

The Dry Bones Shaking.

I believe that a very general impression for good was made on the educated natives, by the lectures delivered during the last cold season : and that the mind of nearly all the most thoughtful and earnest among them is more than favourably inclined to Christianity. It is certain, at least, that, since that time a spirit of inquiry has manifested itself more widely among the young men in this city, than any of us ever witnessed before. It ought to encourage us in our work, that the movement, and the conversions which have accompanied it, are for the most part distinctly associated with education, and, indeed, almost confined to the educated classes.—*Extract from a letter from Calcutta in Missionary Record, Free Church.*

First-Fruits.

Its first-fruits were reaped by our brethren of the London Missionary Society. No less than seven young men (several of them of respectable families,) after giving every proof that could be reasonably desired of having been hopefully converted, have been added to the church by baptism. They were all, I believe, students from the Institution at Bhowannipore. Their baptism caused great commotion among the heathens ; meetings were held ; plans were proposed ; and then there was great talk (which has not yet died away) of *relaxing the rules of caste, so as to render re-admission into it possible, even after a public baptism, and notorious eating, drinking, and dwelling with Christians.* I should not be surprised if some such regulation were to pass ; and I would desire nothing better, so far as caste is concerned. The serious proposal of such a step in a meeting of the leading Hindus of Calcutta is most encouraging.—*Ibid.*

The Power of the Word.

Streenavassy Charry, a young Brahmin of the highest caste, has, without

intercourse with any missionaries, but simply by the study of the Bible, been brought to a knowledge of the truth. He had been educated at the Madras University, from which religion is excluded ; and he was led to a perusal of the Bible by having met with a copy of it in the library of a gentleman, in whose employ he was as a translator. The excitement produced among his family and friends is said to be all the greater, that they cannot ascribe his conversion to the zeal or efforts of the missionaries.—*U. P. Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

The Missionary.

There was a Christian mother once
Who had an only boy,
The solace of her widow'd heart,
Her comfort and her joy.

Upon the ground he sat and play'd,
His mother reading near ;
But often laid aside his toys,
More eagerly to hear.

She read of Afric's sultry plains,
Where hungry lions roam,
And then of one who sojourn'd there,
Far from his native home.

She said it was the Saviour's love
Which prompted him to go,
That he, to dying heathen round,
That precious love might show.

Years pass'd ; her boy became a man,
And left his native land,
To tell the tale of Jesus' love
Upon a foreign strand.

His mother's eyes with tears were dim,
But they were tears of joy ;
She said, " I give thee up to God ;
Go work for Him, my boy.

" And when my lonely heart is sad
Bereft of thee, my son,
The Lord will give me strength to say,
' Father, thy will be done.'

" And let it cheer thy lonely hours,
If such should be thy lot,
That when thy mother bends the knee,
Thou shalt not be forgot.

" When fainting 'neath a burning sky,
This thought may calm thy brow—
' Perchance, though oceans roll between
My mother prayeth now.' "

—*Juvenile Missionary Herald.*