lovingly round her little sister, and try to teach *her* to say them ; telling her, at the same time, how very pretty they were, and they were all about Jesus. I used often to think what a blessing this dear child might prove to others when she grew up, especially to her parents and sisters ; but God's "ways are not our ways, and his thoughts are not our thoughts." He had a better thing in store for this precious lamb. His message to her was, "Come up hither, thy Father hath need of thee."

When dear Florry first came under my care, it was the full intention of her parents, who were publicans, to keep her at school for several years ; but, owing to some serious losses in business, she was sent for to come home just as she had reached the age of nine

years. It was some time before I could summon courage enough to convey the sad news to her, fearing the consequences of such intelligence ; for I well knew what a terrible blow it would be to the poor child. Many, many times had she expressed her wish that, if it was the Lord's will, he would take her to himself before the time for her removal had arrived. But he, who doeth all things well, had ordered it far otherwise. Words would fail to describe the parting scene. Indeed I cannot dwell upon it without feelings of the deepest grief. Suffice it to say that, for some time, both teacher and child were almost overwhelmed with sorrow. Dear Florry clasped me round the neck in agony, as though it was her last embrace, and entreated me with tears to pray for her. "Oh dear," she cried, "what shall I do without some one to talk to me ; oh, what will become of me ?" We fell on our knees and poured out our griefs and sorrows before that God who alone is able to give relief ; whose ear is ever open to the cry of the distressed ; beseeching him to preserve this

loved one from the snares and temptations of a sinful world. When we rose from our knees she appeared much comforted ; and on my asking her whether she thought she should forget Jesus, she smiled sweetly through her tears, and replied, "I am not afraid now, *I know he will keep me.*" She then asked me if I thought the Lord was sending her home to make her a blessing to others ; and on my telling her I trusted such was indeed the case, she seemed perfectly submissive.

It was with great difficulty that I packed up her clothes, and the dear child wept much the whole of the time. I accompanied her home ; then bidding her look to Jesus, and tell him all her troubles, I left her. Oh, how deeply did I sympathise with the dear child ! Surely nothing but the grace of God could have supported me under the trial. Nothing but the sweet and comforting assurance that *his* grace was sufficient for all circumstances. To leave that dear little one in the very midst of sin and blasphemy, surrounded by a godless world, oh, what but the mighty

power of God could have upheld me in such an hour ! It was not many days before she was again at school, telling me that she could not stay away. I took her with me to visit a friend in the country, and during our walk we had sweet conversation together. She walked very silently for some time, and appeared much cast down ; till at length she said in a sorrowful tone, “ I used to wonder what you meant when I heard you call this world a wilderness, for I always felt so happy ; but I have found out that it is a wilderness, for I am so very unhappy. I cry myself to sleep almost every night, though I try not to let mother see, because it would trouble her ; and I know she can’t help it. She never liked a public-house : she says they are such naughty places. Oh, how I long for Jesus to take me home ! ” I lifted up my heart to the Lord, and committed the dear one to his care, entreating him to remove her from the evil, if he saw fit ; but to give me grace to say from my heart, “ Thy will, O God, not mine, be done.” A few days after this interview, I learned from her mother

that she had been talking very seriously to the servant girl. It appeared that this girl had been saying or doing something that had grieved dear Florry, she knowing it to be very sinful ; and that she had told her she would not go to heaven. Upon this the girl sharply replied, "I shall get to heaven as well as you ; I never did such and such things." "But," said the child, "we have all sinned ;" upon which the girl again made answer something to this effect : "If I attend a place of worship, read my Bible, and say my prayers every day, I shall stand as good a chance as any of you." Dear Florry looked deeply concerned, while she answered meekly, "*There is but one way to get to heaven, and that is by believing in Jesus Christ.*"* The girl made no reply ; but who knows but that that little word may be brought home to her at some future time ? Surely, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Weeks passed on, and I became much concerned about poor little Florry. Her merry,

* John i. 11, 12 ; Gal. iii. 26 ; 1 John v. 1.

happy countenance gradually changed, and she began to look exceedingly sorrowful; and all her desire seemed to be to return to school as a boarder. On one occasion, being visited by some of her schoolfellows, she told them she would rather come back to school than have all the fine things in the world. During the sultry summer months of 1867 she would walk a distance of two miles every Sunday afternoon, to spend an hour with me. We met at a certain time and place, and never was she either absent or behind the time; so precious were the opportunities to her. Often would her little sister beg her to stay, as mother had something nice for them in the cupboard; but nothing could induce her to do so. But ah, I plainly saw that this dear one was not long for this world. No pen can describe my feelings as I gazed on that lovely countenance, now growing careworn and sad. It seemed almost more than I could bear. I wrestled day and night with the Lord on her behalf, until faith seemed to say, "Stand still and see the salvation of God."

One Sunday afternoon, about three weeks

before she was taken ill, we were sitting together alone, and she was telling me that she had been to the doctor, and that he had sounded her chest, adding—"I know why they sound people; they can tell whether they are likely to live long or not." "Well, darling," I said, "and suppose he had told you that you had only a few weeks to live, how would you feel about it?" The tears started into her eyes as she exclaimed, with deep emotion, "Oh, I should cry for joy!" so entirely had all fear of death been removed from her mind.

PEACE FOR EVER.

"On the Lamb my soul is resting,
What his love no words can say :
All my sins, so great, so many,
In his blood are washed away.*

Sweetest rest and peace have filled me,
Sweeter peace than tongue can tell ; †
God is satisfied with Jesus,
I am satisfied as well.

Now my heart no more condemns me ;
For his own most precious blood
Once for all has washed and cleansed me, ‡
Cleansed me in the eyes of God.

* 1 John i. 7. † 1 Pet. i. 8. ‡ Heb. x. 14.

Filled with this sweet peace for ever,
On I go through strife and care ;
Till I find that peace *around* me,
In the Lamb's high glory there." *

E. F. B.

The time at length drew near when the Lord was about to remove all anxiety from my mind respecting this beloved child; and though I cannot speak of her removal without many a pang, yet I bless God for the sweet and happy assurance that she will be among that countless throng who will dwell for ever with the Lamb (Rev. v.). Her illness, though short, was most painful and distressing to those who witnessed her sufferings. Seven weeks from the day on which she was taken ill, her little form lay in the silent tomb, there awaiting the morning of the resurrection. Word was brought to me one morning that dear Florry was not well, having had much pain in her left leg; and on the day following she entered the school, supported by her little sister. She remained until we closed at noon, though with great difficulty; and several times during the morning she

cried out with pain, and seemed quite faint from exhaustion; yet notwithstanding all this, she was there again in the afternoon. Her parents, perceiving her unwillingness to remain at home, and not apprehending any danger, had her carried to and from the school for nearly a week, during which time she was scarcely heard to complain. The Monday following she appeared much weaker, and the leg at times was perfectly useless. A physician was at once consulted, who pronounced her case a serious one, as it proceeded chiefly from the spine. He also gave it as his opinion that grief and sorrow had been preying upon the child's mind for some time; which opinion, considering the physician's utter ignorance of the child's history, so exactly corresponding with our knowledge of the facts, proved beyond a doubt his remarkable skill and experience in matters connected with his profession. He gave strict orders that she should be kept perfectly quiet and undisturbed. Often, when in health, had she expressed her great desire that I might be permitted to be much with

her whenever it should please the Lord to call her hence ; and in this, her request was fully granted ; but he, who sees not as man sees, in his infinite wisdom, saw fit to withhold all intercourse between us during the last three weeks of her life.

“ God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
*God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.*”

I visited her many times during her illness, and each time found her in much pain of body, and evidently sinking fast. On one occasion I found her lying upon the sofa with her lap full of little books. I sat down beside her, took from my satchel a little book entitled, “The White Robe,” and placed it in her hand. She thanked me with a sweet smile, and begged I would read it to her. I did so, she holding my hand in hers, and every now and then interrupting me to ask some question, or make some sweet remark ;

When I had concluded, she again thanked me, requesting me to come and read to her again as soon as possible. On my next visit I found her unable to converse, being in great pain. I spoke a few words to her of the love of Jesus, of his tender care over the little lambs of his fold, and of the glories that awaited her in heaven. I then left her, committing her to the care of him who carries the lambs in his bosom (Isa. xl. 11). She was visited by her schoolfellows, and nothing seemed to give them greater pleasure than to take her some little delicacy which they thought she might fancy, in token of their great love for her.

The next time I saw her she was confined to her bed. She had been in a state of unconsciousness for several days, and continued so until her death. Day after day I sat at that bedside, gazing on that lovely form—the eyes closed as if in sleep, and the tongue powerless—waiting with intense eagerness to catch one word or look of recognition before she passed away—to hear those lips once more breathe forth the precious name of

Jesus, as was her wont ;—but ah ! even this could not be permitted.

One afternoon, a day or two before her death, while in a state of delirium, surrounded by her weeping relatives and friends, she made an effort to raise herself in bed, fixed her eyes upon her mother, and with a look of intense earnestness, exclaimed, “Mother, my dear mother, look after those two dear little ones, and teach them that there is a God, and teach them to *know him*.” These were, I believe, about the last words she uttered. Her mission here, though short, was now fully accomplished, her work on earth done, and she now seemed to have nothing further to do. The day before her death, which took place on the Sunday, I visited her for the last time ; but oh ! what a change had taken place ! Death was indeed stamped upon her features. The blue lips, the cold, clammy sweat upon her fair brow, her short but heavy breathing were strong indications that her end was very near. Many times during the day I strove to soothe her by breathing into her ear words of consolation, but she

heeded them not. Several times she suddenly opened her eyes, fixed them upon the ceiling, and appeared to be gazing intently upon some object, then as quickly closed them. I remained with her until eleven o'clock at night, when I was compelled to leave. I shall not attempt to describe the last farewell. Early the following morning I received the joyful intelligence that this dear lamb was "*Gone home.*" I hastened to the house to learn the particulars of her last moments, and found that she continued much the same as when I left her until about three o'clock in the morning, when she calmly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a sigh. So gently did the Lord remove her, that for some moments her friends sat watching for the last breath. "*Absent from the body, present with the Lord.*"

Shortly after her death, while looking over all her little treasures, I found locked up in her workbox several precious little books and tickets which she had received at the Sunday-school; also a little pocket-book, on the first leaf of which, in her own hand-

writing, were these words, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and also, "The Lord is gracious and full of compassion; slow to anger and plenteous in mercy." Precious relic of the dear departed one, indicating the firm and solid rock, "the Rock of ages," on which she had builded !

Dear young reader, pause a moment ere you close this little book, and ask yourself these heart-searching questions : " Am I, like this dear child, trusting simply in the Lord Jesus for my everlasting salvation ? Am I building all my hopes upon *him* ? Has he my whole heart ? or am I still in my sins, careless and indifferent, going on to destruction ? " Oh, let me warn you. "*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation." Oh, delay not a moment, to-morrow may be too late. Trust in the Lord while he may be found. Then, should death come unexpectedly, as in the case of this little one before us, you will only the sooner be with Christ (Phil. i. 23). May the Lord open your eyes and make you see

your condition as a lost sinner ; may he draw your young heart towards himself, and may you know while in youth what a blessed thing it is to have him for your Saviour, and the strength of your heart and your portion for ever (Ps. lxxiii. 26). “ Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out ” (John vi.).

THE HEAVENLY FOLD.

There is a fold where none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night are never seen.
Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies,
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

There is a Shepherd living there,
The firstborn from the dead,
Who tends, with sweet, unwearied care,
The flock for which he bled.
There the deep streams of joy that flow
Proceed from God's right hand ;
He made them, and he bids them go
To feed that happy band.

“ I SHALL SOON BE TEN
YEARS OLD.”

“ AH! there is old Sylvester,” said Babet to her elder sister Paulina, with whom she was going to school; “I am sure he is going to give us some of his grave speeches.”

“ You are going to school, my children,” said the aged peasant to the two sisters. “It is yet early.”

Paulina. “It is, Mr. Sylvester; but mamma has allowed us to leave half an hour sooner, that we might have time to go and see the great May-pole which was fixed yesterday before the church.”

Sylvester. “How old are you, my children?”

Babet. “I am not very old yet; I shall soon be ten years old.”

Sylvester. “When you are six or seven

times as old, little Babet, you will still reckon it but little."

Babet. "Oh, Mr. Sylvester, that is a long time!"

Sylvester. "Yes, yes, my child, so it appears to you, because it is future. But what would you say if I should assure you that the sixty or seventy years which you may yet pass in this world will appear to you at the end shorter than the ten years you have not yet completed?"

Babet laughed as she said, "Oh, Mr. Sylvester, I find it difficult to believe you. How can it be that from ten years to twenty, then again from twenty to thirty, and again to forty, and fifty, and so on, until the end of life—that all this should at last appear shorter than ten short years which I have yet scarcely finished?"

Paulina made a sign to her sister to be attentive, and then begged Sylvester to sit down on a large stone which was there, that he might rest himself while he talked to them.

"Do you see near yonder field of oats that beautiful pear-tree, and a little further that

great walnut-tree, which is so luxuriant in its branches? This finger, which touches you, my child, bored the earth where I put the seed and the walnut, from which the Almighty has made those two strong trees to grow. Yes, Babet, it is even as I tell you; and if you will listen to me, I will relate to you the story, the more readily, indeed, because you are not in a hurry to go to school, and you can see the May-pole another day.

“This field was my father’s; and I was his only son. I was, I think, seven or eight years old; and when I was with him, yes, there, in that very field, near that rock, he said to me, ‘Sylvester, we are going to cut down those walnut-trees (for there were two very old trees in the same place where you see those now standing); they are decayed, and we must replace them by two others.’ Upon that I replied, like a child, that I would plant them myself with my finger, and that I would give the first fruits of them to my father. He smiled with pleasure; and when the old walnut-trees were taken up, their roots removed, and the spot well cleared, my father

said to me, 'You said, Sylvester, that you would plant these trees with your own finger. I am willing you should do so, but they will not be for me, my child ; they will grow more slowly than I shall grow old.' At last, to be brief, I thrust my little finger into the earth, and placed in one of the holes three or four seeds of a pear, and in the other I threw a fine walnut, which I thrust down with a rod.

"God blessed the seed, and in due season there appeared above the ground, a stalk, with some leaves. I placed round my trees some very strong palisades, which I surrounded with thorns, that no beast might devour my plants. The following years I took the greatest care of them. I watered them in the summer ; I loosened the earth properly all around ; and thus passed six years. But they appeared long to me. It seemed to me my trees were iron, they increased so slowly. 'These are two beautiful stocks,' said my father ; you must graft them carefully. It is God's will that you should eat of their fruit, with the tree of wisdom.' I replied, 'They have been there an age ; and I believe they will remain there all

my life, before they bear fruit.’ ‘Sylvester,’ said my father to me, ‘they have appeared to you to grow slowly ; but remember, that afterwards it will seem to you they have become large and strong in a day.’

“And it is true, my children. Yes, when I see them now, and when I think that one of them has already lost its strongest branch, which withered last year, I ask myself if the snows have indeed fallen on them during sixty winters, and if I have really shaken their branches each autumn, to fill my baskets with their beautiful fruits. .

“Ah ! dear Babet, it is as a dream ! My father did not eat of them. He slept in Jesus when I was very young : and that which he said to me, I see with my eyes to-day. Notwithstanding they grew so slowly when I was only ten or twelve years old, it seems to me truly now that these two trees have increased and grown old in a day !”

Paulina was serious. She had heard the old man with deep attention, and she understood all he meant to convey. She sighed, and looking at him, she said, “The Holy

Scriptures tell us that our life is as the grass of the field, and it is very true."

"Yes, my children, it is very true. Believe old Sylvester. He has passed through life ; and does he not know what it is ? I know then, that at your age, dear children, you cannot be as grave and serious as at mine. You are the blossom of the tree, and I am the withered branch. But youthful as you are, hear and believe the Word of God. I was also once nearly ten years old, when I went to the same school where you are going at this hour. Our schoolmaster was a servant of God. He often said to us, 'Youth is a flower of the field: it blossoms and withers.' And I recollect one day as I was passing with him by the cemetery, he gathered a cowslip from one of the graves and gave it to me, saying, 'Behold your life, Sylvester. Think of heaven.' This word made such a deep impression on me that it still remains ; and it is not more than a quarter of an hour since, when, seeing in the hedge one of those flowers (more backward than usual), I said in my heart, 'Sylvester, such is thy life. Think of heaven.' "

Babet had lost a little of her wonted gaiety. The story of the old man had touched her ; and she beheld, with emotion, this aged pilgrim, so likely soon to leave this world. She desired to listen to him still longer ; but the hour for school had arrived, and Paulina said so to her.

“ God go with you there,” said Sylvester, taking in his large, rough hand the little hands of the two children. “ God give you also if you see a cowslip, and every time you find one in your path, to say to yourselves seriously, ‘ Behold my life. Oh, that I might think of heaven ! ’ And you, now, dear children,” added he, with tenderness, “ can you tell me what is the way which leads to heaven ? ”

“ It is the Lord Jesus Christ,” said Babet.

“ Yes, my child,” said Sylvester, with a look of approbation ; “ the well beloved Son of God is the Way, the Truth and the Life. To become such to sinners such as we, he left the glory he had with the Father, became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief ; and, last of all, laid down his life on the cross. Let him, then, be your Shepherd, dear lambs.”

Alas ! old Sylvester knew not that, in speaking as he did to these children, he was relating, a few days beforehand, the short and touching history of one of them—the little Babet.

This child, about a week after this conversation, was seized with violent pains in the head, followed by a serious and malignant disease, which showed itself after the third day.

"How old are you ?" inquired the physician, as he felt her agitated pulse.

"I shall soon be ten years old," replied Babet ; and the physician sighed.

The disease increased from hour to hour. Paulina did not leave her sister night or day. Old Sylvester learnt the state of his little friend, and obtained permission to see her the ninth day, on which it appeared that the fever was lessened. He took in his hand a nosegay of the most beautiful flowers of his garden, and placed them in the window, that the wind might softly waft the perfume into the room."

"I am very ill," said Babet to Sylvester ;
"I was not thus the day you spoke to us."

“ My child,” replied the aged Christian, weeping, “ Man that is born of a woman is of few days. The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord has blown upon it.”

Babet looked for some minutes at the old man, and then said, “ Do you believe I am near the end of my life, Mr. Sylvester ? ”

The old man lifted up his heart to God, and prayed that He would bless what he was about to say. Then, replying to the child, he asked, “ Is not Jesus *eternal* life ? Do you not believe on Jesus in your heart ? ”

Babet replied in a low voice, “ Paulina has talked to me much this morning, and she wept much ; and I do not believe, I assure you, that God has had pity upon me.”

Old Sylvester added some other precious words ; and, after offering up a short prayer, he left.

Paulina availed herself of every moment when her sister could listen, to speak to her of the tender compassion of the Saviour, and to read the Bible to her.

The Lord blessed these endeavours ; for

Babet understood and believed the mercy which God had manifested towards guilty sinners, in his well-beloved Son. And she trusted in the Saviour and His atoning blood.

This dear child slept in peace the morning of the fourteenth day of her sickness. Sylvester was near the grave where they deposited the little coffin of his dear Babet; and he said to a neighbour who asked how old she was, "Alas! she would soon have been ten years old! her life down here has been like the cowslip. But, ah! Lord," added he, "thou hast gathered it into heaven!"

THE HEART.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child."—PROV. xxi. 15.

"The thought of foolishness is sin."—PROV. xxiv. 9.

A CHILD a little garden had,
In which were sown good seeds;
The ground, however, was so bad
It yielded naught but weeds.

Dear child, your heart is like the ground,
There's nothing good within;
The only seed that there is found
And all its fruit is sin.



LIZA AMATOLA WOLFE.

THE FLOWER FADETH.

How many little green-grown mounds and small stone monuments dot our old churchyards and cemeteries ! how many a sorrowful remembrance lingers around them ! In how many aching hearts the echo of a sweet voice

now hushed in death is heard there, where no other ear can hear it, and the vision of a form so loved and lovable is seen where no other eye can see it !

There, if	anywhere, the
opened ear	may hear the
solemn words,	"The grass
withereth, <i>the</i>	<i>flower fadeth ;</i> "
but who shall	tell how many
a tale of love	divine and
sovereign grace for <i>parents</i> those little graves	
shut in from mortal eyes and human ken	
until that day when all shall be told out to	
swell the torrent of eternal praise	

" To Him who loved us, gave Himself,
And died to do us good."

Yes. There is a tale of grace attached to many a little tomb. As the Irish proverb beautifully expresses it, " Every cloud has a silver lining." Broken hearts and shattered hopes may have fallen with the " earth to earth, and dust to dust," that rattled on the little bier ; but the longing eyes turned heavenward, vainly looking for the lost one,

have caught a view of Him who said, "Come unto me, all ye that . . . *are heavy laden*, and I will give you rest," and one look was life. Or where faith in Him was already the blessed portion of the sorrowing parents, their loss has proved their gain, and drawn them closer to His heart of sympathy and love. And in any and every case a little lamb is folded in eternal safety, secure for ever from the sins and sorrows, snares and storms, of "this present evil world." Happy thought to those who know its abounding iniquity !

In St. Katherine's churchyard, Northampton, stands a little stone monument, on the top of which is sculptured horizontally a light cross (representing probably the pole on which Moses raised the brazen serpent), encircled by a scroll in bold relief, inscribed by those most precious words, "Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Around the base of the tomb is carved the name and age and day of decease of her in whose dear memory it is raised, and beneath it sleeps the little form of one of *home's faded*

flowers, one of the early folded lambs of the flock, waiting through the "little while" for that blissful moment when the trumpet shall sound and the dead in Christ be raised, and we, changed and caught up together with them in the clouds, shall meet the Lord in the air, and so be for ever with Him and them in eternal light and joy.

Liza Amatola Wolfe was born on the 8th of February, 1856, at Fort Cox, a military post in the heart of the Amatola mountains, in British Kaffraria, Cape Colony, where her father commanded for some considerable time. The name Amatola was given her in memory of this place. At four years of age, her father having gone on military duty to China, she was brought by her mamma to England, a healthy, happy little one, enjoying life as children only can, the one little joyous companion of her much-loved mother, making sunlight for her by sea and land through all the long and weary way from the wild mountains of Kaffraria to her English home. But within two short years, a sad, sad change had come over the life of

dear little Liza, and the little flower from the far mountains of Amatola faded. Owing, as was supposed, to a fall in London, symptoms of that hopeless complaint, spinal disease, made their appearance, and poor little Amatola's joyous days were gone. Before two years had again passed away she was laid down to rise no more, compelled by the nature of her disorder to keep a recumbent position evermore until she died! Who shall measure the weariness of such an affliction to a child! One has often looked upon a little one running hither and thither about a house, and wondered how *many miles* it travels thus in a single day. But Amatola was never more to know on earth the springy step, the bounding leap, the joyous race of childhood! Intelligent beyond her years, surrounded from her cradle by "the pomp and circumstance of war," and accustomed from her earliest days, whether at Fort Cox or afterwards at Aldershot, to witness the prompt and rapid evolutions of regiments, and to hear the quick, sharp word of command given and instantly obeyed,—Amatola,

though so young, was naturally imperious and quick in word and deed. To one so constituted, the affliction was far heavier than to a child of opposite disposition, and if in the earlier part of her illness she sometimes displayed impatience, the little sufferer might well be excused, although after grace had touched her heart she would not excuse herself. Time passed wearily away, and her sufferings increased. Often was she unable from pain even to sleep at night, and it became increasingly evident that there was no hope.

Her medical attendant having, in answer to a question anxiously put, declared she could not live, her sorrowing mother, herself a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, felt it was high time to speak closely and solemnly to her about her eternal welfare. She was now between ten and eleven years of age, and old enough and sufficiently intelligent to understand her position fully. But it must have been a hard, hard trial to a mother's heart to have to go to her child's bedside, and, taking her little hands in hers, say, "My

Amatola, dear, the doctor says that *you must die !*"

Poor little one ! well might she weep ; for life is sweet and hope is strong, and the thought of death most terrible in the breast of a child, even though suffering as she suffered. But when the first fresh anguish had passed away, she listened calmly to the precious truth of everlasting salvation through the blood of Christ alone, and as the tearful pleadings of her mother's voice fell upon her ear, the Lord graciously owned the word. She felt she was a sinner. One by one the sins and offences of her little life rose up before her, and were confessed to her mamma. As conviction deepened she became most wretched, earnestly asking whether she *could* be forgiven, and entreating with tears that her dear mother, *so* loved and trusted, would pray for her,—a request which it is hardly needful to say was granted,—how earnestly and how often a Christian mother's heart yearning over her dying child alone can understand. By day and night these pleadings went up to a throne of grace, and were

answered. A text of Scripture hung upon the wall—"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST, GOD'S SON, CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN." To it the dying child was pointed, the Spirit of grace applied the word in power, and little Amatola's fears and dread of death all fled before the blessed light which broke in upon her soul. On going into her room shortly afterwards, the glad words fell upon her mother's ear, "Oh, I feel so peaceful and happy now! *The load is all gone ; I know and feel that my sins are all forgiven.*"

"Her mother gazed, and marked a wondrous change in that pure, pallid face ;

For peace on lips, and cheek and brow had set a heavenly trace :

And when the dear eye met her own, no shadow lingered there,

And her low, sweet voice had lost its tone of anxious fear and care."

And from that hour she had *full* assurance of entire forgiveness and everlasting life. Nor was that all. From that hour, too, an entire change was seen in little Amatola. It was in allusion to this that she once said to her nurse, "*I can no longer order you about as*

I used to do;" and then added, in a tone of entreaty instead of command, as formerly, "*Do, like a good girl, do this for me.*" So patient and so submissive, too, was she, that when on one occasion her intense sufferings were pityingly referred to, she said, "If my legs had not drawn up, I should not have gone to heaven!" Who shall tell the anguish that had drawn her little limbs into such a position—nearly to her chin; or describe the *submission* thus expressed by a suffering child of not yet eleven years of age! What a lesson to older believers, and what comfort to the heart of her who was her daily teacher!

And now another sorrow came. Her dear mamma, overcome by suffering and distress of heart, was laid aside herself, and compelled to keep her bed. But the little Amatola could not part from her while life remained, and every day she would be carried to her mother's room and laid beside her on the bed to listen to her teachings, to learn little hymns, and to mingle her prayers with hers. Instead of the fear of death, she now desired "to depart and be with Christ."

The doctor having once said she "might live a month longer," she exclaimed, "How cruel of him!" thinking a *month* far too long to stay; but on hearing another medical man shortly after say that he did not think she would live a *week*, she turned to her mamma, and smiling, said, "O mammy, only a week!"

A Christian friend who visited her remarked how sorry she was to see her so changed. To this dear Amatola, looking up with a lovely smile, exclaimed, "Oh, it will not be for long. I am soon going home!"

Desiring to ascertain her condition, Miss —— inquired the ground of her confidence, to which Amatola, pointing to the text of Scripture which hung upon the wall, as already stated, answered with an emphatic "THAT!"

"But," said her friend, "all do not believe *that*. I know a gentleman who thinks that he can go to heaven by his own good works."

The child instantly replied, "I wonder he is not afraid! *I could not close my eyes, nor take a step in the dark, until I knew that I was safe and felt my sins were all forgiven!*"

It would be well, perhaps, could the gentleman referred to see and consider this answer of a child of ten to *his* condition, whose sins, as compared with hers, are probably as a sea to a single rain-drop.

Her dear mother's daily teaching was greatly blessed to her, and her growth in grace was marked and rapid. One indication of this was in her choice of hymns.

Her first favourite was—

“Rock of ages, cleft for me!”

but shortly afterwards it was—

“O how He loves ”

and then—

“O for a closer walk with God.”

On one occasion she remarked, “Mamma, I do try to be patient, *because it will be doing SOMETHING for Jesus.*” At another, when near the close of her little life on earth, having been enabled to obtain a few hours sleep under the influence of morphia (for her pain was such that sleep without it was impos-

sible), she exclaimed, "Let us thank God for giving me such ease. Read and pray." On being asked what chapter she wished for, she turned to the Christian friend already mentioned, and replied, "That chapter you were speaking of, '*We glory in tribulations also.*'" Surely *this* was *growth* in a child so young, and in such terrible suffering. And when the reading was over, she clasped her little hands, and exclaimed, "PEACE ! PEACE with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." In further conversation, the "free gift" having been mentioned, she remarked, "That was Jesus Christ, was it not ? O how *kind* of God ! I know I am safe. I cannot understand how you explain it as a debt ; all I know is that I was very wicked, and felt very guilty. *Now* the burden of my sins is gone and I feel light and *at perfect peace with God.* I do not know what heaven is like ; but JESUS IS THERE, and I long to be with HIM." Truly we may well exclaim, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." *Jesus was there*, and that was enough for her. One observation she made was very impor-

tant. When speaking of good works she said, "Yes, but you must *believe first*, and have *God's Spirit to make you do them*, because you cannot please him without that." Her mamma was anxious she should be *clear* on the point (thinking that perhaps the dear child had apprehended the great and all-sufficient atonement through the blood of Christ ; but that she did not know that faith must produce works, *not* for justification, but from love to Him "who first loved us"), and accordingly asked a friend to speak to her. Miss C—— did so, speaking to the dear child of the 32nd Psalm, and the marriage feast, and saying that her papa was obliged to go to court according to the orders prescribed. She remarked, "Yes, but I *had* the robe of righteousness when I believed ; I am not afraid ; I know I am safe." Another day when some allusion was made to her lying awake at night when the servant was asleep, she said, "I used to be afraid, but I am not now ; for I know Christ is in the room." On Christmas eve she asked her nurse to open the window that she might hear the bells.

After listening a little while, she said, "You may shut it now, I shall hear better bells in heaven." On another occasion she said to the same attendant, "Em, there are angels in the room, do you see them?" Her sufferings at times were *intense*. One day when in great pain she exclaimed, "Oh, how I wish I could put my poor aching body into Jesus' arms." On the subject of salvation she had full assurance. Her papa having asked her if she felt sure she would go to heaven, she replied, "You *know* I will, and I told you that before." She was anxious that her maid should have a Bible, and begged her mamma to give her one. On the same evening the dear child picked out a leaflet with the words—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that *thy blood* was shed for me,"

and put it into one of her books, saying, "Here, Eliza, I will give you this." Indeed, she gave many proofs of her willingness to do *something* for Jesus, and He will accept even a cup of cold water. A few days before her death she desired to partake of the Lord's

Supper, and, when some difficulty was raised on the score of her being so young, she thus expressed herself: "*All believers have a RIGHT to partake of it.*" I feel that my sins are forgiven. I *love* Jesus, and want to love Him more, and I want to go and be with Him for ever." Dear little lamb of Christ ! well would it be did all believers know and value their privileges as little Liza knew and valued them, by the blessing of the Lord on the teaching of her mother.

But now her hours were numbered, and the desired of her young heart was about to be accomplished. Two days before her death, at her own request, that hymn was sung, beginning—

"Now the dreary night is done."

And the last she asked her dear mamma to sing was—

"Rest for the weary."

On Thursday afternoon, 24th of January, 1867, she said to her mother, "Mammy, I will die to-night !" and so it proved. Later

in the evening she sent by her dear father her last "Good-night" to her whom she loved beyond all on earth, and before mid-day on Friday, the 25th, she had entered into rest !

"The little hand fell powerless: the spirit fled to dwell,—

Not in the cold, damp, gloomy grave it once had dreaded so,

But in the land whose dwellers death, nor pain, nor sorrow know."

Her dying testimony and the sorrow for her loss were not in vain. They were made an everlasting blessing to one very near and dear to her ; and thus another soul was saved and the monument which covers her remains became not alone a monument to her memory but also to the praise of the glory of His grace who wounded but to heal for ever !

"And holy were the drops that fell on little Liza's grave,

Of chastened grief and thankfulness to Him who died to save."

For the reader, whether young or old, whether a believer or an unbeliever, there is

surely more than one solemn lesson to be gathered from this memoir of little Liza Amatola Wolfe's last days. If unconcerned about your soul, and careless as to Christ, it utterly condemns you. She was but a child ; yet "could not close her eyes nor take a step in the dark till she knew that she was safe, and felt her sins forgiven."

But perhaps you are anxious about your salvation, and earnestly desirous of forgiveness? See her little hand pointing to the wall, and hear her emphatic "THAT," directing you where *God* declares, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Go in spirit and look upon her tomb, and there, surrounded by the silent dead, those precious words meet your eye engraved in stone, "Peace with God *through our Lord Jesus Christ.*" Oh, let them reach your heart, and be engraven there! receive them as *God's own words*, and then, like little Liza, you may exclaim with joy, "PEACE—*peace* with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Are you a child of God by faith in Christ

Jesus? "Mortify therefore your members which are on the earth." Little Amatola *could* not order about her maid as she had once done. Pride and arrogance ill become a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus! Old habits should fall off like autumn leaves, and in their stead the believer should "put on as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, *humbleness of mind, meekness*, long-suffering."

Or are you a believer bowed down with sorrow? A child's voice whispers, "Try to be patient, because it will be doing *something* for Jesus." Little Liza *on the rack* could "glory in tribulations," triumphant in the happy thought, "Oh, it will not be for long! *I am soon going home.*"

And thither she is now gone!

"Oh, she's reached the sunny shore,
Over there!

She will never suffer more,
All her pain and grief is o'er,
Over there!

Oh, the streets are shining gold,
Over there!

And the glory is untold,
'Tis our Shepherd's peaceful fold,
Over there !

Oh, she feels no chilling blast,
Over there !

For her winter time is passed,
And the summers always last,
Over there !

Oh, she's done the weary fight,
Over there !

Jesus saved her by His might,
And she walks with Him in white,
Over there !

Oh, she needs no lamp at night,
Over there !

For the day is always bright,
And the Saviour is her light,
Over there !

Oh, she never sheds a tear,
Over there !

For the Lord Himself is near,
And to Him she's ever dear,
Over there !''

J. L. K.



ADA.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—Matt. xxi. 16.

O child, be wise, lift up thine eyes
To Jesus on the throne ;
To Him attend, the sinner's Friend,
And trust in Him alone.
Safe in His arms, no snares or charms
Shall o'er thy soul prevail ;
In Him thou'lt find all good combined,
And joys that never fail.