

awakenings of this kind have so often come to naught, from the desperate opposition of heathen friends and relatives, when the day of fiery trial comes, that we have always deemed it better to be silent on the subject till we could see the end. But fruit having now been reaped at these several stations, in the shape of creditable conversions and actual baptisms, it is but right that those who so generously supported these missions, at home and abroad, should be made acquainted with the leading facts.

The first movement was at Culna, a station about fifty miles to the north of Calcutta, on the right bank of the Hoogly branch of the Ganges. It is entirely under the charge of three well-educated native Christian brethren, and a vernacular catechist, whose names appear in the Annual Report of the General Assembly. Two of the former are married, and have families.

In the month of April last, the eldest child of the second in charge, Barada Chandra Chakrabarti, was suddenly seized with severe illness. Shortly afterwards the mother became ill too. The child died, and the mother became worse.

Hers was one of the cases that ordinarily occur. She had been married to her husband while both were as yet heathen. On his embracing Christianity, the wife was confined by her parents, and would not be allowed to join him. In all such cases we have uniformly acted, and that in the most literal way, on the principles laid down in 1 Cor. vii. 12-17. A marriage legally contracted by the law of any country is not annulled by change of religion. The unbelieving party, taking advantage of heathen law may repudiate the other. But the believing party is not at liberty to repudiate the other under the law of Christ if the other be willing still to discharge the obligations of husband and wife. But in this country, having as yet no civil law to assist in the matter the male convert, driven from his own home, has no access to his wife, and no means of knowing whether she is disposed to cast him off, or to cling to him as her husband. Our constant advice, therefore, has always been, to wait, and watch, and pray, in the assurance that, sooner or later, providence would graciously open the door.

And it is a remarkable fact that no

one has so waited in vain. Sooner or later—it may be after one, or two, or three, or even more years—yet always in the end, means of escape have been found, and the wife has rejoined her husband. In every case, too, without exception, the rejoining wife, having left her kindred and father's house, has, in substance, addressed her husband in the spirit of Ruth when cleaving to Naomi, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and *thy God my God.*" In every such case, too, the wife has eagerly sought and obtained instruction in the truth of the gospel from her husband; and in the course of a year or two has been openly admitted, on a profession of her own faith, into the Church of Christ by baptism.

Well, the wife of Barada had thus been married to him before his own baptism; had, after two or three years been enabled to join him; had been by him instructed, and ultimately baptized. And now when mourning over the sudden death of her darling eldest child, and herself seized with severe illness, the reality of her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ shone brightly out. The fever at times so raged that she became delirious. But in the intervals of the paroxysms, when reason was restored, she would ask the Bible to be brought, and chapter after chapter read to her. After many chapters would be read to her, still, not satisfied, she would ask more to be read. The 119th Psalm and the 14th chapter of John's Gospel, gave her special joy. The thought of Christ having gone to heaven to prepare mansions for his faithful followers seemed specially cheering to her. When told that recovery was doubtful, she calmly and firmly said she was not afraid to die, because Christ had died once for her on the cross. The night before she expired, under an abatement of the fever paroxysm, she began herself to pray, and for several minutes continued earnestly to pray to God—casting herself entirely on the merits of Christ—and soon afterwards died, leaving behind her a mourning husband and two young motherless children.

In writing at the time to our sorely bereaved brother, I could not help remarking that, after all, under a good and gracious God, this cup of affliction might have a blessing in it. Who could