

think they would not have trusted it with her again. They found a kinder nurse for it, and a few days after they sent it to the Missionary Orphan Asylum at Berhampore. This baby is now growing up into a great boy, and he helps to teach the other little boys in the orphan school. His name is Moses, because, like Moses of whom we read in the bible, he was drawn out of the water.

There are many poor children in India who have nobody to care for them ; no kind parents, and no Christian friends to show them the way to heaven. Let us pray for them, and try to think what we can do for them.

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## Poetry.

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BY MRS. GILBERT.

Lord ! while the little heathens bend  
And call some wooden god their friend ;  
Or stand and see, with bitter cries,  
Their mothers burnt before their eyes ;

While many a dear and tender child  
Is thrown to bears and tigers wild,  
Or left upon the river's brink,  
To suffer more than heart can think.

Behold, what mercies we possess !  
How far beyond our thankfulness !  
By happy thousands here we stand,  
To serve thee in a Christian land.

Oh ! when that awful day shall rise,  
When Christ shall come in yonder skies,  
And we must answer one by one  
For every deed our hands have done :

Lord, let it not be said of us,  
That heathens could not have been worse,  
But may we now that pardon crave,  
Which can the guiltiest sinner save.

With all the bright and happy crowd,  
We then would praise thee long and loud ;  
And oh ! to little heathens send  
The news of Christ the sinner's friend.