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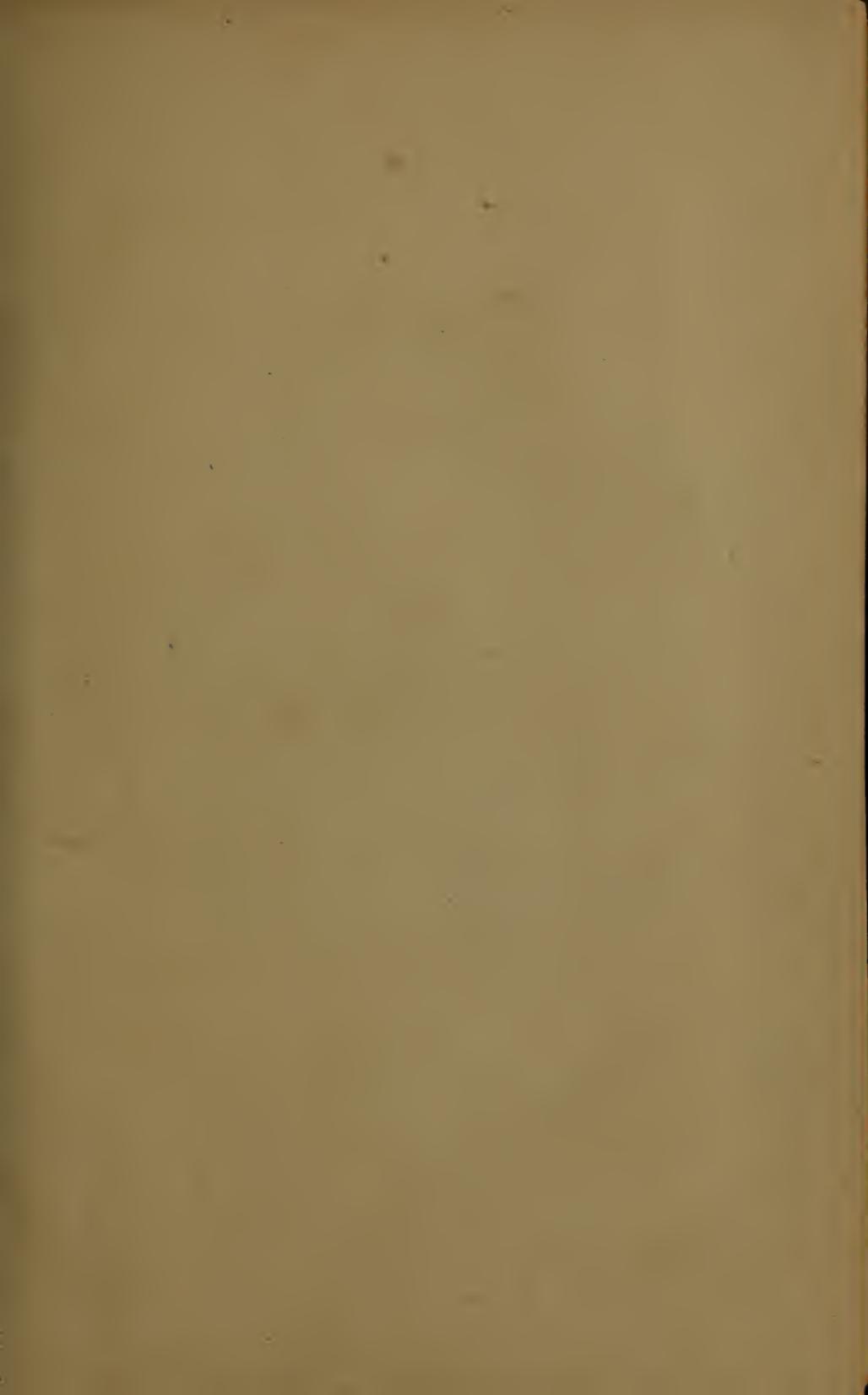
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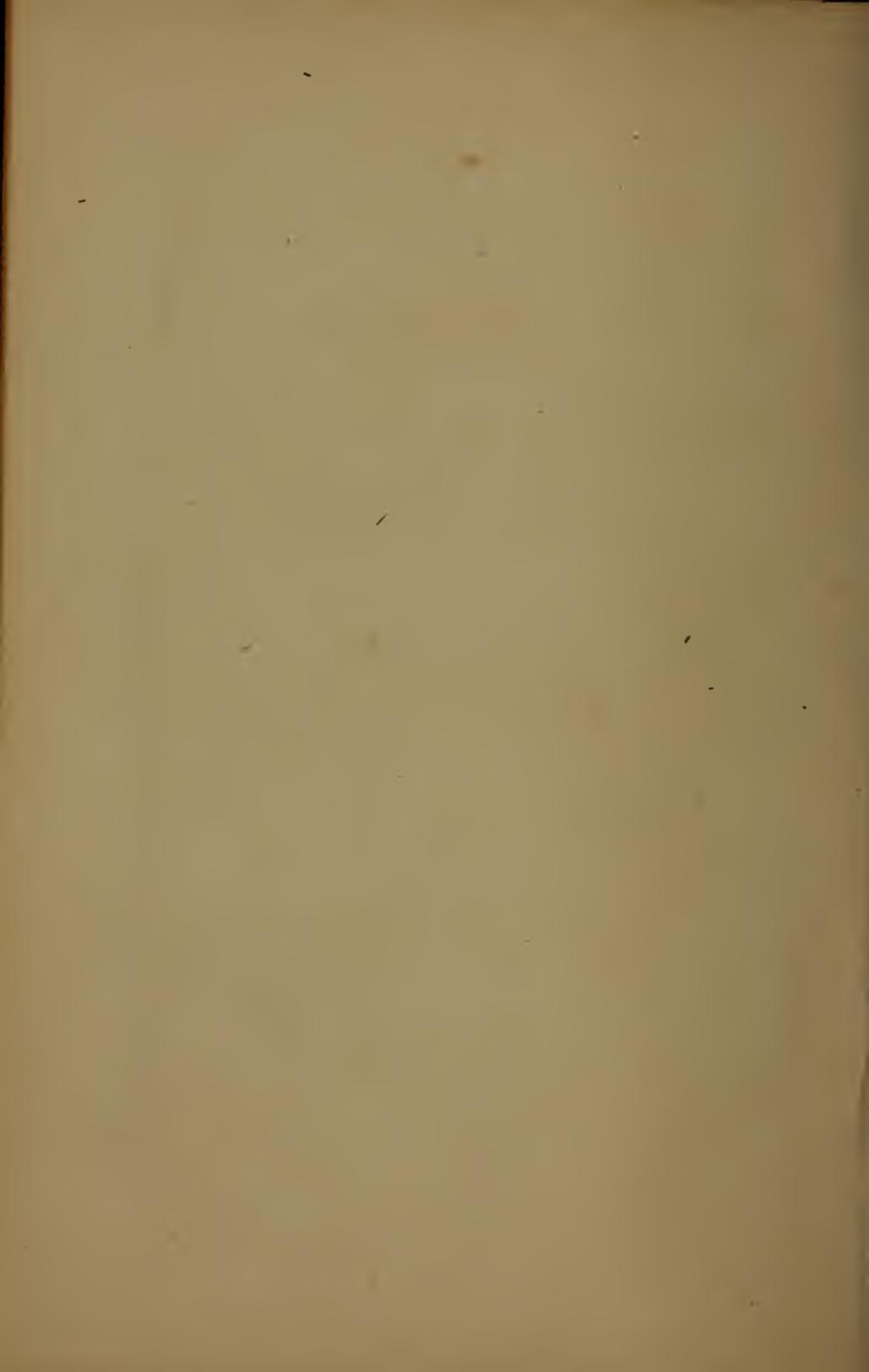
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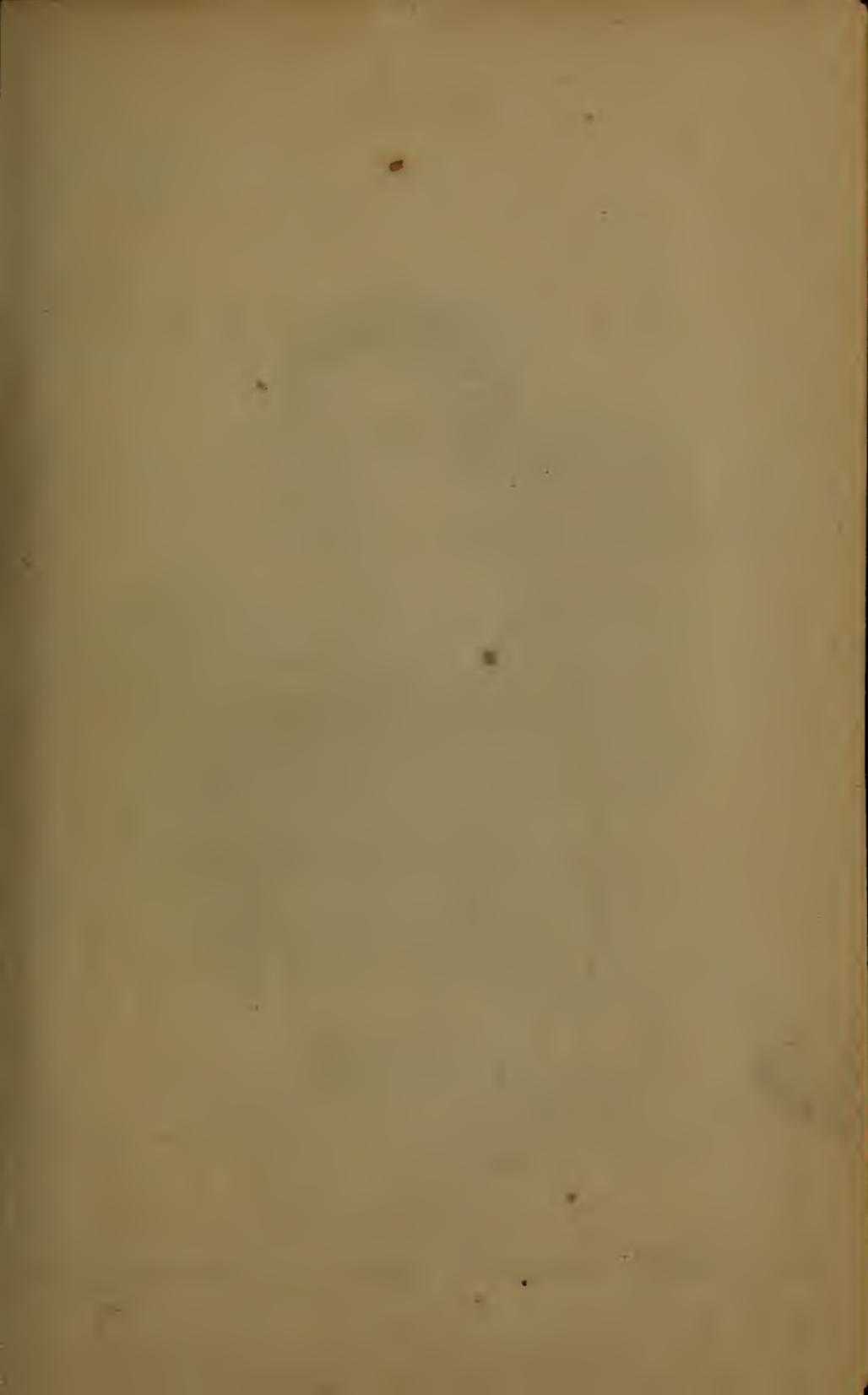
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











WATSON G. SHEARS.

W. H.

THE

E A R L Y D E A D ;

CONTAINING

B R I E F M E M O I R S

OF SEVERAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN WHO
DIED IN 1846.

Blest are the youthful dead,
That sleep in Jesus now ;
Though their dust is laid on the earthly bed,
That must pillow every brow,
It rests in *hope*, it shall rise again !
And mourners may meet their loved ones then.

EDITED BY D. P. KIDDER.

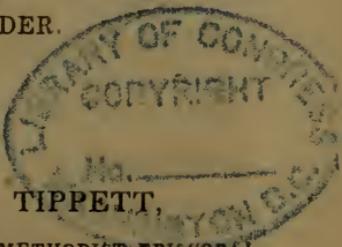
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THE EARLY DEAD.

I.—CATHARINE M. WILLIAMS.

IT has been truly said, that "the best days of life are soon gone." Youth indeed is a dream of gladness, which comes but to vanish. It is sweet as a smile that perishes: it is bright and rapid as the arrows of God when he shooteth his lightnings in the heavens. It is like the bubble caused by the violence of the waves, which glitters for awhile in the sun-beam, and then breaks, and dissolves, and disappears. It is like the flower of the field or the garden, which blooms in the morning, sheds its fra-

grance at noon, and at eventide is seen to shiver upon its stem! "All flesh is grass; all the glory of man as the flower of grass:—the grass withereth, and the flower falleth away." To-day we flourish; to-morrow we die. To-day we taste the sweets of pleasure; to-morrow the beloved draught is dashed from our lips! Happy is he who can say, in the review of life, "I have enjoyed the pleasures of spring; I have endured the toils of summer; I have culled the fruits of autumn:—I am now passing through the regions of winter; and I am neither forsaken of God, nor abandoned by man! I see, at no distant period, the dawning of a brighter day;—the first of a spring that shall be eternal. It is advancing to meet me. I hasten to

embrace it. Welcome, welcome, eternal spring!"

These reflections have been suggested by the death of Miss *Catharine M. Williams*,—a young and promising member of the Allen-street Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of New-York. She was the daughter of pious parents, whose decision of character and consistent zeal in the cause of Christ gave the most salutary effect to those instructions which were inculcated upon her young heart.

The case of our young friend formed an interesting contrast to those who take their morals and their religion from the temper of the times in which they live. The shame of appearing too religious has been said to proceed principally from the

fear of ridicule ; of which ridicule, unfortunately, all things are susceptible exactly in proportion to their dignity and grandeur.

Our young friend learned, at her first entrance into life, the secret of estimating religion as the greatest ornament of human nature. Hence it was, at the early age of fourteen, that Catharine made an open profession of faith in Christ. It was under the ministry of the Rev. J. Poisal, at the Allen-street church, that she obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

From the time of her conversion to the period of her death she was decidedly attached to class-meeting, and to all the usages of the church.

Soon after she obtained the evidence of her acceptance with God, she was convinced, from reading Mr. Wesley's Sermons, of the duty of fasting; and accordingly set apart every Friday as a day of fasting and prayer, for the purpose of promoting her personal piety, and the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world. This practice she observed with the strictest tenacity until called from the duties of the church militant to the rewards of the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven.

Never very communicative on any subject,—always modest and retiring, but firm and decided in her religious course,—she gained the confidence and commanded the respect of all who knew her. A more consistent

model of youthful piety, exhibiting the lovely graces of the Spirit in such maturity, has not often been presented.

To corroborate this view of her character we present the following

REMARKS OF HER SCHOOL TEACHER,
MRS. MASON :—

Her general deportment exemplified, in an eminent degree, the power of divine love on the youthful heart, to bring into subjection to the obedience of Christ all its tempers and passions.

She showed that she duly appreciated her time, and the privileges she was enjoying, by diligently applying her mind to acquire that knowledge which was calculated to fit her for future usefulness. But her diligence in study did not hinder her from seeking those graces

of the Holy Spirit which made her wise unto salvation. Her Bible was not only her closet companion, but often, in the intervals of study, while her classmates were engaged in pastime, she might be seen perusing its sacred pages. She was not ashamed to confess Christ before her young companions, though naturally very modest and retiring. While her faithful admonitions might sometimes repress their frivolity, her cheerful and affectionate manners could not fail to win their love, and to lead them to admire the religion she professed.

Her school exercises, however interesting, were never made an excuse for neglecting Christian duties. The time of her class meeting was always remembered; and her teacher was reminded of it by a respectful

request that her recitations might not prevent her attendance at class.

Frequently has her teacher, in her absence, recommended her example to the school, as that of a truly consistent young Christian.

So consistent a Christian course could not fail to terminate in a peaceful and happy death.

A flower that's offer'd in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

M. W. MASON.

Feb. 1st, 1846.

HER TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

She was taken sick with the bilious remitting fever on the 31st of December, 1845, which prostrated her in three days so much that she could seldom be heard to speak above a whisper.

Although her sufferings were severe, there was not a murmur heard to escape her lips ; but frequently you might hear her in a whisper saying, “Blessed Redeemer! precious Saviour!”

On the eighth day the fever turned to the congestive, which deprived her of her reason until the eleventh day, when she became quiet again. Her parents being conscious that her reason had returned, her father inquired of her if she knew who was in the room with them. She replied, it was Augustus ; saying that Augustus was the best of brothers, and Josephine was a good sister ; but Jesus was better than both,—and then began to sing,—

There’s nothing here deserves my joy,—

There’s nothing like my God.

Here her voice failed her ; but you might hear her praising the Lord in a whisper. The day after this, as her mother entered the room, she said, "Mother, I trust in the Lord." The day following, observing her father walking to and fro, she said, "O father, do not grieve! the Lord will do what is right." Then in a whisper you could hear her again praising the Lord. She had a great desire to see the preachers,—also her leader and classmates ; but the physicians had strictly forbidden any person being admitted in her room.

On the morning of the 17th January brother Seney coming to inquire after her, was admitted to her room. Although she had not spoken a loud word for some time, as she heard his voice she said, "Brother

Seney!" And he going to the bedside, inquired of her if her mind was at peace; she replied, "Yes, it is." He requested her not to say any more; that was all he wanted to know.

She was too weak to converse after this. She remained quiet for about two hours, when she began to shout, and tried to talk. But her expressions were not distinct enough to be understood; yet it was clearly seen that she was triumphing over death. This triumph lasted for some time. After this she remained quiet for about two hours more. Then a scene occurred that can never be described. Her countenance shone, and her voice came clear, and stronger than ever. Her father was sitting by the side of the bed:—she, looking

him in the face, cried, "Happy! happy! happy!" He asked her if she was very happy. She replied, "O yes, father, I am happy!" and cried out, "Arise and shine, for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord has risen upon me! Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord! I see my Saviour standing ready to receive me in his arms. Hallelujah, for I shall be like him, and I shall see him as he is! O mother," she said, "shout, and praise the Lord with me!" and told what transporting joys she was then in, and what she had seen and enjoyed. This triumph lasted for some twenty or thirty minutes. Then waving her hand three times, she cried out, "O the triumphs of grace! O the triumphs of grace! O the triumphs of

grace!" As her hand fell she shouted, "Hallelujah! hallelujah! Glory to God in the highest!" for some time. Then reaching one hand to her mother, and the other to her father, she said, "Farewell, father! farewell, mother!" Giving her sister her hand, she said, "Farewell, Josephine:—all meet me in heaven." Then burst forth another shout of triumph. After this she spoke no more; and at a quarter past ten that evening, without a sigh, she fell asleep in Jesus.

COPY OF ONE OF HER LETTERS.

December 25, 1843.

Dear Mother,—The anniversary of our Saviour's advent interests us here; and as it is the desire of our teacher that we should present a

specimen of our penmanship on this occasion, I shall try and grant his request, by writing a few lines on the anniversary of our Saviour's birth. I hope I shall be able to address you properly on this memorable occasion. I hope that my remarks will not be an unwelcome Christmas present. With what joy should we hail this Christmas-day, when we contemplate the Saviour's birth, who came from heaven to earth to suffer and die for us! Christ is the source from whom all comforts flow. Depart from him, and we are lost; wandering about without home, hope, or peace. From him proceed all the blessings of man, his high ambition, and his strength in adversity, his comfort in affliction, his pleasure in prosperity. But out of all the abun-

dance of his goodness to man, the crown of eternal life which is offered us is greatest. Though he bestows all the blessings of earth upon us, yet without himself we are as poor as a Lazarus. Let him take from us what he will, but give his love, and we are rich,—richer than all the treasures of Egypt could make us without it. Mother, I suppose you know how they celebrate this day in most of our churches; but I will just state here that it is usually kept by prayer, singing, dialogues and addresses by the children of the sabbath school.

One of our much-loved ones, who was with us last year in our festival, is now gone to join the blood-washed throng, and some others with her, who gave evidence that they tri-

umphed through faith in the Saviour. May this be a day long to be remembered.

In Christian love and affection,
Your affectionate Daughter,
CATHARINE M. WILLIAMS.

Her mind must have been placed much upon the subject of death. Upon the most of her books and papers were written "Victory over death."

May all who read this brief memoir also become more than conquerors through Him that hath loved them, and given himself for them.

II.—MARY ABIGAIL GARFIELD.

MARY ABIGAIL, the subject of this sketch, was the only daughter of Harrison and Mary M. Garfield. Having been for several years their only child, she had obtained a choice place in the affections of her parents ; and they in return had watched and guided her unfolding mind with a diligence which was repaid by a becoming modesty and affectionate obedience to their commands, and an encouraging prospect that her life (if spared) would be adorned with virtue and piety. And they had fondly hoped that in her they should have a daughter to comfort them in their declining years, and bless them in their dying hour.

She was always a lover of the Lord's house, and had a peculiar attachment for the sabbath school. Her punctuality at the house of prayer, and her diligence in getting to her place in the sabbath school;—her becoming seriousness, characterized by cheerfulness, often attracted my attention, and I frequently said to myself, There is a heart that God is refining, and a soul that he is fitting for the abodes of the blessed.

She had selected for her teacher one that was devotedly pious;—one who was always present with her class, and whose piety had a power to attract, and a real charm. She loved her scholars, and that love was repaid by their presence and respect.

Such was Abigail's love for her teacher and her school, that I have

often met her on sabbaths which were stormy, when but few got to church, plodding her way with cheerful steps to the place she loved. Teacher and scholar were seldom absent.

During a revival season in this place last fall, she, with others, was evidently a subject of awakening grace; and though she was thought to be too young to be encouraged to make an open profession of religion, —fearing that, like others, she might fall back, and bring a reproach upon the cause,—yet it was evident that impressions were made upon her mind which were lasting. They were brought out in her dying moments, to the great satisfaction of her friends.

In three short days from perfect health she was fitted for the grave,

and was robed in the livery of the dead. On the third sabbath in April she was, with her mates, mingling in the exercises of the sabbath school: the next sabbath her remains were brought to the same place, followed by her sabbath school, and a large procession of weeping friends.

During her sickness disease raged violently, and reason was, at times, dethroned. There were moments when her mind was calm and composed, and she conversed freely with her friends. On one of these occasions I asked her, "Do you love the Saviour, and do you think he loves you?" She replied, "Yes." "If he should see fit to call you away, are you willing to die?" "Yes." "If you die, do you think you will go to heaven?" "I don't know: I hope I

shall." "What shall I tell the sabbath school for you?" "Tell them to meet me in heaven."

The night before she died she prayed fervently for several minutes, saying, "O Lord, if it is thy will that I should get well again, I should like to get well;—but if I must die, forgive me all my sins, and take me home to heaven!"

After this she became happy, and was resigned to death. She said to her mother, "O mother, mother, how I love you! I love everybody!" She then kissed her parents, and bid them farewell. Several times she sung parts of interesting hymns, which she had learned, and entreated others to join with her in singing. A part of one verse which I heard her sing, was,—

When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received;—
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

Thus lived and died one of our young and esteemed sabbath-school scholars, aged twelve years. In her death her parents are bereaved of an only and affectionate daughter, our sabbath school of one of its most punctual attendants. But we are all confident that our loss is her infinite gain;—that she has joined the society of multitudes who have been brought to God through sabbath-school instrumentality.

JOHN A. SILLICK.

Lee, Mass., 1846.

III.—SARAH M. DARROW.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You know that life is short and uncertain. Now, can you tell me why all men die? Is it because they wish to die? No: for they will do every thing they can in order to save their lives. The Bible tells us the reason why all men die. It is because death hath passed upon all men, in that all have sinned. Sin is the cause of death; and as all men, by nature, are sinful, therefore they must die. Should we not, then, hate sin, which is the occasion of death, and should we not cease to do anything which is sinful?

There are a great many children, as well as men and women, who are

afraid to die. They cannot bear the thought of being separated from their kind parents and friends, whom they love very much, and of being left away off alone in the gloomy graveyard. But notwithstanding death is such a solemn thing, and the grave is so dark and lonely, yet there are some who are not afraid to die. You have, no doubt, read in some of the interesting little books in the Sunday-school library, of children who were willing to die, and what it was that made them willing to bid their friends farewell, and be laid in the silent grave. I presume that you like to read about good little children. I will, therefore, tell you about a pious little girl whom I saw on her death-bed, and followed to the grave.

Sarah Matilda Darrow was nine

years, six months, and three days old when she died. She lived in Peekskill, a pleasant and flourishing village, situated on the bank of the Hudson River, about fifty miles from New-York. Her parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and early taught her the fear of the Lord. You ought to be very thankful if you have pious parents, who tell you the way to be good and happy, and morning and evening call their family together for religious instruction and prayer. There are many little children whose parents are not pious, and who never say anything about religion, nor ever read and pray with their family.

As soon as Sarah Matilda was old enough she was conducted to the sabbath school, of which she con-

tinued a member as long as she lived. She was so fond of going to sabbath school, that it was with difficulty she could be prevailed on to remain at home when her health was so feeble that her kind parents thought it not prudent for her to attend. She was very much attached to her teacher,—very often speaking of her during her last illness, and manifesting great pleasure whenever she called to see her. I hope that you are all as fond of going to sabbath school as was this dear little girl. What a privilege it is to have the opportunity of learning what God says to us in his holy word! What a precious book is the Bible which you study at sabbath school! It is the voice of the blessed Saviour unto you, telling you what you ought to believe, what

you ought to love, what you ought to do, and what it is your privilege to enjoy. O, then, read this holy volume every day, and be careful to follow its divine teachings !

“ Sacred volume ! may thy pages
So point out to me the way,
That when wanes the lapse of ages,
I may meet a glorious day !”

The instructions which Sarah Matilda received from her parents and at the sabbath school were not in vain. Often, during her life, would she converse on the subject of religion, particularly with her mother. Not unfrequently would she leave her playmates, and join the company of her mother, saying, “ I mean to be good ; for then my parents will love me, and God will love me too.” Then she would take some good

book, and read, while her associates were engaged in their amusements.

So sweet and amiable was her disposition, and so kind and affectionate was her manner, that she was loved by all who knew her. Now, dear children, I hope that you will not spend all your time in play, but occupy a portion of it in reading good books, of which you will find a great many in the Sunday-school library.

One subject about which this little girl often conversed was death. Now, there are some folks who seem never to think about dying, and going into eternity; but good folks often meditate on the time when they shall enter the world of spirits. On examining her scrap-book, the following sweet hymn was found, inscribed

by her own hand but a few days before her last illness:—

“ There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon ’twill come ;
How many children young as I
Are call’d by death to hear their doom !

“ Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled :
There ’s no repentance in the grave,
No pardon offer’d to the dead.

“ O that my eyes may closed be
To what becomes me not to see !
That deafness may possess my ear
To what concerns me not to hear !”

In the early part of May, 1845, Sarah Matilda was taken severely ill. During the first few days of her sickness she felt desirous to recover, that she might live to grow up. But the second week of her illness, when her father asked her if she was willing to die, she closed her eyes a moment, as if engaged in prayer, and then

looking at him, she calmly replied in the affirmative ; which willingness she continued to manifest the remaining seven weeks that she lingered before her death. She conversed with great composure about dying, and entering eternity ; evincing a maturity of mind far exceeding her age. She exercised great patience ; never uttering one murmur during her protracted and suffering illness. As long as she was able, she studied her Sunday-school lesson, and read the Sunday-School Advocate ; and when she could no longer read herself, she insisted on having the Advocate read to her till her decease. Much of her time she spent in prayer, frequently remarking to her parents, " If we ever go to heaven, we must pray much." My young read-

ers, you have all been taught by your sabbath-school teachers to pray. And I hope none of you ever go to bed at night, or get up in the morning, without kneeling down by your bedside, and praying to the Lord Jesus Christ. I hope you will never forget to pray. Remember, "if we ever go to heaven, we must pray much."

Three weeks before her death she distributed her keepsakes among her brothers, sisters, and little associates; and then requested that she might be buried in the Methodist burying ground, right by the side of her grandmother's grave. Thus possessed of perfect consciousness, she looked forward to the hour when she should close her eyes in death. On one occasion her physician speaking encouragingly of her recovery, she inti-

mated her strong conviction that her sickness was unto death. About three days preceding her death she called for her father, and when he came into the room, she looked up to him, and said, "I want you to pray with me;" and then turning to the other members of the family who were present, she requested them all to join in prayer. On her father's asking her if she wished him to pray that she might recover, she replied, "O no; I am going to die soon!" After they had joined in prayer she spoke to all in the room individually, bidding them an affectionate "good-by;" and then desired that the absent members of the family might be called, that she might take her leave of them. A few moments after this affecting scene she was attacked with

spasms, which continued, except at short intervals, as long as she lived. During these intervals she appeared to retain her consciousness, and was repeatedly heard to whisper, "Blessed Saviour! blessed Saviour!" And when her little heart had ceased to beat, and her face was pale and cold in death, there was a peaceful look, which seemed to say,

"There's nothing terrible in death
To those who go to heaven."

Now, children, I suppose if you knew that you would die very soon, you would wish to feel just as that little girl did; that you would like to be able to address that gracious Redeemer, who took little children in his arms, and blessed them, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and say to him, "Blessed Saviour!

blessed Saviour!" Well, if you will do as she did,—if you will give your heart to him, and pray that he will have mercy on you, and trust in him, and strive to do his holy will,—you will be prepared to die.

Her funeral was attended on the 6th of July, 1845. This was a most solemn occasion. At the appointed hour her remains were followed, by her friends and the sabbath school of which she was a member, to the church, where a discourse was delivered to a very large and deeply-attentive audience; after which her body was conveyed to the spot which she had selected for her burial, in the rear of the church, and deposited in the silent grave. It was, indeed, to the surviving members of that family a trying hour. It is painful for

affectionate parents to bid adieu to their little ones, and consign their bodies to the grave. The writer has been called to stand by the coffin containing the clay form of a dear little boy; and that lifeless body was so fair and beautiful in death, that it was hard to bury it up in the ground.

But while we stood by the grave, and saw the remains of Sarah Matilda lowered into it, and the earth placed upon her coffin, we felt not only to weep at our loss, but also to rejoice in the confident belief that our loss was her gain. The soul that once dwelt in her body did not go down into that grave. No: the grave received only the mortal body, while the immortal spirit went to dwell with Christ in paradise. Nor

is her body always to remain in the dark grave. The blessed Jesus will watch over the graves of all his saints, and at last will raise their bodies from the long sleep of death, and take them to heaven.

Now, my young friends, I suppose that you would not miss of heaven if you could have in exchange all the beautiful things which you ever saw. Well, you need not, if you will love and serve God while you live in this world. There, though you have never seen Sarah Matilda Darrow on earth, you will meet her, and join with her in the worship of that blissful place :— there, also, you will join all your dear friends who shall have gone thither before you ; and you will, with joy, receive all those who shall follow you to that holy place.

Now, dear children, I must take my leave of you. Many of you who read this brief notice I never expect to see till the day of judgment. Let me, then, before I close, entreat you not to neglect religion till you grow old. Recollect the Bible says, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Read God's blessed word; obey his voice; pray daily unto him. Then, though I may never see you on earth, I trust I shall meet you in heaven.

S. C. PERRY.

Peekskill, N. Y., May, 1846.

IV.—JULIETTE ———.

JULIETTE had entered her seventh year, replete with life and activity, buoyant with hope and animation; her countenance beaming with the ray of intelligence, while the ruddy cheek indicated health and vigor.

Juliette had now arrived at an interesting period of life, when the expanding germ begins more fully to develop itself,—when the intellect and conscience are susceptible of being molded into almost any form.

She was artless and reserved in her manners; and although cheerful and happy, was thoughtful and considerate. She was ever faithful to a charge committed to her trust; so that her parents and friends had

learned to feel secure that directions given to her would be fulfilled with scrupulous care. She listened with intense eagerness when any narrative was related to her; but when the subject of death, or a future retribution, was presented to her, a calm seriousness pervaded her countenance, and she seemed to recoil from the thought that she must ever become an inmate of the cold and silent grave.

But this was merely a temporary sensation. When her frame began to yield itself to the ruthless hand of disease, her intellect seemed to expand, her understanding to enlarge, and while her body was suffering, her mind was perfectly composed: her views concerning death were clear and satisfactory. Upon being

told by one of her friends that they were afraid she could not live, she replied, she was willing to die if she was sure of going to heaven: then she could see her little brother. This was at the commencement of her sickness; and while the disease was pursuing its course she seemed to brighten for the great transition from this world to the next. At one time she said, "Christ died for us all. It says in the Bible that he loves little children; then he loves me:" and upon seeing a picture of Jesus, she reached for it; and on obtaining it, she pressed it to her dying lips. Upon being asked if she loved Jesus, she replied in the affirmative.

At another time she said, "I am going to a better place." And when apparently in the arms of death, she

was heard to say, "Jesus! Jesus!" Her young heart seemed to overflow with love,—love to God, and love to all around her; and in this state she closed her eyes in death, after a short illness of four days.

And now she is no more. Her active limbs are moldering to dust; her body has returned to its mother earth, while her spirit has gone to God, who gave it. During the short time she was permitted to remain on earth she realized all that is worth obtaining; and had she lived to the age of threescore years and ten, she could not have had a more satisfactory assurance of her acceptance with God, and that he will not reject little children.

True, it was an irreparable loss to her friends; and, doubtless, her name

will be long remembered by the members of her class in Sunday school, with whom she assembled to receive instruction concerning the way to heaven, and to join in anthems of praise to their great Creator:—a company emblematic of the assembly of the saints in the upper sanctuary, with whom she is now connected.

L. P. H.

V.—ELIZA BOWEN.

IT is with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure that I notice the death of *Eliza Bowen*, an infant scholar attached to the Vestry-street school:—regret, because the school has lost one of its brightest ornaments; pleasure, on account of her triumphant death.

At an early age she spoke of religion, and manifested, by her conversation, the lasting impression it had made upon her mind. She often spoke of it in terms of praise; describing, with earnestness and joy, its effects upon her heart.

Though suffering intensely from that dire disease, consumption, she seemed perfectly calm and resigned

to the will of that God who rules with an all-wise providence, often exclaiming, "Mother, dear mother, my heavenly Father does all things well! I love my heavenly Father! Will I not see my sister in heaven, mother? I shall soon be where all tears shall be wiped from my eyes."

She spoke with pleasure of the hope she had of a blessed immortality, and expressed no desire to remain in this vale of tears.

After an illness of about a year, during which she suffered with Christian fortitude, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus at the age of five years.

The following hymn was one which she often sung:—

“My God is the Father of all,—
The Father of mercy and love;
He pities the works of his hands,
And reigns in the heavens above.

“Not a sparrow can fall to the ground
Without his protection and care ;
And with such a kind Father and friend
What have his children to fear ?

“We have nothing to fear but sin ;—
'Tis sin that displeases our Lord :
And if we disobey his commands,
Like a father he uses the rod.”

J. E. J.

VI.—GEORGE W. ANTHONY.

DIED, on the 15th May, 1846, at Holmes' Hole, Duke's co., Mass., *George West*, son of Abraham and Fanny Anthony, aged fourteen years. Little George was called to endure intense bodily sufferings through the greater part of his life. He possessed an amiable disposition; was unassuming in his manners, and much esteemed by all who knew him. He was much attached to the sabbath school, and whenever it was possible he was sure to appear, with his lesson well prepared, and ready to listen with attention to the instructions of his teacher. He loved his books. The Bible and the Sunday-School Advocate were his constant

companions. Previous to his last severe illness he took great pains to obtain subscribers for the Sunday-School Advocate, and was anxious that every one should read it.

He was dedicated to the Lord by baptism in his infancy. In the tenth year of his age he obtained pardon of his sins through the merits of a merciful Saviour, and retained an abiding evidence of his acceptance with God until the last.

During the last year of his life he was unable to walk ; but often said he had rather be confined to his bed, and enjoy religion, than without it,—as many of the boys in the streets were,—be able to play with them. On the sabbath, while others were enjoying the privileges of public worship, he would

often desire his mother to read, sing, and pray with him at home.

He endured his sufferings with patience and Christian resignation; and when death came he was ready to depart in peace. On the 17th his remains were conveyed to the silent grave, attended by an interesting company of sabbath-school children and sympathizing friends.

God grant that all the readers of this sketch may terminate their earthly careers with equal peace and triumph!

A. B. WHEELER.

June 29, 1846.

VII.—CATHARINE ELIZA BAKER, HER SISTER
AND BROTHER.

DIED, in Liberty, Frederick co., Md., within the space of two weeks, of scarlet fever, *William Grafton*, *Sarah Rebecca*, and *Catharine Eliza*, all children of Henry and Rebecca Baker.

This distressing providence came upon those devoted parents all in the short space of two weeks; and only one, an infant of a few weeks old, is left to fill the distressing void.

William Grafton was eighteen months and thirteen days old; Sarah Rebecca, three years and twenty-three days; and Catharine Eliza, six years the morning on which she exchanged this world of suffering for a

home in heaven. It was not my privilege to visit these lovely and innocent children during their sickness, (being at conference in Baltimore at the time;) but having been intimate in the family the preceding year, and of course acquainted with the children, I am desirous that a record to their memory should be made.

Of the two youngest little of importance can be said, except that little *Sarah* was always dutiful to her parents, and loved her sabbath school, always attending if possible. She loved and obeyed her teachers. She indeed was one of those little girls whom everybody loves, because she possessed a grace and dignity of behavior of which but few of her age could boast; and long will her interesting manners and conversation

be remembered by those who beheld and heard her. Little Sarah had not only been taught to love her sabbath school, and to try to profit by it, so early in life, but also to do something for the "*poor heathen.*"

Accordingly, she set about her interesting work; and at the time of her death had in her little "missionary treasury" sixty-one cents, (besides former remittances,) which are now forwarded to the Missionary Society for the benefit of those for whom her little heart was taught to feel, and her little tongue to plead. May it not be said of her in truth, as was said by the Saviour of "little children," of the woman who gave her *two mites*, "*She hath done what she could?*" She cast her last offering into the missionary treasury;—

an offering which will endure and brighten to a crown. *Her memory will be blessed.*

But we now turn to the case of *Catharine*, the eldest of the three. She was, indeed, a peculiar child for her age; and although some may incline to the opinion that children cannot understand religion, either in its theory or experience, yet the life and death of little *Catharine* are surely evidence to the contrary. As to her life,—for one so young her mind was stored well with useful knowledge, with wholesome truth. She knew her duty to her parents,—her duty to her God. Her disposition was *docile* and *yielding*, and her “patience” had indeed its “perfect work” in all her affliction. Those who waited upon her in her sickness can testify that

she endured her sufferings more like an experienced Christian than one of her tender years. Her sufferings were exceedingly intense; for, as I am informed, her disease had reduced her to little less than a mass of corruption; yet the only word of complaint which passed her lips was, "O my throat! my throat is so sore!" But amid all her suffering she never once forgot her sick, delicate, and afflicted mother. Most soothingly, indeed, would she endeavor to comfort her troubled heart, by expressions of affection and tenderness, saying, "Never mind, mother, my throat don't hurt me now; I don't feel much pain now,"—always evidently spoken with a view to the comfort of her mother, who appeared to be all her concern.

She never refused but once to take

anything that was offered her, and that was a little *mulled wine*. This she refused, modestly saying, "No, I don't drink anything;" but at the solicitations of those who waited on her she soon yielded, taking it *only as a medicine*. The secret of the matter was, little Catharine was an *uncompromising* member of the Juvenile Temperance Society, young as she was, and would not break her pledge. She, too, loved her sabbath school, and would not absent herself without sufficient cause—she was obedient and attentive to her teachers, and learned the will of God. She was also interested in another branch of holy and benevolent enterprise—the *missionary cause lay near her youthful heart*. O how much joy did her intelligent countenance bespeak, when

one and another would give her something for the cause she loved! The money collected in her "missionary box" at the time of her death amounted to \$1.50, which, in connection with her little sister's offering, and that of her little brother William Grafton, is forwarded to the treasurer of the Missionary Society, that it may benefit those for whom it was intended—*"the poor little heathen children."* A short time before her death, she begged her aunt to let her get down on her knees at her bedside, and say her prayers. This was truly an affecting sight—she audibly and devoutly sent up her prayer in *trembling* yet *burning* accents, which caused every heart to feel. She had been taught always to remember her brother and sister, when she prayed.

When she came to, "Lord bless me," she paused and added, "and my dear little sister," meaning the babe; her other sister and brother having gone before her to the children's rest in heaven. While thus engaged in her ardent and deep devotions, she evidently felt all she had expressed; for when she arose from her knees, tears were pursuing each other down her feverish cheeks. She had always been exceedingly kind to her brother and sister, never speaking harshly, or in unkind terms to them, and was never known at any time to raise her hand to either. It has been truly said of these children, "They were pleasant and lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." It is remarked by one, of Catharine, that a short time before her death, she

signified a wish to get well to comfort her mother ; but expressed a stronger desire to go to heaven to be with her sister ; and that wish was gratified ; and then together, as they were wont to do on earth, she celebrated her birthday in one of those "mansions" prepared for the blessed.

April 30, 1846.

VIII.—HANNAH A. HUSE.

HANNAH ADELINE HUSE, daughter of Joseph and Hannah Huse, aged eight years, five months, and fifteen days, died in Bath, Me., May 5, 1846.

She was a lovely and interesting child, very fond of the sabbath school, kind to her brothers and sisters, and obedient to her parents.

In her sickness she conversed with composure about death, said she was not afraid to die, and is now gone to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." O. H.

IX.—ELIZABETH S. EDWARDS.

ELIZABETH SMITH, only surviving child of Vinal N. and Rachel S. Edwards, died in Providence, R. I., July 18th, in the twelfth year of her age. This is the seventh time the Lord has written these parents childless; but they sorrow not as those who have no hope. All their children are safely housed in the mansions above. Elizabeth had been a member of the sabbath school in Chestnut-street several years, where, though naturally diffident, she had greatly endeared herself to her teacher, and those with whom she was on terms of intimacy. On my first visit to her sick bed, though reserved in communication, I gathered she was cherishing serious

thoughts, and withal that she was not perfectly reconciled to the idea of so soon leaving the world. But as her disease (consumption) progressed, and she was apprised that she must soon bid adieu to earth, she, after a short season of depression, made the surrender of herself fully to the Lord. To her parents, with whom she conversed most freely, she gave very satisfactory evidence that the Saviour had numbered her with his jewels. On one occasion she sung with much animation, while several friends were standing round,

“When I’ve been there ten thousand years,” &c.

On being assured by her mother, at her request, that she had not only forgiven her all she had said and done amiss, but had prayed the Lord also to forgive her, she replied, she be-

lieved he had already done it, and then, affectionately embracing her, declared herself happy in the thought that she was forgiven. Her happy state of mind was also indicated by her selection of particular portions of Scripture and verses of hymns, to be read to her, which treated on dying and heaven. She desired that I would give her love to her sabbath-school mates, and request them to meet her in heaven. At one time, when she was thought to be dying, her afflicted father asked her how she felt. With difficulty she replied, "My pain will soon be over," and added, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" On another occasion, seeing her parents weep, she desired that they would not do so, and remarked, "What a happy time it will

be when parents and children meet in heaven to part no more!"

Thus early and thus happily did this dear child terminate her earthly career, and enter upon her eternal state.

"This lovely bud so young and fair,
Call'd hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom."

It should be remarked, that though greatly indebted to the sabbath school for her religious impressions, having attended regularly from the time she was three years old to her last illness, she was not wholly so. Her parents were not of the number who commit the religious education of their children entirely to this precarious agency. Our bereaved brother and sister, admonished by the premature death of all their children, had early striven to

imbue the mind of Elizabeth with the fear of God, and often was she taught at *home* by precept and example to bow the knee in prayer.

On the day of her funeral, the day-school of which Elizabeth was a member came with their teachers, in all probably three hundred, to look on her remains. Many also of our sabbath school followed in procession to the grave. The scene was affecting; may it be sanctified to the good of all!

J. B. HUSTED.

X.—WATSON G. SHEARS.

WATSON, son of Rev. A. G. Shears, of the Troy Conference, was born in Dutchess county, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1834. He was baptized in infancy by Rev. R. Wymond. One preacher said, "There ought not to be conferred on one so *young* the name of so *great* a man as Watson!" Some may think he has been worthy even of the *name* of the good and great Watson. His constitution was delicate and fragile from his infancy, and more than once his life was despaired of. He was scarcely a year old when he assumed the attitude of prayer during family devotions, and, at the family altar, ever afterward, he was found on his

knees before God. He was remarkable for his conscientiousness and love of the truth. Sprightly and joyful for one of his health, his juvenile years passed away, affording no little pleasure to the family circle and the companions of his early days. Such was his sobriety and manly tone, that he, with facility, became the chosen companion of those who were by several years his seniors, as well as of such as were younger than himself. He found many friends, juvenile and adult, wherever he resided, and leaves not a few on this isle. His trustworthiness was great. His parents did not fear to trust him with confidential matters, nor to send him abroad with scores of dollars. He was one of the most agreeable juvenile traveling companions, rendering our short jour-

neys very pleasant by his apt conversation.

In the year 1841, when residing in Middletown, Conn., while I was holding a series of meetings at Moodus, he, seeing others go forward to the altar for prayer, wished to go too; but too fearful as to his youth, I did not encourage him to do so. He seemed to be there awakened anew in a class meeting. During a revival at Ponset, the next year, he was so interested as to write, on my return home, after inquiry each time, the number forward for prayers, the number converted, &c.

Choosing myself to be "the guide of his youth," he was not sent to school, it is judged, in all one year. Keeping in view his feeble constitution, and the want of daily systematic

efforts by his teacher, his literary progress was very satisfactory to his parents. His education was not bound by the circle of mere book knowledge. Independent of books, he was no tyro. His love to his parents and fondness for their society were not excelled.

In 1840 he took the Youth's Temperance Advocate, and became a member of the children's cold water army. Many of his youthful fellow-soldiers still remember, no doubt, the circumstances. The church in Middletown was filled principally with children and youth. After a lecture by Mr. Warren, he went among the crowd of children for volunteers to join the army. Watson offered himself, at the same time handing "General Warren" a slip of paper with his name, there being written over it, "Cold water

is the drink for me." Mr. Warren, after reaching the pulpit, asked the children if they would like to hear the contents of the little paper in his hand. After their response, he read it. Then, at their request, the *name*, Watson Shears,—when a general and hearty shout ensued from the children. His young friends will remember, from his infancy, a glass of cold water was his beverage, morning, noon, and night. I find, laid away carefully by his own hand, several numbers of Watson's temperance paper, preserved now several years; and also his Missionary Advocate, and some books that we love the more for having been once his companions. Among those he most valued were his Bible and hymn-book; also the New Hieroglyphical Bible, Child's

Book on the Soul, and the Introduction to Porter's Rhetorical Reader. In the latter, he used to read with much interest about "Willy who died." For years he was a member of the sabbath school, and among its best scholars. He was a reader of our Sunday-School Advocate, and two years since he wrote the names of the subscribers on the package coming to us. His missionary box afforded the society some aid—one year several dollars. He had deposited with me a few dimes, which shall be sacred to the cause of benevolence.

Watson had "a meek and quiet spirit," and was "*sober-minded.*" His amiable traits of character convinced not a few, years since, that he was a Christian; but of this his parents

were not satisfied. More means, prompted by warmer hearts, were subsequently used by the parents for the salvation of their children. On the last night of the Grand Isle camp meeting, at about midnight, Watson, with others, one a lad like himself, presented himself at one of the Grand Isle tents, asking an interest in the prayers of Christians. After about an hour spent in strong cries and tears, in seeking mercy by faith in Christ Jesus, he was enabled to believe to the saving of his soul. His replies to his father and others were perfectly satisfactory. They wept together—together they rejoiced! He arose amid the crowd surrounding him, and said with his own peculiar modesty, "The Lord has been here to-night—I am more happy than I

have ever been before." This was his language again, after other means of grace. His conduct afterward, the few days he was permitted to tarry with us on earth, was such as becomes the Christian. He prayed at the family altar during the absence of his father: indeed, he was wont to do so occasionally, prior to the camp meeting.

The week after the camp meeting, (a place endeared to him and to many,) he was taken ill. We did not consider him dangerously so, till two days before his death. His disease, assuming a typhus form, bade defiance to his physicians and friends, and terminated in death, on Monday, 19th of Oct.: he was in the 12th year of his age. Yet we mourn not as those without hope. The Lord, by his grace, had

in some measure prepared us for this great bereavement. On Monday, the day of his death, his father could say, should God "command him (living) to the furthest verge of the green earth," or, dying, to the furthest verge of immensity, he should be his—Watson should "go." His death-bed scene was one of melancholy interest. On the morning of the day on which he died, he seemed to be conversing about Latin, which he had studied some the past four years. At different times, during his sickness, he was asked, Do you pray? His answer was always in the *affirmative*. His father asked him, on the afternoon of his death, Did you experience religion at the camp meeting? His answer was characteristic of him,—“Yes, I expect so!” Do you love the Saviour?

“Yes.” Some three hours before his decease, his father stept into an adjoining room to pray that Watson might be “sanctified wholly,” and that, for the sake of others, he might, by God’s grace, demonstrate the power of religion in a dying hour more fully still than he had done by his meekness, patience, and humility in sufferings. Watson *seemed* asleep, or unconscious, at the time. Soon, his physicians and others being present, he said, “Pa!” On his father going to him, and grasping his hand, he exclaimed, with thrilling emphasis,—“HAPPY!” Its effect may be imagined. It was *more* than sublime! It was “a word fitly spoken.” Then, as though communing with the world of spirits, he left us to our reflections on the power of religion on a child, passing through

the valley of the shadow of death. His father, when his deep emotion would permit him to speak, had asked, *What makes you happy, Watson?* Soon, partly rising from his recumbent posture, and gasping for breath, seeming to have lost the *child* in the messenger from a judgment scene, choosing the fewest and most expressive words to delineate the judgment of the last day, as though viewing a class too large even among children, he said in broken language, but with the utmost pathos and solemnity, "O, he won't let him go through!" *Whom* won't he let go through? asked his pa. He replied, "The *liar*—he lied! He won't let him pass through the gate—the pass!" His pa asked, *Who* won't let him pass? Watson answered, "He *looks* like CHRIST!"

Then, as though looking at those on Christ's right hand, Watson exclaimed, "The cross! They *fly!* We fly! We fly!"

As we looked on his pallid countenance on Sunday, and especially on the morning after his death, his own loved Bible and hymn book, and a collection of varied and beautiful flowers, (gathered by one of his mates,) near his head, low in death, we could not but think of those beautiful lines:—

"On the *cold cheek of death* smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

"We had thought to see him graduate at our university," said his father, after Watson's death; "but," continued he, "he has graduated in glory!" "Yes," said Mrs. S., "he has taken the *highest* degree!" His father, recently

getting Norton's elaborate work on astronomy, said he wished to review it, and it might do for Watson by and by, though it was anticipating a *great* deal. But now he needs no college textbooks; the "Geography of the Heavens" may be learned, possibly, by him, by "travels" on high, if the stars are to become "his play-grounds." "The memory of the just is blessed," as was evidenced by a crowded church, that listened to the truth by brother Starks, "To die is gain." The falling tear told how much the heart felt. Truly did the preacher say, "You will come, dear children, to the sabbath school, but *Watson* will not be *there!*" May they follow him as he followed Christ. We trust his death will not be without its influence on the children of this place.

By the special kindness of a gentleman of this island, all that was mortal of Watson rests in his family vault. His father, after the services at the "house appointed for all living," felt relieved as he looked into the house of the dead, and gave utterance to the feelings of his heart,—"*Farewell, my boy, but not for ever!*" James iv, 13, &c. A. G. S.

Grand Isle, Vt., Oct. 31, 1846.

XI.—MARY A. BURNHAM.

MARY ADELAIDE BURNHAM, daughter of Rev. J. D. and Clarissa M. Burnham, was born June 25th, 1841, and died Oct. 21st, 1846. She died of the croup, and was sick only thirty-six hours. Little Adelaide was a deeply interesting child, of uncommon intellectual powers and great thoughtfulness. Though a few days less than five years and three months of age, she was a good reader, and had made good proficiency in the study of geography. She was remarkably attached to the sabbath school, used to repeat from the Bible ten to fifteen verses weekly, and has been known to retire and weep heartily when the sabbath school has closed for the season. She

was a constant reader of the Sunday-School Advocate, and she would sooner be denied almost anything than the privilege of spending a little time with this deeply interesting and highly useful periodical. She was very affectionate, and, as all good children should be, was much attached to her parents. She was particularly attached to her father, and was sometimes allowed to go with him around his circuit; and when she could not do so, she would say, "Father, be good, and preach good," and when he returned, would meet him at the door, exclaiming, "*I do love my father.*" She was on a visit with her mother to her aunt, in this village, when she died. Her short and painful sickness, and the absence of her father at the time of her departure, rendered their

bereavement deeply afflicting to her parents.

She had her reason perfectly, and, with her characteristic thoughtfulness, said, "I am going to heaven," and inquired of her mother, "Do you think I shall see little Charley there?" (meaning a brother of hers who died about a year since.)

When asked by her anxious mother, if she was afraid to die; she replied, "No." "Why," said her mother, "are you not afraid to die?" "Because," said she, "*Jesus loves me.*" Her mother asked her what she should tell her father. "Tell father to live near the Lord, to preach good, to live faithful, and that little Adelaide has gone to heaven." She soon closed her eyes in death, about two hours before her dear father returned. Certainly

this was a heavy stroke to her affectionate parents, but her heavenly Father had need of her above ; and though they cannot refrain from mourning, yet we trust they feel to acknowledge his superior claim to her.

I cannot but desire that all the dear children who read this may love the sabbath school, be affectionate to their parents, fear God, and live for heaven, that they may die as little Mary Adelaide Burnham did.

JACOB LEONARD, Jr.

Union Village, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1846.

XII.—JULIETTE A. KINNEY.

ANOTHER sabbath-school scholar has exchanged this world of sorrow for a world of peace and happiness. Juliette, the daughter of John and Mary A. Kinney, departed this life on the 14th day of Oct., in great peace and with a full assurance of a glorious immortality. Juliette was five years old the first day of last September. She had been blessed with pious parents who had early taught her the way of life and salvation, both by precept and example. She was at a very early age taken by her parents to the sabbath school, and to this means of grace she delighted to go; and both she and her kind parents looked for-

ward to future prospects with increasing delight: but alas! how often are the hopes of man cut off! God's ways are not as our ways. Our dearest joys and nearest friends God often sees fit to take from us: but as these parents had learned to trust in God in the time of prosperity, so they knew how to be resigned to the will of God in the time of affliction. Juliette was a child that had a kind and affectionate disposition, and at a very early age gave signs of a strong intellect. She was taken unwell one year previous to her death, and for some time hopes were entertained that she would recover; but such was the nature and progress of the disease, that all hopes were given up some time previous to her death. But the best of all is to be told. About one week

previous to her death, a great change evidently took place in her mind ; she had suffered much bodily pain, and as death drew near, she was able to look to Jesus for the forgiveness of her sins, and it was evident that God had spoken peace to her soul. Her parents and other Christian friends saw by her countenance and other expressions, that a great change had taken place,—her soul was so happy that she broke out and sung, clearly and distinctly, a verse of the hymn, commencing,

“ O, when shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above !”

Such was the victory she had over death, that she would converse about dying with the utmost composure. She said to her mother, “ I have suffered a great deal ; but I shall not suffer

much more. I shall die, and go where Jesus is." At another time she said she would soon be where Alvira was, (her sister who had died only three months before,) and as death drew near, she, seeing her parents weeping, said, "Do not feel bad; I am going to Jesus." She said to her father, "Will you meet me in heaven?" and to her sister, "Eliza, I want you to meet me in heaven." Thus Juliette fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan. Her funeral was attended, on the 16th of Oct., by a large number of friends, and a circle of weeping relatives. May all sabbath-school scholars die as peacefully as did Juliette.

JOHN CHASE.

Redford Circuit, Troy Con., Oct. 14, 1846.

XIII.—JOHN HENRY MYER.

JOHN HENRY, son of John and Ruth Myer, died at West Point, Nov. 1st, 1846, aged seven years. John Henry was early taught to fear the Lord. He loved to pray and sing hymns of praise to God, and was much attached to the sabbath school, of which he was a member. His favorite hymns were: "A charge to keep I have;" and, "I am a pilgrim, and I am a stranger," &c. He used to sing one or both of these hymns almost every day. Two days before his decease he sung the hymn last mentioned, often repeating the words, "Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night."

The day previous to his death, he

requested his father to hear him repeat the passages of Scripture on two of the tickets which he last received at the sabbath school. One of these passages was the twenty-fifth verse of the seventy-third Psalm, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." In the afternoon of the day on which he died, his father asked him, "John, do you love the Saviour? Do you desire to go to heaven?" To each of these questions he answered, "Yes."

Shortly afterward his father, at his request, kneeled down and besought the Lord to bless and receive his dying child. He died of the croup, and was sick only two days; but during that time, although he suffered much, he did not complain. A short time before he died, he raised his

eyes and his hands almost at the same moment, and with a smile of joy overspreading his countenance, "quite on the verge of heaven," he exclaimed, "Pretty! pretty! pretty!"

Many prayers were offered up for the life of this little Sunday-school scholar; but, alas! in vain. The Lord saw fit to take him to dwell with him in heaven.

"There is beyond the sky a heaven of joy and love,
And holy children, when they die, go to that world
above."

S. S.

West Point, Dec. 4, 1846.

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