

by our Schools, the Lord of the harvest will water the seed sown, and cause it to bring forth fruit.

SOME few years ago, a wretched Hindoo and his wife were seen lying by a road side, near Mysore, struck down by the fearful cholera. Their whole bearing, dress, and appearance, spoke them of the higher caste, and showed that withering sickness, and not poverty, had brought them down. They looked like pilgrims going to some idol shrine; and probably had trod through many weary miles before they lay down in agony to die beside the road. Two infant boys were borne by their distressed mother, and many beautiful and costly ornaments upon them showed both how much love she bore to them, and the rank and circumstance in which they had been born. Many, very many, passed them by in fear, for they dreaded catching the disease with which they were afflicted. Many more from mere indifference. Such sights are common in India, and the people get to care very little when they see poor pilgrims drop and die, and hear poor orphan children raising above their corpses their sorrowing wail. At last some stopped, and looked in pity on these sufferers. They were strangers, they had come from far, were sick, but needed nothing save a little friendly help. Those who stopped to look, however, stopped too late to be of any use. The father was already dead, and the poor mother lying quite insensible, and beyond the reach of human skill or sympathy to raise her up. The two infants however, were there. They were lovely babes, and their sorrowful cries would have moved almost a heart of stone. The lookers on were deeply affected, and lifting them from the dying arms of their loving mother, thus rescuing them from the infection arising from both parents, they bore them off. But what could be done with them. The jewels found about them gave them some favour with the heathen people, and procured for them some friendly help for a little season. The time soon came, however, when other assistance must be sought; as those who had charge of them cared nothing for them beyond the gain they could secure by them. They were accordingly carried to Mysore, where an officer, in the British army there, took charge of them and sent them down to the Orphan Refuge under the care of the excellent Mrs. Coles. They were so young, they appeared a serious charge to the good Missionary's wife, but with noble-hearted feeling she willingly undertook the care