

Saviour, though not as he loves me. I and his promise good—I will not leave you comfortless, I have no fear in death. My only wishes are, that I and my family may be his; that all I have may be devoted to him; and that I may depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

He left behind him a widow, a widowed sister-in-law, four daughters, and eleven grand children. One of these grand-children, who was at his funeral, was buried the next evening, and one of his sons-in-law survived him only twenty five days

Do any doubt whether Christianity be a good worth bestowing on the Hindoos? Let them look at the simple account which this converted heathen has given of himself; an account which flowed spontaneously from his own feelings, and in writing which, he was wholly left to himself, and had no expectation of its publication. Look at heathen Krishna, receiving his idolatrous teacher, washing his feet, and anointing his head with the dirty water; and look at the same man, sitting with his Christian pastor, or delivering a sermon from the pulpit. Look at heathen Krishna, repeating an unmeaning incantation, or teaching it to others as a religious nostrum—and see him afterwards surrounded by a group of heathens, reading to them the Beatitudes. See heathen Krishna, worshipping a wooden image of his lecherous name sake, and then look at the same man worshipping the true God, and pouring out his heart in prayer in the midst of his Christian brethren. Look at heathen Krishna, while he joins in the filthy songs and dances in honour of his idol, and then hear the same man lifting up his voice amongst a congregation of converted heathens, and singing in the Bengalee a hymn written by himself.—Look at heathen Krishna, overwhelmed with debt, and daily eluding his creditors, and then look at the same man punctually discharging all his engagements, and ex-

hibiting through life the strongest contrast to the heathen in this respect. Look at the heathen by the sides of the Ganges calling upon their dying relations to repeat the names of Narayun, of Gunga, of Ram, and of the whole rabble of gods, pouring the waters of this river down the throat of the dying, exposing them in the agonies of death to the chilling damps by night, and to the scorching beams of the sun by day; and listen to the cries of the dying; "Tell me not of works of merit; I have been committing nothing but sin. And now—where am I going?—What is there beyond this wretched existence?—Am I going into some reptile or some animal body; or shall I at once plunge into some dreadful place of torment? I see the messenger of Yuma [the king of death] coming to seize me. Oh! save me—save me! O, mother Gunga! give me a place near to thee. Oh! Ram! Oh! Narayun! O my gooroo [his spiritual guide] how dark and heavy the cloud which envelopes me—is there no certainty, no ray of light from any of the masters to guide and comfort me in my departure? Must I take the irrecoverable plunge, to be seen no more?" And when they have seen and heard all this, let them look at the death of Krishna, the Christian, consoled by the addresses of his Christian brethren, by the hymns which they sing, by the words of the everlasting Gospel which they repeat; and let them listen to the pleasant words which proceed from his dying lips: "My Saviour has sent his messenger for me, and I wish to go to him."—and then let them say, whether the Gospel be a boon worth giving to the heathen.

[On the preceding article the Editor makes the following interesting observations.]

KRISHNA PAL.—The brief biography of this first Hindoo convert, sometimes called KRISHNOO, must be interesting to our readers. He was bap-