

I shall write again, D.V. On the 17th September our eldest orphan was married to a native Christian Catechist of the Church of England. He preaches very nicely in Hindostance, as he is from Benares, and she has been teaching in our under classes in the Orphanage, so I am reserving them for our "Canadian School," as the people in that village are all Musulmen, but the School will of course be conducted in Bengali. Peggie and her husband will take the work between them. Our children were very much interested in the death of little Margaret (the scholar in Portsmouth school near Kingston). We also lost a little one last month, Catherine, about 8 years of age. She had a short but sharp illness, and seemed to have a presentiment from the first that she would not recover. A few moments before her death I said to her "Catherine, I don't think you will recover. Would you like to go to heaven?" She said, "Yes." "Do you love the Lord Jesus?" "Yes." "Who is He?" "The Son of God." "What else?" "My Saviour?," Twice she repeated it in Bengali, which is the language they best understand. Shortly afterwards she fell asleep so quietly. She was interred in the Scotch burying-ground, good Mr. Herdman officiating, and several of her companions attended.

You say you can scarce understand how we can carry on our Mission work in these troublous times. I do assure you, my dear Sir, that it is a great trial of faith to do so, for after all that has been done these many years, missionaries, you may say, giving their very life-blood! what has been accomplished? Nothing but base ingratitude. Oh! it will be a dark page in future history.

The prospects up country are still very dark. Only on Sunday morning they were expecting a battle at Cawnpore. The rebels had again assembled there, the scene of the terrible massacre. We are led to cry out, How long, O Lord, how long? All the heads have been singled out and massacred. The only relation I have in this country, General Salter, who has just returned from the Cape, is about to proceed up country. I suppose it is the last I shall see of him.

We have had days of humiliation and prayer. God grant that they may have been sincere. We have seen enough in these troubles to humble us as a nation. Many incidents have occurred to show us our impotency when the breath of God's displeasure blows upon us. We attribute it to second causes. True, but God works by second causes.

I am thankful to say we are pretty quiet in Calcutta just now, but that real cause for fear did exist may be gathered from the means adopted by Government. We trust the danger is now averted, and by God's blessing the proceedings of wicked men will be hereafter more closely watched

than in by-gone days of reckless confidence and indifference.

I have just been asking my little girls what I was to say to our Canadian friends. With one voice it was "My love, my love." Please accept and present the same to our far-distant friends. Many and kind thanks for your prayers on our behalf. Our petitions are not wanting at the Footstool of Mercy for our dear Canadian friends.

With kind regards, believe me, my dear Sir, yours in our Lord and Master,

FRANCES HEBRON.

THE JUVENILE MISSION.

We have much pleasure in inserting the ensuing letter from the Rev. William Bain, of Perth, C. W., conveying a child's legacy to the Orphanage Scheme. This effort is bearing fruit. It has been accompanied by many tokens for good; and not the least of these is this pleasing evidence of a dying child's love for the souls of the perishing heathen. Already this year our children have contributed \$424—a proof of the hold it has taken upon their minds. We doubt not it will yet tell upon all the Schemes of the Church:—

JOHN PATON, Esquire,
Treasurer India Orphanage and
Juvenile Mission, Kingston. }

PERTH, 21st January, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have the melancholy yet pleasing duty of requesting your acceptance of the enclosed gold dollar on account of the Hindoo Children in our Orphanages in India.

This coin is the gift of the late Emiline Malloch, daughter of Judge Malloch, of this place. "Emi" sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on the evening of the 14th day of this month, in the fifteenth year of her age, after a protracted illness from an affection of the heart, which she bore with the most patient and uncomplaining resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father.

Stodious, intelligent and thoughtful, in many respects beyond her years, her character at the same time manifested a child-like simplicity—an artless, confiding affection—presenting a combination of mental and moral qualities that rendered her, not only an object of fond affection to her father's family, but which also endeared her to all who knew her.

Devotedly attached to her father and friends, she was yet willing to die, and tranquil and cheerful in prospect of death. Hers was not, however, the confidence of ignorance or of indifference. She knew for some time previously to her death what the termination of her illness must be; and she was intelligent, as already stated, and well indoctrinated in the knowledge of the Scriptures. In view of her death, several days before its occurrence, she manifested a considerateness, which I know not whether more to admire as evidence of the healthy and vigorous state of her intellectual or of her moral faculties. She requested her eldest sister—who, during her illness, rendered to her the affectionate offices of sister and mother combined—to send her love and thanks to relations in Brockville and Ottawa, whose kindness to her during her life, and whose sympathies with her in her sickness, she much appreciated. More decisive still, perhaps, of a healthy and vigorous state, both of the mental and moral faculties, she requested the same sister to convey her thanks, after her death, to the family physician who attended her during her illness with much devotion, and whose kindness and sympathies were of comfort and

value to her, after his medicines, from the nature of the disease, ceased to be of much benefit.

During the night before her death she called her sister to her, and, reminding her of the sum of money she had in her purse, expressed a desire to give it to me, to be sent to the children of India. On the following forenoon when I called, after having conversed with her and prayed with and for her as about to enter into the presence of her Judge,—when prayer was ended, she took her purse from under her pillow, where she had it placed in expectation of my calling, and with the greatest composure of feeling, and distinctness and appropriateness of expression, gave it to me for the purpose for which I now send it to you, in the presence of her father and other relatives and friends; not one of whom could witness the scene with the composure with which she went through it, although now conscious of being in a dying state, and, in point of fact, within a few hours of her death.

This sum, therefore, in my estimation, possesses a moral value far above its material value; and I doubt not this will also be your feeling, and that of those connected with you in this great work. It is the spontaneous testimony of a young dying spirit to the love of Christ in dying for sinners, and to the sufficiency of his atonement for all those who put their trust in Him. It is "Emi's" seal set to the truth of Christ's declaration, that those who seek Him early shall find Him. Being dead, she yet speaketh by this to all her youthful companions; yea, she would desire to speak to all the young in Canada, and in India too, and would declare to them how lovely and precious a Saviour Jesus is—how comforting His love, and how sustaining and all-sufficient His presence is upon a sick-bed and a death-bed; and she would invite all to come to this precious Saviour, and taste for themselves how good He is. Blessed faith—blessed gospel! which thus makes—as I witnessed in this case—an affectionate, timid, confiding daughter, willing to leave father and all earthly friends; and which makes an affectionate, fond father willing to give up the daughter of his heart!

More especially, my dear Sir, receive this coin as the testimony of an intelligent and pious youth, when about to enter Heaven, to the excellence and importance of the work in which you have manifested so much diligence and commendable zeal. It is perhaps the nearest approach to a voice from the dead—to a voice from the spirits of the young made perfect, encouraging you and all others engaged in this benevolent work, and calling upon us to be steadfast, immovable, and always abounding in this work of the Lord; forasmuch as we know that our labors shall not be in vain in the Lord.

Oh! no, Sir, our labor in the Lord is not and shall not be in vain. It is not in vain as regards the beloved lambs of our flocks, upon whose youthful pious affections this work has taken such an interesting hold, and whose benevolent sympathies it so beneficially and largely draws forth. And it is not in vain as regards the interesting orphans in India, who are more directly the objects of it. The contributions raised in their behalf by our dear children are doubly blessed—blessed to many of the receivers in India, and blessed to the youthful givers here, who lay their small mites on the altar of the Lord with such good-will. Can we doubt that their prayers and their contributions will go up as a sweet memorial before God, and will yet bring down blessings upon many of their heads and hearts, to the present and everlasting comfort and joy of themselves and parents, and to the temporal and eternal welfare of many at home and abroad, who shall yet arise and call them blessed?