

was a blessed thought that she was going to heaven!

Calling us to her side, she bade us a long farewell. She told Willie she had given us to God; that we must love and serve him, and prepare to meet her in heaven.

Falling exhausted upon her pillow, my father, who was leaning by her side, inquired if she was happy. No reply greeted his ear, for at that moment the delicate thread of life was for ever snapped in twain. Oh, the bitterness of that hour! The winds howled mournfully through the pines, and the large drops of rain came pattering loudly against the window-panes. No stars shone through the gloom of that night, and even the star of hope was extinguished for the time within our bosoms. How blessed are they who have a Saviour's arm upon which to repose in the hour of trouble! He can wipe away the tears from the soul of man, and transform the deepest gloom into brightness.

How much does even a child need his tender love and sympathy! Oh, come to him; give him your heart; and receive from him comfort in the day of affliction, when all other sources shall fail you.