

that he must not take him—that he was going to die, &c. All that I could say or do was of little use in quieting his mind. The poor boy almost despaired of any hope of Salvation. He said, “I know God is my Father, and Jesus Christ my Saviour; but I cannot see them”—he could not feel that they were reconciled to him. I read the Scriptures to him, and prayed with him; and at last it pleased the Lord to relieve him, delivering him from the fear of death, and his mind from darkness. To-day his heart seemed to be full of joy: it was expressed in his countenance. When I went into his room, he said, “My Father is come to see me to-day.” “What has made you glad Thomas?” I said. He replied, Ah! God live there, Jesus Christ live there,” laying his hand on his breast. “What is God to you Thomas?” “He is my Father, Sir.” “What is Jesus Christ to you?” “He is my Saviour, Sir, I do not fear to die now: the Devil has no power to trouble me now.” “But have you nothing to answer after you die, Thomas?” “No, nothing. I know I have sinned; but Christ live there: Christ died for my sin.” “What did Jesus Christ do for you?” “He shed His blood for me.” “Where is Jesus?” “He is gone to heaven, ‘to prepare a place for me.’ I will live again.” He often spoke to his affectionate father: “Mind me good here; do not fear—pray—God live there—Christ live there.” I sincerely hope this little boy is gathered into the fold of Jesus on earth, as one of his lambs, and will soon be numbered with “the spirits of the just made perfect.”



Cruelties to which Children of the Heathen are exposed.

At the Varonee Festival (says Mr. Wm. Carey,) a large concourse of Hindoos assembled, from all parts of the adjoining country to bathe in the Ganges, at a village about two miles from Serampore. While the crowd were employed in bathing, an inhabitant of Orissa advanced to the banks of the river, leading in his hand his