

rearing of an effective native ministry. The realization of such an object even in a Christian country must be the work of time. How much more must it be so, in a country replenished with the idolatries and superstitions of ages! Already, however, by the blessing of God on the measures adopted by his faithful servants, has this object been begun to be realized much earlier and more satisfactorily than could well have been anticipated. Let us praise God for such an early reaping from the seed sown. In this country we have been eyewitnesses of some of the precious first-fruits of our Indian Missions, in the persons of Dhanjibhai and Rajahgopaul; and at the different stations at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and Puna, there are, at this moment, *between twenty and thirty more native converts, either already set apart, or preparing to be set apart, for the sacred work of the Christian ministry!* These, in the first instance, must be supported by the Lord's people in this land, while they go forth as evangelists among their benighted countrymen. Let this fact be distinctly borne in mind by ministers and people, on the occasion of the forthcoming annual collection in behalf of our Foreign Missions. And let all unite in earnest prayer that, through the Lord's blessing on the labours of these young evangelists, the time may be hastened when numbers of idolaters shall be turned from darkness to light—and be constituted into *self-sustaining* churches.

As we cannot expect to be visited by many of our beloved native brethren in India, it is cheering to think that, owing to the superior course of education which they are receiving, it will be in their power to address us, from time to time, in the form of epistolary correspondence; and that, too, without the medium of translation, in the English language. A letter, of the recent date of the 8th October last, addressed to Dr Duff by one of the youngest of the noble band now preparing to enter on the work of the ministry in Calcutta, has been placed at our disposal. In the following extract from this communication, our readers cannot fail to notice several points of interest—such as the fine feeling of gratitude towards a Christian instructor—the ingenuous confession of felt shortcomings—the door of entrance opened to intelligent native converts into the hearts of their countrymen, which would be wholly shut against foreigners—the affecting allusion to the sudden death of Mrs. Miller—and the announcement of the probable accession of fresh converts to the Christian faith.]

“Believe me sir, that I ever felt, and still feel, towards you all the reverence

and affection of a son to a father. Few, indeed, are the persons at whose hands I had the unspeakable privilege of profiting so much. It is impossible for me to forget those salutary lessons, both at home as well as in the class-room, which you imprinted on the tablet of my heart; those fatherly reproofs, those heart-searching appeals which distilled from your mouth. Indeed, sir, like a faithful friend, like an affectionate father, you tried your utmost to discipline us in the school of Christ.

“I confess, sir, and that with shame and confusion of face, that since I came to know the only Redeemer of my never-dying soul, manifold have been my errings and backslidings, and that in the very face of these most precious and delectable imitations of divine truth. Oh may the days past be sufficient for the deeds of the flesh! Oh may the future become the grave of all the follies of the bygone days! Oh may I henceforth walk as becometh those who are the followers of Him, who was holy, harmless, and undefiled!—those who are destined to become plants of renown, to bloom and blossom in the regions of immortality in heavenly Eden! Oh may I henceforth adorn the doctrine of my God and Saviour, by a holy, heavenly life—by an entire devotion of my head and heart to his glorious work—by a complete dedication of all that I have to His service!

“After our examination I had the privilege of accompanying Babu Jagadishwar Bhattacharjya on his usual annual preaching tour, the most cheering and interesting part of which was that spent in my own village. Here we witnessed most forcibly the native energy and majestic simplicity of soul-saving Christianity.

“We all entered the house of my father with the dolorous welcome of blighted hopes and blighted expectations. A midst an outburst of tears and lamentations, I was introduced to those who did not see my face before, (for, when very young, I was brought to Calcutta to reside at my maternal grandfather's house); and they, together with my grandmother, stepmother, &c., complete the tragic scene—a scene, the deathlike silence of which was disturbed only by such questions as the following:—‘Why did you leave us?’ ‘Could you not have worshipped God at home?’ ‘Are our god's false, and yours only true?’ ‘Are you only the darling of Heaven, the favourite of God, the heir of unfading joys?’ ‘Are you only wise, and your forefathers a parcel of fools?’ After giving a distinct answer to each of these questions, no less foolish than natural, my paternal grandmother began to relate, in a most hurrow-