

FIRESIDE READING.

DEATH SCENE IN INDIA.

Annie S—, was for about four years a scholar in one of our Sabbath schools, at a place called Coolie Bazar, on the outskirts of Calcutta. Although she was thirteen years of age, you would have scarcely taken her for more than ten. She was a pale, delicate child, and I often thought, as I looked at her earnest expression and deep attention, when divine things were the subject of conversation, that she was ripening for early glory. But I did not then know how soon Jesus would call her to himself. It was about four months ago that Annie was entirely confined to the house, which she never left until her spirit arose to God, and her body was carried to the grave. Soon after her illness commenced, she said to her mother, "Mother, I once read in a tract, that a doctor told a dying patient of his, 'I fear, sir, there is no hope.' 'I know, I know,' returned the despairing sinner. You say there is no hope for my body, and I *feel* there is no hope *for my soul*. No hope! no hope!" But "oh! mother," continued Annie, "how thankful I should be, that, even though my *body* die I have hope for my *soul*. Blessed Jesus! through thee I have obtained this hope, and I shall not be ashamed." Reading the Bible was her great delight, and, when she became too weak to hold the book, she used to beg her friends to read to her, when she would often exclaim, "How sweet! how beautiful! I want to be with Jesus! I want to see the glorious things that are written in this book." On another occasion, at night, when the burning fever was so great as to cause excessive thirst, she said, as her mother got up to give her some tea, "Jesus will soon satisfy me with the water of life, of which, if a man drink, he shall never thirst again." An hour passed, and Annie's mother was again awakened. She heard the most joyous sounds from her afflicted child, though at the time, she was racked with bodily pain. "Happy, happy, happy! oh, I am so happy!" exclaimed the dying girl.

Her own simple account of God's dealings with her soul, was to me very touching. She used to say, "About two years ago, I was much impressed

with the necessity of religion, by witnessing a solemn baptismal service, and I then determined to follow Christ. But soon I left the path he showed me, and followed Satan. Then God made me ill, and once more I seemed to come back to him; but, again when I got well, I wandered. Oh, how wicked I was! Yes, God had to make me ill once more, and to *keep me ill*, before I would give my heart wholly to him; but *now I am* his, and soon I shall be with him in glory." Although Annie was so confident of her Saviour's love, she deeply felt her own sinfulness in the sight of God—so much so, that she would never allow any one to call her "a good girl;" and, when the expression was used in her hearing, she would often burst into tears, and exclaim, "Oh, I am so bad, so wicked; do not call me good."

But I must hasten to the last solemn scene. A little before she died, she said, "Mother, you will meet me in heaven. O, how delightful that will be!" Presently she exclaimed, "There, there, I think I see my father; he is waiting for me." The stupor of death was fast overpowering her bodily senses; but, making one last effort, she threw her arms around the neck of her cousin—a girl many years older than herself—and begged and entreated her to be a Christian, saying, "O Maria, seek the Lord while he may be found; he is so precious on a dying bed." She then asked her mother to read to her the hymn, in which these words occur,

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

When this request had been complied with, the dear child fell back on her pillow, and softly murmured, "I am going to sing the new song, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain; when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee: in my Father's house are many mansions.' O, my Father, I bless thy name; I thank thee, I thank thee, my Father;" and, with these sweet words on her lips, her spirit passed away from earth, to worship before the throne of God in heaven.—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*