

little white-winged vessel until it passed out of sight. The *Caravan* reached Calcutta on the 17th of June, and the Christians of different denominations gave the Americans a warm reception. By none were they more kindly received than by Dr. Carey, of the Baptist mission, Serampore, who had then been nearly twenty years in India. Twenty years had elapsed since the British House of Commons had empowered the East India Company to forbid all attempts at missionary work in India, and at the very time when these missionaries landed, a desperate effort was being made in the English Parliament to extend this power through another twenty years. At first it was doubtful if they would be allowed even to land on the shores of India. But, eventually, permission was obtained on condition that they would abstain from any kind of missionary work. What a trial of their faith was this! Accepting Carey's invitation, they went up to Serampore, a few miles from Calcutta, where they were under the protection of the Danish flag. There they remained some six weeks receiving every kindness, enjoying the climate and scenery, gaining information, and seeking for openings to do good. In the meantime they were ordered to leave India immediately. Whither should they go? It seemed as though they *must* return to America, for the captain of the *Caravan* was actually refused a clearance from Calcutta unless he took the missionaries back with him! At last they obtained leave to go to the Isle of France in a vessel about to sail for the Mauritius, but so small was it that only two of the party could be accommodated on board. Dr. and Mrs. Judson agreed to wait for another vessel. The Newells sailed from Calcutta on the 4th of August. After five tempestuous weeks the ship sprang a leak and put in to Coringa, on the Coromandel coast, for repairs. Mrs. Newell, who had suffered greatly from sickness and fatigue, was carried on shore and kindly treated by the only English family in the place. After a delay of nearly four weeks, the voyage was resumed. When about midway to their destination, Mrs. Newell became the mother of a daughter and all seemed to promise well, but another storm ensued, the little baby died when only five days old, and was committed with many tears to the waves. Very

soon after, Mrs. Newell showed unmistakable symptoms of rapid consumption. She died on November 30th, 1812, just three weeks after landing in the Mauritius. Once or twice she gave expression to her disappointed hopes, but she met her end with resignation, and even joy. "It is for Jesus," she said, "I thus wander from place to place. Tell my friends that I never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ. God has called me before we have entered on the work of missions, but I have had it in my heart to do what I can for the heathen, and I hope God will accept me."

It was not so much what she did, though she made great personal sacrifices, that has given an imperishable lustre to this young woman's name, but it was the spirit of consecration by which she was animated—the complete surrender of her mind and affections to Christ, and of all her faculties to His service. "She hath done what she could." Dr. Rufus Anderson, referring to her death and that of Mrs. Judson, says:—"Mrs. Newell probably accomplished more by what seemed her untimely death, than she could have done by a long life. The memorial of her cultivated mind and unwavering devotion to the missionary cause, secured for her a high place in the affection of the Christian community, and awakened a deeper and more general interest in the churches at home than did their husbands, and deeply vindicated the right of their sex to engage personally in this work."

### Household Words.

#### EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY SPLENDOUR.

THE city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed for splendour the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas—the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war-galleys, with three banks of oars, pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and sat them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff