

bones clean and white, they turned away, and, hand in hand, weeping as they went, set off to try to find a path out of the wood, and "then to seek some place where kind people might be found to feed or take them in; and so they had wandered until the man had found them in the street, and brought them here."

The kind magistrate took them to his house, and then sent them down to the Orphan Refuge, kept by Mrs. Wilson, who very kindly took them under her care. Here they lived a long time, and very delightful it was to see their love for one another. Every night when they lay down to rest, they did so locked in each other's arms; and whenever food was set before them, the oldest never touched it, however hungry, faint, or tired, till her little sister had had her share. Mrs. Wilson loved them much, and taught them to love that Saviour who had said, "Suffer little children to come to me." At last they were baptized. The elder was called Priscilla, and the younger Rhoda.

Little Rhoda was a sweet child; but Jesus soon fitted her for heaven, and when she was only about six years old, he took her up to glory. During her last illness she never murmured, though her sufferings were very great, and often asked to have her favorite hymns repeated to her.

One of these was that beginning
"Come, ye sinners poor and wretched." &c.

Another thus:

"There is beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children when they die,
Go to that world above."

She also delighted to repeat to her companions the Infant's Hymn:

"Little children, come to Jesus,
He has kindly said you may;
When you pray to Him, and praise Him,
He will teach you what to say.

He will take your hands and lead you
In the way you ought to go;
He will make you good and happy—
No one else can make you so."

About a week before she died, she

became quite blind, but still always said she was "happy," and at last fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

Priscilla has now grown up to be a woman, has married a native teacher, and is very useful on the Mission.

You see from this story, what a blessing the Gospel is to poor Hindoo children, and how well the prophecy about Jesus Christ is fulfilled through it—"He shall save the children of the needy."—*Juv. Mis. Magazine.*

Opinions Formed of Englishmen by People in India.

WHEN we consider how much the gospel has done for English people, and how many more useful things they know and can do than the ignorant inhabitants of heathen countries, it is not very wonderful that some poor blinded idolaters should think them a different race of beings. This was the case with Captain Cook, whom the Sandwich islanders supposed to be a god; and in some parts of India at the present day, the English are looked upon in the same way by the heathen. A Missionary in that country makes the following observations on the subject:—"The English," he says—"have certainly done great things in India; and their knowledge, their skill, and their power have led many of the natives to the opinion, that they are a higher race of beings than themselves. One of my brethren in the neighbourhood of Madras, lately said to a Hindoo, 'To whom do you pray?' 'I pray to the English,' answered the native. 'What foolishness!' exclaimed the Missionary. 'Why do you do that?' 'Because,' he replied, 'they must be gods. Look yonder at that great iron bridge across the river. None but gods could have made that. See there that large steamship. It is made of iron. If the *Hindoos* were to cast iron into the water, it would sink to the bottom in a moment; but the English can make it swim like wood, and go wherever they please. Then behold