

pared to them; and we may be apt to suppose, that there would be no room in the minds of such a zealous and devoted labourer for the exercise of the milder and more amiable virtues. But Mrs. Wilson was equally qualified for the humbler duties of home, and her heart, which seemed exclusively fixed on the conversion of the heathen, had yet a large corner in it to spare for domestic sympathy and affection. This will be clearly apparent from the simple and affecting narrative given by Mr. Wilson of her last illness—a narrative which it is difficult to read without tears:—

"Her prayers for her dear children were frequent and fervent beyond conception. To use her own expression, she 'agonized with God for their sanctification,' and their being set apart for the Lord's ministry among the Gentiles in India. 'Do let me see the dear babes,' she would say, 'they do not pull me back to this world. Oh, no! the sight of them only quickens my prayers on their behalf. I have devoted them to God, and I know that he will care for them. How happy am I to have them to leave with you!' When told of the birth-day of our dear little boy in Scotland, she prayed that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, might bless him. In the most solemn circumstances, and in the presence of several Christian friends, she dictated *verbatim* the following letter:—

*Bombay, 8th April, 1835.*

"MY BELOVED ANDREW,—This is the last letter that your dearest mamma will ever write to you. In a few hours I hope to be with Jesus, and with all the glorious company of the redeemed. I am transported at the prospect of what awaits me. I have often commended you to Jesus, and I do so in more solemn circumstances than ever, with nothing but eternity before me. I have prayed God to inspire you with zeal to become a missionary to the heathen in this land. No work at present appears to me so important and glorious as the work of a missionary. But my prayers will be of no avail, if the divine Spirit does not put it into your heart. Pray then, my dear children, that the Lord may put it into your heart to follow the footsteps of your beloved father. What I say to you I say to my beloved Johnny. Tell your precious aunts and uncle how much mamma loved them. She wishes to write to them, but cannot hold the pen. Never forget the inestimable obligations you are under to them, nor cease to cherish towards them the tenderest affection. If your aunts accompany your beloved uncle to Canada, I wish Mary Isabella to be placed under their charge; and O let them feel their deep responsibility in having her, a little immortal, to train for heaven. I commit you to God. Your own devoted mother.

MARGARET WILSON.

"She wrote the words, *your own devoted mother Margaret Wilson*, with her own hand, and she laid

down the pen never more to take it up, and said, 'Now I am ready to die.' I was overpowered with gratitude, and every person was most deeply affected at this consecration of her offspring to the cause of the Redeemer among the heathen. Two days before her death she again referred to the letter as embodying her last wishes on their behalf. I view it as a legacy to my dear children immensely more precious than that of silver or gold, houses and lands."

We cannot conclude this notice without expressing the high satisfaction we feel at the evident progress Christian principle and feeling are making among the British officers employed in the civil and military departments in India. Various notices of this appear in the sermon before us; and we have met with similar statements elsewhere. This is an auspicious omen for the future. Our connection with that extensive and populous region will prove the greatest of all blessings not only to the natives but to ourselves, if we bear in mind that our primary duty to Hindostan is to christianize its pagan and Mahomedan inhabitants. It is chiefly for this grand purpose that providence has given to us this immense empire; and if we are sufficiently alive to the magnificent grandeur of the task, we shall subordinate all our schemes of wealth and ambition to this glorious and infinitely important object. The word of prophecy has clearly shewn that the descendants of Japhet were at some future period to dwell in the tents of the posterity of Shem. So the British nation has been awarded the chief glory of fulfilling it; but how much more splendid will be our glory, if in return for their fleeting temporary possessions, we shall convert our subjects in the East to the faith of the gospel, and enrich them with that more precious inheritance 'which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.'

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CHARGE TO THE REV. WILLIAM RITCHIE, A. M., AT HIS INDUCTION TO THE SCOTCH CHURCH, NEWMARKET, ON THE 9TH MAY, 1838, BY THE REV. JOHN TAWSE, A. M., MINISTER OF KING.

*Reverend Brother and Sir,*

By the solemn act of the Presbytery you have now, in the name and by the authority of Christ, and in accordance with that form which is of divine appointment, and, we trust, with the approbation of Christ, been admitted as pastor of this congregation. The connection which has thus been formed between you and the people of this place and congregation, is of the most interesting, important and responsible nature;