

The missionaries received a joyful welcome from Dr. Carey and the other English Baptists already at work in Calcutta. But their entrance was violently opposed by the British East India Company, which governed the country. The captain with whom they had come from America was even refused a clearance from the port of Calcutta unless the missionaries would engage to leave India with him. They remained six weeks, receiving every kindness in the hospitable home of Dr. Carey, enjoying the climate and the beautiful scenery, and continuing in perfect health. Mrs. Newell wrote: "Much as I long for the society of my dear absent mother and dear brothers and sisters, I am not willing to return to them. Yes, I am positively unwilling to go to America unless I am confident that God has no work for me to do here. My heart gladdens at the thought of commencing, with my dear companion, the missionary work." Finding that the East India Company would allow them to go to the Isle of France, it was decided that the Newells should begin a mission there. They heard that the English governor would favour it, and that there were "18,000 inhabitants ignorant of Jesus."

August 4, Mr. and Mrs. Newell sailed from Calcutta, and, after a long, stormy and dangerous voyage, reached the Isle of France early in November. The fatigue and exposure had, however, broken Mrs. Newell's health, and she died of quick consumption three weeks after landing. She met her end with joy, talking through the whole of her sickness with great delight of death and the glory that was to follow. The doctor told her these were gloomy thoughts, and she had better get rid of them. "On the contrary," she said, "they are cheering and joyful beyond what I can express." "Death is glorious, truly welcome. I have never regretted leaving my native land. . . . God has called me away . . . but I have had it in my heart to do what I can for the heathen." Thus was her victory won. "Comfort our dear mother," wrote her beloved husband to a brother in America. "Tell that dear woman that Harriet's bones have taken possession of the promised land, and rest in glorious hope of the final and universal triumph of Jesus over the gods of this world."

#### A PATIENT ELEPHANT.

"Tell my grandchildren," writes the Bishop of Calcutta, "that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he was completely blind. His owner, an English officer, asked my dear Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try the nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eyes. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary

roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day when he was brought and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk and drew in his breath (just like a man about to endure an operation), gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then by trunk and gesture evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson of patience!"

#### MOTHER'S TURN.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh colour and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing about it; and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jenny gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study, and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties, which for years they have patiently borne.

TROUBLES are hard to take, though they strengthen the soul. Tonics are always bitter.

WE should endeavour to promote the happiness of those with whom we dwell; for a selfish, churlish, silent person in the family, like a cloud obscuring the sun, soon casts a gloom over all around him, which is wholly inconsistent with Christianity. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, Rev. J. Burton, B.D., Editor, will be published D. V. on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent free to any part of Canada or the United States for one dollar per annum. Published solely in the interests of the Congregational churches of the Dominion. Pastors of churches, and friends in general, are earnestly requested to send promptly local items of church news, or communications of general interest. To ensure insertion send early, the Lewis column will be kept open till the tenth and twenty-fifth of each month.

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