

We long to see you here again. When shall we be blessed with the sight? I live in Hiran; I hope yet to see Canada. There are warm hearts in that "cold" region. The merciful Redeemer be with you.

Truly,

A. S. HAYDEN.

WM. CAREY.

HIS GRAVE IN SERAMPORE.

Bernard Taylor, a traveller from America, in a late visit to Serampore, an account of which may be seen in the *New York Tribune*, thus speaks:—

We had but one day for Serampore, and were not idle. The first visit was to the college. It was, and still is, a noble building. The upper hall, designed for public exhibitions, is more than one hundred feet in length and sixty-five in breadth. Everybody has heard of the magnificent staircase leading up to this hall. They are of bronze and cast iron, of beautiful design and fine workmanship, and imported from England at the enormous expense of \$13,000.

In the library, I did not ask for Carey's dried botanical specimens. In fact, I forgot them. But they showed me what interested me more, some of his manuscript works. There, for example, was his Sanscrit Dictionary, in five huge folios of about seven hundred pages each. There was his Bengali Dictionary, in manuscript, and other large works, any one of which would have given any other man a world-wide reputation. Carey's own writing in oriental characters is so neat and perfect, page after page, without an erasure or a blot, that one has to examine closely, to convince himself that it is not printed. As I surveyed these huge tomes, and thought of the herculean labors of the man who learned thirty-eight languages, that he might translate the Holy Scriptures into them; as I thought of his want of early classical training; as I thought of his labors as a professor in the government college, and translator for government, and as superintendent of an indigo factory, one hundred miles from this, all of which secular work he undertook, that he might raise funds to carry on his mission-work, I stood amazed at the courage, boldness and success of the man. God's grace gave the impulse. "Eustance I can plod," shows the method of this, the most wonderful man of his age.

From the college I went to the graveyard. It is half a mile distant from the shore, walled in, and ornamented with neat walks and a few trees. It is in the immediate vicinity of a heathen population, whose miserable houses crowd close up to the sacred enclosure. It happened to be a festival day, and our ears were continually filled with the cries of the people, and the rude music of their religious processions, several of which passed the ground while we were there. I went to the graves of Carey, Marshman and Ward, the triumvirate of Serampore. Carey's is by far the least pretending of the three. Over his grave, near to the ground, is a dark stone slab, with the figure of a coffin-lid in raised work, within which is simply written the name,