

mercy of God in realize how much alone—how much due it much more the sake of illustration a few hours should never more with which earth again rise to denigrating rays—never frost—never again and our fields with eternal snow, and sad indeed would as that of the native been given—n has never dawned to some dark powers of description before them in condition, they language which condition of those not too strong. O, how down and work I had often read those dark lands, compared to see such the darkness of crushing to one's

—a letter full of love, and full of influence, O how great is the hindrance, but for publishing this language of man. and consider our of Christ, or as able, we have said, of Christ (to carry his Post Office, ends of the earth. Her Majesty's subversive drawn suddenly for which they beloved Queen, and them all a respite despatched in assurance; that these in good time, but of our Post Office, and pleasures, to late to save the What penalties for an answer, too many of us was committed to the guilty—of re- command to give are now about into eternity, who ly—who have not

the hand of God in effort to occupy

the "openings" for the dissemination of his Word; to glorify him, not merely by a vote of this Society, but by giving liberally our money to spread far and wide that Word, whose every page is radiant with the glory of God. O, the simple story of Calcutta which is contained within its pages, is destined to fill not only earth but all Heaven with his praise; and if not before, in the last day, when the assembled universe shall know and understand that wondrous transaction, a sound of acclamation shall burst forth from the countless multitudes of happy beings, that shall fill the heavenly world with its echo; and a groan of despair from the lost, that shall reach the lowest depths of hell. O, what a book! And shall we not hasten to make it known to every one, that God may be glorified and sinners saved?

There is one thought more that I must beg the privilege of mentioning here. It is this:—The spirit of God in his office work is limited by the extent to which the Bible is made known; yes, the operations of that Spirit whose presence the glorious Saviour thought so important that he said, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come," are limited in their influence to those parts where Christ has been proclaimed, unless He make a new revelation, which is contrary to facts. We may conceive it possible for the Holy Spirit to convince an ignorant heathen of sin who has never heard of Christ, but to leave him there, without a knowledge of pardoning love, which knowledge the Bible only can give, would be to leave him in hopeless despair.

Again, we ought to recognize the hand of God in order to derive strength from the encouragement which such a recognition affords. What labour in the vineyard of God has not been strengthened by the promise "Lo! I am with you alway," and this strength would surely be increased by recognizing the fulfilment of this precious promise. And we know, Sir, that He who has blessed this Society "in the continually increasing openings for its extended usefulness," will bless that Word which it promulgates to the salvation of souls. Many instances of which I have had the privilege of witnessing. I was told by a Missionary, soon after my arrival in India, that if a Karen were kept at school long enough to read and somewhat understand the Bible, he became a Christian; and I am happy to add my testimony to this interesting fact. Exceptions there are, but, as a general thing, such become the followers of Christ. The result is, that converts among that interesting people have greatly increased. Young men, instructed in the Mission Schools, have taken the New Testament in their hands, and with its principles engraved on their hearts, have gone forth into the jungle, and gathering around them the wild children of the forest, have taught them to read the Word of Life; and from these schools have come forth hundreds and thousands to ask for the ordinances of Christ. Among Burmans, too, happy instances showing the blessed effects of the distribution of the Bible are not wanting; but this opportunity will not permit me to mention more than one or two. Of one of

these I was myself a happy witness. I was travelling, in company with a brother Missionary, up the river Kulladon, a fine river in Arracan, British Burmah, to visit a wild tribe three or four days journey in the interior,—a people who came to us, saying, We have no God—no Teacher—no Books, will you come and instruct us? On our way up, we called at a Burman village to speak a few words to the people and to scatter among them some portions of the Word of God and Tracts. Very soon after our arrival at the village, a Burman came to us, and earnestly solicited us to go and see a poor sick man, who, he said, was a Christ's man, was near death, and desired to see the teachers. We went, and were rejoiced to find a believer in Jesus. He had received some portions of the Word of Life by which he had arrived at the knowledge of Christ, and was able, in the hour of his approaching dissolution, to rest quietly on the Saviour. On our return from up the river, we again called at the village, but he was gone. But, said his neighbors, he died in your religion; we earnestly persuaded him to come back to the religion of his fathers: it was, however, of no use, he would not listen to us.

Another, which I will mention, occurred in Burmah Proper, where the Protestant is not permitted now to labour, and was witnessed by a Missionary now in India. He was travelling up the Irrawaddy, preaching Jesus, and distributing the Word of God. One evening, wearied with the toils of the day, he had moved his boat a little from the shore, had lain down and quietly fallen sleep, when he was awakened by the splash of one walking in the water. The first feeling was that of alarm, as he had known what it was to be seized and roughly handled by robbers; but his fears were soon removed by the interesting inquiry, *Saya, Saya, teacher, teacher, sa go pa the la, have you any books?* The Missionary asked in reply, what he knew about books; when the poor fellow told him that, some time before, a Missionary passed that way and gave to his grandfather the Gospel of Luke and the Acts of the Apostles; that he read them, and that his father had read them, and they both believed and worshipped Christ. Afterwards, their house was burnt up, and these portions of the Word of God were lost: that as soon as his father heard that a Missionary had arrived, he immediately sent him to inquire if he had any books. How gladly that Missionary acceded to his request and restored the lost treasure, seems needless to add.

Another instance occurs to me, of a poor Hindoo in Calcutta. I heard it while there, just before I left for my native land; indeed it was published in a native paper of that City. You are aware, probably, that it is a custom of Hindoos to carry their aged relatives, when taken ill, to the river Ganges, that they may die beside its sacred waters. They often hasten the end of these poor creatures by putting mud in their mouths and eyes, and those are esteemed happy who have the privilege of dying in that way, supposing, as they do, the waters of that river to be holy. The instance to which I refer, occurred a short time before our arrival in Calcutta. A poor old Hindoo was taken very ill, and his children gathered around him for the purpose of taking