

head and shoulders. Mr. Yule gave out a Bengalese hymn, and how sweetly did the poor children sing, and then how earnestly did they join in prayer; and, dear children, remember these girls would mostly all have been bowing down to stocks and stones but for the kind help of Christian friends in Scotland, who loved the souls of these poor neglected ones, and established a home for them. After praise and prayer Mr. Yule read the report for last year, and he told us his encouragements and his discouragements. He told us four of his children, as he calls them, had died; two of these had died in faith, and by their deaths they had gladdened the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Yule, who had been like parents to them. One of these, although in extreme agony before her death, told them she trusted alone in Jesus. They have no doubt gone to Heaven, and are helping to praise their Saviour, singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that died.' They have gone where there is no difference between black and white children, they are all one in Christ. Think for a moment, dear children in Scotland, who have loving Christian parents who tell them of Jesus, who have Bibles and Sabbath schools, many of whom even send Bibles and teachers to the heathen children, if I have all these blessings and am not in Christ, how will I look upon these poor children who had none of these, but just what strangers brought them, but who accepted them, and treasured them more than gold, who took Christ for their own while they lived, and, when they came to die, they were not afraid, for Christ was theirs? One other thing would I mention. Mr. and Mrs. Yule have gone Home for a season, and, when it drew near the time, oh! how broken-hearted these poor orphan children were; for days before their faces were quite melancholy. The people say here, the Bengalee has no feelings of gratitude; oh! who could say so, and look upon these streaming eyes, and such embraces,—they well nigh broke kind Mrs. Yule's heart. One little thing in particular was quite pining away; she followed Mrs. Yule wherever she went while in the house. She has no father or mother, and was brought to the Orphanage while quite an infant. You may ask, what has changed their hearts so? I will tell you, dear children. Just what changed the heart of the jailor of old; they are taught the knowledge of Jesus; it is that, and that alone, that can make a good child, both in India and in Scotland. I hope I have not wearied you. Go on in your work of collecting means to send to the heathen, you cannot do too much in that way; but you must not neglect another duty; that is, to give us your prayers, pray often for the Orphanage children, and for all the poor neglected children of India, that they may soon be all the lambs of Christ.