am coing there.

Death of little Eva.



O, if she would only wake and speak once more! he said; and stooping over her, he spoke in her ear, Eva darling " The large blue eyes unclosed, a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head and to speak. Do you know me Eva "Dear papa," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck . In a moment they dropped again Uncle Tom's Cabin Vol. 2 p. 112.

Written and inscribed to the readers of

"UNCLE TOM'S

EMMEN. S. AMMES.

Adapted to a favorite Melody.

Price 25 cts. net.

BOSTON.

Published by OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington St.

GOULD & BERRY. S. BRAINARD & CO. H.D. HEWITT, G. W. BRAINARD & CO. C.C.CLAPP & CO.

Yew York.

Cleveland.

N. Orleans.

Louisville.

Boston .

Bufford's Lith Boston

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1852 by Oliver Ditson in the Clerks office of the District Court of Marrachusetts .

I AM GOING THERE.

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I am going there."
"Where, Miss Eva!"

The child rose and pointed her little hand to the sky; the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flush'd cheek with a kind of unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies.







3

And calling her father she sweetly said:—
"O father, my strength it is failing fast,
Do let me speak ere it all hath fled!"

4

Then she spake to her friends—"forever love
All that is holy, and good, and fair;"
And to Uncle Tom—"we shall meet above—
Above—with the holy angels there."

5

"Sweet Eva, my darling," the father said,
"Do you know me dear Eva, say, oh say!"
Then the child sprang up from its dying bed,
But fell again, for its strength gave way.

6

In a breathless silence her friends came round; While her large clear eyes so fix'd and fair, Look'd up to heaven — and a whispering sound Said gently and sweetly — "I'm going there."

7

A glorious smile o'er her features played, Seldom seen in a changing world like this, Then the gentlest of earth—sweet Eva—strayed Forth to a world of endless bliss.

8

Good bye to thee Eva, the tomb hath not A treasure more dear in its close embrace. Good bye, but thou never shalt be forgot, Thy mem'ry in many a heart hath place.