

“No,” the Teacher replied, “Mr. O—— will not get angry with you, if the want of shoes is the real cause of your not coming to school.” It was evident, and she could not but know it herself, that she was dangerously ill. But still dear Selina was either unconscious of the nearness of the end to which she was rapidly advancing, or Jesus her Saviour, to whom she loved to pray and offer praise, had removed “the sting of death” from her tender heart. She seemed have been influenced rather by her delight in her duty to her Saviour, than by the sufferings of her dying frame or by the fear of death; for she begged the teacher even then to teach her to sing the last three lines of one of our Sunday-school hymns, beginning, “Come to Jesus just now;” and on his complying with her request, she said, “I cannot breathe so fast, and you repeat it very fast; tell Mr. O—— to come and see me, he will teach me slowly.” Before the Teacher left her, he heard her repeat, in a tone of real devotion, the Lord’s Prayer, and the first, third, fourth, and last verses of the Sunday-school hymn, beginning,—“Here we suffer grief and pain,” &c.

While the Teacher was away, the child asked twice if Mr. O—— had come, and was answered, “He is expected soon.” On the teacher informing Mr. O. of the request of Selina, he went immediately, and arrived at the house a little after she had asked for him a third time; and when then she was told he was come, she opened her eyes wide, and straining them, looked eagerly around, though with difficulty, until she saw him come up to her. Unable to speak, she, with anxious and welcoming look, fixed her attention upon him for a few moments, and

then gathering all her remaining strength, turned herself quite round on the bed, and clasped his hands eagerly in both her little hands, which had now become cold: in this position she held his hands for a while, during which he endeavored to speak to her of Jesus and heaven, but received no answer; and perceiving her sight and hearing were fast falling, he requested her friends to send for him as soon as she became sensible or recovered her speech, which, he said, he expected she would do shortly before she expired. An hour after he was gone, she did revive. The Teacher said to her, “Do you love Jesus?” To which she replied readily, and in a firm voice, “O yes; but Jesus loves me more.” After this she was observed to be in silent prayer, for her hands were clasped together and her lips moving. Only a short time before she expired, the dear little child exerted herself, and tried once or twice to speak; her friends were unable to distinguish clearly what she faltered out, but they thought she wished that they should go to prayer with her. The Teacher accordingly knelt down by her side, and prayed; and when he came to the conclusion, to the astonishment of all present, she distinctly, and with solemn earnestness, repeated with him, “Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.” No sooner had she uttered “Amen,” than the last severe pangs came upon her, from which she sank into a state of insensibility. She appeared calm for a few moments, and then all was over: the spirit had returned to God who gave it, and to that Saviour whom she loved so much. Thus died this lovely child, after a short but painful illness of twenty-four hours, aged six years five months and seven days.