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MEMOIR

OF

ELIZABETH JONES,

A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL,

WHO LIVED AT THE

RIVER-CREDIT MISSION,

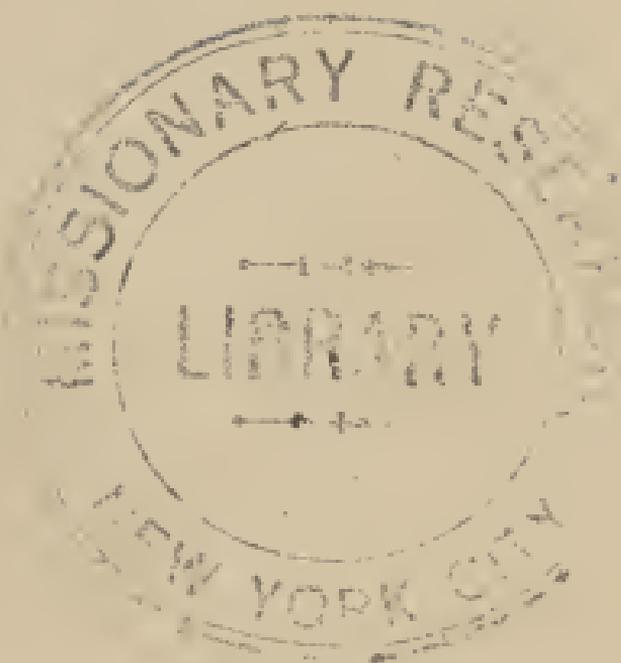
UPPER CANADA.

"Is it well with the child? It is well!"—2 Kings iv. 36.

LONDON :

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AND SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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ELIZABETH'S BIRTH-PLACE.

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MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH JONES.

CHAPTER I.

ACCOUNT OF ELIZABETH'S FAMILY.

" Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least."—WORDSWORTH.

THE subject of the following memoir was a little Indian girl, whose life's short history was rendered peculiarly interesting by circumstances of no common occurrence. Her father, Mr. John Jones, whose Indian name is *Tyentenegen*, is an Indian of the Ojebway* nation, and brother to the Rev. Peter Jones, otherwise *Kahkewaquonaby*, known as a Missionary to many in this country as well as amongst his own people. The mother of Elizabeth, whose maiden name was Christiana Brant, was a granddaughter of the late famous Capt. Joseph Brant, a noted Chief and warrior of the Mohawk nation of Indians, who many years ago visited England, and niece of Mr. John Brant, also a Chief, who came over to this country about

* Commonly called Chippeway.

the year 1819 or 1820, and died of cholera in Canada, in the year 1832.

Mrs. John Jones was a woman of strong mind, fine understanding, and good judgment. She united to a most amiable disposition unassuming yet dignified manners; all who knew her loved and respected her. Her influence and example amongst her Indian neighbours was truly valuable. Her advantages having been greater than theirs, they looked up to her for advice and instruction; and whatever she did or said was sure, if possible, to be imitated and remembered by the women in the village.

Her house was the abode of peace and comfort; the Ministers and others who visited the Mission, were not only delighted with the hospitality and kindness manifested, but most of all with that beautiful influence of real religion which shed so sweet a lustre, and sanctified every other blessing, diffusing joy and happiness to all around.

In a newly-formed village, settled by Indians just emerging from the superstitions and long-rooted habits of their forefathers, persons accustomed from infancy to all the refinements of Christian and civilized life can hardly imagine how great the influence, and how valuable the example, of such a family. Living in the same house was Mrs. Lucy Brant, the pious mother of

Mrs. John Jones, who also displayed in her life and conversation those active Christian graces which emphatically made her a mother in this little Israel, where she spent the last few years of her life; and who can tell but that in answer to the prayers and unfeigned faith that dwelt first in her grandmother Lucy, and in her mother Christiana, Elizabeth was made an early partaker of divine grace, and meetened, when in the bloom of health and loveliness, for a sudden translation to that better land, where little children, through the merits of a Saviour's blood, are welcomed with rapturous songs of praise? for "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Among the inscrutable arrangements of divine providence is the removal of pious parents in the very midst of their important and interesting duties. When, as in the instance of Mrs. J. Jones, a wife is taken, whose quiet influence, winning endearments, and punctual habits made her so truly a helpmeet to her husband, and whose tender firmness and humble piety seemed so essential to the welfare of her children, while her consistent example and wise counsel were so valuable in her neighbourhood, we shrink, and say, How is it? But feeling must not be too clamorous for the voice to be heard, "Be still, and know that I am God."

The writer of this little history came into the

village of which Mrs. J. Jones was so distinguished an ornament, about two months before she was taken to a brighter sphere, and her duties, toils, and prayers exchanged for adoration and praise. At the period referred to she was enjoying her usual health, although an inflammatory disease in the throat was carrying off many of her friends and neighbours, and she was then clothed in the habiliments of mourning for her excellent mother, who had fallen a sacrifice to the fatal epidemic.

Shortly after these painful occurrences she became the mother of a little boy; but joy for the event was soon turned into sorrow. Every countenance wore the aspect of grief when it was known through the village that the much-loved Christiana was about to be taken from them. Being quite sensible of her danger, she committed her dear babe to the care of one who could nurse it, and seemed comforted by the promise that the writer of this little account would watch over her children after her happy spirit had returned to God who gave it.* It was truly affecting to witness the

* The babe died a fortnight after its mother; and from that time it has been esteemed a privilege by the writer of this narrative to supply, as far as the circumstances of the case allowed, the part of a guardian friend to the bereaved child; but a voyage to England made it necessary to relinquish for a time (as she supposed) her interesting

anxiety and kindness of the Indian women. Some brought her tea made of herbs and roots to quench her burning thirst; others rested in an adjoining room, while one or more watched every word and motion. Her patience under severe suffering was very great. All fear of death was taken away; and when we knelt around her bed in prayer, her fervent "Amen" was often heard, and she evidently joined in spirit while her friends were singing that beautiful and appropriate hymn,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," &c.

On the morning of Nov. 3d, 1833, her happy soul took wing for that better land where

"Sickness, sorrow, pain, and death
Are felt and fear'd no more."

At her funeral, not only all the Indians, but many of the white inhabitants, from the settlements around attended. It was indeed an occasion of deep sorrow to commit to the silent grave one so young and beloved. Who that ever witnessed such a scene but would pray that this good religion, which had so exalted her, might be extended to all the tribes of the forest, till every Indian

charge, as Mr. J. Jones could not consent to allow his dear little daughter to accompany her friends to such a distant shore.

was made happy by the love of Jesus, which can alone take away the fear of death, so common to the heathen mind, and give them and all their mourning friends a good hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life?

The Rev. Egerton Ryerson, the first Missionary stationed at the Credit, preached her funeral sermon. Having lived in her house during the whole year, in which he so successfully devoted himself to the spiritual and temporal interests of the Indians, he was well acquainted with her character, and bore ample testimony to her worth.

Thus lived and died the mother of the dear child who will furnish the subject of the following short memoir. Her memory is very dear to the writer, whose sincere desire and prayer to God is, that all the companions and school-fellows she has left behind may try to imitate her bright example, and, following her footsteps, be prepared to meet her again in that bright world of glory, where are gathered from all nations, people, kindred, and tongues, those who fear God and love Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER II.

DESCRIPTION OF ELIZABETH'S BIRTH-PLACE AND
EARLY CHILDHOOD.

"The din of cities she had never known;
Her feet had never trod the gay parade;
But she had felt a joy, when all alone
She sought the river's bank, the forest's shade."

THE native village of dear Elizabeth is beautifully situated about sixteen miles from Toronto, the seat of government in Upper Canada. The road from thence to this peaceful Indian settlement opens to the eye of the traveller a diversified scene of land and water, hill and dale, the cultivated farm, and the native forest.

On the left spread the expansive waters of the lake Ontario, now bearing on its magnificent bosom the stately steam-boat, on which formerly the birch-bark canoe of the hardy Indian was only seen to glide. To the right interminable woods form a fine back-ground to a country partially cultivated and settled.

From the undulations of the road the distant prospect is sometimes entirely obscured, and the tall dark pines throw around their deep shadows, giving a sense of loneliness and a tone of pensive feeling. Glimpses are caught and lost at intervals of the beautiful lake, when suddenly it opens

before you in unobscured loveliness, which may be enjoyed for some distance as you journey along its wooded banks. Within the distance of a few miles you cross over the rivers Humber, Mimico, and Etobecoke, till you reach the long bridge thrown over the river Credit; then turning to the right, the lake stretching in the distance behind, you are conducted through park-like scenery to the peaceful spot where God has been pleased to plant a small Christian church, gathered from the wilderness, to show forth his praise.

This little village possesses many local advantages. It is situated on the high and healthy banks of a fine river, whose beautiful flowing waters, well supplied with fish, wind their undisturbed way through scenery of grand and romantic loveliness, which at once elevate the mind, and fascinate the imagination, of those who have a keen relish for nature's beauties. This village consists of about forty houses; some of these are called log, others frame; each surrounded by half an acre of land, in which the Indians plant every year either potatoes, peas, or Indian corn. In the centre stands, on one side the chapel and school-house, on the other the Mission-house; near which is reserved a lovely spot just on the brow of a sloping bank, sacred to the memory of the dead. In this hallowed enclosure lie slum-

bering, till the morning of the resurrection, many little known on earth, but whose names are doubtless registered in heaven. With those of a host of tender lambs, is now numbered that of Elizabeth Jones, the last of five lovely children, all taken in early life, from a world of sin and suffering to their heavenly Father's better home; where, clothed in white, with palms of victory in their hands, they are uniting with their sainted mother in singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

Elizabeth Jones, whose Indian name was *Sah-gahjewaqua*, which means "the rising sun," was born on June 29th, 1830. From infancy she evinced a mild temper; and as her young mind gradually expanded, it was delightful to observe a fine generous disposition united to strong affection, which secured the confidence and love of all who knew her. For some time after her mother's death, I was in the habit of seeing her every day. She would frequently ask when her mother would come home from the meeting. Being ignorant of what death meant, she thought, as this was the place she most frequented, that she was gone there; and sometimes it was no easy task to wipe the tear, and quell the sorrows of her little bosom,

by telling her that her dear mother was gone to live with God in heaven. Her affection for her only remaining parent was most beautiful: she clung to him, as a child always should to a tender father, with the most confiding love. I could often fancy as she sat on his knee that she held him tight as if afraid he would leave her too. Whenever he appeared dull, she would kiss him, and show him some of her playthings, thinking thus to dissipate the sorrows of his heart. Dear children, I wish all who read this little book would try and imitate Elizabeth Jones, and by their affectionate attentions to their parents, show how much they love them.

Although from the time I first knew this dear child, I had seen much in her to love and admire, it was not till she became a resident in our family, in October, 1836, that I discovered those peculiar traits in her character which made her so especially dear to our hearts. Never shall we forget her readiness to do any kind action. Her tender manner when we were not quite well was remarkable. She would move gently about the room, and perform all the little offices of a nurse as far as she was capable. Often would she say, "Aunt, when I am a woman, I will make tea for you, and help you a great deal." Although so young, she was very observing, and took great

pleasure in watching how things were done. She was a child of great resolution and natural courage. For instance, in taking medicine, it was only necessary to say, "Now, dear, it is proper for you to take this;" or, Such a thing "must be done;" and there was seldom any further trouble. I never saw a child more devoid of selfish feeling; a propensity so common to most young people. When playing with others, she was ever ready to give them the best of every thing, and always seemed more happy in pleasing her little companions than in gratifying herself. Often when the poor old women came in, she would ask them if they were hungry; and then run and tell me, saying, "Shall I give them some food?" At other times she would beg for halfpence; and when asked what she wanted them for, would say, "I want to give them to an old woman," mentioning her name, "because I think she is poor." This lovely principle of generosity was carried out in her daily practice, so much so as at times to require a little check. Her heart was large, and she wanted all to share the comforts she enjoyed. She was also very kind and grateful to servants: they loved her, and were glad to do any thing for her; because she always spoke in a proper manner, and never gave them unnecessary trouble. She had a "place for every

thing, and kept every thing in its place." By this means she preserved her little gifts, which were highly prized. Not like many children, who are never at rest till they have destroyed them, Elizabeth took great delight in keeping them neat and clean : and if children knew how much of their happiness and comfort depended on habits of order, they would be more particular in cultivating these good qualities.

When I first took the entire charge of Elizabeth, she could only spell words of three letters ; but such was her natural quickness, and laudable ambition for improvement, that in a few weeks she could read several little stories. Having a good ear and retentive memory, she soon spelt words of three syllables, learned Watts's First Catechism, and many of his beautiful hymns for children, with a number of others that were commonly sung at the chapel. She took great delight in hearing Bible stories, and often asked me to tell her about good children : their example had a most desirable influence over her. When reading, she would seldom pass over a word that she did not understand without asking its meaning ; and in this interesting way she was continually adding to her little store of knowledge : and it was encouraging to find that what was told her was not soon forgotten. On the contrary, she would often draw

comparisons, and say, "That is like what I was reading about;" or, "That reminds me of such an one you were telling me of." She was not able to read with the first class in the Sunday-school, but she would stand up and answer questions with any of them. In mentioning this, I do not wish to depreciate the merit of many of the other children, being fully aware that circumstances gave Elizabeth advantages which they did not possess: but her rapid improvement and desire of information will show what the capacities of Indian children are; and I think prove that they only need the same privileges and blessings that English children enjoy, to make them equally clever and useful members of society.

Another fine trait in Elizabeth's character was a love of truth. I could always depend on her word. She had only to promise and I felt quite satisfied obedience would follow. O, dear children, what a lesson is this! I can truly say that to have the care of such a child was a privilege as well as a pleasure; and to part with her, a trial greater than can be realized till the affliction comes.

"O! tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say."

CHAPTER III.

ELIZABETH'S EARLY PIETY.

"A flower when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."—WATTS.

HAVING given this brief account of the lovely moral traits displayed in dear Elizabeth's character, I shall now endeavour to show how all these were heightened and polished by the sweet influence of the grace of God on her heart; at once causing her to act from love to him, and evidencing her early piety.

She was very particular in offering up her morning and evening prayers; but this alone did not satisfy Elizabeth. Often during the day have I known her go by herself and pray. She would sometimes say to me, "Aunt, I want God to give me a clean heart and a good spirit: shall I go and pray to him, and then perhaps he will give it to me?" And that gracious Saviour who inspired this prayer fulfilled in her his own precious promise, "They that seek me early shall find me." At other times she would say, "Aunt, do you know what I am thinking about?" "No, my dear; what?" "I am thinking about God and Jesus Christ."

Once, when on a visit, the lady with whom

she was staying said to her, when putting her to bed, "Elizabeth, as the night is cold, you may say your prayers in bed." She immediately answered, "O no; do you think it is right for me to get into bed to say my prayers? As I am in bed now, I will say them this time in bed." But after this, were the night ever so cold, she would pray and repeat her hymn before getting into bed.

She was very fond of singing, and had a sweet voice. Often would she go about the house, or when in the garden we would hear her, singing the pretty hymns she had learned; and many a morning the first sounds that have saluted our ears have been the praises of God from her tuneful lips.

It was also a great delight to her to go to the house of God; and when there she evidenced by her behaviour that she had a proper sense of the solemnity of the services in which she was engaged. During prayer she would kneel, and, covering her face with her hands, show all the outward signs of worship; and who can doubt but that a child so sensible of the importance of prayer, did often in spirit send up petitions to her heavenly Father? Once observing she was carelessly gazing about like too many other children, being reproved, she appeared quite ashamed, and I do not remember to have observed the like inattention

ever after. When she knew the hymns, she always united her praises with the congregation; and when she did not, she would eagerly look over the Hymn-book, and try to catch the words. During the sermon, I think all who ever watched her must have been struck with her fixed attention and quiet behaviour. She would look up with her fine bright eyes to the Preacher, apparently indifferent to all around. And here I would remark that this is not the common way in which Indians show their interest in what is going forward. When attending their councils, they just look to see who is going to speak, and then cast their eyes down for the rest of the time. Likewise in a place of worship they consider that looking down is a more favourable attitude for attention, and that to fix their eyes on the speaker would be a mark of rudeness. So that in this respect Elizabeth, having been differently taught, was an exception to the general rule.

This dear child was not only good herself, but anxious that other children should be so also. When between three and four years old, she expressed considerable anxiety about a little boy who lived with her parents, and said, "Papa, I wish you would make —— a good boy, so that when he dies he may go up to heaven. Papa, you must punish him if he is not good." At another

time she said to me, "Aunt, do you love ——?" I told her I could not love the naughty things she did, because God did not; but I hoped God would make her a good child, and then I should love her. She immediately answered, "I will tell you what I had better do,—pray to God to make her a good child." Saying this, she ran up stairs, and I heard her pray, but could not distinguish the words.

The following is an extract from her father's letter to the Rev. Peter Jones:—"I cannot, dear brother, describe to you my feelings on the loss of my dear daughter. You know how much I loved her; and how affectionate she was to me, and to all her relations. She never disobeyed my orders, and I never knew her offend any person. She would reprove them if she saw them doing any thing that was wrong, but it was always with great modesty.

"About three years ago I remember to have done something that was not right, which she knew of; and the first time she saw me alone she mentioned it very affectionately, saying, 'Papa, you should not do so.' I was so struck with the reproof, I caught her up in my arms, and with tears said, 'No, my child, I will never do so again.'"

Having done a naughty thing herself one day, for which she was punished, when putting her to bed, she burst into tears; on being asked why she

wept, she said, "I am really afraid God will send me to hell." "Why do you think so?" "Because I have been so wicked." I told her, if she were sorry in her heart, and prayed to God to forgive her for Christ's sake, he would. When she knelt down, she said, most pathetically, sobbing all the time, "Please God forgive me, and make me a good child." She could pray no more for sorrow; but at length said, "Aunt, I want to speak to you: do you think God has forgiven me?" I replied, "Yes, if you are sincere." She said, "I did mean what I said; and I really think God has forgiven me, I feel so happy now." The next morning she said, "Aunt, do you know what I am going to do to-day?" I replied, "I hope, dear, you are going to be a good girl?" "Yes, that is what I was thinking about: I am going to think of you and God all day." She often referred to her late naughty deed, and seemed bitterly to repent having done it. She said one day to her father, "How good Jesus Christ was to die for the people!" He asked her if she loved him for dying for her. She replied, "Yes, I do."

When about to leave home, last winter, for a month, our principal anxiety was concerning dear Elizabeth, under whose protection to place her during our absence. However, this difficulty was soon settled; the Mission family offering most

kindly to take the charge of her. The school-mistress, who resided in the same house, took the immediate care of her. At this time she was suffering from indisposition, which not only required much patience to bear, but was the occasion of additional trouble and anxiety to those who so kindly undertook the responsibility of attending to her. On our return, we were delighted to hear of her good behaviour and exemplary patience under her affliction. Mrs. S. told me, she never knew a better child; she had so won their hearts, that they not only felt the greatest interest in her, but had considered it a pleasure, rather than a trouble, to have her with them.

During her stay with this kind family, she was one day trying to teach a little boy (her senior) Watts's Catechism. They were in a room alone, but Mr. S., being in an adjoining one, heard all that passed. When she came to that question, "Does God love every thing that he has made?" and the answer, "Yes;" the little boy said that he was sure that must be wrong, for God did not love wicked people. Elizabeth said, it was so in the book, and therefore must be right; and after thinking for a short time how to reconcile this apparent difficulty, she replied, "I will tell you, John, how it is: God loves the people when he makes them; but when they do wicked things, he does

not love the wicked things they do, only he loves them because he made them." Mr. S. told me she carried on quite a little argument, which far surpassed her years, which I cannot now remember. The testimony of her school-mistress is, that she was far beyond the generality of children, and her capacity for improvement equal to one who had seen twice her number of years.

Thus lived this happy and contented little girl; not only good herself, but endeavouring to make all around her happy and good also. I often thought, while she was with us, I had read of such children, but never knew such an one.

On the Sunday evening previous to giving up the charge of this dear Elizabeth, our hearts felt exceedingly sorrowful at the thought. It was one of those trials which only duty compelled us to acquiesce in; and our feelings were the more excited by her simple expressions of affection, and her telling me she hoped I should soon come back again. O how mysterious, how unexpected at times are the ways of Providence! but often most merciful when most severe. This should reconcile us to the otherwise depressing recollection, that on our return to the little garden, in the midst of the distant wilderness, we shall miss one of its fairest plants, one that we had fondly hoped would, under the genial influence of the Gospel, have

struck its roots deep, and expanded its branches wide, bringing forth the fruits of righteousness; or, to drop the metaphor, we had hoped that though we had lost a valuable member of our little society, in the removal of our beloved Christiana Jones, her dear child would be growing up to take her place in the church and in the neighbourhood. But "God's ways are not our ways, neither are his thoughts our thoughts." We knew not how much we loved her; but God who loved her better than any on earth, has, for some wise end, taken her to his better care and happier home in heaven.

"What can preserve my life, or what destroy?

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine me there."



The Bridge.

CHAPTER IV.

ELIZABETH'S PREMATURE DEATH.

"I am the resurrection, and the life."—John xi. 25.

IN bringing the history of this dear child to a close, it is now my painful task to record the affecting circumstances that attended her death. Perhaps some young persons may wonder what disease carried her away in the spring-time of life to an early grave. Well do I remember telling her one evening of the sudden death of a neighbour, and, endeavouring to improve the circumstance, remarked how necessary it was for young and old to be prepared for death, as we did not

know whether we should live to see another rising sun. She looked most earnestly at me, and said, "Why, aunt, I am not ill!" But, dear children, without the withering blast of sickness, this sweet flower was transplanted in an instant to a more congenial clime, in the bloom of health, and with a buoyancy of spirits that had excited the remarks of those around her; illustrating in her own history that death has not always sickness for its harbinger.

From the account received, it appears that a kind friend residing at the port or mouth of the river Credit, about a mile and a half from the Indian village, had requested Elizabeth's father to let her spend a short time with her during Mr. J. Jones's absence for a few weeks. To this he consented, of which he sends the following account:—"On the 6th of November, dear Elizabeth followed us to the waggon." (Mr. Jones had married again.) "She kissed her mamma and me, saying, 'Good-bye, mamma; good-bye, papa.' Never shall I forget the spot where she stood; little thinking she was bidding us a final farewell."

The month of November, which in England is usually very dreary, is quite otherwise in Canada; and it appears the morning of the 20th was very fine. This dear child arose in good health, and it would seem as though she felt an uncommon de-

gree of joyousness and elasticity of spirits, which the freshness of a clear atmosphere tends to inspire.

About noon, remarking how beautiful the day was, she asked if she might take her accustomed walk over the adjacent bridge, that being drier and smoother than any other place. Not suspecting any danger, after being properly equipped by her kind friend who had the care of her, she sallied forth with bounding spirits and a happy countenance. It is singular that on that morning she had talked much of her own dear mother, and expressed a wish that she was alive, as she wanted so much to see her. When asked, why? she replied, "Because I have heard she was very beautiful." Sweet child! who would then have supposed thy passage to glory was so short; that thy wish to have thy mother near thee was so soon to be fulfilled; that thou wast so soon literally to pass the river of death, and to be landed on the shores of immortality? But it was even so: the little Elizabeth returned not to her home at the expected time, and was sought for, but sought in vain. Inquiry was made at every house, but, alas! to no purpose. Night came on, and it was very dark and stormy; still the search continued, and long before day other kind friends went different roads towards the village, calling, "Eliza-

beth, Elizabeth," but in vain ; no voice answered to the anxious summons.

As soon as daylight dawned, all the men, women, and boys joined in the melancholy search ; making the woodlands echo with her name as they went sorrowfully on, till they reached the lake ; when the Indians said she must be drowned ! They then went out in their boats ; and at length, about nine o'clock in the morning, the little bark of mortality was found, which had floated down the deep broad stream into an eddy near the pier, but the immortal spirit was landed in the haven of eternal rest.

It was found on examination that there was a hole on the upper part of the bridge near the centre of the stream, occasioned by one of the planks having slipped out of its place ; and it is supposed (for no one saw her) that the dear child, in passing over near the side-railings, must have been looking another way, and thus slipped through the hole into a watery grave. Thus, without a moment's warning, was she snatched away from the fond embraces of her mourning friends on earth to the bosom of her Saviour and her God.

As soon as the sad news reached her dear father, he hastened down ; but, ah ! who can enter into the feelings of a parent on such a journey ?

None can describe them; and only parents who have lost such a child can fully sympathize in them. He returns to the spot where he left her well and happy; but instead of the bounding step, the beaming eye, the cheerful tones of welcome that were wont to greet him, he is conducted by his sympathizing and distressed friends into the mournful chamber of death. There was the form he had so often gazed on with delight, and it still looked like his Elizabeth; but the heart's pulses had ceased, the eyes were closed, the ears were stopped, the spirit had fled. Such is the portion of earth; but by the eye of faith we turn to those blissful regions where her happy spirit has found admittance;

“Where she joins in the anthems for ever that rise,
Now dead to the earth, and new born to the skies,
And heir of the kingdom of heaven.”

O, dear children, what a lesson is this! Could any thing but the assurance that “sudden death” to her was “sudden glory” have comforted the heart of her sorrowing parent, and enabled him to write, “Her happy spirit is returned to God, whose praises she loved to sing, whom she worshipped, adored, and loved?” Surely not! And if you wish to share with her the happiness of heaven, if you wish to see her there, you must seek an

interest in Christ, love prayer as she loved it, take the same delight in reading the Bible and good books, learn with pleasure your catechism and hymns, be obedient to your parents, affectionate and kind to all ; then you will be loved as she was loved ; and should an early summons call you hence, you will be prepared to follow where she is gone.

I have before noticed how fond Elizabeth was of singing ; and I think it would be well for children to cultivate this habit, and imitate her in this sweet employ of singing and making melody in their hearts unto the Lord. The last hymn she was heard to sing was the following :—

“Saw ye my Saviour?
Saw ye my Saviour?
Saw ye my Saviour and my God?
O! he died on Calvary
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.”

On Friday, the 24th, her remains were carried up to the Indian village, where the Missionary at the river Credit conducted the service, and preached a suitable sermon from Rev. i. 17, 18 ; in which he bore ample testimony to her early piety, amiable disposition, and remarkable intelligence.

Her death had excited as much interest as is often produced by that of persons of maturer age ;

and many respectable white inhabitants, from the distance of two and three miles round, attended the funeral. After the sermon, the Indian children rose up and sang the following hymn :—

“ Farewell, dear friend! a long farewell!
For we shall meet no more,
Till we are raised with thee to dwell
On Zion's happier shore.

“ Our friend and sister, lo! is dead;
The cold and lifeless clay
Has made in dust its silent bed,
And there it must decay.

“ But is she dead?—No, no, she lives!
Her happy spirit flies
To heaven above; and there receives
The long-expected prize.

“ Farewell, dear friend! again, farewell!
Soon we shall rise to thee;
And when we meet no tongue can tell
How great our joys shall be.”

Six little girls carried her coffin from the chapel to the grave; four following, bearing in their hands sprigs of evergreen, which they threw on the coffin after it was lowered into the ground.

“And there, upon her quiet tomb,
 Shaded by forest-trees,
 The wild flowers which she loved will bloom,
 Fann'd by the summer's breeze.

“And other little graves are there,
 Water'd with fondest tears;
 Nature still weeps,—Faith cries, Forbear,
 And Hope's bright star appears.

“So when our silent footsteps stray,
 And watch the grave's repose,
 This star shall point our heaven-ward way,
 And dissipate our woes.”

LINES

*Addressed by a Friend to Mr. John Jones, on hearing that
 his little Girl was drowned in the River Credit.*

“She is not dead.”—Matt. ix. 24.

Though those bright eyes have lost their fire,
 And those dear lips speak no desire,
 Let this blest truth your heart inspire:

“She is not dead.”

Though she is taken from your sight,
 And slumbers in death's cheerless night,
 Her spirit lives in glory bright:

“She is not dead.”

Her voice, though like the gentle lute
It soothed and pleased you, now is mute ;
She sings in strains that seraphs suit :

“She is not dead.”

Think of the subject of her song,
And see her mingling in the throng
Of those who to her Lord belong :

“She is not dead.”

Her Saviour taught her infant heart
To love and choose the better part ;
Let this thought check the tears that start :

“She is not dead.”

Think not upon the cold, dark wave ;
Nor on the silent gloomy grave ;
For Jesus did her spirit save :

“She is not dead.”

O, it will soothe the bursting sigh,
To think that Jesus lives on high,
Who said his own “should never die :”

“She is not dead.”

Then trim your lamp, and speed your way,
To meet her in the realms of day ;
And when your spirits sink, still say,

“She is not dead.”

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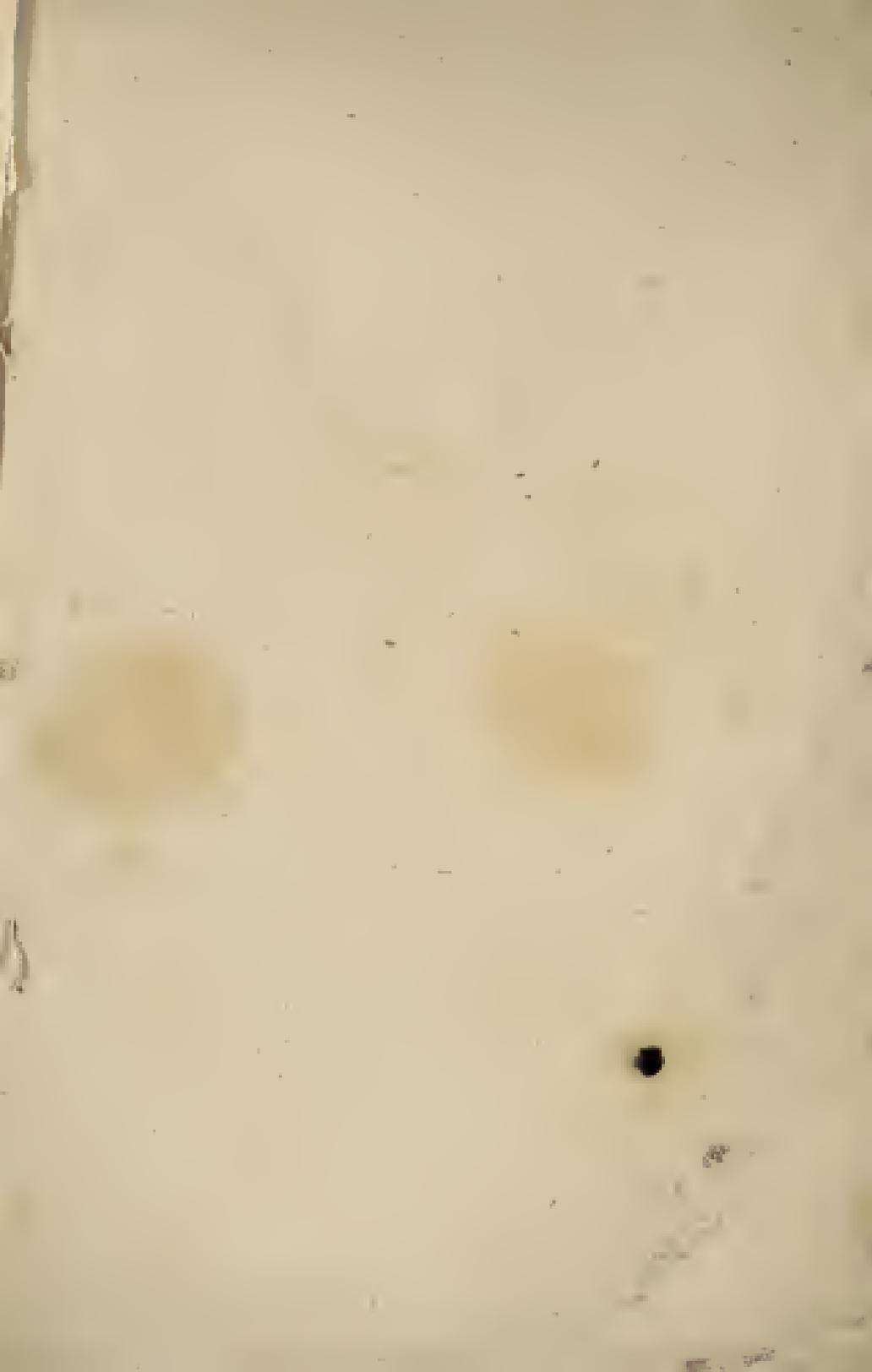
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