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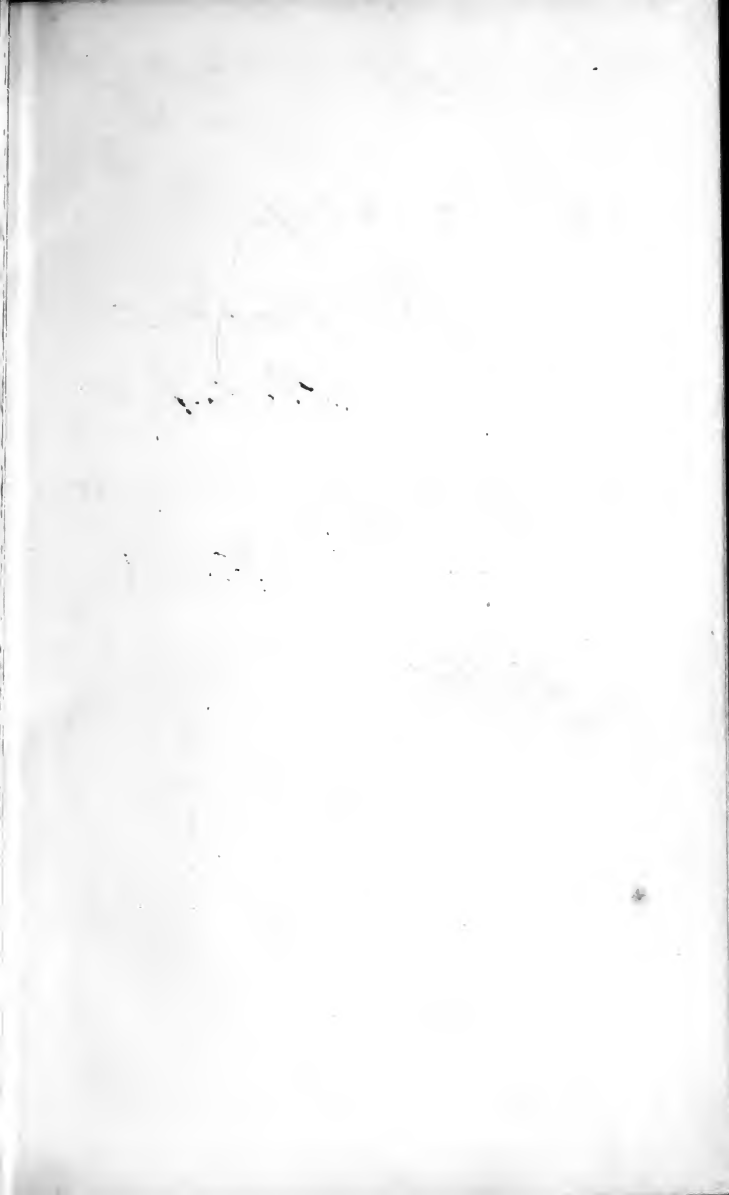
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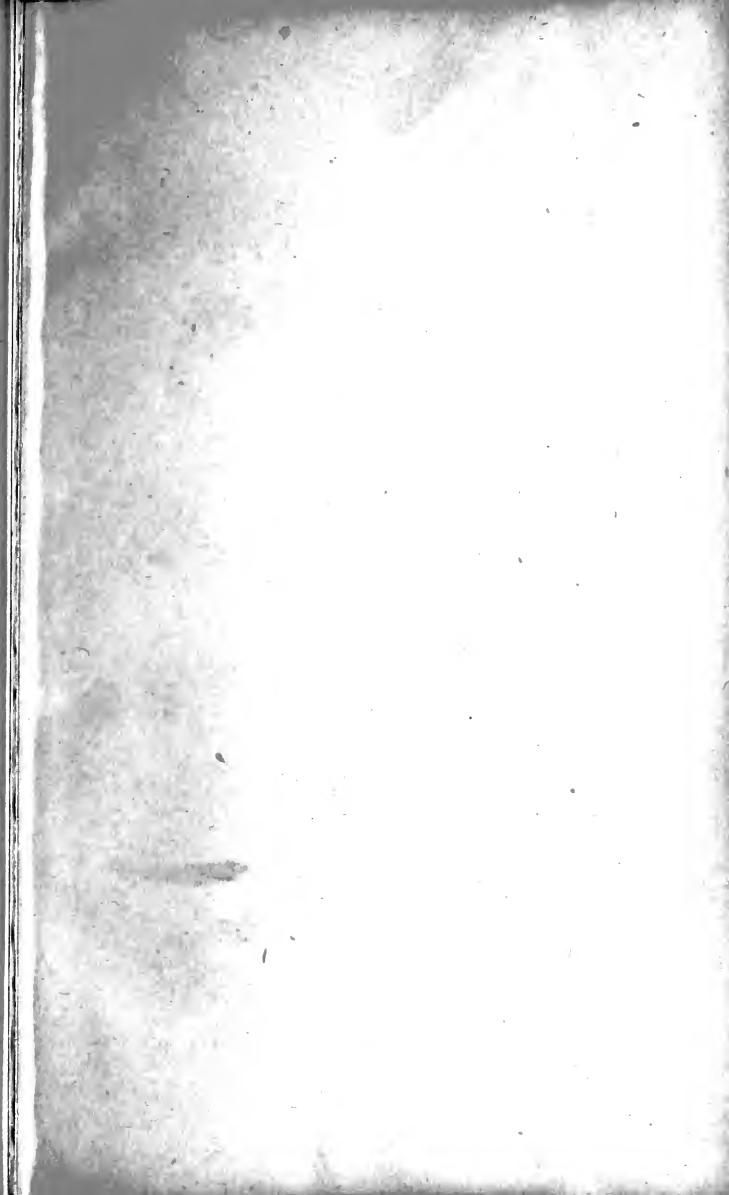
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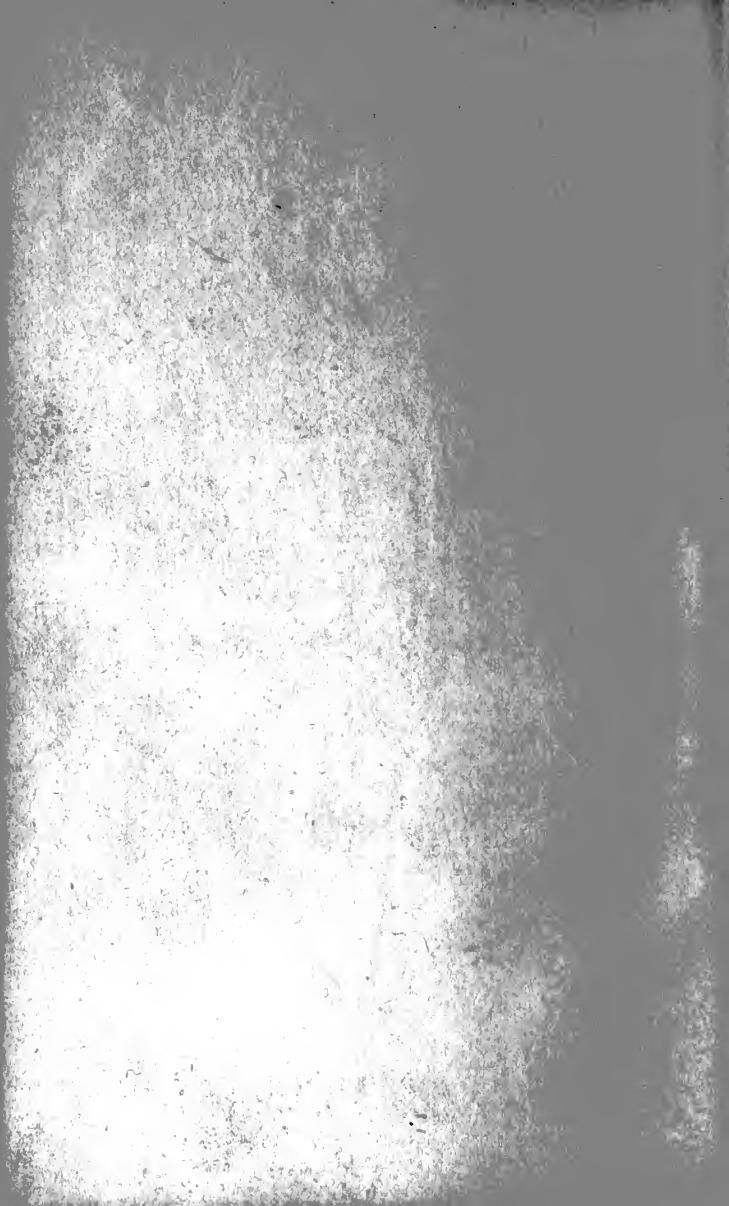




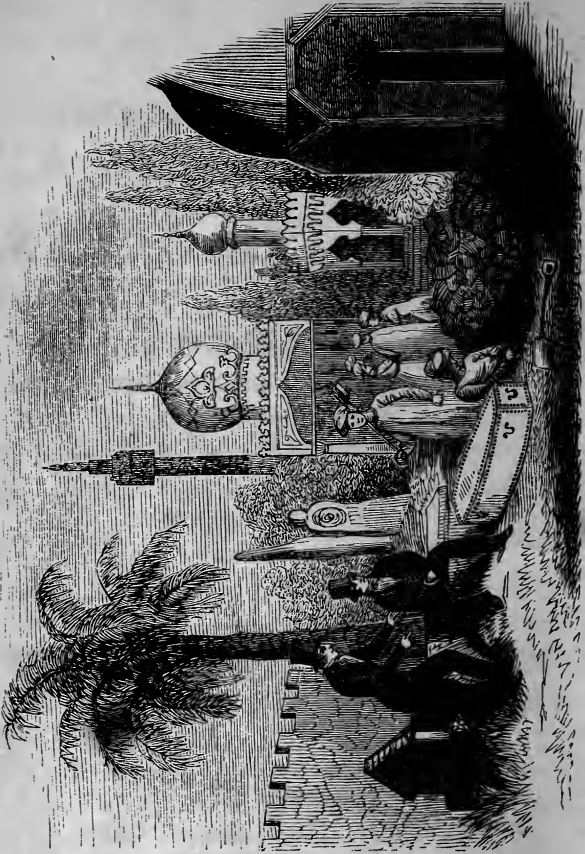












“They’ were surrounded with the blackened monuments of the dead.”

More Fruits from India ; or the Outcast safe in Christ.

THE
LIFE AND HAPPY DEATH
OF
CHARLOTTE GREEN,

A Poor Orphan.



BY THE REV. ALEX. DUFF, D.D.

OF THE SCOTCH CALCUTTA MISSION.

REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
No. 146 CHESTNUT STREET.

NEW YORK: No. 147 NASSAU STREET.....BOSTON: No. 9 CORNHILL.....LOUISVILLE:
No. 103 FOURTH STREET.

1848

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NOTE.

THE following deeply interesting narrative is strikingly illustrative of the sovereignty and exceeding riches of Divine grace, and is addressed to Sabbath-school children, as the record of the special care, compassion, and love of the good Shepherd to the lambs of His flock. It is also designed to encourage them to persevere in their endeavours to extend the knowledge of the name of this Redeemer, by showing them how willing He is to use their humble efforts for the accomplishment of His purposes of mercy among the benighted heathen.

ARTICLE

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CHARLOTTE GREEN.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You remember who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” It was the blessed Saviour, who has “all power in heaven and in earth.” It was he of whom the inspired prophet thus spake: “Unto us a child is born; unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.” It was he of whom the inspired apostle wrote, saying, “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and we beheld his glory,

the glory as of the only begotten of the Father; full of grace and truth." It was He who, after having laid down his life as "the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world," rose again, ascended into the highest heavens, and there, in vision, revealed himself to the witnessing exile of Patmos, saying, "Fear not, I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." It was this great and glorious, and truly "wonderful" being, from whose gracious lips once dropped these unspeakably tender, cheering, and encouraging words, "Suffer little children to come unto *me*, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, yes; the blessed Jesus is, in an emphatic sense, the Saviour and the friend of "little children." He is the great "shepherd and bishop of souls;" and the lambs of the flock are his peculiar care. The wise of this world are but too apt to look down upon children as beneath their notice or attention. But He, who is the very fountain of wisdom and grace, and strength and salvation, so far from despising even *little* children, has specially invited

them to come to him, that he may embrace them in his arms, and bless them. And shall little children refuse to come to Him, who has thus proved himself to be the greatest, the wisest, the kindest, and the best of friends? It cannot be. Thousands, and tens of thousands, have already joyfully and gratefully come to him. And have they not found him true to his own invitation, and faithful to his own promises? Yea, verily. And were the heavens now to open before our eyes, and our eyes to be made capable of bearing the bright effulgence of the eternal regions, doubtless we would there behold myriads of little children—over whose early departure parents have sorrowfully mourned, and brothers and sisters have shed floods of tears, till their little eyes have been sore with weeping—now joyously basking in the sunshine of Jehovah's presence; redeemed and glorified through the merits of the Saviour's atoning death, and enjoying the caresses of his unchanging love.

And now—to the praise and glory of Him who loves little children, and invites them to his presence, and washes from their sins in his own blood those who do come to him—let me ask your attention to a brief notice of what he hath done, in the fulness of his mercy and

grace, for the soul of a poor orphan girl on the banks of the Ganges.

About three years ago, a haggard, wretched-looking old woman happened one day to call at the Orphan Refuge,* under the superintendence of Miss Laing. She held by the hand a feeble, sickly, diseased child, of about five or

* An institution connected with the Calcutta mission of the Free Church of Scotland. The condition of the class for whose benefit it is designed, and from which the larger proportion of the children resident at the institution is received, is the most wretched and hopeless. Not a few of them are in circumstances very much like those of Charlotte Green, when she was brought to Miss Laing. Many of them are miserable outcasts, having no one to care for either their souls or their bodies.

The results which have, in many cases, attended the training of the institution, have been of the most cheering character. Not a few girls, who, when received by Miss Laing, were utterly ignorant of their own character as sinners, and of the salvation provided for them, have afforded most satisfactory evidence of their having been translated from darkness to light, and have been admitted to the fellowship of the visible church. Some of them are now the wives of converts, and are living consistently with their Christian profession; and others of them are engaged in teaching their benighted sisters in other Christian seminaries. Several, who, like Charlotte Green, died at the institution, like her, gave gratifying evidence, before their departure from this world, that the word of life which they had heard had been abundantly blessed to their souls.

The number of girls residing at the institution is at present about *forty*.

six years of age. The woman's story was a short one. Of the child itself—whose it was, or whence it came, she either could not, or would not, give any account. She simply declared that she herself was neither its mother nor grandmother; yea, that she bore to it no relationship of kindred or of blood—only having, some how or other, got the stranger-child into her possession, and being unable to support it, she now wished to get rid of the burden. She then earnestly begged Miss Laing to take the poor miserable outcast off her hands. Miss Laing did not know well what to do. She disliked the ungainly and forbidding appearance, alike of the woman and the child; while the meagre and unsatisfactory account given of the latter naturally filled her mind with suspicion and doubt. Altogether, she felt that, without some further inquiry and consideration, she would scarcely be warranted in taking the child. Accordingly, she refused to accede to the old woman's petition in its behalf; and, leaving them both on the steps of the lower and outer verandah, she retired within the house.

After the lapse of some hours, the woman and the child were still seen sitting on the steps—the former seemingly in anguish of spirit,

and with something like the wildness of despair depicted on her shrivelled countenance, and the latter sobbing apparently from feebleness and want. When asked why she kept so long lingering there, the old woman, in the bitterness of distress, said, that she could not go away. She did not know what to do with the child. The poor thing was starving, and she had nothing to give it to eat. If the Bibi Saheb (meaning Miss Laing) did not take the little girl, "*she must die.*"

On this being reported to Miss Laing, she now began to think that the continued perseverance and increasing importunity of the old woman, together with the evidently suffering condition of the child, really amounted to a call in providence to take the little sufferer in the meanwhile, and see whether inquiry might throw any light on its mysterious history.

The child was indeed most ungainly, ill-favoured, and unprepossessing in appearance, and the account given of it wholly unsatisfactory; but were these (Miss Laing now asked herself) sufficient reasons for consigning it to starvation, misery, and death? No, thought she, the love of Him who especially careth for the orphan and the fatherless—who specially pitieth the needy and the destitute, must pre-

vail here. So reflecting, Miss Laing took the child. The old woman instantly hastened away, and has never since been seen or heard of. She had gained her object. The child had found a home. No fear any more of her dying from starvation!

How strangely gracious is our God in the overrulings of his providence! The child was brought only to obtain a portion of the bread that perisheth. She did obtain that; but she also obtained something more. God having some better thing in store for her, bountifully put within her reach what was not sought for—the bread of life—the bread that perisheth not—the bread from heaven—the living bread, of which they who eat shall not hunger any more. She tasted and was refreshed. She believed in the Lord Jesus, and began to live—to live a new and spiritual life, the very germ of the life of immortality beyond the grave. Though, therefore, she died, as we shall by-and-by see, so far as it regards the temporary separation of soul and body, she died only in order to live a better and a happier life, in a better and more glorious world.

My young friends will perhaps wonder at some parts of this narration. It looks as if

some dark mystery hung over it. You who have attached parents and kind relatives to love you and tenderly care for you—instructing you in health, and assiduously watching over you in sickness—cannot well understand the forlorn condition of this poor girl. Who was the woman that brought her? From our sad experience of other similar cases, we can have little doubt that she was a wicked person, who had either *bought* or *stolen* the child when an infant. She intended to rear her up—for whom? For God and Christ, righteousness and heaven? Ah, no. But for Satan and Belial, sin and hell! But, finding her a delicate, feeble and sickly child, the wretched woman evidently concluded, that, if she lived to grow up, she would not answer any of her sinful purposes; that, on the contrary, she might only prove a heavy burden to her. And, being unable to re-sell so ill-conditioned a child, or get any one to take so apparently useless a creature off her hands, even without any price, and fearing, probably to deprive her of life, or cast her away, lest she might be detected and brought to punishment, she must have thought it safer to search for some charitable institution, where she might be received, and, without any cost to her, provided for. Think, then,

of the awful gulf from which the poor child was delivered! And let us unite together in praising that sovereign Lord who, in his gracious providence, overruled the selfish fears of a wicked woman so as to pave the way for the salvation of an immortal soul!

Some of you will, doubtless, be startled at the statement of *buying* or *stealing* a child, and that, too, for mischievous ends; and well you may. Among a people who truly know and love the Lord Jesus, such iniquity is, or ought to be, unheard of and unknown. But, in a heathen land like this—a land of thickest darkness and most stupifying superstition—the life of a human being is treated as of little or no value, and the very soul, with its awful capacity of never-ending bliss or never-ending wo, practically regarded as of no value. Consequently, in such a land, such cruel and horrid practices as those now alluded to, are unhappily so common as scarcely to be noticed. It is the blessed Jesus who has fully brought to light the real value of the life that now is, and who has shed a blaze of glory over the soul's immortality. How thankful, then, ought you to be that your lot has been cast in a land of Bibles—a land of Christian parents, Christian teachers, and Christian Sabbath-schools

—a land of gospel light and gospel liberty—a land in which the souls, even of the young, may be nurtured for the realms of glory.

As to the poor girl herself—who and whence was she? Here, too, we can only offer a conjecture, though a highly probable one. In Calcutta, we have many races of people—Hindus; Mohammedans, from different parts of India, Arabia, Persia, and Tartary; Jews, Greeks, and Armenians, from the West; Chinese, Malays, and Burmese, from the East; with numbers of the mixed descendants of Portuguese, French, Dutch, British, &c. These all differ in a marked manner, in their colour, features, and expression of countenance. Well, then, from her general appearance and cast of countenance, we inferred that Charlotte Green, the subject of this narrative, was of *Armenian* descent. But who or what her parents had been, or whether they were dead or alive, we never could learn. How singular! Look at your maps, and you will see the country of Armenia in Asia, on the south-east of the Black Sea, with Mount Ararat on its borders, and the springs of Tigris and Euphrates among its hills. These names will remind you of Adam and of Moses, of Paradise and the Flood. And a little girl, adjudged to be, by parental descent,

from the mountains of Armenia, having become an outcast on the banks of the Ganges, finds there a shelter and a home in an institution supported by the ladies of the Free Church of Scotland—Scotland, itself but a portion of one of the remotest, and what was once one of the most heathenish and barbarous, of the isles of the ocean! Such is the diffusive spirit and wide-spread sympathy inspired by the faith and love of Jesus, the Redeemer of the world. Truly, as it was sin which divided and scattered the race of man, filling its various tribes with hatred, enmity, and strife, so is it the blessed gospel of salvation from sin, that will again gather in and reunite its diversified kindreds and people into one holy, loving, and happy brotherhood.

But I must not forget my intended narrative.

Under the combined influence of wholesome food, cleanliness, systematic rules, and kind treatment, the poor, little, outcast girl soon greatly improved in health, strength, and general appearance; though she always retained a certain delicateness of look and sallowness of complexion. But it was in mind and manners that the change became most apparent.

When just received by Miss Laing into the

Orphan Refuge, she knew nothing. She had not even learned any alphabet. A Saviour's name was strange to her. The Bible was a book unheard of. Sin and salvation, heaven and hell, were unknown sounds. But she soon showed a remarkable aptitude in learning—an aptitude which amounted to an extraordinary forwardness. Her own spoken dialect was a broken gibberish of Hindustani or Widu. And now she betook herself eagerly to English; and, in a surprisingly short time, she could read and speak it intelligibly.

The subject of sin and its curse, of the Saviour and redemption through his blood, soon took a deep hold of her mind. She did not say much, for she was naturally timid, shy, and reserved. But young as she was, her looks and conduct indicated that she thought much. Her whole manner had about it a gravity, sedateness, and even solemnity, far beyond her years. In truth, as time served to show, she proved to be one of those tender plants, singled out by the sovereign grace of God from amid the chilling frosts of wintry time, and transplanted into a more genial soil, there to be speedily ripened for the paradise above.

As soon as she could read, she seemed never to tire of reading. And often, after reading

what specially interested her, she would be seen to retire, and, apart by herself, fall into a mood of thoughtful contemplation. To such an extent was this system of reading and meditating carried, that it was often with difficulty she could be induced to join in the healthful play and innocent recreative exercises of her youthful associates. Little Christian books and missionary stories she read over and over again, and made their contents the subject of frequent conversation.

But, contrary to the taste of most young persons, and of all unconverted people, the reading of the Bible was her chief delight. She was particularly fond of committing Scripture texts to memory, of repeating them to herself, and of quoting them on suitable occasions to her little companions. In this way she learned not single verses only, but whole psalms, and chapters of the gospels and epistles.

It was a wish which she often expressed, that she could carry the Bible always about with her. But it was too heavy and inconvenient. She, however, happened to fall in with a stray leaf of the psalms in metre, containing part of Psalm 104, the whole of 105, and part of 106. This single leaf, from its being so portable, she reckoned a great prize. Having

folded it up, she constantly carried it about with her. It was in her bosom by day, and under her pillow by night. During play hours, she would be seen retiring to some corner, taking out her leaf, unfolding and reading it with manifest joy. The first few verses of the 106th psalm, in particular, seemed always greatly to affect her. On one occasion, she was observed to be weeping. When asked what was the cause, she replied that she had lost her precious Bible leaf; and appeared inconsolable till the little treasure was again found.*

What a lesson of carefulness with respect to the blessed Bible may children, and even grown-up people in Christian lands, learn from this once hopeless, helpless, and forlorn outcast! The Lord's "servants" of old, "took pleasure" in the very "stones of Zion," and "favoured the very dust thereof," because of their association of these with the worship and glorious presence of Jehovah. And is not Jehovah peculiarly present in his own revealed Word? Is it not his voice that is thus addressing us? Without, therefore, treating the material leaves of the Bible with superstitious reverence—at

* This leaf was enclosed by Dr. Duff in the MS. of the present memoir.

once blind and idolatrous—it becomes us to treat even these with respect, because of the impress of Jehovah's mind thereon, as it were, legibly engraven. On this sublimely important subject, my young friends will excuse me for quoting a few verses, somewhat quaintly expressed, from an old author, Mr. Christopher Harvie, who died in 1663.

The Bible! That's the Book. The Book indeed,
 The Book of Books;
 On which who looks,
 As he should do, aught shall never need,
 Nor wish a better light
 To guide him in the night;

Or, when he hungry is, for better food
 To feed upon,
 Than this alone,
 If he bring stomach and digestion good;
 And if he be amiss,
 This the best physic is.

The true panacea 'tis for ev'ry sore

And sickness, which
 The poor and rich
 With equal ease may come by. Yea, 'tis more—
 An antidote, as well
 As remedy 'gainst hell.

It is the looking-glass of souls, wherein
 All men may see
 Whether they be
 Still as by nature they're, deformed with sin;
 Or in a better case,
 As new adorned with grace.

It is the index to eternity ;
 He cannot miss
 Of endless bliss,
 That takes this chart to steer his voyage by,
 Nor can he be mistook
 That speaketh by this book.

A Book, to which no book can be compared
 For excellence ;
 Pre-eminence
 Is proper to it and cannot be shared ;
 Divinity alone
 Belongs to it, or none.

At other times, our young friend, instead of reading, would betake herself to the singing of psalms and hymns—many of which she had thoroughly learned under Miss Laing's teaching. The twenty-third Psalm was a favourite; and sweetly was she wont to sing it, when all alone, with no eye upon her, (as she thought,) but the eye of the good Shepherd of Israel, and no ear to hear, but that of the ever-present Jehovah. How different this from the depraved taste of those foolish children—ay, and foolish men and foolish women too—whose great enjoyment consists in singing songs of carnal mirth and worldly levity, as if prisoners in a dungeon should laugh and jest to drive away a sense of their miserable condition. For what are men in their natural, unregenerate, unpardoned state, but imprisoned criminals under sentence of con-

demnation?—ready to be brought forth, at any moment, for execution, under the descending stroke of the sword of divine justice? And would it be reckoned seemly or decent on earth, for criminals, who are condemned to die, to make the walls of their dreary prison-house re-echo with drunken songs and boisterous merriment; and, even on their way to the fatal scaffold, rehearse the sounds and exhibit the attitudes of profane levity and folly? Impossible. Ought it not, then, to be accounted an immeasurably greater outrage against propriety and decency, for those who are justly condemned by the sovereign Lord and Judge of all, not to death temporal merely, but to death eternal, and who, while yet unpardoned, can only be regarded as treading with certain footsteps the broad road that leadeth to endless perdition—for persons in this doleful and melancholy condition, to be exhibiting, as they pass along, both by voice and gesture, all the signs and symbols of a frenzied and frantic mirth?

Another very noticeable feature in the rapidly developing character of Charlotte Green, was the delight which she experienced in prayer, both public and private. She was never known to be absent from morning and evening prayer with Miss Laing and her flock. But, besides

this, she was wont constantly to retire for solitary prayer. Now when such prayer to the holy God, through the divine Redeemer, is the cheerful and spontaneous utterance of the heart, it seems to be one of the surest symptoms of the new birth in the soul. As the sluggish earth, when powerfully acted on by the noonday sun, cannot but send forth kindly vapours, which, rising into the upper atmosphere, become there condensed, and return, to enrich the source whence they spring, with fertilizing showers; so the naturally inert and barren soul, when brought under the influence of the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, cannot but breathe forth its newly-awakened desires and longings in the utterance of prayer, which, ascending to the throne of the Eternal in the heavens, at length return, with an overflow of spiritual blessings, to the quickened soul whence they emanated.

Many other traits of character might be specified, such as her love of truth and her abhorrence of lying—her rigid exactness in attending to the fulfilment of a promise—her uprightness in all her little dealings with the other children—her disdain of all those low, mean, and cunning arts, which in this dark land seem to sprout forth like the foul and rank

luxuriance of a universal and hereditary disease—her gratefulness of heart on account of any, even the least, favour received—her kindness and obligingness of disposition—her diligence in her studies—her carefulness in attending to the minutest instructions or directions given to her, whether they regarded the improvement of her mind, the cleanliness of her person and dress, or the regulation of her manners;—but these and many other kindred traits I purposely pass by, without any special notice, though all contributing to render her character estimable and lovely. Some of these might be of nature, though, in the present instance, they were all improved and enhanced by that grace which threw a sacred lustre over the whole. But as time and space will not admit of a fuller elucidation of such particulars, I must hasten on to the latter days of our young friend, when that grace, which had only, as it were, faintly glimmered before, shone forth in a burst of heavenly effulgence.

There is one other fact, however, of a general kind, which ought not to be omitted. It is this:—Of all the days of the week, the Sabbath was that which our young friend loved most. When asked why she loved it best, her reply was, “Because it is the Lord’s day—the Lord’s

own day." She loved it, moreover, because all its lessons and exercises were connected with the reading and hearing of God's word, and the great salvation wrought out by Christ—themes which inspired the chiefest joy of her heart. She loved it, because on that day there was no distraction arising from mere secular, though necessary and profitable, employments. In this fondness for the Sabbath and its hallowing exercises, how different was the taste shown by this young person, from that usually exhibited by the unhappy people of this world! Their hearts not being alive to God, they have little or no interest in what is peculiarly His. But the true child of God, looking unto Him with filial gratitude and love, rejoices in whatever is His, simply and solely because it is His. Were the Sabbath-day distinguished in some extraordinary manner from other days; were it to be invariably ushered in by "blackness and darkness, and tempest," with the thunders and lightnings leaping forth from the bosom of the tremendous gloom; or were the sun invariably to arise on the hallowed morn with sevenfold brightness; or were it in any other way to be marked out and signalized by marvellous phenomena, which irresistibly appealed to the senses of men; it is possible that, in such a

case, it might come to be regarded, even by worldly people, with feelings akin to those of involuntary and superstitious reverence. But it is because the Sabbath is in no such way distinguished from other days; it is because the obligation to observe it rests not on any appeal to the outward senses, but solely on the fact of its being of divine appointment—a fact revealed by God, and received by faith,—it is on this very account, that the *due* observance of it may well be converted into a test of genuine religious character and true devotedness to God. They who walk by sense, and not by faith, will ever be sure, in their own hearts, if not openly and scornfully, to repudiate the duty of observing it. They, on the other hand, who, through grace, have been led to live by faith, and not by sight, do ever rejoice in the observance of it, as seeing in it the immutable ordinance of the invisible Jehovah—the supreme and sovereign Lord of all—and yet to them, in the covenant of redemption, a reconciled Father in Christ Jesus their Lord. And truly do they find, as in the case of all the other commandments of God, that in “the keeping of it there is a great reward”—a vast accession of blessedness to their own spirits now, as well as a taste and earnest of the enjoyments of that everlasting Sabbath

which shines upon the bright inhabitants of heaven.

But I must hasten to the closing scene of our young friend's earthly pilgrimage.

A few weeks before her departure, Miss Laing happened to say to her, "Do you seriously think of sin? Do you *really feel* that you are a sinner?" The prompt reply was, "Oh! I do feel that I am a great sinner—a great, great, great sinner!" and then she wept. Recovering herself, she soon added, "But I'll go to Christ; and he will pardon all my sins. I have prayed to him, and I know that he will forgive me." These last words she repeated several times, and then again wept.

Towards the end of August, she became very unwell, but soon rallied. On Sabbath, (the last day of August,) she joined in all the hallowing exercises of the day of rest. It was her last Sabbath on earth. Her next was spent in a happier world, amid more glorious companions.

On Monday, the 1st of September, she felt rather unwell; but there was nothing to excite any apprehension of danger. On Tuesday morning, at dawn of day, she said to Mrs. Gordon, the matron of the institution, "Oh! how sorry I am for you; you have taken much

trouble for me ; I have been praying to God for you, and others, nearly this whole night." Soon afterwards, she addressed her in these terms :

"I have no need of your dinner now ; I am filled with the bread that cometh from above ; I am ill, and I know that I will not live, neither do I wish to live." Soon after this she was heard uttering, in an under-tone of voice, these words : "God bless Miss Laing ! God bless the matron ! God bless all the children !"

After this, she said to some of the children standing by her,

"Oh ! call to me my darling *babus bibé*," (meaning Mahendra's widow,) "for I only wish to see her once."

The latter went to her, saying,

"How do you feel, Charlotte ? Is there any thing I can do for you ?"

She replied, "Oh ! yes ; do read a psalm to me, and pray for me."

After this was done, she was asked,

"Charlotte, are you afraid of dying ?"

"Oh ! no," she replied ; "I am not afraid to die ; I am going to God ; for Jesus Christ's sake, my sins are forgiven ; all my sins are cleansed through his blood."

Susan, another of the girls, since baptized, said,

“Charlotte, do you believe in Jesus Christ?”

She replied, “Oh! yes.”

“If you die, where will you go?”

“I will go to heaven, where I shall see Jesus Christ, and all his holy people.”

“When wicked children die, where do they go?”

“Into hell.”

After this, she said,

“Susan, I have prayed to God for you all, that he may bless you, and keep you from all evil. Pray to God for yourselves, and repent of your sins. Love also Miss Laing, and be grateful to her. See how she loves you; through her, God gives you food and clothing. See how much trouble she takes in instructing you, to make you holy children of God, and forsake your sins.”

Again, Susan asked her,

“Charlotte, what did Jesus say to little children?”

On which she repeated the passage, (the divine charter of little ones,) “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

To another of the girls she said,

“I shall not live; I think I shall die; and I will be very glad to die, and go to God!”

Another asked how she felt.

“Happy, for I think I will not live till to-night. I wish that some one would sit near me, and read a chapter, and explain it to me, and pray for me.”

Then, with tears in her eyes, she said, “I wish to see my darling Miss Laing, and all the children.”

Susan then went to report her wish to Miss Laing, who instantly was by her bedside. She at once took hold of Miss Laing, and, though not wont to express herself with much freedom, said, with an earnest voice and wistful countenance,

“Oh! ma’am, I love you very much; you brought me to Jesus; now pray for me.”

After prayer, she requested Miss Laing to read to her the 103d Psalm, to which she listened with tearful attention. When ended, Miss Laing said,

“Jesus loves praying children, Charlotte.”

To which she replied in the words of the psalm which had been read, and on which she was evidently still musing:—

“Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear;
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship him in fear.

“ For he remembers we are dust,
And he our frame well knows.
Frail man! his days are like the grass,
As flower in field he grows :

“ For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is gone ;
And in the place where once it was
It shall no more be known.”

Thus she proceeded to the end of the psalm, repeating certain passages, more especially those now quoted, again and again, with uncommon emphasis. Then, after a few minutes' silence, she exclaimed, with an ecstasy of delight, and the most exhausting energy of utterance,

“ Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world !”

After a short pause, she next repeated a verse of one of her favourite school hymns, which seemed to afford her special pleasure :—

“ Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand ;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory ! glory ! glory !”

She then remained silent ; closed her eyes ; and appeared to be sinking into sleep. Miss Laing, however, having noticed her lips moving,

asked if she was asleep ; to which she answered, " Oh ! no, I was praying to Jesus Christ to take away all my sins."

" You know," said Miss Laing, " a great deal of the Bible ; now that you are so weak and unable to read, you will find how sweet God's word is."

She at once replied, " Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you," and so on, without once stopping, to the tenth verse of the 1st chapter of 1st Peter. The eighth verse, " Whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory," she then repeated separately several times, with manifest joy.

Shortly after this she commenced the 14th chapter of John :—

" Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for

you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also:" and so on, repeating the whole, without missing a verse, to the very end, only pausing occasionally, and making the most intelligent remarks, as she went along. After having finished, for example, the first three verses, she said,

" Oh! yes; Jesus is the way—the only way. He will come to receive me. He is the good Shepherd who gave his life for the sheep. And he will come for his own; in his Father's house are many mansions, and there he has prepared a place for them."

Miss Laing, after a good deal more of conversation and exercises of this sort, gave her a little hymn-book to read, and then left her. On again returning to her, she said, "I like the hymn-book very much; but I like the best book better, because it tells me more about Jesus."

She then asked Miss Laing to read to her the 46th Psalm, which she herself afterwards repeated many times during the day and the following night, as also the whole of the 90th Psalm.

On another occasion she wept aloud. On inquiring the cause, thinking it might be fear,

she replied, "Oh, no, not fear; I long to be away—I long to go to heaven." "Why do you?" "Because *there* will be Jesus, and it is a holy place—no sin there."

Two of the other girls having transgressed in some way, she interceded for them in a very touching manner; and then calling them to her bed-side, said, "Ask pardon of Christ; remember that the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin; flee then to him."

Throughout the day she constantly sent for one girl, and then another, earnestly exhorting them, one by one, separately, in English or Hindustani, according as they understood best the one language, or the other.

At other times, she would ask a whole class to stand near her bed; and more than once had the whole of the girls assembled around her. Sometimes she exhorted them to repent of their sins, and believe in Jesus; sometimes she would offer up a short prayer for them; and then she would ask the whole to join in singing a psalm. Then she would, with singular animation, address them, saying, "Pray, oh pray earnestly to God, who will take away all your sins for the sake of Jesus Christ. Be thankful to God for his mercies. Attend to all Miss Laing's instructions; you see how

God has raised her up to be the means of giving you food, instruction, and every thing. Oh, praise God for his goodness; look to Jesus, for his blood cleanseth from all sin." These latter words, "For his blood cleanseth from all sin," she repeated with a frequency, and an urgency and a pathos, which showed what a solace they proved to her own soul.

She would then ask them all to retire, as she wished to pray for them all. Marianne, one of the girls, having read, at her request, a hymn, she said, "Now, let me pray." After a while she again said, "I have prayed for every one in the house *separately*; and I am soon going to Jesus, who has prepared a place for me, and who will also prepare a place for all that love him."

At one time Miss Laing asked her if she felt any pain. "Oh, no," was the reply; "Jesus hath suffered all my pain."

Thus passed the whole of Tuesday, the 2d September, in soul-stirring exercises that seemed redolent with the savour and unction of the Spirit's presence. Divine grace had evidently long been at work in the soul of that dear young person, so singularly favored of the Lord. But, outwardly, it had hitherto exhibited the *special* signs of its in-working only

by droppings. When, however, the great work of making the soul "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light" was about to be completed, and the sanctified spirit was nearly prepared to wing its flight to the heavenly regions, it really seemed as if grace, in its transition to glory, burst forth as a torrent into outward manifestation—visiting and refreshing all around with the copiousness of its overflow.

On Wednesday morning, the 3d September, there still did not appear to be any ground for apprehending immediate danger. She looked like one who might yet live—there being no symptoms indicative of early or even certain dissolution. On Miss Laing's visiting her, she asked her to read the fifty-first Psalm in prose. On the fourth verse, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned," &c., she dwelt much, repeating these words several times.

All the children were then called. When standing round her bed, she asked them to sing the twenty-third Psalm. This they did, and then she remarked, "Oh, how kind and good! Sweet, sweet Jesus! he is the good Shepherd; and he will be in the valley; why, then, should I fear?"

Shortly after this she expressed a wish to

see the writer of this narrative—that he might “speak to her about Jesus, and pray for her.” When asked why she wished to see me in particular, her own simple answer was, “Because I understand him.” Would that we all possessed more of the gift of making ourselves intelligible to children! seeing that they constitute so large a proportion of the human race; that, if spared, they will afterwards be the heads and leaders of society; and that, if not spared, they have immortal souls that need to be saved as much as the souls of adults. Methinks the ministerial gift of instructing children in the things that concern their everlasting salvation, ought to be cultivated far more assiduously and systematically than it has ever yet been done. But, letting that pass, on the occasion referred to, a note, intimating the wish of my young friend, was forwarded, and reached me when about to start for the institution. As it was distinctly expressed that there was no immediate apprehension of death, and, as I had special work before me in the institution, I resolved to proceed thither first, and hasten back as early as I could, in order that I might devote the after part of the day to the dear young child without interruption. But, alas!

I was too late. She had very suddenly and unexpectedly sunk; so that she expired about a quarter of an hour before I arrived. It is not possible for me to express the sorrow and regret which I felt at not seeing her once more alive; and more especially as she herself had expressed an earnest wish to see me. In ignorance of her dissolution being so near at hand, my resolution was adopted with the view of giving her more of my time; but it was so overruled that I had none at all to give her! Such is our short-sightedness in the midst of our best wishes and endeavours! May the Lord forgive us on account of all our shortcomings and errors of judgment, as well as other sins!

Nothing could be more cheering than the account of our young friend's triumphant death. Towards noon it became evident that a change was rapidly approaching. When Miss Laing and the other children went in to her, she asked them to sing her favourite twenty-third Psalm. After this, she half raised herself up from the bed, and with more than her natural energy, said, "I am now going to Jesus; repent, repent of your sins; seek pardon, oh seek pardon, through his pre-

cious blood! Pray, pray for the Holy Spirit. Be thankful, be thankful for all the instruction you have received. I want away, I want away—I want to go to Jesus; I do not want to live; I wish to die, and go to Jesus, who has washed away my sins in his own blood.”

Exhausted with the effort, she asked them all to join in singing the whole of the favourite hymn, of which the first verse has already been quoted. And as it was *the last* in the singing of which she joined on earth, and is, moreover, in itself, a very beautiful piece of sacred melody, it may here be given entire:—

Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand ;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed ;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below ;
And would not praise, as now they do,
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair?
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came those children there?
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Many minutes did not elapse after the singing of this simple, sweet, and singularly appropriate hymn, when the soul of Charlotte Green took its flight to these bright realms, there to prove the reality and substance of the song, by taking her station among the holy and happy throng of ransomed children that help to swell the chorus of the "noble army" and "cloud" of heavenly witnesses, that cease not, day nor night, to sound the praises of Him that "sitteth upon the throne and the Lamb for ever and ever."

Immediately after the hymn was sung, all

went out except Miss Laing. She then said that she must, *once more*, pray for all individually. After having done so, in a sort of gentle whispering, scarcely audible tone, she asked Miss Laing to read to her the fifty-first Psalm. And she now appeared very languid and faint. Miss Laing, simply in order to ascertain whether she clearly knew what she was doing, asked her to begin the psalm herself. This she did at once, repeating part of it in verse; after which she distinctly requested Miss Laing to read it to her in prose. Almost instantly after the psalm was read, she broke silence, saying, "Pray, pray—oh pray, ma'am, pray!" These were her last words. It seemed as if she had been seized with a sudden consciousness of her soul's departing to its rest; and, when amid the swellings of Jordan, her eye catching a glimpse of her kind earthly guide and guardian, standing, as it were, on the nether bank, she earnestly cried out to her to pray the Divine Shepherd to grant her a safe passage across the flood to the heavenly shore. For a few moments her lips gently quivered, and then, with eyes uplifted, and the entire expression of the countenance settling in a fixed attitude of imploring prayer, she softly,

without a sigh, without a groan, and without a struggle, "fell asleep in Jesus."

Throughout the whole of her last illness, nothing was more noticeable than the extreme importance she attached to prayer—her extreme *anxiety* for prayer in her own behalf—and her extreme *earnestness* in prayer for others. She seemed to live and breathe in an atmosphere of prayer; literally realizing the apostolic injunction of "praying without ceasing." For when not engaged in repeating Scripture passages and hymns, or in listening to others, she appeared to be always praying; sometimes in the stillness of meditative silence; sometimes in short ejaculatory utterances; such as, "Lord Jesus, forgive all my sins. Holy Spirit, come into my heart. Lord Jesus, take me to heaven,—take me to thyself; wash and cleanse me in thy precious blood," &c.

The intensity of her earnestness respecting the salvation of the souls of her young companions was also extraordinary. Again and again did she exhort them with tears, entreating them, in a tone and manner the most solemn and unearthly, to forsake sin, to flee to the Saviour for refuge; reminding them that they too must die, and that it was faith in Jesus which alone

could make them die happy. And in these varied exhortations, she evinced a solid sense, an intelligence and judgment, a clearness and precision of expression, which seemed to indicate the mellow ripeness of an aged saint, rather than the tender budding of an infantile mind. But it was the Lord vindicating the sovereignty of his grace. Men, in their ignorance and presumption, may set limits to the "High and the Holy One." The supreme judges of the land may, as they once actually did in this very city of Calcutta, proclaim, by their judicial decisions, that no one under the legal age of *sixteen* is fit or capable of becoming a Christian—a true and intelligent believer in the Lord Jesus; but Jehovah himself hath declared, that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings he can perfect praise." And has he not often, in very deed and truth, caused his own declaration to be verified, and thereby cast mockery and derision on the impotent decisions of ignorant and presumptuous men? "The chief priests and scribes," the representatives of the worldly great in every age and clime, were "sore displeased" when they heard the children crying in the temple, and saying, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" But the

blessed Saviour, the great searcher of hearts, acknowledged the cry, recognising in it the fulfilment of prophecy, and the manifestation of Jehovah's distinguishing favour and sovereign grace. And if the Lord is thus graciously pleased to make bare his holy arm in favour of little children, so as out of their mouths to perfect his own glorious praise, what is man that he should presume to refuse to recognise and honour the operation of *His* hand—the palpable workings of *His* omnipotent grace? Under the law, the names of young Samuel and Josiah will readily present themselves to every reader of the Bible. And these were not exceptions, but only remarkable specimens of a class. Under the gospel, from young Timothy downwards, we constantly read of children who gave proofs of a divine work being carried on in their souls. That great and good man, President Edwards, in his account of a signal revival of religion under his own ministry, favours us with the particulars of the case of a little girl of only *four* years of age, who gave indubitable proofs, sufficient to satisfy even his acute and penetrating mind, of a real conversion to God. And in our own day, the narratives of early piety are almost

without number. Yet all of these, and such like, are only specimens of a class, many, many of whose names, though unrecorded in the annals of time, are doubtless written in "the Lamb's book of life," and shall unite in celebrating the praise of Him who died to redeem them through the boundless ages of eternity. Let us, then, pray to God for more copious effusions of that grace which can break down those who are most hardened in sin to the simplicity and docility of a little child, and can raise the natural insensibility and feebleness of a little child into the fervour and energy of an aged saint.

But I must hasten to a close. In this country, from the great heat of the climate, the process of dissolution commences so soon, and advances so rapidly, that the universal custom is to remove the dead body within a few hours of the decease. And in a city like Calcutta the undertakers have usually a supply of coffins of all sizes ready made. In the case of Charlotte Green, who died a little before one o'clock, P. M., the body was in the coffin and prepared for removal about five o'clock of the same day. On such an occasion, there was no need for an assemblage of people. Mr. Ewart, (who was

in the habit of instructing the children,) and myself, attended. After prayer and a short exhortation to the sorrowing and weeping children, at half-past five, we started for the burying-ground, four men carrying the coffin on their shoulders, with other four to relieve them; while Mr. Ewart and myself followed behind. On reaching the burying-place, we found that, through some mistake on the part of the undertaker or his agents, no grave had been dug. As no time was to be lost, mattocks and other implements were speedily procured. In a deep, rich, alluvial soil like that of Bengal, so free from stones, and gravel, and frost, and more especially when saturated as it then was with the floods of the rainy season, it was no difficult matter to dig a grave.

When the work of excavation was commenced, Mr. Ewart took his stand on a tombstone on one side, and I on a tombstone on the other, watching the process in silent meditation. It was, indeed, a dismal solitude. We were the only party at that time within the walls of the ample enclosure. The shadows of the evening were closing apace. On all sides we were surrounded with blackened monuments of the dead, buried far away from kindred and from home.

Here and there, the grass and weeds shot up in wild and rank luxuriance. Close by, however, like a messenger of hope, the magnificent palm-tree, the chosen emblem of the righteous one, with its evergreen leaves, and its ever-copious sap, was seen rearing its stately head far above the mouldering ashes of the dead, typifying to the eye of sense the inexhaustibleness of that grace which ever flows fresh and full from the fount itself of eternal love, and significantly pointing to the life, the glorious life, that is yet to spring forth from the domain of mortality, where death shall finally lose its sting, and the grave its victory.

In about half an hour, all that was mortal or perishable of little Charlotte Green was safely consigned to the tomb, there peaceably to slumber till the resurrection-morn. And we must never forget the glorious truth, that, when the last trumpet sounds, that precious dust now sown in corruption shall rise in incorruption, and that mortal form shall appear arrayed in the garb of immortality.

Standing amid the loneliness of that melancholy scene, and yet a scene bright with the hopes of a glorious future to the righteous, how vivid and overpowering was the impres-

sion of the difference and the contrast between the funeral of the poor orphan, and that of many whose dust lay in the same neighbourhood! Unnoticed and unknown by the world, or even by any extended circle of acquaintance, and unattended to her last earthly home by any but two strangers from a foreign land, the remains of the former were committed to the dust, with all the simplicity which characterized the earliest patriarchal times. Others, distinguished more or less in the annals of worldly fame, and caressed and honoured by thousands when living, have been accompanied to the grave by the gorgeous equipages of the great and the mighty, and all the pomp and grandeur of solemn funeral processions.

What a difference and contrast too in the resurrection of the dead! Then, however, the order of things will be entirely reversed. The dust of the believing orphan, however humble and obscure on earth, will then rise to glory, honour and immortality; while the dust of the unbelieving throng, however great or applauded on earth, will rise to shame and everlasting contempt.

Pray, then, young friends, when ye read the foregoing statement, pray that the faith and

life of Charlotte Green may be yours, in order that her latter end, so full of joy and blessedness, may be yours also. The same grace that wrought so mightily in her, may work as effectually in you. The same God and Father is waiting to be gracious to every one of you; the same blessed Saviour is ready to embrace you in the arms of his love and tenderness; and the same Divine Spirit is able and willing to breathe into you the breath of that new and better life, which, though begun on earth, can only be perfected in the skies. Doubtless, amongst you there are many who, through undeserved mercy, have already tasted and found that the Lord is good and gracious, that Jesus is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely, and that there are no comforts half so sweet and refreshing to the soul as those of which the Holy Spirit is the author. Let such, with their whole heart and voice, praise Him, the holy, blessed, and glorious Jehovah, who has come forth from the heavenly splendours to light up their naturally dark and carnal natures with some rays of his own surpassing glory, and thus fit them to become the associates of angels, and "of the spirits of the just made perfect," around the throne. And while

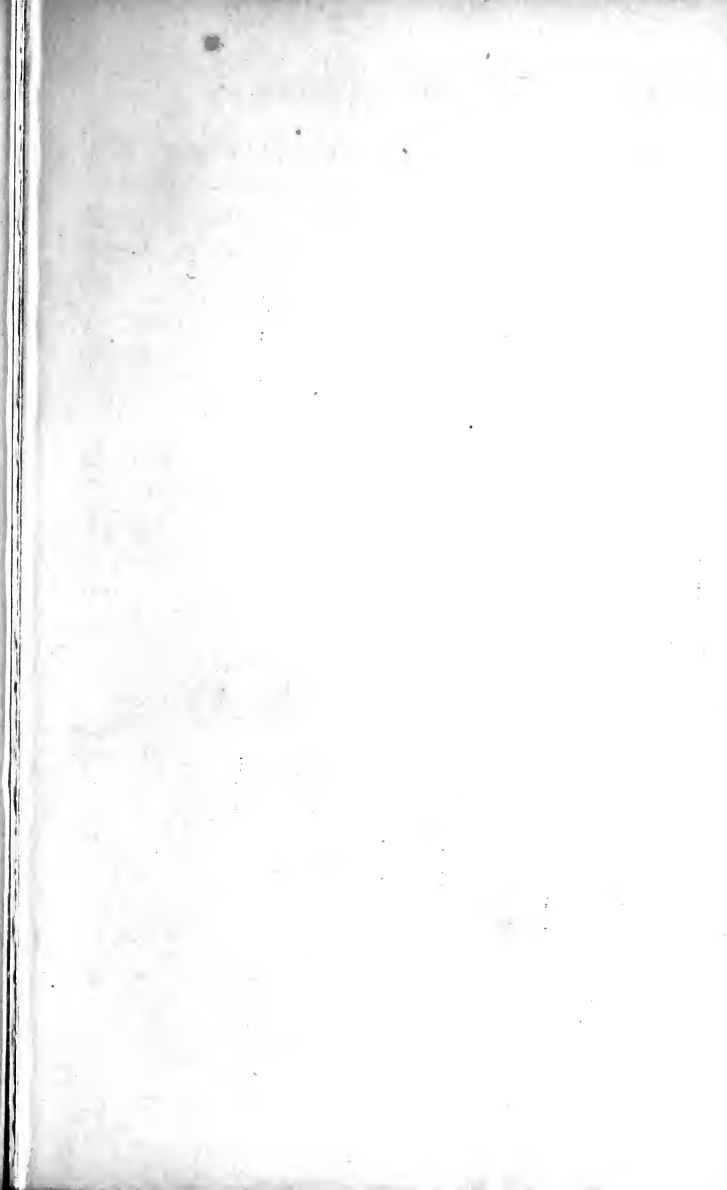
ye pray unto the Lord, and praise him for what he hath done for your own souls, oh, forget not the myriads of little children in India and elsewhere, who are without a Bible, without a Saviour, and virtually without a God.



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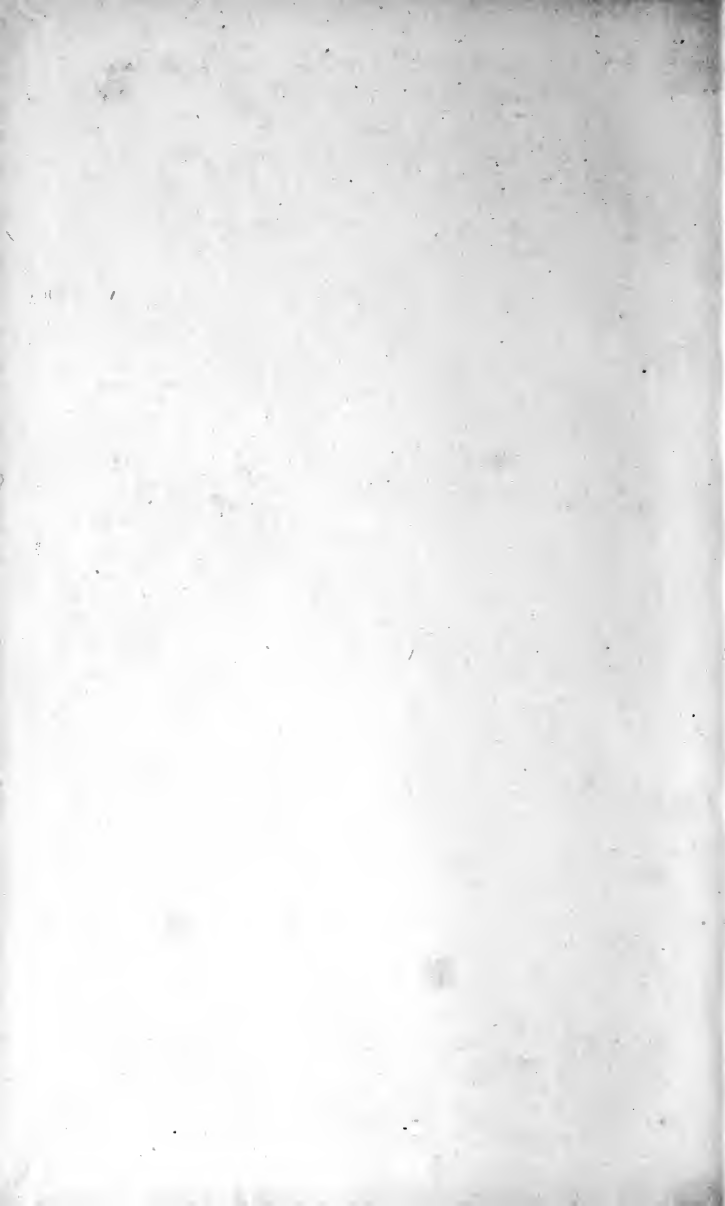
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