

that week in the church, not one fell down. Many afterwards lay down through weakness, induced by the soul struggle through which they had passed.

There are two or three things which I feel inclined, before closing, to remark, though I believe they are the common property of all the brethren.

1st, The extraordinary calmness that reigned through the whole of that eventful week. There was never anything approaching to commotion, and never a sound which the slightest word did not still; so wonderful, indeed, was this calmness, that it was at times solemnizing.

2d, The joy manifested by all the good members of the church, but especially by the converts. It is, I believe, a good rule to go by, that true conversion can only be certainly known by its fruits; but during these days I saw countenances irradiated with smiles which no hypocrisy could stimulate, which I firmly believe nothing but a sight and a sense of sin washed from the conscience in the blood of the Lamb could produce—smiles which, I believe, I will recognise in a happier world. The joy of the older Christians was often manifested by a warm shake of the hand, and “Oh, minister, I can’t go home to-day, I am so happy.”

3d, Love, the mutual love of the converts, was, and still is, something worth seeing. The shake of the hand was very warm, but more observable was the sisterly kiss with which not a few of the females saluted each other at the first, and the delight with which all the professed converts regarded each other. Much of all this will no doubt wear off; but I trust the substance will remain through. The best effect has been produced upon the members of the church. There never has been so much brotherly love, perhaps, in the church as there has been during the past month.

4th, The class of persons affected is also worthy of remark. They are mostly young, some of them being not more than ten or twelve years of age; but nearly all of those above that age are persons who have been under instruction in classes for years. About twenty were members, and a few were openly wicked. Very few comparatively have been gathered out of the world. The difference between this and other churches is partly to be accounted for from the

fact, that within two or three miles of us, there are comparatively few uttering careless. A few notorious backsliders have, through fearful agony, apparently arrived at peace and joy.

I have found it difficult to arrive at the exact number of those who have professed penitence, but I know that 180 are under the mark. This is, of course, including the young and old. But what may be the number of true converts? This is a question requiring more than one month to answer. There have, doubtless, been some who were affected more with sympathy than sorrow for sin; and, perhaps, still more who have mistaken quiet of body for rest in the Saviour. Perhaps, also, there are some who have the root of the matter in them, who yet may fall off again for a season. But I have a list of about eighty who, I have little doubt, may with all safety be added to the church during the course of the year.

PROFESSING CHRIST: A SCENE IN A HINDOO VILLAGE.

Dr. Murray Mitchell recently visited Indapore. He says:—

I went out to a small village about four miles from Indapore. When the people saw me, they came to the *chowadi*, or village hall. The Patel, or chief man, was there. “I have often heard of your village,” I said, “and have been anxious to see you.” “The oftener you come the better,” was the reply. “I have heard that in this village idols are hardly worshipped now; but I see the god Hanrman there.” “Oh,” said they, “some do worship idols, the women particularly; but most of us have quite forsaken such things.” “Do you believe in one God only?” I said, addressing the Patel. “Certainly,” said he; “stone gods are stones, and nothing else.” “And do you believe on Jesus Christ?” I continued. “I do,” said he, but with a little hesitation. “Twenty years ago,” I said, “I heard that in this very place boys read religious books and prayers addressed to the true God, even while watching the fields.”—“Well, I for one did so,” said an intelligent looking man of thirty-two or so. “You believed on Christ?” “Most certainly.” “And do so still?” “Yes, decidedly.” As the conversa-