

Many of the children have been brought to love Jesus, and give their hearts to him. Of these about forty have been baptized, and two lately set apart for the work of the ministry. Some of them have died very happily. One little boy, whose picture stands at the top of this paper, died triumphantly. He was a fine little fellow, and seemed to be of high rank from his name and appearance. He learned to read very soon, and the missionaries hoped he would be long spared to them.— But God determined otherwise. He was taken ill and died. On the morning of his death he desired all the boys to come into his room. He then addressed them in a most affecting way, and then begged the nurse to help him out of bed, which being done, he stood up, and, with a loud and distinct voice, commended the whole Refuge in prayer to God, and especially the kind missionaries and his beloved companions, and then lying down, breathed forth his soul into the hands of Christ.

The scene was one never to be forgotten by any that were present at it. Your teachers can tell you of an emperor, called Vespasian, who, when he was dying, would be lifted out of bed, for he said, it was not fit that an emperor should die in any way than that of standing; but here was a little child whose dying hour seemed far more striking than that of the emperor Vespasian's.

Besides instruction in reading, writing, &c., the children learned several trades. The boys learned printing, book-binding, carpet-making &c.; and the girls tape-weaving, bobbin-making, &c. The carpets made by the boys are very beautiful, and are what are called "*the velvet pile*."— The boys have printed an edition of 5000 copies of the New Testament in the native tongue, and bound them too. They also conduct and publish a magazine, published in the shape of a newspaper, which is read in Cal-

cutta, and many other parts of India.

Some of them have now grown up, and are married, and are forming a little Christian village near the Refuge. Are not these encouraging accounts?

Let us all pray that a rich blessing may rest on the Orphan Refuge at Mirzapore.

Heathen Opinions of Scripture Truth.

In the course of a preaching tour some Missionaries attended a festival in Upper India, and at first were insulted and even stoned, to the great danger of their lives. But they would not leave the neighbourhood. On the third day they went to a village, where a place had been prepared for them to preach in. But the Mahometans killed some poisonous serpents, and threw them over the floor in the hope of frightening the Missionaries away. One of them, however merely put the serpents aside with his foot, and began to preach.— Shortly after, a well-disposed man said to another of the Missionaries, "Since your books have been spread over the land the people are entirely divided in opinion. Some speak well of them and read them willingly; but others say that no one should hear the preacher, or read the books, because they are full of witchcraft." It is a wide-spread opinion that the Missionaries mix a powder with the ink used in printing, which enchants those who read the books, so that they become bewitched, and turn Christians.

Another Missionary in India, referring to the same subject, thus writes:— I could tell you many things about the people around us, and how much they try to resist the truth and cleave to their folly and wickedness. But we praise God that prayer and perseverance have drawn down a blessing, and we have examples of good success. From many eyes the veil of blindness has been withdrawn, and they see a wonderful light which revives their soul. A Brahmin lately said to me, while asking for