

safely in his arms of love and power through the dark valley and shadow of death; who is worthy of your love and confidence, who loves you best and pities you most, and whose heart is all tenderness towards little children, and all the world.

**An Account of the Happy Deaths of
Selina, Jane, and Cecilia,**

Who belonged to the Wesleyan Sunday-School, Madras.

ADDRESSED TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL
CHILDREN.

Dear Children,—We have printed the following account, hoping that by reading the good effect produced upon the minds of these dear children, whose deaths are recorded, you will be encouraged not only to continue your exertions for the Missionary Society, but also to feel an earnest desire to love and serve your blessed Saviour yourselves.

Selina was a little girl belonging to the Wesleyan Sunday School at Madras. Her attendance was regular. It appeared to her friends that, from an early period, her mind was turned to religion. The instructions she received in the school, and the portions of Scripture and hymns she committed to memory, were, it is hoped, blessed to her infant mind, in awakening and cherishing early religious impressions.

Private devotion was an exercise in which she delighted much; frequently she would be up before others at her prayers. In the morning she made haste to pour out her infant soul to God; and in the evening she never allowed anything to call off her mind from that duty, her sisters and play-mates would sometimes endeavor to engage her attention to their play beyond her accustomed hour for going to prayer; but she never yielded to their importunity, but gave them

a mild reproof, by telling them, "We must first pray, and then go to play, or God will be sorry" (meaning, angry) "with us;" thus affording pleasing proof to her friends, that the Lord had poured upon her a portion of the spirit of prayer and supplication."

Another incident, which shows clearly her early religious impressions, is related thus:—One of our Sunday-school Teachers, a friend of the family to which Selina belonged, while on a visit at the house, heard her repeat in sweet simplicity, before she retired to bed, the following part of a hymn she had learnt in the Sunday-school:

"I lay my body down to rest;
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.
With cheerful heart I'll close my eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in Thy love."

He asked her if she understood it; she replied, "Yes, my Sunday-school Teacher told me, that if I would tell this hymn to God every night, He would raise me up in the morning." Shortly afterwards this lovely child was attacked by that fatal disease the cholera, which carried her away from this scene of sin and misery, to that world where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

During her illness, the Teacher, on another visit to the house, was seen by her, and she desired one of her attendants to call him near her; he went, and, struck with her ghastly appearance, and the state of extreme weakness to which she was so soon reduced, sat down by her bedside; when she observed to him, with great anxiety, "I have no shoes, and cannot come to the Sunday-school to-morrow. Will Mr. O——," meaning the Superintendent of the school "get angry?"