

NARRATIVES
OF
LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER ;
THE
AMIABLE LOUISA ;
AND
ANN ELIZA WILLIAMS.

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LITTLE HENRY

AND

HIS BEARER.

HENRY L—— was born at Dinapore, in the East Indies. His father was an officer in the company's service, and was killed in attacking a mud-fort belonging to a petty rajah, a few months after the birth of his son. His mother also died before he was a year old. Thus little Henry was left an orphan when he was a very little babe; but his dying mother, when taking her last farewell of him, lifted up her eyes to heaven, and said, "O God, I leave my fatherless child with thee, claiming thy promise in all humility; for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy." Jeremiah 49:11; Hosea 14:3.

As soon as Henry's mamma was dead, a lady, who lived at that time in a large brick house near the river, between Patna and Dina-

pore, came and took little Henry, and gave him a room in her house, giving strict orders to her servants to provide him with every thing that he wanted. But as she was one of those fine ladies who will give their money, when they have any to spare, for the relief of distress, but have no idea how it is possible for any one to bestow all his goods to feed the poor, and yet want *charity*, she thought that when she had received the child, and given her orders to her servants, she had done all that was necessary for him. She would not afterwards suffer Henry to give her the least trouble, nor would she endure the smallest inconvenience on his account; and thus the poor child, being very small and unable to make known his wants, might have been cruelly neglected, had it not been for the attention of a bearer,* who had lived many years with his papa, and had taken care of Henry from the day that he was born.

When he was a very little babe, Boosy, for

* A servant whose work it is to assist in carrying a palanquin, in which persons in India ride, as in a carriage; but who is frequently employed to take care of children.

that was the bearer's name, attended him night and day, warmed his pap, rocked his cot, dressed and undressed and washed him, and did every thing for him as tenderly as if he had been his own child. The first word that little Henry tried to say, was *Boosy*; and when he was only ten months old, he used to put his arms round his neck and kiss him, or stroke his swarthy cheek with his little delicate hand.

When Henry was carried to the lady's house, Boosy went with him; and for some years the little child had no other friend than his bearer. Boosy never left his little master, except for two hours in the twenty-four, when he went to get his food. At night he slept on his mat at the foot of the child's cot; and whenever Henry called, he was up in a moment, and had milk or toast and water ready to give him to drink. Early in the morning, before sunrise, he took him out in a little carriage which was provided for him, or carried him in his arms around the garden. When he brought him in, he bathed him and dressed him, and gave him his breakfast, and put him in his cot to sleep;

and all the day long he played with him—sometimes carrying him in his arms or on his back, and sometimes letting him walk or roll upon the carpet. Every body who came to the house noticed the kindness of Boosy to the child, and he got a present from many people for his goodness to Henry.

When Henry was two years old he had a dreadful illness; so alarming indeed was it, that for many days it was thought he would die. He had afterwards a very severe illness when he was four years old, for he was never a very healthy child. During the height of these sicknesses his bearer never left him; nor would he take any rest, even by the side of his bed, till he thought the danger was over.

These things considered, it cannot be a matter of wonder that this little boy, as he grew older, should love his bearer more than all the world besides; for his bearer was his best friend, no one else taking any thought about him. He could not speak English, but he could talk with Boosy in *his* language as fast as possible; and he knew every word, good or bad, which the natives spoke. He used to sit

in the *verandah** between his bearer's knees, and chew *paun*† and eat *bazar*‡ sweetmeats. He wore no shoes nor stockings; but was dressed in *pangammahs*,§ and had silver *bangles*|| on his ancles. No one could have told by his behavior or manner of speaking, that he was not a native; but his pretty light hair and blue eyes at once showed his parentage.

Thus his life passed till he was five years and a half old, for the lady in whose house he lived, although he was taught to call her *mamma*, paid him no kind of attention; and it never occurred to her that it was her duty to give him any religious instructions. He used to see his bearer and the other natives performing worship, and carrying about their wooden gods; and he knew that his *mamma* sometimes went to church at Dinapore; so he believed that there were a great many gods, and that the God that his *mamma* went to pray to at Dinapore, was no better than the gods of

* An open gallery or passage.

† An intoxicating mixture of opium, sugar, etc.

‡ A market.

§ A sort of trowsers.

|| Ornaments generally worn around the wrists and ancles.

wood and stone and clay which his bearer worshipped. He also believed that the river Ganges was a goddess, called Gunga ; and that the water of the river would take away sins. He believed, too, that the Mussulmans were as good as Christians, for his mamma's servant had told him so. Besides these, he was taught by the servants many other things which a little boy should not know ; but the servants being heathen, could not be expected to teach him any thing better, and therefore they were not so much to be blamed as the lady who had undertaken the charge of Henry, who might have been ashamed to leave the child of Christian parents under the care of such persons.

When Henry was five years old, a young lady, who was just arrived from England, came to reside for a while with his mamma. She was the daughter of a worthy clergyman in England, and had received from him a religious education. She had brought with her from home a box of Bibles, and some pretty little children's books and pictures. When she saw poor little Henry sitting in the passageway, as his custom was, between his bearer's

knees, with many other native servants surrounding him, she loved him, and was very sorry for him; for indeed it is a dreadful thing for little children to be left among people who know not God. So she took some of the prettiest colored pictures she had and spread them on the floor of the room, the door of which happened to open into the passage-way near the place where the little boy usually sat. When Henry peeped in and saw the pictures, he was tempted by them to come into the room; but at first he would not venture in without his bearer. Afterwards, when he got more accustomed to the lady, he was contented that his bearer should sit at the door while he went in. And at last he quite lost all fear, and would go in by himself; nay, he never was more happy than when he was with this lady, for she tried every means to gain his love, in order that she might lead him to receive such instructions as the time of her intended stay with his mamma would allow her to give him.

She was very sorry when she found that he could not speak English; however, she was resolved not to be checked by this difficulty.

She taught him many English words by showing him things represented in the colored pictures, telling him their English names; so that in a short time he could ask for any thing he wanted in English. She then taught him his letters in one of the little books she had brought from home, and from his letters she proceeded to spelling; and so diligent was she, that before he was six years old he could spell any words, however difficult, and could speak English quite readily.

While this young lady was taking pains from day to day to teach little Henry to read, she endeavored by word of mouth to make him acquainted with such parts of the Christian religion as even the youngest ought to know; and without the knowledge of which no one can be a Christian; and she did not like to wait until Henry could read his Bible, before she would instruct him in subjects of so much importance.

The first lesson of this kind which she strove to teach him was, that there was only *one true God*, and that he made all things: namely, the glorious heaven, to which those persons

go who have been made the children of God on earth; and the dreadful hell, prepared for those who die in their sins; the world, and all things in it; the sun, the moon, the stars, and all the heavenly bodies. And she was going to teach him the following words from Colossians 1:16: "For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth;" but no sooner did little Henry understand that she meant to teach him that there is but *one* God, than he got very angry, and told her that she did not speak *a true word*; for his mamma had a God, and his bearer had a god, and there were a great many gods: and he ran out into the passage-way and told his bearer what the young lady had said; and he sat down between his bearer's knees, and would not come to her again that day, although she brought out her finest pictures and a new book, on purpose to tempt him.

The young lady did not fail to pray very earnestly for little Henry that night, when she was withdrawn to her room, and her door shut. And her Father, on whom she called in secret, heard her prayer; for the next day

little Henry came smiling into the room, having quite forgotten his fit of ill-humor; and she was now enabled to talk to him with advantage on the same subject. And she made him kneel down and pray to God to give him sense to understand the truth. She had also provided herself with one of the Hindoo gods made of baked earth; and she bade him look at it, and examine it well: she then threw it down upon the floor, and it was broken into a hundred pieces. Then she said, "Henry, what can this god do for you? it cannot help itself. Call to it, and ask it to get up. You see it cannot move." And that day the little boy was convinced by her arguments.

The next discourse which the young lady had with Henry was upon the nature of God. She taught him that God is a spirit; that he is everywhere; that he can do every thing; that he can see every thing; that he can hear every thing; that he knows even the inmost thoughts of our hearts; that he loves that which is good, and hates that which is evil; that he never had a beginning, and never will have an end.

Henry now began to take pleasure in hearing of God, and asked many questions about him. He next learned that God made the world in six days, and rested from his work on the seventh; and that he made man and woman innocent at first. He then was taught how our forefather Adam was tempted, with Eve his wife, to eat the forbidden fruit; and how by this means sin entering into the world, and the nature of Adam becoming sinful, all we his children, being born in his likeness, are sinful also.

Henry here asked what sin is.

“Sin, my child,” answered the lady, “is whatever displeases God. If your mamma were to desire you to come into her room, or to do something for her, and you were to refuse, would she not have reason to be displeased with you?”

“Yes, I suppose so.”

“Or if you ask Boosy to fan you, or to carry you in your palanquin, and Boosy does something quite different; or if you desire him to carry you one way, and he carries you another, would he not do wrong?”

“Yes, to be sure.”

“Well, then, whatever you do contrary to the commands of God displeases him, and is sin.”

But the lady still found great difficulty in making Henry understand the nature of sin, for he had been so neglected that he did not know right from wrong. He did not consider a lie as sinful; nor feel ashamed of stealing, unless it was found out. He thought, also, that if any body hurt him, it was right to hurt them in return. After several days, however, she made the subject clear to him; and then further explained how sin has corrupted all our hearts; and she made him repeat the following words till he could say them quite well: “The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God. They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.” Psalm 14:2, 3.

She next made the little boy understand that eternal death, or everlasting punishment, is the consequence of sin, and he soon could repeat

two or three verses to prove this: one was, "The unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God," 1 Cor. 6:9; and another, "They shall look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against me; for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh." Isa. 66:24.

And now the lady had brought Henry to know that he and all the world were sinners, and that the punishment of sin is eternal death; and that it was not in his power to save himself, nor of any thing on earth to wash him from his sins; and she had brought him several times to ask her with great earnestness what he must do to be saved, and how his sins could be forgiven, and his heart freed from evil tempers. Her next lesson, therefore, was to explain to him what the Lord Jesus Christ had done for him: how "God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory," 1 Tim. 3:16; and how "we have redemption through his blood," he "having made peace

Little Henry, etc.

2

for us through the blood of his cross." Coloss. 1:14, 20.

Little Henry was particularly pleased whenever he heard of our Saviour; and by divine grace, his heart seemed to be wonderfully filled with love for his Redeemer, and he was so afraid of offending him that he became careful of every word he said and of every thing he did; and he was always asking the young lady if *this* was right, and if *that* was right; and if God would be angry with him if he did *this* or *that*; so that in a short time his whole behavior was altered. He never said a bad word, and was vexed when he heard any other person do it. He spoke mildly and civilly to every body. He would return the *salam** of the poorest *coolie*† in the market. If any body had given him a *rupee*,‡ he would not spend it in sweetmeats or playthings, but he would change it into *pice*§ and give it to the *fakeers*||

* Health; salutation.

† A kind of low caste or class of men, who have no trade, but work at any kind of employment.

‡ A coin.

§ Pence.

|| Beggars; a religious order of men, something like monks or dervises.

who were blind or lame, or such as seemed to be in real distress, as far as it would go.

One day Henry came into the lady's room, and found her opening a box of books. "Come, Henry," said she, "help me to unpack these books, and carry them to my bookcase." Now, while they were thus busy, and little Henry much pleased to think that he could make himself useful, the lady said, "These books have different kinds of covers, and some are larger than others, but they all contain the same words, and are the book of God. If you read one of these books, and keep the sayings written in it, it will bring you to heaven; it will bring you to where your beloved Redeemer is—to the throne of the Lamb of God, who was slain for your sins."

"Oh, I wish," said Henry, "that I had one of these books; I will give you all my playthings, ma'am, and my little carriage, for one of them."

The lady smiled, and said, "No, my dear, keep your playthings, and your little carriage too: you shall have any one of these books you like best."

Henry thanked the lady with all his heart, and called Boosy in to give his advice whether he should choose a book with a purple morocco cover, or one with a red one. When he had fixed upon one, he begged a bit of silk of the lady, and carried it to the tailor to make him a bag for his new Bible; and that same evening he came to the lady to beg her to teach him to read it.

So that day he began, and he was several days over the first chapter of Genesis; but the next chapter was easier, and the next easier still, till very soon he was able to read any part of the Bible without hesitation.

With what joy and gratitude to God did the young lady see the effects of her pious labors. She had, in the space of a year and a half, brought a little orphan from the grossest state of heathen darkness and ignorance to a competent knowledge of those doctrines of the Christian religion which are chiefly necessary to salvation. She had put into his hand the book of God, and had taught him to read it; and God had, in an especial manner, answered all her prayers for the dear child.

The time was now coming on very fast when she must leave little Henry, and the thoughts of this parting were very painful to her. Some days before she set out on her journey, she called him into her room, and questioned him concerning the things which she had taught him, directing him, as often as he could, to give his answers from the Bible. Her first question was, "How many gods are there?"

HENRY. "There is one God; and there is none other but he." Mark 12:32.

LADY. Do we not believe that there are three Persons in this one God?

HENRY. "There are three that bear record in heaven: the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one." 1 John, 5:7.

LADY. What do you mean by the Word?

HENRY. The Word is the Lord Jesus Christ.

LADY. Do you know that from the Bible?

HENRY. Yes; for St. John says, in the first chapter of his gospel, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the world, and

the world was made by him, and the world knew him not."

LADY. Did God make man good at first?

HENRY. Yes; for in the first chapter of the Bible, the last verse, it is written, "God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good."

LADY. Are men very good now? Can you find me one person who deserves to be called good?

HENRY. I need not look into the Bible to answer that question. I need but just get into the palanquin, and go into the market, and show you the people there; I am sure I could not find one good person in the market.

LADY. But I think, Henry, you might spare yourself the trouble of going into the market to see how bad human creatures are; could you not find proofs of that nearer home?

HENRY. What, our servants, you mean? Or perhaps the ladies in the hall with my mamma? They laughed at the Bible at breakfast; I knew what they meant very well; and my mamma laughed too; I am sure nobody can say that they are good.

LADY. No, my dear, those poor ladies are not good; it would be misleading you to say they are. But as we cannot make them better by speaking ill of them in their absence, it would be better not to mention them at all, unless it were in prayer to God that he would turn their hearts. But to return to my question. You need not go so far as the hall for an answer to it. There is a little boy in this very room, called Henry; can he be said to be a good boy? A very few months ago that little boy used to tell lies every day; and only yesterday I saw him in a passion because the coachman would not let him get on the back of one of the coach-horses; and I think, but I am not sure, that he gave the coachman a blow with his hand.

HENRY. I know it was very wicked, but I had no stick in my hand, and therefore I hope I did not hurt him. I hope God will give me grace never to do so again. I gave the coachman all that I had left of my rupee this morning; and I told him I was very sorry.

LADY. I mentioned it, my dear, that you might know where to look for an answer to my question.

HENRY. Oh, I know that I am not good. I have done many, many naughty things, which nobody knows of; no, not even Boosy. And God only can know the naughtiness of my heart.

LADY. Then you think yourself a great sinner.

HENRY. A very great one.

LADY. Where do sinners go when they die?

HENRY. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Psalm 9 : 17.

LADY. If all the wicked people are turned into hell, how can you escape?

HENRY. If I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, I shall be saved. Stay one moment, and I will show the verse. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts 16 : 31.

LADY. What, if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, shall you go to heaven with all your sins? Can sinful creatures be in heaven?

HENRY. No; to be sure not. God cannot live with sinners. He is "of purer eyes than to behold evil." Habakkuk 1 : 13. But if I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, he will take

away my sins, for his blood "cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John, 1:7; and he will give me a new heart, and make me a new creature, and I shall purify myself, as he is pure. 1 John, 3:3.

Now the lady was pleased with little Henry's answers; and she thanked God in her heart for having so blessed her labors with the poor little boy. But she did not praise him, lest he should become proud; and she well knew that "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." James 4:6. So she refrained from commending him; but she said, "What do you mean, my dear, by being made quite new again?"

HENRY. Before I knew the Lord Jesus Christ, I used to think of nothing but naughty things. I loved myself more than any body else. I loved eating fruit and sweetmeats; and was so greedy of them that I would have told a hundred lies, I do think, for one mouthful of them. Then I was passionate and proud. I used to be so pleased when any body bowed to me, and said, "Little master." And you cannot think how cruel I was to all kinds of

little creatures I could get hold of, even the poor cockroaches: I used to kill them just for my own pleasure. But now I do think my heart is beginning to change a little, I mean a very little, for I gave all my last sweetmeats to the sweeper's boy. But still I know that my heart is far from being clean yet; but God can make it white and clean when he pleases.

LADY. You must pray every day, and oftentimes in the day, and in the night, when you are awake, my dear child, that God will send his Holy Spirit into your heart, to make it clean and pure, and to lead and direct you in all you do. Blessed are those, my dear child, who love the Lord Jesus Christ; for unto them "the Spirit of truth" shall be revealed; and it "shall dwell with them, and be in them." John 14:17.

She then shut the door of the room, and she and the little boy knelt down together, and prayed to God that he would, for his dear Son's sake, "create a clean heart" in the child, "and renew a right spirit" within him. Psalm 51:10. When the young lady arose from her knees, she kissed little Henry, and

told him, not without many tears, that she must soon go away from him.

When Henry heard this news, for some moments he could not speak; at length he cried out, "What shall I do when you are gone? I shall have nobody to speak to but my bearer, for my mamma does not love me; and I shall spend all my time with the natives. I shall never more hear any body talk of God. Oh, I very much fear that I shall become wicked again."

"My poor child," said the lady, "do not doubt the power of God. When our Saviour was going to leave his disciples, he said, 'I will not leave you orphans;* I will come to you.' John 14:18. And do you think, my child, that after the blessed Lord God has made himself known unto you as a dear son, he will leave you comfortless? Think how good he was to call you from the paths of destruction, and from the way of hell. You knew not so much as his holy name, and were living altogether among the heathen. It was

* This is the usual meaning of the word which Christ used.

by his providence that I came here; that I remained here so long; that I loved you, and endeavored to teach you; and that I had a Bible to give you. Faithful is He, my beloved child, who called you. He will preserve your whole spirit and soul and body blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus. 1 Thess. 5:23, 24. She then sung a verse of a hymn to him, which he often repeated, and would try to sing when she was far away from him.

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.”*

Now it would take more time than I have to spare, to repeat the several conversations which this young lady had with little Henry before she went away. He cried sadly the day she went. He followed her down to the river-side; for she was going to Berhampore, where she was soon afterwards married to a very pious young man of the name of Baron.

Henry went on board the boat to take leave of her. She kissed him many times before

* Sung to the tune of the Sicilian Mariner's hymn.

they parted; and gave Boosy, who was with him, four pieces of money, that he might continue to behave well to his little master. The last words almost that she said to Henry were these: "You must try, my dear child, with the grace of God, to make Boosy a Christian, that he may be no longer numbered among the heathen, but may be counted among the sons of God."

When the boat was ready to sail, little Henry took his last leave of the lady, and came on shore, where he stood under the shade of a braminee fig-tree,* watching the boat as it sailed down the broad stream of the Ganges, till it was hidden by the winding shore. Then Boosy, taking him up in his arms, brought him back to his mamma's house; and from that time he was as much neglected as he had been before this good young lady came; with this difference only—and that indeed was a blessing for which I doubt not he will thank God to all eternity—that he was now able to read the book of God; whereas before, he knew not even God's holy name.

* A tree that takes root downward from its branches.

Sometimes his mamma would let him eat his luncheon with her ; but as she always employed herself at table, when not actually eating, in smoking her *hookah*,* and as most of her visitors did the same, the luncheon-time was very stupid to the little boy ; for instead of pleasant and useful discourse, there was in general nothing to be heard at these meals but the rattling of plates and knives and forks, the creaking of a large fan suspended from the ceiling, and the gurgling of water in the pipe—unless his mamma, which not unseldom happened, occasioned a little variety by scolding the servants, and calling them names in their own language.

So poor little Henry found no better companion than his bearer ; and he never was more pleased than when he was sitting by him in the gallery, reading his Bible to himself.

And now the young lady's last words returned to his mind, namely, " You must try to make Boosy a Christian." But he did not

* A kind of pipe, the smoke of which is drawn through water, and the motion of the air through the water causes a bubbling noise.

know how to begin this work: it seemed to him that the heart of poor Boosy could only be changed by the immediate interference of God; so fond was he of his wooden gods and foolish ceremonies, and so much was he afraid of offending his confessor. And in this respect Henry judged rightly, for no one can come to God without the help of God; yet he has pointed out the means by which we must endeavor to bring our fellow-creatures to him; and we must, in faith and humility, use these means, praying for the divine blessing to render them effectual.

The first step which Henry took towards this work was to pray for Boosy. After some thought he made a prayer, which was much to this purpose: "O Lord God, hear the humble prayer of a poor little sinful child. Give me power, O God, for thy dear Son's sake, who died for us upon the cross, to turn the heart of my poor bearer from his wooden gods, and lead him to the cross of Jesus Christ." This prayer he never failed to repeat every night, and many times a day; and from time to time he used to talk to Boosy, and repeat to him

many things which the young lady had taught him. But although Boosy heard him with good-humor, yet he did not seem to pay much heed to what the child said, for he would argue to this purpose: "There are many brooks and rivers of water, but they all run into the sea at last; so there are a great many religions, but they all lead to heaven: there is the Mus-sulman's way to heaven, and the Hindoo's way, and the Christian's way, and one way is as good as another." He asserted also, that if he were to commit the greatest sin, and were to go immediately afterwards and wash in the Ganges, he should be quite innocent. And a great many other foolish things he had to say to the same purpose, so that he sometimes quite outtalked the child. But Henry was so earnest in the cause he had undertaken, that although he might be silenced at one time, yet he would often, after having said his prayer and consulted his Bible, begin the attack again. He would sometimes get close to him, and look in his face, and say, "Poor Boosy, poor Boosy, you are going the wrong way, and will not let me set you right; there is but one way to



heaven : our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, is *the way* to heaven, and 'no man cometh unto God but by him.'" John 14 : 6. Then he would try to explain who the Lord Jesus Christ is ; how he came down to the earth ; that he took man's nature upon him ; suffered and died upon the cross for the sins of men ; was buried and rose again on the third day, and ascended into heaven ; and is now sitting at the right hand of God, from whence he will come to judge the quick and the dead.

In this manner the little boy proceeded from day to day, but Boosy seemed to pay him little or no attention ; nay, he would sometimes laugh at him, and ask him why he was so earnest about a thing of so little consequence. However, to do Boosy justice, he never was ill-humored or disrespectful to his little master.

Now it happened about this time, that Henry's mamma had occasion to go to Calcutta, and as she went by water, she took Henry and his bearer, in the boat with her. Henry had not been well, and she thought the change of air might do him good. It was at the end of the rains, at that season of the year

Little Henry, etc.

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when India is most green and beautiful, although not most healthy. When the boat came to anchor in the evening, Henry used to take a walk with his bearer, and sometimes they would ramble among the fields and villages for more than a mile from the river. Henry had all his life been confined to one spot, so you may be sure he was well pleased to see so many different countries, and asked many questions about the things which he saw. And often during these rambles he used to have an argument with Boosy concerning the great Creator of all things; and Henry would say to his bearer, that the great God who made all things could not be like the gods which he believed in, which, according to his accounts of them, were more wicked and foolish than the worst men.

Once in particular—it was in one of those lovely places near the Rajamahal hills—Henry and his bearer went to walk. Henry's mamma had during the day been very cross to him, and the poor little fellow did not feel well, although he did not complain, but he was glad when he got out of the boat. The sun

was just setting, and a cool breeze blew over the water, with which the little boy being refreshed, climbed without difficulty to the top of a little hill where was a tomb. Here they sat down, and Henry could not but admire the beautiful prospect which was before them. On the left hand was the broad stream of the Ganges, winding round the curved shore till it was lost behind the Rajamahal hills. The boat, gaily painted, was anchored just below them, and with it many smaller boats with thatched and sloping roofs. The boatmen and native servants, having finished their day's work, were preparing their food in distinct parties, according to their several *castes*, upon the banks of the river; some grinding their spices, some lighting their little fires, some washing their brass vessels, and others sitting in a circle upon the ground smoking their cocoa-nut pipes. Before them, on the right hand, was a beautiful country abounding with corn-fields, *topes** of trees, thatched cottages, with their little bamboo porches, plantain and palm-trees; beyond which the Rajamahal hills were seen,

* Groves.

some bare to their summits, and others covered with brushwood, which even now afford a shelter to tigers, rhinoceroses, and wild hogs.

Henry sat silent a long time. At last he said, "Boosy, this is a good country; that is, it would be a very good country if the people were Christians. Then they would not be so idle as they now are; and they would agree together, and clear the brushwood, and build churches to worship God in. It will be pleasant to see the people, when they are Christians, all going on a Sabbath morning to some pretty church built among those hills, and to see them in an evening sitting at the door of their houses reading the *shaster**—I do not mean *your* shaster, but *our* shaster—God's book."

Boosy answered, that he knew there would be a time when all the world would be of one religion, and when there would be no *caste*; but he did not know when that would be, and he was sure he should not live to see it.

"There is a country now," said Henry, "where there are no *castes*; and where we

* The Hindoo religious books.

all shall be like dear brothers. It is a better country than this; there are no evil beasts; there is no more hunger, no more thirst; there the waters are sure; there the sun does not scorch by day, nor the moon smite by night. It is a country to which I sometimes think and hope I shall go very soon; I wish, Boosy, you would be persuaded either to go with me or to follow me."

"What," said Boosy, "is little master going to *England*?" And then he said he hoped not; for he could never follow him.

Henry then explained to him, that he did not mean England, but heaven. "Sometimes I think," said he, "when I feel the pain which I did this morning, that I shall not live long; I think I shall die soon, Boosy. Oh, I wish, I wish I could persuade you to love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then Henry, getting up, went to Boosy, and sat down upon his knee, and begged him to be a Christian. "Dear Boosy," said he, "good Boosy, do try to be a Christian." But poor little Henry's attempts were quite ineffectual.

In little more than a month's time from their

leaving Dinapore they reached Calcutta, and were received into the house of a worthy gentleman of the name of Smith.

When Henry's mamma was settled in Mr. Smith's house, she found less inclination, if possible, than ever, to pay any attention to Henry. According to the custom of India, she must pay the first visit to all her acquaintance in Calcutta. Her dresses, too, having all been made at Dinapore, did not agree with the last European fashions which were come out; these were all to be altered, and new ones bought, and it was a good deal of trouble to direct the tailor to do this properly. Her hair was not dressed in the fashion, and her *ayah** was very stupid; it was many days before she could forget the old way and learn the new one. So poor Henry was quite forgotten in all this bustle; and although he was for several days very ill, and complained to his bearer that his side gave him great pain, yet his mamma never knew it.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith once or twice remarked, when they looked at Henry, that the child was

* A waiting-maid.

very pale, and that his eyes were heavy ; but his mamma answered, “ Oh, it’s nothing ; the child is well enough ; children in India, you know, have that look.”

It happened one afternoon, as Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Henry’s mamma were in the drawing-room after luncheon, while the ladies were giving their opinion upon a magazine which contained an account of the last European fashion of carriages and dresses, etc.—for I am sorry to say that Mrs. Smith, although she had the best example in her husband, had still to learn not to love the world—Mr. Smith, half angry with them, and yet not knowing whether he should presume to give them a check, was walking up and down the room with rather a hasty step, when his eye, as he passed the door, caught little Henry sitting on the mat at the head of the stairs, between his bearer’s knees, with his Bible in his hand. His back being turned towards the drawing-room door, Mr. Smith had an opportunity of observing what he was about, without being seen : he accordingly stood still, and listened ; and he heard the gentle voice of Henry, as he tried to

interpret the sacred book to his bearer in the bearer's own language.

Mr. Smith at first could scarcely believe what he saw and heard; but at last being quite sure he was not dreaming, he turned hastily towards the ladies, exclaiming, "Twenty-five years have I been in India, and never have I seen any thing like this. Heaven be praised! truly it is written, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' Matthew 21:16. For shame, for shame, Mrs. Smith! will you never lay aside your toys and gewgaws? Do give me that book, and I will let the cook have it to light his fire with. Here are two persons who have been nearly fifty years in the world, sitting together talking of their finery and painted toys, while a little creature, who eight years ago had not breathed the breath of life, is endeavoring to impart divine knowledge to the heathen. 'But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.'" 1 Cor. 1:27.

"My dear," cried Mrs. Smith, "surely you

forget yourself. What can you mean? Toys and finery! my dear, my dear, you are very rude."

"Rude?" said Henry's mamma, "rude indeed, Mr. Smith! And pray, sir, what do you mean by saying 'fifty years?' Do you suppose that I am fifty years old? Extraordinary indeed!"

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Smith. "I did not mean to offend; but there is that little boy trying to explain the Bible to his bearer."

"But surely," said Henry's mamma, "you do not think that I am fifty years of age? You are mistaken by twenty years."

MRS. SMITH. O, my dear madam, you must excuse my husband; whenever he is a little angry with me, he tells *me* that I am getting old. But I am so used to it that I never mind it.

MR. SMITH. Well, my dear, leave me, if you please, to speak for myself. I am not a man that disguises the truth. Whether I speak or not, time runs on, death and eternity approach. I do not see why it should be a matter of politeness to throw dust in each other's eyes. But

enough of this, and too much. I want to know the meaning of what I but now saw; a little English child, seven years of age, endeavoring to explain the Bible to his bearer. I did not even know that the child could read.

“Oh,” said Henry’s mamma, “this matter is easily explained. I had a young lady at my house at Patna, some time since, who taught the child to read; for this I was obliged to her. But she was not satisfied with that alone; she made him an enthusiast, a downright canting enthusiast of the boy. I never knew it till it was too late.

MR. SMITH. An enthusiast! What do you mean, madam?

“Indeed,” said Henry’s mamma, “the child has never been himself since. Captain D—— of the —— native infantry, when they were quartered at Dinapore, used to have such sport with him. He taught him when he was but two years old, to call the dogs and the horses, and to swear at the servants in English. But I shall offend Mr. Smith again,” she added: “I suspect him a little of being a religious enthusiast himself. Am I right, Mrs. Smith?”

and she laughed at her own wit. But Mrs. Smith looked grave; and Mr. Smith lifted up his eyes to heaven, saying, "May God Almighty turn your heart."

"Oh, Mr. Smith," said Henry's mamma, "you take the matter too seriously: I was only speaking in jest."

"I shall put that to the trial, madam," said Mr. Smith. "If you really feel no ill-will against religion, and people who call themselves religious, you will not refuse to let me consider Henry as my pupil while you remain in my house, which I hope will be as long as you can make it convenient. You have known me some years—I will not say how many, lest you should be angry again—and you will make allowances for my plain dealing."

"Well," said Henry's mamma, "we know you are an oddity; take your own way, and let me take mine." So she got up to dress for the evening airing on the course; and thus this strange conversation ended in good-humor, for she was not upon the whole an ill-tempered woman.

The same evening, his mamma being gone

out, Mr. Smith called Henry into his own room, and learned from him all that he could tell of his own history, and of the young lady who taught him to read his Bible and had advised him to try to make Boosy a Christian. I will relate to you the last part of this discourse which passed between Mr. Smith and Henry.

MR. SMITH. Do you think that Boosy's heart is at all turned towards God?

HENRY. No, I do not think that it is; although for the last half year I have been constantly talking to him about God; but he still will have it that his own idols are true gods.

MR. SMITH. It is almost dangerous, my dear little boy, for a child like you to dispute with a heathen; for although you are in the right, and he in the wrong, yet Satan, who is the father of lies, may put words into his mouth which may puzzle you; so that your faith may be shaken, while his remains unchanged.

HENRY. Oh, sir, must I give up the hope of Boosy's being made a Christian? Poor Boosy, he has taken care of me ever since I was born.

MR. SMITH. But suppose, my dear boy, that I could put you in a better way of converting Boosy; a safe way to yourself, and a better for him? Can Boosy read?

HENRY. Only a very little, I believe.

MR. SMITH. Then you must learn to read for him.

HENRY. How, sir?

MR. SMITH. If I could get for you some of the most important chapters in the Bible, such as the first chapters of Genesis, which speak of the creation of the world and the fall of man, with the first promise of the Saviour, and some parts of the gospel, translated into Boosy's language, would you try to learn to read them to him? I will teach you the letters, or characters as they are called, in which they will be written.

HENRY. Oh, I will learn them with joy.

MR. SMITH. Well, my boy, come every morning into my study, and I will teach you the Persian characters; for those are what will be used in the copy of the chapters I shall put into your hands. Some time or other the whole Bible will be translated in this manner.

HENRY. Will the words be Persian, sir? I know Boosy does not understand Persian.

MR. SMITH. No, my dear, the words will be the same as those you speak every day with the natives. When you have as much of the Bible as I can get prepared for you in this manner, you must read it to your bearer every day, praying continually that God will bless his holy word to him. And never fear, my dear, but that the word of God will do its work; "for as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isaiah 55:10, 11. "But do not, my dear boy," added Mr. Smith, "argue and dispute with your bearer about religion; you are not able. Only read the Bible to him, and pray for him continually, leaving the rest with God."

But not to make my story too long, while

Henry's mamma remained at Calcutta, which was more than a year, Henry received a lesson every day from Mr. Smith in his study, and Mr. Smith taught him the Persian characters, and provided him with as many chapters in the Bible in Hindostanee as he could get properly prepared in so short a time; these he had bound in red morocco, and presented them to Henry, not without asking the blessing of God upon them.

How delighted was Henry when he received the book, and found that he could read it easily. He was in his place on the mat between Boosy's knees in a minute, and you might have heard him reading from one end of the house to the other, for he could not contain himself for joy. Nor was he contented with reading himself, he must make Boosy learn to read it too. And this was brought about much sooner than you would have supposed it possible; for as Henry learned the Persian letters from day to day of Mr. Smith, he had been accustomed afterwards to write them on a slate, and make Boosy copy them as they sat together; and so by degrees he taught them

all to his bearer before he was in possession of the Hindostanee copy of the chapters.

“Now, my boy,” said Mr. Smith, “you are in a safe way of giving instruction in an ancient path cast up by God. Jer. 18:15. Do not trust to the words of your own wisdom, but to the word of God. Hold fast to the Scripture, dear boy, and you will be safe. And be not impatient if the seed you sow should not spring up immediately: something tells me I shall see Boosy a Christian before I die; or if I do not see that day, he that outlives me will.”

Now the time arrived when Henry's mamma was to leave Calcutta. Indeed she had stayed much longer there than she had at first proposed; but there were so many amusements going forward, so much gay company, so many fashionable dresses to purchase, that she could not find in her heart to leave them, although she was heartily tired of Mr. Smith's company. She respected him indeed as an old friend and worthy man; but he had such particular ways, she said, that sometimes she had difficulty to put up with them.

She proposed, as she went up the country, to stop at Berhampore, to see Mrs. Baron. When Henry heard of this he was greatly pleased; yet when he came to take leave of Mr. Smith he cried very much.

As they went up the river, Henry took every opportunity of reading his chapters to his bearer, when his mamma could not hear him; and he had many opportunities early in the morning, and in the afternoon when his mamma was asleep, as she always slept for an hour after luncheon. And he proceeded very well indeed, Boosy daily improving, at least in the knowledge of the Bible, till the weather suddenly becoming excessively hot, Henry was seized with a return of violent pain in his side, and other very bad symptoms. He became paler and thinner, and could not eat. His mamma having no company to divert her, soon took notice of the change in the child, and began to be frightened; and so was his bearer. So they made all the haste they could to Berhampore, that they might procure advice from the doctors there, and get into a cool house, for the boat was excessively hot; but notwith-

standing all the haste which they made, there was a great change in the poor little boy before they reached Berhampore.

When they were come within a day's journey of the place they sent a servant forward to Mrs. Baron's, so that when the boat anchored next day near the cantonments, Mrs. Baron herself was waiting on the shore with palanquins ready to carry them to her house. As soon as the board was fixed from the boat to the bank of the river, she jumped out of her palanquin, and was in the boat in a minute, with little Henry in her arms. "O my dear boy," she said; "my dear, dear boy." She could say no more, so great was her joy; but when she looked at him and saw how very ill he appeared, her joy was presently damped, and she said, in her haste, to his mamma, "Dear madam, what is the matter with Henry? he looks very ill."

"Yes," said his mamma, "I am sorry to say that he is very ill; we must lose no time in getting advice for him."

"Do not cry, dear Mrs. Baron," said little Henry, seeing the tears running down her

cheeks; "we must all die, you know we must, and death is very sweet to those who love the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Oh, my child," said his mamma, "why do you talk of dying? You will live to be a judge yet, and we shall see you with seven silver sticks before your palanquin."

"I do not wish it, mamma," said Henry.

The more Mrs. Baron looked at Henry, the more she was affected. For some moments she could not speak or command her feelings at all; but after having drank a little water she became more composed, and proposed that they should all immediately remove to her house. And when she found herself shut up in her palanquin, she prayed earnestly to God, that whether the sweet child lived or died, he might not be taken from her in this sickness; but that she might, with the help of God, administer holy nourishment to his immortal soul, and comfort to his little weak body.

When they were arrived at Mrs. Baron's house, she caused Henry to be laid on a sofa by day in the sitting-room, and at night in a room close by her own. The chief surgeon of

the station was immediately sent for, and every thing was done for little Henry that the tenderest love could suggest.

Berhampore happened at that time to be very full; and Henry's mamma, finding many of her old acquaintance there, was presently so deeply engaged in paying and receiving visits, that she seemed again almost entirely to forget Henry, and all her concern about him; comforting herself, when she was going to a great dinner or ball, that Mrs. Baron would be with him, and he would be well taken care of. But it is a poor excuse to make for our neglect of duty, and one that I fear will not stand at the day of judgment, to say that there are others that will do it as well for us.

Notwithstanding all the surgeon could do, and all the care of Mrs. Baron, Henry's illness increased upon him; and every one had reason to think that the dear little fellow's time upon earth would soon come to an end. Mr. and Mrs. Baron were by turns his almost constant nurses; when one left him, the other generally took the place by his couch. It was very interesting to see a fine lively young man like

Mr. Baron attending a little sick child ; sometimes administering to him his food or medicine, and sometimes reading the Bible to him : but Mr. Baron feared God.

When Henry first came to Berhampore he was able to take the air in an evening in a palanquin, and could walk about the house ; and two or three times he read a chapter in the Hindostanee Bible to Boosy ; but he was soon too weak to read, and his airings became shorter and shorter. He was at last obliged to give them quite up, and to take entirely to his couch and bed, where he remained until his death.

When Boosy saw that his little master's end was drawing on, he was very sorrowful, and could hardly be persuaded to leave him, night or day, even to get his food. He did every thing he could think of to please him, and more, as he afterwards said, to please his little dying master, than his God : he began to read his chapters with some diligence ; and little Henry would lie on his couch listening to Boosy, as he read, imperfectly indeed, the word of God in Hindostanee. Often he would stop him to

explain to him what he was reading; and very beautiful sometimes were the remarks which he made, and better suited to the understanding of his bearer than those of an older or more learned person would have been.

The last time that his bearer read to him, Mrs. Baron sitting by him, he suddenly stopped him, saying, "Ah, Boosy, if I had never read the Bible, and did not believe in it, what an unhappy creature should I now be; for in a very short time I shall 'go down to the grave' to 'come up no more,' Job 7:9; that is, until my body is raised at the last day. When I was out last, I saw a very pretty burying-ground with many trees about it. I knew that I should soon lie there—I mean, that my body would; but I was not afraid, because I love my Lord Jesus Christ, and I know that he will go down with me unto the grave; I shall sleep with him, and 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with his likeness.'" Psalm 17:15. He then turned to Mrs. Baron, and said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin, worms de-

stroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' Job 19: 25, 26. Oh, kind Mrs. Baron, who, when I was a poor sinful child, brought me to the knowledge of my dear Redeemer; anointing me with sweet ointment, even his precious blood, for my burial, which was soon to follow."

"Dear child," said Mrs. Baron, hardly able to preserve her composure, "dear child, give the glory to God."

"Yes, I will glorify him for ever and ever," cried the poor little boy, and raised himself up in his couch, joining his small and taper fingers together; "yes, I will praise him, I will love him. I was a grievous sinner; every imagination of the thought of my heart was evil continually. I hated all good things—I hated even my Maker: but he sought me out; he washed me from my sins in his own blood; he gave me a new heart; he has clothed me with the garments of salvation, and hath put on me the robe of righteousness; he 'hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light.'" 2 Timothy, 1: 10. Then turning to his bearer, he said, "O my poor bearer; what

will become of you, 'if you neglect so great salvation?'” Hebrews 2:3. “O Lord Jesus Christ,” he added, “turn the heart of my poor bearer.” This short prayer, which little Henry made in Hindostanee, his bearer repeated, scarcely knowing what he was doing. And this, as he afterwards told Mr. Smith, was the first prayer he had ever made to the true God—the first time he had ever called upon his holy name.

Having done speaking, little Henry laid his head down on his pillow, and closed his eyes. His spirit was full of joy indeed, but his flesh was weak; and he lay some hours in a kind of slumber. When he awoke he called Mrs. Baron, and begged her to sing the verse of the hymn he loved so much,

“Jesus sought me,” etc.

which she had taught him at Dinapore. He smiled while she was singing, but did not speak.

The same evening, Boosy being left alone with his little master, and seeing that he was wakeful and inclined to talk, said, “I have been thinking all day that I am a sinner, and

always have been one ; and I begin to believe that my sins are such as Gunga cannot wash away. I wish I could believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

When Henry heard this he strove to raise himself, but was unable, on account of his extreme weakness ; yet his eyes sparkled with joy ; he endeavored to speak, but could not ; and at last he burst into tears. He soon, however, became more composed, and pointing to his bearer to sit down on the floor by his couch, he said, "Boosy, what you have now said makes me very happy : I am very, very happy to hear you call yourself a sinner, and such a one as Gunga cannot make clean. It is Jesus Christ who has made this known to you : he has called you to come unto him. Faithful is he that calleth you. I shall yet see you, my poor bearer, 'in the general assembly and church of the first-born.' Hebrews 12 : 23. You were kind to me when my own father and mother were dead. The first thing I can remember, is being carried by you to the *mangoe tope*, near my mamma's house at Patna. Nobody loved me then but you ; and could I

go to heaven and leave you behind me in the way to hell? I could not bear to think of it. Thank God! I knew he would hear my prayer; but I thought that perhaps you would not really become a Christian till I was gone. When I am dead, Boosy," added the little boy, "do you go to Mr. Smith at Calcutta. I cannot write to him, or else I would; but you shall take him one lock of my hair—I will get Mrs. Baron to cut it off and put it in a paper—and tell him that I sent it. You must say that Henry L——, that died at Berhampore, sent it with this request, that good Mr. Smith would take care of his poor bearer, when he has lost *caste* for becoming a Christian." Boosy would have told Henry that he was not quite determined to be a Christian, and that he could not think of losing *caste*; but Henry guessing what he was going to say, put his hand upon his mouth. "Stop! stop!" he said; "do not say words which will make God angry, and which you will be sorry for by and by; for I know you will die a Christian. God has begun a good work in you, and I am certain that he will finish it."

While Henry was talking to his bearer, Mrs. Baron had come into the room, and not wishing to interrupt him, she had stood behind his couch, but now she came forward. As soon as he saw her, he begged her to take off his cap, and cut off some of his hair, as several of his friends wished for some. She thought that she would endeavor to comply with his request. But when she took off his cap, and his beautiful hair fell about his pale, sweet face—when she considered how soon the time would be when the eye that had seen him should see him no more, she could not restrain her feelings, but throwing down the scissors, and putting her arm around him, “O my child, my dear, dear child,” she said, “I cannot bear it. I cannot part with you yet.”

The poor little boy was affected, but he gently reproved her, saying, “‘If you love me, you will rejoice, because I go to my Father.’”
John 14 : 28.

There was a considerable change in the child during the night, and all the next day till evening he lay in a kind of slumber ; and when he was roused to take his medicine or nourish-

ment, he seemed not to know where he was, or who was with him. In the evening he suddenly revived, and asked for his mamma. He had seldom asked for her before. She was in the house, for she was not so hard-hearted, thoughtless as she was, as to go into gay company at this time, when the child's death might be hourly expected. She trembled much when she heard that he asked for her. She was conscious, perhaps, that she had not fulfilled her duty to him. He received her affectionately when she went up to his bedside, and begged that every body would go out of the room, saying that he had something very particular to speak about. He talked to her for some time, but nobody knew the particulars of their conversation, though it is believed that the care of her immortal soul was the subject of the last discourse which this dear little boy held with her. She came out of his room with her eyes swelled with crying, and his little well-worn Bible in her hand—which he had probably given her, as it always lay on the bed by him; and shutting herself in her room, she remained without seeing any one

till the news was brought that all was over. From that time she never gave her mind so entirely to the world as she had formerly done, but became a more serious character, and daily read little Henry's Bible.

But now to return to little Henry. As there are but few persons who love to meditate upon the scenes of death, and too many are only able to view the gloomy side of them, instead of following, by the eye of faith, the glorious progress of the departing saint, I will hasten to the end of my story. The next day at twelve o'clock, being Sunday, he was delivered from this evil world, and received into glory. His passage was calm, although not without some mortal pangs. "May we die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his." Num. 23:10.

Mr. and Mrs. Baron and his bearer attended him to the last moment, and Mr. Baron followed him to the grave.

Some time after his death his mamma caused a monument to be built over his grave, on which was inscribed his name, Henry L——, and his age, which at the time of his death

was eight years and seven months. Underneath was a part of his favorite verse from the first Thessalonians, chapter five, altering only one word, "Faithful is he that called *me*." And afterwards was added, by desire of Mr. Smith, this verse from James 5:20: "He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

When I first visited Berhampore, I went to see little Henry's monument. It was then white and fair, and the inscription very plain; but I am told that the damp of the climate has so defaced the inscription, and blackened the whole monument, that it cannot be distinguished from the tombs which surround it. But this is of little consequence, as all who remember Henry L—— have long ago left Berhampore, and we are assured that this dear child has himself received "an inheritance that fadeth not away." 1 Pet. 1:4. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." 1 John, 2:17.

Every person who reads this story will, I think, be anxious to know what became of

Boosy. Immediately after the funeral of his little master, having received his wages, with a handsome present, he carried the lock of hair, which Mrs. Baron sealed up carefully, with a letter from her to Mr. Smith. He was received into Mr. Smith's family, and removed with him to a distant part of India, where, shortly after, he renounced *caste*, and declared himself a Christian. After due examination, he was baptized, and continued till his death, which happened not long after, a sincere Christian. It was on the occasion of the baptism of Boosy, to whom the Christian name of John was given, that the last verse was added to the monument of little Henry.

From Mrs. Baron and Mr. Smith, I gathered most of the anecdotes relative to the history of Henry L——.

Little children in India, remember Henry L——, and "go and do likewise." Luke 10 : 37. For "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." Daniel 12 : 3.

Little children in America, think on Henry L——, and *go and do likewise*. He was born among ignorant heathen, those who worshipped the rivers, the stones, and the images they had made. You live in a Christian land, where the true God, he who dwells in the heavens, and who knows every thing you say and do, is adored. Little Henry was an orphan; he had a kind friend to watch over and protect him; a compassionate stranger informed him about religion and the way to heaven, and gave him a Bible, the book of God. You have parents and instructors to tell you of right and wrong, how to love God and keep his commandments, and you are early taught to read his word. Did, then, this little child hearken to what was told him, and read God's holy book? Did he strive also to cause his poor bearer to leave his false gods and turn from them to love and serve the one only true God? When, therefore, your parents and friends would restrain you from what is wrong, and prompt you to the exercise of what is right; when they would urge upon you the necessity of religion, and of reading that book

which contains the words of eternal life; or whenever you yourselves have an opportunity of reproving others around you, who are living without God in the world, and who regard not his holy commandments, think how Henry L—— would have done, and *go and do likewise*.

My young friends, Henry was only one of the many destitute children in that heathen land. Thousands are there now who have no kind lady to instruct them, and who, I fear, will never be thus favored, and hear of Christ and God. You perceive what pleasure it gave him to be told of these things, and how glad he was to receive a Bible. Think what he would have done, and how dreadful must have been his situation, when sick and dying, had he not met with the compassionate lady.

Now, you have heard of missionaries. These are pious and benevolent persons, who leave their beloved friends and their native shores to go to those distant countries, and carry Bibles to such poor children as little Henry, and tell them about religion. Should you not like to send a Bible to those destitute children, or to

Little Henry, etc.

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do something to let them know there is a God? Suppose you were in little Henry's country, and some kind persons should send one to instruct you and bring you good books, would you not feel very grateful to them?

You are small now, and much is not to be expected of you. But remember, should every one do but little, yet, in the whole, much would be done. There are those who are willing to leave their country to make known to the heathen the existence of God, and the way of salvation by his Son Jesus Christ, and convey to them his holy word; and they wait only for means to enable them to go. Let then every one, who, in reading this little tract, felt pity towards Henry in his forsaken state, and rejoiced when he found a friend to instruct and comfort him, do something towards sending them.

Remember also, dear children, that although you are now young and dependent upon others, you are daily growing older. Your parents and your friends will soon be gone, and you will stand in their places; property will be at your disposal, and you will have the direction

of whatever concerns the church and your country. In after-life, therefore, whenever any measure is proposed for the benefit of the heathen—whenever your assistance is asked to promote in any way this important cause, think how little Henry L—— of Dinapore would have done, and *go and do likewise*. Verily, I say unto you, you shall not lose your reward.

THE
AMIABLE LOUISA.

FROM "THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN."

The circumstances related in the following narrative are of recent occurrence, and the reader may rely upon the strict truth and faithfulness of the description.

SHORTLY after my settlement in the ministry, I observed in the congregation a young lady whose blooming countenance and cheerful air showed perfect health and high elation of spirits. Her appearance satisfied me at once that she was amiable and thoughtless. There was no one of my charge whose prospects for long life were more promising than her own, and perhaps no one who looked forward to the future with more pleasing hopes of enjoyment. To her eye the world seemed bright. She often said she wished to enjoy more of it before she became a Christian.

Louisa—for by that name I shall call her—manifested no particular hostility to religion, but wished to live a gay and merry life till just before her death, and then to become pious and die happy. She was constant in her attendance at church, and while others seemed moved by the exhibition of the Saviour's love, she seemed entirely unaffected. Upon whatever subject I preached, her countenance retained the same marks of indifference and unconcern. The same easy smile played upon her features, whether sin or death, or heaven or hell, was the theme of discourse. One evening I invited a few of the young ladies of my society to meet at my house. She came with her companions. I had sought the interview with them, that I might more directly urge upon them the importance of religion. All in the room were affected; and she, though evidently moved, endeavored to conceal her feelings.

The interest in this great subject manifested by those present was such, that I informed them that I would meet, in a week from that time, any who wished for personal conversa-

tion. The appointed evening arrived, and I was delighted in seeing, with two or three others, Louisa enter my house.

I conversed with each one individually. They generally, with much frankness, expressed their feelings. Most of them expressed much solicitude respecting their eternal interests. Louisa appeared different from all the rest. She was anxious and unable to conceal her anxiety, and yet ashamed to have it known. She had come to converse with me upon the subject of religion, and yet was making an evident effort to appear indifferent. I had long felt interested in Louisa, and was glad of this opportunity to converse with her.

“Louisa,” said I, “I am happy to see you here this evening, and particularly so, as you have come interested in the subject of religion.”

She made no reply.

“Have you been long thinking upon this subject, Louisa?”

“I always thought the subject important, sir, but have not attended to it as I suppose I ought.”

“Do you *now* feel the subject to be more important than you have previously?”

“I don't know, sir; I think I want to be a Christian.”

“Do you *feel that you are a sinner, Louisa?*”

“I *know* that I am a sinner, for the Bible says so; but I suppose that I do not feel it enough.”

“Can you expect that God will receive you into his favor while you are in such a state of mind? He has made you, and he is now taking care of you, giving you every blessing and every enjoyment you have, and yet you have lived many years without any gratitude to him and continually breaking his commandments, and now do not *feel* that you are a sinner. What would you think of a child whose kind and affectionate parents had done every thing in their power to make her happy, and who should yet not feel that she had done any thing wrong, though she had been every day disobeying her parents, and had never expressed any gratitude for their kindness? You, Louisa, would abhor such a child. And yet this

is the way you have been treating your heavenly Father. And he has heard you say, this evening, that you do not feel that you have done wrong, and he sees your heart and knows how unfeeling it is. Now, Louisa, you must be lost, unless you repent of your sins and ask humbly and earnestly for forgiveness. And why will you not? You know that Christ has died to atone for sin, and that God will forgive you, for his Son's sake, if you put your trust in him."

To this Louisa made no reply. She did not seem displeased, neither did her feelings appear subdued.

After addressing a few general remarks to my young friends, we kneeled in prayer, and the interview closed. Another meeting was appointed on the same evening of the succeeding week. Louisa again made her appearance with the same young ladies and a few others. She appeared much more deeply impressed. Her coldness and reserve had given place to a frank expression of interest and exhibition of feeling.

"Well, Louisa," said I, as in turn I com-

menced conversing with her, "I was almost afraid I should not see you here this evening."

"I feel, sir," said she, "that it is time for me to attend to my immortal soul. I have neglected it too long."

"Do you feel that you are a sinner, Louisa?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Do you think, Louisa, you have any claim upon God to forgive you?"

"No, sir; it would be just in God to leave me to perish. I think I want to repent, but I cannot. I want to love God, but do not know how I can."

"Do you remember, Louisa, that Christ has said, 'Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Louisa, now count the cost; are you ready to give up all for Christ? Are you ready to turn from your gay companions, and lay aside your frivolous pleasures, and acknowledge the Saviour publicly, and be derided, as perhaps you will be, by your former friends,

and live a life of prayer and of effort to do good?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "I am afraid not."

"Well, Louisa, the terms of acceptance with God are plain, and there is no altering them. You cannot serve God and mammon. If you would be a Christian, you must renounce all sin, and with a broken heart surrender yourself entirely to the Saviour."

This evening's interview closed as before, and a similar appointment was made for the next week. Some of the young ladies present, I had reason to believe, had accepted the terms of salvation. The next week about the same number were present, but Louisa was not with them; a slight cold had detained her. But the week after, she again appeared. To my great disappointment, I found her interest diminishing. Though not exhibiting that cold reserve which she at first manifested, she seemed far less anxious than at our last interview: the Spirit was grieved away. This was the last time she called to see me; but alas, I was soon called to see her under cir-

cumstances which at that time were but little anticipated. These social meetings continued for some time, and many of Louisa's associates, I have cause to hope, became the disciples of Jesus.

Two or three months passed away, and my various duties so far engrossed my mind that my particular interest in Louisa's spiritual welfare had given place to other solitudes; when one day as I was riding out, making parochial visits, one of my parishioners informed me that she was quite unwell, and desired to see me. In a few moments I was in her sick chamber. She had taken a violent cold, and it had settled into a fever. She was lying in her bed, her cheek glowing with a feverish hue, and her lips parched with thirst. She seemed agitated when I entered the room, and the moment I stood by her bedside and inquired how she did, she covered her face with both hands and burst into a flood of tears.

Her sister, who was by her bedside, immediately turned to me and said, "Sir, she is in great distress of mind. Mental agony has kept her awake nearly all night. She has

wanted very much to see you, that you might converse with her."

I was fearful that the agitation of her feelings might seriously injure her health, and did all I consistently could to soothe and quiet her.

"But, sir," said Louisa, "I am sick and may die; I know that I am not a Christian, and Oh, if I die in this state of mind, what will become of me? What will become of me?" and she again burst into tears.

What could I say? Every word she said was true. Her eyes were opened to her danger. There was cause for alarm. Sickness was upon her. Delirium might soon ensue; death might be very near; and her soul was unprepared to appear before God. She saw it all; she felt it all. Fever was burning in her veins. But she forgot her pain in view of the terrors of approaching judgment.

I told her that the Lord was merciful and ready to pardon; that he had given his Son to die for sinners; and that he was more ready to forgive, than we to ask forgiveness.

"But, sir," said she, "I have known my duty long, and have not done it. I have been

ashamed of my Saviour, and grieved away the Spirit; and now I am upon a sick-bed, and perhaps must die. O, if I were but a Christian, I should be willing to die."

I told her of the Saviour's love. I pointed to many of God's precious promises to the penitent. I endeavored to induce her to resign her soul calmly to the Saviour. But all was unavailing. Trembling and agitated, she was looking forward to the dark future. The Spirit of the Lord had opened her eyes, and through her own reflections had led her into this state of alarm. I knelt by her bedside, and fervently prayed that the Holy Spirit would guide her to the truth, and that the Saviour would speak peace to her troubled soul. O could they who are postponing repentance to a sick-bed have witnessed the suffering of this once merry girl, they would shudder at the thought of trusting to a dying hour. How poor a time to prepare to meet God, when the mind is enfeebled, when the body is restless or racked with pain, and when mental agitation frustrates the skill of the physician. Yet so it is. One half the world are postponing repentance

to a dying bed. And when sickness comes, the very circumstance of being unprepared hurries the miserable victim to the grave.

The next day I called again to see Louisa. Her fever was still raging, and its fires were fanned by mental suffering. Poor girl, thought I, as the first glance of her countenance showed the strong lineaments of despair. I needed not to ask how she felt. Her countenance told her feelings. And I knew that while her mind was in this state restoration to health was out of the question.

“And can you not, Louisa,” said I, “trust your soul with the Saviour who died for you? He has said, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’”

“O, sir, I know the Saviour is merciful, but somehow or other I cannot go to him; I know not why. Oh, I am miserable indeed.”

“Do you think, Louisa, that you are penitent for sin? If you are, you are forgiven; for God, who gave his Son to die for us, is more ready to pardon than we to ask forgiveness. He is more ready to give good gifts to the penitent,

than any earthly parent to give bread to his hungry child."

I then opened the Bible at the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and read the parable of the prodigal son. I particularly directed her attention to the twentieth verse: "When he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him."

"Oh, sir," said she, "none of these promises are for me. I find no peace to my troubled spirit. I have long been sinning against God, and now he is summoning me to render up my account; and Oh, what an account have I to render. The doctor gives me medicine, but I feel that it does no good, for I can think of nothing but my poor soul. Even if I were perfectly well, I could hardly endure the view which God has given me of my sins. If they were forgiven, how happy should I be; but now, Oh!"— Her voice was stopped by a fit of shuddering, which agitated those around her with the fear that she might be dying. Soon, however, her nerves were more quiet, and I kneeled to commend her spirit to the Lord.

As I rode home, her despairing countenance was unceasingly before me. Her lamentations, her mournful groans, were continually crying in my ears. As I kneeled with my family at evening, I bore Louisa upon my heart to the throne of grace. All night I was restlessly upon my pillow dreaming of unavailing efforts at this sick-bed.

Another morning came. As I knocked at the door of her dwelling I felt a most painful solicitude as to the answer I might receive.

“How is Louisa this morning?” said I to the person who opened the door.

“She is fast failing, sir, and the doctor thinks she cannot recover. We have just sent for her friends to come and see her before she dies.”

“Is her mind more composed than it has been?”

“Oh no, sir; she has had a dreadful night. She says that she is lost, and that there is no hope for her.”

I went into her chamber. Despair was pictured more deeply than ever upon her flushed and fevered countenance. I was surprised at

the strength she still manifested as she tossed from side to side. Death was evidently drawing near. She knew it. She had lived without God, and felt that she was unprepared to stand before him. A few of her young friends were standing by her bedside. She warned them in the most affecting terms to prepare for death while in health. She told them of the mental agony she was then enduring, and of heavier woes which were thickly scattered through that endless career she was about to enter. All her conversation was interspersed with the most heart-rending exclamations of despair. She said she knew that God was ready to forgive the sincerely penitent, but that her sorrow was not sorrow for sin, but dread of its awful penalty.

I had already said all that I could to lead her to the Saviour; but no Saviour cast his love on this dying bed—no ray of peace cheered the departing soul. Youth and beauty were struggling with death; and as that eye which but a few days before had sparkled with gaiety, now gazed on eternity, it was fixed in an expression of despair.

“By many a death-bed I had been,
And many a sinner’s parting seen,
But never aught like this.”

There was nothing that could be said. The moanings of the sufferer mingled with the prayer, which was almost inarticulately uttered, from the emotions which the scene inspired.

Late in the afternoon I called again. But her reason was gone, and in restless agony she was grappling with death. Her friends were standing around her, but she did not recognize them. Every eye in the room was filled with tears, but poor Louisa saw not and heeded not their weeping. It was a scene which neither pen nor pencil can portray. At the present moment that chamber of death is as vividly present to my mind as it was when I looked upon it through irrepressible tears. I can now see the disorder of the dying bed—the restless form—the swollen veins—the hectic burning cheek—the eyes rolling wildly around the room—and the weeping friends. Who can describe such a scene? And who can imagine the emotions which one must feel who knew

her history, and who knew that this delirium succeeded temporal, and perhaps preceded eternal despair? Louisa could no longer listen to my prayers; she could no longer receive the precious instructions of God's word. And what could be said to console her friends? Nothing. "Be still, and know that I am God," was all that could be said. I could only look and listen with reverence, inwardly praying that the sad spectacle might not be lost upon any of us. For some time I lingered around the solemn scene in silence. Not a word was spoken. All knew that death was near. The friends who were most deeply affected struggled hard to restrain the audible expression of grief. In silence I had entered the room, and in silence and sadness I went away.

Early the next morning I called at the door to inquire for Louisa.

"She is dead, sir," was the reply to my question.

"At what time did she die?"

"About midnight, sir."

"Was her reason restored before her death?"

“It appeared partially to return a few moments before she breathed her last, but she was almost gone, and we could hardly understand what she said.”

“Did she seem any more peaceful in her mind?”

“Her friends thought, sir, that she did express a willingness to depart, but she was so weak and so far gone that it was impossible for her to express her mind with any clearness.”

This is all that can be said of the eternal prospects of one who “*wished to live a gay and merry life till just before death, and then to become pious and die happy.*” Reader,

“Be wise TO-DAY—’t is madness to defer.”

ANN ELIZA WILLIAMS,

OR,

THE CHILD A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

BY REV. WILLIAM S. PLUMER, D. D.

So long as the work of the Holy Spirit continues on earth we may expect wonders. Especially may most glorious displays of divine grace be looked for as the day draws nigh when "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun seven-fold, as the light of seven days." Then "the child shall die a hundred years old."

ANN ELIZA, the eldest child of Charles B. and Ann M. Williams, was born January 16, 1820. At that time her parents resided at Meadsville, Halifax county, Virginia. She had three sisters and one brother, besides a sister and brother who died in infancy. Her mother,

who professed religion when she was Miss Hackley, four days after the birth of Ann Eliza thus wrote :

“ On the 16th of this month I was made the happy mother of a promising daughter. To thee, O Lord, I desire in faith to dedicate her. And I implore the sanctifying influence of thy Spirit to enable me to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, to rear her up as an immortal being, destined to eternal misery or eternal blessedness. O wash her, and grant that as she ripens in years she may grow in grace.”

On the 16th of January, 1821, her mother again wrote, “ I gave my dear Ann Eliza to God before she was born. I have done it since. On this her birthday I desire, O Lord, to renew the offering, and I beseech thee to cleanse her soul in the blood of Christ, and adopt her into thy family. If by thy will she should long sojourn in this barren wilderness, guide her and lead her early to seek thy face. Keep her in thy way without weariness or fainting, and enable me to fulfil my solemn obligations as a Christian parent.”

At an early period Ann Eliza was found to have an irascible, obstinate, and ungovernable temper, combined with exquisite nervous sensibility. Her mind was sound and sprightly, though the incidents of her very early life were not remarkable. In some respects, elements of a more unpromising kind seldom enter into character. Yet though self-willed, she had a sort of independence which was capable of being turned to good account. It was also a remarkable fact, that she was never detected in any falsehood. She was naturally very timid. She was not naturally generous, or amiable, or confiding. Yet, for one of her age, she always commanded respect.

In the spring of 1821, her parents removed to Richmond, where at length Ann Eliza died in a house on the west side of the beautiful square in which stands the capitol of Virginia.

When Ann Eliza was about seven years of age, she was invited to a dancing party of little children, and was anxious to attend; and her mother saying she was too young, she replied that some others were going who were younger than she. Her mother then took her

in her arms and said, "My child, your father and I have both often and solemnly given you to God, and promised to train you up for him. We trust we are Christians. We seek your *eternal* happiness. The parents of the little girls you have named do not profess to think much about another world, either for themselves or their children. We cannot, without sinning against God, permit you to go to the ball."

These things seemed to satisfy her conscience, and retained it on the side of her parents. Yet after her conversion she confessed, "I was wicked enough to wish that my parents were not Christians, that I might partake of the gayeties in which others engage."

By the blessing of God on a course of mild and firm training, her parents were pleased to find that her judgment and principles were to some extent on the side of duty, and that she had some correct *general* views of the truth of the Bible, and of the reality and importance of religion. Yet she gave no evidence of special seriousness or tenderness until she was more than eight years old.

In her ninth year her heavenly Father began that course of gracious discipline which has clothed her character with such interest, and rendered her history worthy of a place in the annals of redemption. In the winter of 1828 her parents removed to Lynchburgh. Here, in May, 1829, she ruptured a small vessel in the lungs. This was succeeded by copious bleeding. For some months she remained apparently thoughtless respecting eternal things. Late in the autumn of this year she accompanied her grandmother, who resided in the family, on a visit to a maternal aunt in the county of Orange. Here, in March, 1830, she had a second attack of bleeding at the lungs, which was attended with immediate danger, and which cut off nearly all hope of ever regaining permanent health. During this sickness her alarm was agonizing. Death was to her the king of terrors. Courage in facing such trials was no part of her natural character. It soon became manifest that she was deeply impressed with a sense of her guilt and misery, and danger as a sinner. She was found in retirement, bathed in tears; nor did she

attempt to conceal the cause of her weeping. She confessed it to be her sinfulness. Her past neglect of religious duties, her sins of commission, her sins of omission, her secret sins, her sins of ingratitude, and above all, the deep pollution of her heart, filled her with grief and self-abasement before God. She said, "How could I be so wicked, and sin against a God so good and so holy?"

She now felt the unspeakable value of the friendship and counsel and prayers of her excellent grandmother. At one time, her views of sin being very clear and her convictions very pungent, she said, "Pray with me; ask God to give me a new heart, and to renew a right spirit within me, and to prepare me for death if he intends to take me now, or for living to his glory if he shall be pleased to spare me."

It should be observed, that from this time forward her intellect seemed to have a greatly increased vigor, and her language was generally very appropriate. The absence of childish companions in very early life, the constant society of her grandmother, the character of

her disease, her familiar acquaintance with scriptural language, and the elevating influence of vital religion, may be assigned as the causes of this seeming precocity. Every sentence of her conversation quoted in these pages is in the words she herself employed.

By degrees a change in her character became manifest. Her burden of misery seemed to be gone. She was beginning to trust in atoning blood. Her views of the plan of salvation by faith in Christ Jesus, and by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, were clear and consistent. She never ascribed any thing to human merit or human power. She esteemed all her experiences as only calling for praise to the glory of His grace who had made her accepted in the Beloved. Her whole conversation and deportment from this time forward proved the change to be great and real. Her mind seemed to grasp spiritual truth with vigor, and to feed upon it with zest. Her memory readily retained impressions of the truth, and all she had ever learned seemed now to come to her aid. She often wrote down her thoughts, especially such as occurred

in reading the Scriptures. A specimen is here given.

“1 John, 4:8, 9. O what infinite, great, and amazing love is that described here. How glorious is God, to send his only begotten Son into the world to die for sinful men. ‘O Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?’”

A few weeks after her hopeful conversion, her life was again brought into extreme jeopardy by a return of bleeding at the lungs. This attack was worse than either of the preceding. Yet all was now tranquil. No violent agitations disturbed her. As soon as she was able, she spoke freely of her feelings, and contrasted them with what they had been under her second attack. *Then* she was filled with fear; *now* with love and peace. She said, “I am not afraid to die; I am willing to be in the hands of God.”

As soon as it could be done, she was taken to her parents in Lynchburgh. In the last week of December, 1830, she was received into the communion of the visible church. This step was not taken until she had been

well instructed in the nature of the transaction. Much prayer had been offered on the subject, and many conversations held with her respecting her religious exercises. She had also during about seven months exhibited a Christian temper and deportment. She was now about ten years and ten months old. On the same day of her admission to the church she partook of the Lord's supper. In speaking of this service soon afterwards, she said, "Oh, it was so delightful. I felt it was good to be there. I felt as if God for a little season had let down heaven to earth." When asked why the communion had been like heaven, she replied, "Because God's presence was there—'tis that makes heaven."

Early in her Christian life she began to see why God had afflicted her. Years before her death, she requested that whenever she should die, the text of the sermon at her funeral should be Psalm 94: 12: "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law." She believed all her afflictions were ordered by the Lord in tender mercy, and that she was chastened here that

she might not be condemned hereafter. "I had rather be sick," she said, "and suffer all my days and enjoy religion, than be restored to health and live as I have done."

During her residence in Lynchburgh there was great attention to religion in that town, and in all the surrounding country. In the progress of this work she felt the most lively interest. She prayed for its extension, and rejoiced whenever she heard of a hopeful conversion. Her interest was so great, that when her pious physician and pastor, meeting in her room, conversed on the work of God, her joy abounded. At the close of this conversation one asked her how she was. She seemed to forget all her bodily pain, and replied, "O Jesus is precious; I am happy in him; his favor is life, and his loving-kindness is better than life."

Meanwhile her disease advanced, and in the spring of 1832 her parents again removed to Richmond. Here her mind and her gracious affections matured fast. For a long time she had given up all expectation of ever recovering. One day her grandmother inquired if the still-



ness of the grave produced no alarm. "O no," said she. "'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God.'"

On another occasion she said, "'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him.'" She was often in immediate and imminent danger of sudden death, and it was feared that her frequent recoveries from violent attacks would leave her mind exposed to surprisal when death approached. Yet any return of health did not make her less devout, or less solemn.

On Saturday preceding her death there was a marked change in her disease. She was the first to perceive it, and spoke of it with composure, saying, "Mother, you had best not leave me, for I don't know but I am dying." "I hope not," said the mother; "but if you are, I trust you are leaning on a stronger arm than your poor frail mother's." "O yes," said she, "God is the strength of my heart."

Little Henry, etc.

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A paroxysm of great suffering now brought on, for the first and only time, a momentary delirium. In this state her grandmother said, "Ann Eliza, would you not wish to go to your heavenly home—to Jesus?" The delirium was gone; reason regained its seat, and she said, "O yes, I wish to go to Jesus; he is precious to my soul. Help me to praise him."

One said, "As you approach nearer to eternity, do your views of the glory and excellency of Christ become more clear and precious?" She replied, "He is my *all, my all*."

In the evening of this day, after a short conversation and prayer, led by her faithful pastor, she said in a low but distinct voice, "I love my parents, I love you all, but I love my Saviour more; I long to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

She even objected to the usual opiate, saying, "Let me praise God while I have breath." Yet when told that it was thought to be her duty, she readily complied. The day before her death it became evident that the closing scene was at hand. Her distress for breath and her danger of suffocation were extreme, and pre-

vented her saying much. Yet she spoke not of her pains. She said, "I am dying; but death has no sting for me—all is peace. Sing, 'When I can read my title clear.'"

Early on the morning of this her last Sabbath on earth, she desired a very dear young friend to be sent for. When she came, Ann Eliza, extending her emaciated arms, received her very cordially, and though unable to speak aloud, whispered a most solemn and tender exhortation; but her strength failing, she said, "Grandma, I can't talk to her; do *you* say to her what *I* would if I were able."

Some time during her last night on earth she awoke from a short slumber, and perceived a cold sweat upon herself. She asked if it was not the cold sweat of death. Her friend replied, "It may be, but if it is, I hope it gives you no concern." She replied, "O no; death is sweet to me."

To her parents, who soon came into the room, she said, "I have perfect peace; we shall now part, but we shall soon meet again." She then took an affectionate leave of them and seemed only concerned at their sufferings.

During this trying time her faithful grandmother was able to be with her. As the night began to be far spent, her agony was great, and her spirit seemed to say, as the angel to Jacob, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." But her warfare was not quite accomplished. The sun came forth from his chamber rejoicing to run his race. Her mind was clear. Every look of her eye indicated intelligence and inward peace, though the pain which racked her little frame was severe beyond all ordinary cases. She was unable to speak much; but just before she ceased to breathe, after a violent struggle, her countenance seemed to "shine as it had been the face of an angel," and her whole appearance seemed to say, "my cup runneth over;" she whispered firmly, yet audibly, "All is peace, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Then, without another struggle, God set her spirit free, and she fell asleep in Jesus. Thus, on the 18th day of March, 1833, died "the child a hundred years old." She is buried in the new graveyard at Richmond. A small marble tablet, bearing her name and age, and her favorite text, Psa. 94:12, in verse, points

the wanderer among the tombs to her resting-place.

In the religious character of Ann Eliza Williams some things claim a more full consideration. 'The first of these is,

Her faith. After her conversion, her confidence in God, through Jesus Christ, seldom wavered. Her heart was fixed, trusting in God. Taught by the Spirit, her views and impressions of the truth were vivid and abiding. Eternal things always seemed near. She often spoke of a state of happiness to come, not only as an undoubted reality, but as at hand. In speaking of heaven one evening, she pointed to a beautiful view of the sky, and said, "If I could break from this clay tabernacle and burst through that *azure shell*, I should be there." So far as faith regards the person and offices of Christ, hers was dependence on him alone as a complete Saviour. Nor was her faith dead. It wrought with her works, and by works was faith made perfect.

Her peace was great. It was "peace in believing," and it was like a river, always flowing and seldom disturbed. Those who

were in the habit of seeing her, would have been surprised to have found her bereft of calmness of soul. In her case, "the work of righteousness was peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever."

Her repentance was thorough, deep, ingenuous, and lasting. Her sense of personal unworthiness grew from her first attention to religion until her death. She was more than once found weeping, years after conversion. When asked why she wept, her answer was, "I am so wicked." She did not think once sorrowing for sin was enough. As often as she thought of her sins, it was with shame and sorrow. She never smiled at the rehearsal of her childish follies. Her frequent prayer was, "Remember not against me the sins of my youth; enter not into judgment with me."

She rejoiced in hope. And she held fast her confidence, which had great recompense of reward. The apostle's figure of hope being an anchor to the soul, precisely suited her case. She was tossed with tempest. The night was dark, the storm was loud, the wind was rude, the waters roared, but her hope was anchored

in heaven, and her bark outrode the storm, and, as we have seen, glided serenely into the haven of rest. Seldom was her hope obscured, and then but for a short time.

Her love was strong. She longed after God. She loved all that belonged to God. Her delight was in his saints, the excellent of the earth. His word was sweeter than honey. His Sabbaths were in her eyes honorable. One day in his courts was better than a thousand elsewhere. She had a most lively sense of the self-denial of remaining at home, when others went to inquire in God's temple and there behold his beauty; and when her health permitted her to go, none seemed to enjoy the privilege more.

She abounded in prayer. She seemed never to lose the spirit of prayer, but to be continually breathing after communion with God. Nor were her prayers unanswered. God manifested himself unto her as he does not to the world. Two Sabbaths after she joined the church, she was left alone in the afternoon. On her grandmother's return she said, "I have had a precious season. God has been with

me. He has given me such realizing views of the joys of heaven, and the sufferings of my Saviour to purchase them for me, that I could scarcely contain myself for joy."

Her gratitude was constant and lively. The least favor at the hands of any person excited her thankfulness. "I thank you—I thank you much—you are so kind," were expressions often in her mouth. And her gratitude to God was very prominent. If she slept better, or coughed less than usual, she mentioned it with praise; and often did she thank God for having afflicted her. She could say,

"For all I bless thee—most for the severe."

Being grateful for all, she was of course submissive. During her whole sickness she was not known to utter one murmuring word, nor was one fretful expression seen on her countenance. Many remember how dreadfully she suffered, yet none remember to have heard one expression of impatience. A few days before her death she said, "I must have more dross to consume than others, that God sees it necessary to keep me so long in this furnace

of suffering." Thus she never "charged God foolishly."

She was strictly conscientious. She was greatly afraid lest her ignorance, or inexperience, or unsanctified temper should dishonor religion. Her rule respecting all doubtful things was to avoid them. She would not go to any place or company, as a show or fair, unless it were of such a kind as to have no *appearance* of evil. The decisions of her conscience were clothed with the majesty of law.

Her piety was based on the Bible. It was the rule of her life, the standard of her faith, the end of disputes. During her long sickness she was not able to read much, and wisely confined herself to the holy Scriptures. Her views of the truths of revelation were clear, sound, and consistent. She is remembered to have expressed herself clearly on all the great doctrines, even down to that sublime doctrine of the resurrection.

She had great strength of religious principle. Before her conversion she was dreadfully afraid of pain, and the sight of a physician coming to her almost overcame her; but

afterwards she never refused medicine, however offensive, nor objected to any operation, however painful.

Her religion insured good conduct. She did not so learn Christ as to allow her to set up her own will in opposition to that of her parents. From the time of her conversion she scrupulously honored her parents and others her superiors. She was very careful of the comfort of others. She often exerted herself beyond her strength to avoid giving trouble, and expressed fears lest her own sickness should so multiply her mother's cares as to injure her health. She often said nothing of her sickness and wants until others spoke of them to her. She was very industrious, and of great service in maintaining family discipline with the younger children.

She was engaged in the service of Christ. She seemed ingenious in making occasions to say something for God. Long before her death she told her father that the conversion and salvation of souls lay as a heavy burden on her heart; and when near the close of life, refused to have a rocking-chair bought for her, and

requested the price of it to be given to the Ceylon mission. Not ten days before her death she undertook to employ her skilful needle in doing some work for a benevolent society. Among her last efforts, she said to one, "Why don't you love Jesus? O do love him—he died for you." To another she said, "Remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Her zeal was well tempered with discretion and gentleness.

Her religion wore well. It bore her on—it bore her up—it bore her through. She came out like gold, purified under every trial. Two years before her death, in answer to a question from her father, she said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Some months afterwards she said, "Death is a pleasant journey, a sweet release, a stepping from time into eternity." It may be truly said that death was her familiar acquaintance for years. She said that as she lay down at night she often thought she might wake in eternity, nor did the thought give her pain. On one

occasion she said, "I have brought death very near to me this evening; he was robbed of his terrors. At times I look at death as a narrow stream which I must pass to get to heaven." During the last forty hours of her life she often said, when she could say no more, "No fear; no fear."

Her religion was well proportioned. It was not all knowledge, nor all sentiment, nor all practice. It was all these harmoniously combined. One duty or one grace was not allowed to crowd another out of its place. It was uniform. It was dignified. Though she was but a child, and a very humble and unassuming child, it was impossible to be with her and not feel "how awful goodness is."

Her piety was lovely. Her humility was not meanness; her firmness was not stubbornness; her solemnity was not sourness; her zeal was not bitterness; her calmness was not stupidity; her speech was well ordered and gracious. She had self-distrust, but no cunning. Her faith was not presumptuous; her hope was not a vain confidence. Though meek, she was not tame. She feigned nothing,

she dissembled nothing. She readily acknowledged her faults, and modestly said nothing to her own praise. Her joys were sober and chastened, though unspeakable.

Her humility was a robe cast all around. The attentions shown her were well suited to inflate a carnal mind with pride and self-conceit. But they all seemed to humble her. She preferred to be a hearer rather than a speaker on all important subjects. There was nothing like pertness in her character. She was naturally tenacious of her opinions, yet her great change so deeply impressed her with a sense of her own ignorance, as to make her cautious of any opinion not founded on the clear authority of God. Of the hundreds who saw her, a large majority remarked her great humility. It was no scanty garment. It covered all her graces. She was "clothed with humility."

Is the reader a parent? Behold here, under the divine blessing, the success of a proper religious education in saving the soul. If Ann Eliza had been trained as you are training

your children, do you think her end would have been peace?

Is the reader sceptical? Behold here the power and the glory of the gospel. See a little child triumphing over sufferings and death, neither "wearied with the footmen," nor fearing to "contend with horses;" neither fainting in "the land of peace," nor dismayed in "the swelling of Jordan." What else besides Christianity, pure and undefiled, can point in all its annals to the story of one whose sun went down in such bright effulgence as that which surrounded the departing spirit of Ann Eliza Williams?

This case also shows the possibility of very early piety. Nay, the Bible long since taught this. The history of Ann Eliza only furnishes another and an illustrious example of what God can do, when out of the mouth of babes and sucklings he would ordain strength. Jesus Christ, who died for little children, and who said, "Feed my lambs," still cares for them. Himself was once a little child.

Is the reader a child? O come to Jesus now. Here is a loud call to all to repent and

prepare for death. Perhaps you are unwilling to hear the living. Then listen to the dead. Hear Ann Eliza's last appeal, given in her own words: "Look at me now dying. What should I do, if I had put off repentance till this time? What should I do now, without religion to support me? O do not let the world cheat you out of your soul; if you lean on it you will find it a broken reed, that will pierce you through with many sorrows." Here her voice failed. Dear reader are you ready? "Except you be converted, and become as a little child, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

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