

afternoon, and evening. She soon gave pleasing evidence that she had become a child of God.

You have heard of the burning of the Pemberton Mills. When they fell, Mary was at work in a basement room with some other little girls whom she had taught to sing her hymns with her. At first they were not hurt, but closely confined. Piles of timber and rubbish lay above them. We could talk with them, and cheer and encourage them. We passed down food and coffee to them. All this went on, till the cry of fire was raised. The ruins were all soon enveloped in one sheet of flame. In the midst of all the noise and above all, I could hear the voice of my dear little Mary, my Sunday School Scholar, striking up and singing, with her little band of singers, her favorite hymn beginning with the stanza.

“My heavenly home is bright and fair,  
We'll be gathered home ;  
Nor death nor sighing visit there,  
We'll be gathered home ;  
We'll wait till Jesus comes,  
We'll wait till Jesus comes,  
We'll wait till Jesus comes,  
And we'll be gathered home.”

I stood with streaming eyes and heard her sing, till her voice was lost in silence. And she went up to heaven in her chariot of fire—“gathered home.”

Oh! how glad I was that I had led her into the Sunday School—glad that I never became weary when her clothes were sold, of clothing her anew, so that she might go again—it was but a little done, and now she has been “gathered home.”—*Observer.*

---

### MADRAS.

This is a large city on the south east coast of India, and the capital of one of the three Presidencies into which it is divided. In a short article such as this, it is impossible to give a full account of this great city, which contains nearly as many inhabitants as there are in Upper Canada, but as Madras is now a place of interest to the supporters of our Mission, we may give a few particulars.

The city lies along the sea shore, the site having been badly chosen, and behind it is a naked brown dusty plain