

Heathen British India.

What is India! The region which, of all upon earth, has most affected the history and the habits of every other. The region whence sprang the creeds which even now command the largest number of souls. . . . The region that embraces in her arms a host of human hearts, comprising at least one out of every six that beat, and that, holding them up to the eye of christian pity, tells her they are all open to her approach, and susceptible of her action.

O that God would give his church a heart large enough to feel this call! Think, Christians, think on the state of the world. Dream not of the Gospel as already known everywhere. Feel, oh, feel, when you pray, that one half of your brethren never heard of your Redeemer. Bone are they of your bone, flesh of your flesh, conflicting, sighing, bending to the grave, like you; but crown for their conflicts, comforter in their sighs, hope in their grave, they see none. Think of every land where Satan has his seat, and give to them all a part in your prayers. But, oh, think long on the land where the Queen whose sway you love has heathen subjects outnumbering seventold the Christians of the British isles! Think long, long on the fact, "I belong to an empire where seven to one name not the Name that is life to me!" Think that yonder, under the rule of your own queen, a full sixth of Adam's children dwell! Take a little leisure, and say, of every six infants, one first sees the light there: To what instruction is it born? Of every six brides, one offers her vows there: To what affection is she destined? Of every six families, one spreads its table there: What loves unite their circle? Of every six widows, one is lamenting there: What consolations will soothe her? Of every six orphan girls, one is wandering there: What charities will protect her? Of every six wounded consciences, one is trembling there: What balm, what physician, does it know? Of every six

men that die, one is departing there; What shore is in his eye?—*Arthur's Mission to the Mysore.*

How Boys and Girls may be Missionaries.

Many years ago, two boys, about six or eight years of age, were walking together in a field near the village where they dwelt. Their names were James Brooks and Adam Clarke, and happening to live near each other, and to attend the same school, they became strongly attached to one another. Having walked across the field, they sat down on a bank where no one heard them, entered into serious conversation, and both became deeply affected. Young Brooks said to his companion, "Oh, Addy, Addy, what a dreadful thing is *Eternity!* and, oh, how dreadful to be put into hell-fire, and to be burned there for ever and ever!" Little Adam wept, and so did his friend; and in their own simple way they implored God to forgive their sins. They shed many tears, and promised to each other before God to amend their ways.

We cannot tell our young friends about the future life of James Brooks; but Adam Clarke lived to become an eminent and learned minister of Christ, and a most earnest friend of the missionary cause, wrote a commentary on the Old and New Testaments, with many other works, and died, not many years ago, "rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God." Adam has been heard to say, that immediately after leaving the field where this conversation with his young friend took place, he went home, and told the whole to his mother with a full heart. She was surprised and affected, and prayed earnestly for her child. Many years after, he could say "the impression, though it grew faint did not wear away. It was laid deep in the consideration of eternity, and of my accountableness to God for my conduct, and of the absolute necessity