

were with Him: and sometimes, *I wish I would please Him more.* And there will be nights, when you put the Bible by, and lay your head upon your little pillow, that you will say within your heart, "I beheld His glory." You, a poor sinful child, will rest under the shadow of that great Lord, the man Christ Jesus, and His fruit will be sweet to your taste. All day long the words of that book will be like the string tied round the neck of Christ's little lamb to keep it near Him, to keep it from running off in ways of its own. "Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."—(*Proverbs iii. 23, 24, and vi. 22.*)

"When thou goest,
It shall lead thee;
When thou sleepest,
It shall keep thee;
And when thou awakest,
It shall talk with thee.

INDIAN ORPHANAGE AND JUVENILE MISSION.

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JOHN PATON,
Treurer.

Kingston, 16 Sept., 1858.

THE INFANTS' DROWNING-PLACE.

I am now off Saugor, the island-shrine of the Ganges; yes, here we are on the spot where thousands upon thousands of little infants have been offered in sacrifice to the god of the river. The English long ago abolished this cruel rite, but I am told that even now, secretly, scores of little ones perish every year, during the grand festival in January. And while I write, I see several dead infants floating in the waters near the head of the island, a spot peculiarly sacred to the idol goddess, as here two branches of the Ganges join. Our captain tells me that he once found one of these poor mothers