

edifying all around him by his entire resignation, by the sweet tranquility which illuminated his aged and languid countenance, and by the many refreshing words which he delivered respecting his own safety and blessedness in Christ. It appeared to be the feeling of all who visited him, "It is good to be here. Verily God is in this place. Let my last end be like Krishna's."

When asked about his attachment to Christ, he said, "Where can a sinner go, but unto Christ?" And when the same question in another form was put to him, he said, "Yes, but he loves me more than I love him." The same question was put a short time before he expired, by one of the missionaries, when he nodded assent, and laid his hand on his heart, but was unable to speak.

The total absence of the fear of death was most conspicuous: when exhorted to take medicine, he objected to it as unnecessary and fruitless. But being pressed, he yielded, still positively forbidding them to give him laudanum, (though generally considered as a necessary part of the prescriptions for this disorder) as it would produce insensibility, and put a period to those comforts which he then enjoyed—He begged that those who prayed for and with him would not pray for his recovery; and once or twice he asked if the grave had been prepared.

He appeared to have conquered all his worldly attachments, declaring that he did not wish to remain any longer in this thorny world; that his Saviour had sent his messenger for him, and he wished to go.

Although his mind was thus weaned from the world, and delivered from all anxiety respecting the future circumstances of his family, yet he was concerned for the salvation of his friends; and hence when asked by an attendant if he was desirous of prayer, he seemed pleased with the proposal, and said "Pray that I may be saved and that all my family may be converted;"

thus exhibiting the last anxieties of a Christian parent, and pouring out his last breath for the good of those whom God had given him in the flesh.

Nor was Krishna, in these his last moments, unmindful of the cause of Christ in Bengal. He declared to those around him, that all he had received from Christ; and that it was his desire that it should be given back to Christ, and devoted to the spread of the gospel. Poor man!—he had nothing to leave except the chapel he had built near his own dwelling; but the wish to make some return to the Redeemer proved that he was sensible that the Gospel, introduced to his attention by Dr. Thomas so many years ago, had done great things for him.

Such then was the religion of this Hindoo convert. Summing it up, it amounts to this confession: "O Lord, I was once a poor stupid heathen. I worshipped dumb idols, and knew not but that these were the true God. To remove guilt from my conscience, I bathed in the Ganges, I worshipped my teacher (Gooroo) and licked the dust of his feet; I gave my property to the priests; I visited holy places; I repeated the name of my guardian deity. And lest these acts of religious service should not prove sufficiently meritorious, I hoped for a son to perform those rites after my death, which might deliver me from my difficulties into which my spirit might fall after leaving the body. Thus blind I lived, and thus deluded I should have died. But, blessed be thou, O Father of Mercies, I heard the tidings of mercy through an atoning Mediator. These tidings led me to a knowledge of my spiritual state, and I found myself lying under a dreadful load of guilt. By faith, I fled to the Lord Jesus for refuge from the wrath to come; and the Saviour gave me peace and joy in believing. Now it is my joy to speak of him, to spread the knowledge of his death, and to communicate his unsearchable riches to my poor countrymen. I love my