

in 1824, the Missionaries had the high satisfaction of admitting to the Church no fewer than forty-one at one time. We extract an account of their baptism:—

"The large temporary building erected for the occasion, was in a scattered grove of palm trees, in the village of Santillepay, which is central to all our stations. It was about one hundred feet long, and nearly seventy in width. At one end was placed a decent pulpit, brought from one of our stations, and towards the other the floor of earth was made a little ascending, to bring the audience into view, as they sat upon it, on neat mats, with which the whole was spread. The top and sides of the building, which were covered with the braided leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, were lined with white cotton cloth, giving the whole a light and neat appearance. In front were two or three trees spreading their, like large branching elms. On one side, open rice fields were in sight, and on the other thick gardens filled with large fruit trees, shading the low mud-walled and leaf-covered houses of the natives. In the rear was a school bungalow, where many heathen children had been taught the first principles of Christianity, and the Word of God had been often preached; and prayer frequently offered, but neither the place where the temporary Church stood, nor the adjacent habitations, had ever resounded with the voice of prayer or praise.

"In front of the pulpit was the communion table, before which, in the form of a half-moon, were the candidates, forty-one in number, and native members. Back from these, through the centre of the building, were the head men and other more respectable natives, while the common people occupied either side. In all from twelve to fifteen hundred were present. There would probably have been twice that number, but for the prevalence of the cholera in the village at the time, and a heavy fall of rain the preceding night.

"The exercises were appropriate and well received. At the close of the sermon, the candidates rose, and were addressed on the nature and design of the ordinance of baptism; after which, having given their assent to the articles of faith, they came forward one by one—from a small girl of twelve, to a grey-headed man of seventy, and received baptism in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. It was very affecting. The names of Dwight, Huntington, Maryn, and Parsons among the lads, and Harriet Newell, Susan Huntington, and others among the girls, as pronounced over them, brought many tears into our eyes, and excited many aspirations from our hearts, that the spirits of those whose names they bear might rest on them. The old man, whose head was nearly as white as the cloth round his body, came forward trembling, and as he bowed his aged locks to receive the emblematic water and the name of Andrew, he seemed to say, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'

In the summer of 1825, Mrs. Winslow's health became so much impaired, that a removal from the island was deemed absolutely necessary. Unwilling to quit the post of duty, she retired for a few weeks to a small fort on a rock surrounded by the sea, a few miles west from Batticotta. The change, however, having been found insufficient, she consented to undertake a voyage, accompanied by her husband, to Madras. On their arrival in that town, they proceeded, without delay, to consult a physician, who gave it as his opinion, that they should either proceed by sea to Cal-

cutta, or try a land journey. Having resolved on the former alternative, they embarked for Calcutta, and in the course of a fortnight they reached that city in safety. There they remained for nearly three months of the cold season, in the course of which Mrs. Winslow became much improved in health. She suffered a severe shock, however, by the arrival of melancholy tidings from Ceylon. In the inscrutable arrangements of Divine Providence, two of her children, whom she had left behind her, were both cut down, in the midst of health, by the cholera.

Mrs. Winslow returned home by way of Madras towards the commencement of 1826, when she resumed her labours with as much energy and activity as her still weak constitution would permit. The Missionaries were cheered by the promising appearance which the natives presented; many listening with attention to the message of divine truth, who had formerly lent a deaf ear to its precious statements, and evincing an eagerness that their children, both male and female, should be made acquainted with the Christian system. In these circumstances, every opportunity was embraced of gratifying the desire of instruction which had thus been awakened among the natives, and the hallowed sensibilities of Mrs. Winslow were roused in behalf of the poor inquiring heathen around her. While rejoicing, however, in the remarkable success of the mission, she was called to endure a severe domestic trial, in the death of her youngest child, at the age of fifteen months. Both she and Mr. Winslow felt the stroke deeply, but they yielded a calm submission to the will of their heavenly Father. Trials it has been often remarked, often succeed each other rapidly in the experience of the Christian. Scarcely had she recovered from her sorrow on the loss of her child, and found herself engaged in the engrossing employments of the mission, when intelligence arrived from America of the death of her father. This was to her a very painful event, and the consolatory letter which she addressed to her mother is very touching. It is as follows:—

"I have now the painful task of saying, that your letters, containing the intelligence of my dear father's death, have come to hand. And is he indeed gone? Gone to make one of that multitude, who cast their crowns before Him who sitteth on the throne, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!' Can it be that all his doubts, and fears, and cares, have ceased forever? Is my beloved mother a widow, and have we no father? I cannot realize that it is so; and yet it has been long expected. But what shall I say to you, my dear mother? How can I tell you, at this distance, how I feel; or help you to bear the heavy burden? It would be vain to attempt either; and I rejoice and give thanks that you are comforted and strengthened by Him, who alone is able to help you. You are very solitary. Oh! how little can I conceive how many hours there are when, perhaps, it is difficult for you to say, 'Thy will be done!' But do, my beloved mother, be comforted by thinking, that it is in kindness to you that you are bereaved—not in judgment. Think of the joys of those who see Jesus as he is. Could you not, when our dear father lived, bear almost any pain cheerfully, while you saw him