

putation, consisting of Major Reid, William Rose and Alexander Anderson, Esqrs, called at their pastor's residence bearing the sum of forty pounds, which they presented, in the name of the congregation, as an evidence of esteem and respect. This kindly act is the more gratifying as evincing the consideration of the people for the peculiar circumstances in which their pastor has for some time been placed, owing to the protracted and serious illness of Mrs. Wallace, from which we are happy to hear, she is now recovering.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

The Scotch Nurse.

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me."

M—— B—— was a woman endowed with a superior intellect. She filled the capacity of a monthly nurse, and gained the favor and affection of her employers by her quick sensibility and tender solicitude. She was unfortunate in her married life; her husband was a jockey, who spent the hard-earned wages of his wife among his jovial companions. Poor Mary was slowly recovering from the fatigue of long nursing, when she was hastily told of the sudden death of her husband; his neck was broken by falling down a flight of stairs, and he died on the spot. Her nerves were much shaken by this solemn event; the vigor of her life was now past, and one evening, under much discouragement of mind, arising from her poverty and destitution, and not knowing what to do, she took her boy by the hand, and wandered up and down the streets of London, hoping to obtain relief. While passing Percy Chapel, she heard the congregation singing, and said to her child, "Let us go in there; they are singing, and it sounds sweet." She walked up the aisle, and stood nearly facing the pulpit. The singing ceased, and the preacher, the late Rev. Haldane Stewart, gave out these words: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Her attention was powerfully arrested; she was weary and heavy laden, and rest was what she desired, but the revulsion on her feelings was too great for her bodily strength, weakened as it had been by fasting and sorrow. She immediately fainted, and was carried out of the church. When relating this circumstance to me, she said, "I felt as if I had been struck to the heart." "And what became of you?" I asked. "The same gracious God who touched my heart by His Spirit, raised up friends from an unexpected quarter. The late Mr. W—— F—— and his wife, by whose pew I had been standing, sought me out, visited me, and remained my kind friends till their valuable lives were lost in the *Rothsay Castle*. But dear Mr. Stewart, the instrument in God's hands of awakening my

benighted soul, condescended to watch over me for good. I treasured up all his sayings in my heart." At one period, when she was very unwell, a friend called to see her. Mary had just been visited by the curate of the parish. "He asked me," she said, "if I had kept the commandments?" "No, sir," I replied, "I cannot say I have." "Then how," said he, "will you find acceptance with God, if you have no good works to offer?" "And what answer did you give him?" asked her friend. "Well, I told him I had never read but of one poor young man in the Bible who said he had kept the commandments, and he left the Lord sorrowfully, so that I must have some other way but that to be saved, I must rest upon a surer foundation than upon my own works. When I said that, he got up and said, 'It seems I am come here for you to teach me, instead of my teaching you.'" Happy would it have been for him had he listened to the words of this poor old woman, and sought for acceptance from God, as she did, in the precious blood of Christ; but not long after this interview he, alas! joined the Church of Rome. On one occasion I found this animated, hopeful Christian under painful depression of spirits—she could not pray, she could not believe. "I cannot," she said, "see through the dark cloud that hangs over me. Why am I thus? Why do I go mourning, day after day?" "Temptation," I replied, "may arise from various causes; for support in those dark moments, we are told that Christ himself, having been tempted, is able to succour them that are tempted. A wise and unerring Father permits suitable trials for his individual children. You have been singularly blessed with Christian friends, it may be you have rested too exclusively upon their approbation. The praise of man elevates us in our own opinion, the praise of God lays us prostrate at His footstool." She raised her bright and intelligent eye, while she said, "You are a faithful reprover—pray for me." With such humility did this Christian receive instruction! "The ear that heareth the reproof of life, abideth among the wise." She was a person that had much excitement in her character; this was to her a painful exercise of patience. This infirmity she carried to her Lord, and her Lord helped her, and made her happy in the conquest of her temper, as I can bear witness many times. It was during the last seven weeks of her sojourn upon earth that the greatest and sweetest developments of the grace of God within her took place; her faith became stronger, her repentance deeper, her humiliation more true, her hope more ardent, her patience more submissive. It is a cause for thankfulness when the last view that we take of one of God's redeemed servants looks sweetly upon us in the

hour of departure. A few hours before her removal she listened with interest to one of her favorite passages: "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him until that day." Thus she passed into eternity, February, 1856, aged ninety-one, Happy soul! that hast finished thy warfare—which hast advanced, by the Spirit's teaching, from grace to grace—higher and higher, nearer and nearer, to God—matured in experience—perfected in glory! "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

A Word about India.

"I am glad to see that," perhaps some one may say; "I hear everybody talking about India, and I should like to read some account of it." I will try, then, as shortly as I can, to give you a little information respecting that land in which we all now feel so much interest.

India is a country of immense extent, about 1,900 miles in length, and 1,600 in breadth, and containing a population of two hundred million inhabitants. It contains high mountains, deep rivers of considerable length, and extensive and fruitful plains. It is, for the most part, a beautiful country, and—though not so pleasant in some respects as England, especially on account of the heat of the climate—it might be a very happy one were it not true there, as in so many parts of the world, that while "every prospect pleases," the inhabitants are sunk in ignorance and sin—"hateful, and hating one another."

The population consists chiefly of Mohammedans and Hindoos. The former are a fierce and cruel race. They are followers of the false prophet Mahomet, and were taught by him to propagate their religion by fire and sword. The Hindoos are listless and indolent, less fierce than the Mohammedans, but given up to a system of idolatry, whose very religious rites are full of cruelty and abomination.

But now comes the question: Why do we call this country British India? What have the English to do with it? I will try to tell you. About 150 years ago some English people formed a Company, called the East India Company, for the purpose of trading with India. They had no thought of gaining possession of the land; it was the trade only they were concerned about. But having once settled there they were forced into wars in self-defence, through the quarrels of the natives amongst whom they had settled, and who had long been so entirely strangers to a state of peace that the labourer was accustomed to work with his arms by his side.