

He contrasted the school with what it was a few years ago when he last saw it, and gave a few words of well-merited praise to the master, Mr. Carapit Johannes; for it was evident that the school had not been brought into its present state of proficiency and discipline without much painstaking and perseverance on the part of the master. All present were particularly impressed with the *thoroughness* of the teaching given. There was no hesitation on the part of the children. What they professed to know, they knew well. At the conclusion of the Bishop's address the National Anthem was sung by the children. The words are a translation, but it was the old tune, and it was given with warmth and spirit. We should pity the Englishman who could listen unmoved to the good old loyal song in a foreign land; but there was that on the present occasion to touch the heart of the Christian no less than of the Englishman, and to suggest thoughts of thankfulness and praise. The singers, about 130 in number, were of every shade of complexion. There were African boys and girls who had been torn from their homes and sold into slavery, and who had been rescued from their cruel bondage by the strong arm of Christian England—and there were children of Hindu parentage of every caste, many of whom had been thrown out and left to perish, but who in the Providence of God had been snatched from death, and from something worse than human bondage, to find in this asylum a happy Christian Home. One could not look on such a scene without being forcibly reminded of the Psalmist's words—"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee, but the remainder of wrath shall thou restrain."

The examination over, Dr. Livingstone had some conversation with the elder boys of the African Asylum. These have either learned or are learning trades in the Industrial Institution; and the Doctor hopes to enlist out of them a few useful hands to accompany him in his approaching explorations.

In the evening there was a special Divine Service, at which 125 communicants, chiefly members of the Native Church, partook of the Lord's Supper. It was a day long to be remembered in the Christian village of Sharanpur. It was a happy day for the visitors present on the occasion; and we feel sure that if those who take a desponding view of Missionary enterprise could have been present, they would have seen something to awaken in them new hopes, and to stir them up to fresh zeal. For ourselves we rejoice in the existence of the Christian settlement at Sharanpur—an oasis in the desert, a living standing witness for the true God, and the religion of Jesus Christ in the midst of the heathen. The uppermost feeling in our mind at the close of Thursday's proceedings was, let us thank God and take courage.—*Powla*, Sept. 28.

[The above letter was addressed to the "Church Chronicle" while edited in Windsor, and we publish it by permission.—Ed.]

[For the "Church Chronicle."]

THE TRYING HOUR.

Bowing at the Saviour's feet,
The outcast Leper lay,
A suppliant at the mercy seat—
A sinner taught to pray.
He pleaded, Lord, Thy will and power
To save him in that trying hour.

Like him I plead, Lord, if "Thou wilt,"
Thou 'can'st' my spirit heal—
Thy word remove the stain of guilt;
Thy touch new life reveal;
I plead, my Lord, Thy will and power
To save me in this trying hour.

The world is fading from my view,
A dimness blots the sky,
I bid my little ones adieu,
I lay me down to die;
I plead, my God, Thy will and power
To save me in this trying hour.

ST. CROIX.