

"My friends mistake my feelings when they studiously avoid a subject so near my heart, as is your contemplated undertaking. I can think of it with composure, and speak of it with much satisfaction. I am, if I may say so, partially thankful, that is, thankful for the disposition which leads you thus to devote yourself. How earnestly have I desired, and how fervently prayed, that my children might be the subjects of grace, and instruments of bringing souls to Christ! and now, can I claim to choose the place where, and the manner how, they shall serve this kind Master, who has so often answered my petitions, even to have given me the very things I asked of him? No, my child, I believe I am saved from this inconsistency. I believe I am willing to leave to infinite Wisdom, to direct in all things, as you are satisfied with regard to duty, I do not question about it."

On her way home from Litchfield, Miss Lathrop spent a short time at Newhaven, and during her stay she paid a visit to a poor family whose complicated trials she thus describes:—

"I have been to the celebrated cave in 'West Rock.' Ascended the mountain, and then called on the inhabitants of the cave: they are a man, his wife, and three children. 'In ascending to reach it, we threaded our way through a narrow walk, walled on each side several rods; and then almost crept some feet into a dark, dismal place. There was no light except through the opening by which we entered, and a hole which afforded a passage for the smoke. In one corner, on something which seemed a bed of dirt and stone, with a few pieces of carpet for covering, lay a boy, four years old, who had that day broken his leg, and an infant, a few months old, who appeared scarcely alive: it was much diseased. The mother had scarcely clothes enough to cover her, and a countenance which indicated the lowest grade of vice. Yet she was not a heathen: two Bibles, a Testament, and hymn-book were there; all of which she professed to delight in reading. She acknowledged dependance and obligation, but not sin. I contrived to be left alone with her; and, my feelings being much excited, I dealt plainly with her, as I have been seldom able to do. She listened and was solemn, confessed she was a sinner. Indeed, when I asked her to look back on the sins of one day, she started with a kind of horror, and said, 'I can't; they would more than fill this cave.' Her appearance when alone with me was entirely changed. People generally think there is scarcely a possibility of her reform, and so say but very little to her. I never witnessed such a scene—never before saw human nature so degraded. This poor wretch was not even so happy as Harriet Newell in a season of trial; for with her no human being heaved a commiserating sigh, in a gloomy cave. Oh! your heart would have bled. Withal, this woman had the tenderness of an affectionate mother. Her husband had received a blow on the head, which almost killed him, and had gone to have it dressed. It was now sunset—she was three miles from town, with the prospect of her child's death in the night; no candle, and no wood to kindle a light. Who has made us to differ?"

In the autumn of 1818 Mr. Winslow, along with Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Woodward, were set apart as Missionaries to Ceylon. Their ordination, with the lamented Fisk, took place in November, but their departure was unavoidably delayed for some time. The marriage of Miss Lathrop to Mr. Winslow was celebrated at Norwich, January 11, 1819, and immediately after, they set out on a tour to Vermont, to visit Mr.

Winslow's friends. On their return to Connecticut, about the beginning of March, information arrived of a passage having been secured for them and their associates to Ceylon, the place of their destined Missionary labours. Before leaving home for the place of embarkation, she addressed a parting letter to the sister who was to take her place in the family, and the hints it contains are so valuable as bearing upon the domestic comfort of families, that we gladly transfer them to our pages.

"To a faithful discharge of every-day duties, and to the promotion of domestic happiness, perfect regulation of the temper is of the first consequence. No temper is too bad to be controlled through the aid of divine grace. I have found that in regard to impatience under contradiction, after making it the subject of earnest prayer, the best means to effect a cure is silence. Be patient with the infirmities of others. Show no resentment to any but yourself in your own retirement. Remember that although you may not be delicate in the same respects in which they are, you may be much more so in other things. A proper view of this will lead you always to esteem others better than yourself." Let your manners conform to your temper. If they are not mild you cannot win affection or secure esteem. A look sometimes does more to destroy peace than many words. Guard, then, the expression of your countenance as well as your tongue. Be diligent. Let not a moment be unimproved. If you stand to talk, or sit to listen, let your hands be employed if possible. Study from morning to night to do every thing in the best manner, and think no day well spent in which good is not done. Let your mind be much on 'devising liberal things.' Our dear mother and the little girls are your first care. They deserve most of your thoughts and time. The comfort of our beloved parent in her remnant of life depends much on you. Study her pleasure. Sacrifice to her and our beloved father every thing but principle, and never consider it a sacrifice or suffer them for a moment to suppose that you do. Let your pleasure consist much in denying yourself for others. Follow not my example in this respect, or in any thing wherein I have come short. Look at the little girls: it may be that their usefulness in this life and their future happiness depends on you. Bear them on your heart before God continually.

"As to your dress, for direction look to the meek and lowly Jesus, who had not where to lay his head. Despire all vain show. Be cleanly and neat, and in little matter how plain. Remember always that not one farthing is yours. All is the Lord's. You rob him if you spend one unnecessarily.

"And now, dear sister, to God, even our God, I commend you. Be happy that you relinquish me to him. Your reward is sure. Forget all my bad examples. Look always to your Saviour and learn of him.—When we meet again, let it not be to lament our unfaithfulness, but to love God for ever. Farewell, farewell."

Mrs. Winslow was accompanied to Boston by her mother, where amid the tears and prayers of many Christian friends, the little band of devoted Missionaries embarked in a ship bound for Calcutta. During the voyage their time was chiefly spent in preparation for their great work, and in conversing with the seamen on religious subjects. Their labours in this last respect were not in vain; several even of the most hardened in the ship, appear to have yielded to the