

"very precious. I have been a great sinner, but I have found a great Saviour. Sixteen years ago He sought me, and found me, and brought me to Himself."

'Mr. Dean then offered up prayer, after which, he asked if any one else would pour out his heart before God; whereupon Mr. Martinnant, who was present, prayed. After that, Mr. Rosie evidently engaged in prayer himself, though in such a low tone that he could scarcely be heard. This was about ten o'clock in the forenoon.

'I asked him at this time what message he had for his sisters; he sighed and said, "This will be to them their greatest earthly trial; but just tell them what I have told you, and that I shall meet them again." Then on any friends entering the room, he always commended me to their care. Mr. Dean he especially asked to see me taken care of till I reached Bombay, adding, as on other occasions, with much emphasis, these words—"There are kind friends in Bombay."

'For some time he continued giving expression to his joy at the prospect of dying—of "going home," as he loved to call it. "Oh, if this be dying," he said at one time, "how easy it is to die!" Then turning to me, he would say, "You know that to me to die is *great gain*." Closing his eyes after a little, he then said, "I wish to exist only for thy glory: Jesus, Jesus, take me to Thyself!" The doctor came in about this time and kindly urged him to take some support; but he replied, "My sight is already dim, and I feel the torpor in my limbs. My Father is calling me; and why should I wish to continue here!" On the doctor bidding him farewell, he shook his hand and thanked him for all his kind attention; and looking at him earnestly, said he hoped they should meet in another world.

'After this, he was able to speak but little, and soon the restlessness of death was on him. At his request, I read to him some portions of Scripture and repeated some hymns, to all which he feelingly responded. The hymn, "I lay my sins on Jesus," always a favourite with him, he listened to with special delight. When I began to repeat the hymn, "The hour of my departure's come," he stopped me and said, "Ah, these were the dying words of my sainted mother, and I shall soon see her!" Then his expression became so lighted up, that I could not help speaking of it to him. But he only murmured forth such expressions as these,—*"The Lamb of God"*—*"The sea of glass"*—*"The Lamb in the midst of the throne."* Then I asked him if he could see me, and he replied, "Partially." After that, he turned and put his hand already cold, over my face, but it fell down powerless, and I heard the words, *"Dear, dear Maggie, farewell!"*

'Still the work of dying continued, and I almost wished to see him released. To every question I put, he now replied with a countenance radiant with joy, *"The Lamb of God! the Lamb of God!"* He continued slowly sinking, yet perfectly conscious and acute. Scarcely him uneasy, and not thinking death was so near, "Is Jesus with you now dearest?" With a great effort he said, "Yes;" and after a few more breaths were drawn, the weary wheels of life at last stood still, and his spirit at last was with the Saviour. I heard some one near exclaim, "Victory, victory! he is the conqueror now!" I closed his eyes, and was immediately taken away.

'The funeral took place next morning at seven o'clock. Mr. Dean conducted a short service in the house; and Mr. Schwabe, the English clergyman, read the Burial Service at the grave. The coffin of the departed was laid upon an open palanquin, and the same bearers that a week before had carried him up the Ghauts, now bore his remains to their last resting place. Mr. Dean Mr. Martinnant, and the other two English gentlemen residing on the hills at the time, formed the funeral company. The English cemetery is a quiet, secluded spot on the top of one of the mountain ridges. Mr. Rosie's dust is laid beside that of the Rev. Mr. Graves, the American Missionary, who laboured long and faithfully in that mountainous region, and who, sixteen years ago, was called to his rest.'