

event, when Naula, the last received of our orphan boys, was seized with an illness which began with symptoms of diarrhoea, but speedily declared itself to be the same insidious phthisis, and seemed coursing on to the same termination as in the case of poor Mary. I am glad to say, however, that, by the blessing of God on Dr. Valentine's skill and unremitting care, the first violence of the disease appears to have been checked, and some of its most alarming symptoms mitigated and removed. While fearfully thin, poor Naula is able to walk up to the bungalow, and join us at our morning worship. I feared at first that this was too much for him; but when Chintu Ram proposed to leave him behind, he cried and entreated to be permitted to go. He is a fine boy; listens with interest to the story of a Saviour's love, and delights to join his weak voice to those of his brothers and sisters in hymning his praise. May the dear Lord spare him for his own service; or, if otherwise it seem to him best take him home to be with himself. Dr. Valentine, with all the appliances which enlightened skill can devise, is struggling against the disease; but he fights against heavy odds in the case of children constitutionally scrofulous, and whose infancy and early childhood have been so hopeless and neglected. We can only do our best, and prayerfully leave the rest to God.

Turn now from the dark to the bright side of the picture; from our Father's chastenings which are blessings in disguise, to his undisguised blessings and encouragements.

BAPTISM OF THREE CONVERTS.

Some months ago I wrote you that I had three male inquirers steadily growing in knowledge of the truth, and ripening for admission to the church. Their baptism, which by all of them was very eagerly desired, was delayed longer than we intended, by a variety of causes. The absence of Dr. Valentine and our staunch brother Umrah, on an itinerating trip to Deolee; then a sharp attack of fever, which prostrated Jussa, one of the candidates; and lastly, my own illness from the same cause, delayed the solemn and interesting ceremony. On Sabbath, the 4th of September, however, although both Jussa and myself were suffering from the effects of our illness, we resolved to delay no longer, and preparations were made for administering the ordinance at the evening meeting in the school. Although the novelty and first excitement of a baptism have had the freshness taken off them by the repeated occurrence of the event in Nya Nuggur, still on entering the school premises, I found a large number of spectators assembled, filling the outer verandah, and dotting the open court in front. With looks of prying curiosity they regarded the

filling of the glass vessel which served as baptismal font from the lota (brass water-pot) of a Brahmin, a precaution we still think it necessary to take against the insinuations made, that we mix the water with blood and other impurities. After prayer, I addressed them on the conversion, confession and baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch, from the eighth chapter of the Acts, and was listened to with deep attention, while I pointed out from the narrative the requisites to the reception of baptism, in the earnest study of the Scriptures, and the knowledge of God and Christ, faith in Christ as the Son of God, and confession of him before men; pointing out that the three brothers whom we were about to welcome into the visible church had shown all the requisite marks of true discipleship, had made the necessary preparation, and gave good reason to hope that that change of heart, by the influence of God's Spirit, of which baptism is the outward sign, had really passed upon them—that they were disciples indeed.

As I proceeded with my address, my attention was attracted to, and by degrees centered itself on one individual from among the audience. On the front row of benches, but near the far end, sat one of the native officers of the Mair Regiment. He is a very stout and rotund person; and a loose undress of white cotton cloth seemed in no way to compress his dimensions. A bullet-head, corresponding to his body, was closely shaven, except where on his upper lip a bristly moustache, turned up fiercely at the tips, gave to his great expanse of face a somewhat truculent expression. All this, which I took at a glance, would not have struck me particularly, had it not been that with one glittering 'Ancient-Mariner'-looking eye transfixing me, the bullet-head kept swaying back and forward to the rhythm of my periods, clenching each with a fiercer jerk, which sometimes inspired fears for its stable equilibrium, or for the safety of the upper joints of his spine. At last the address and the oscillations of the bullet-head came to a close together; and after putting the questions of the usual formula to the three candidates, I, amid breathless silence, baptized them in the name of the three-one God, and admitted them into his church.

One of the three converts regularly walks 16 miles to and from public worship on Sabbath. He is a farmer and advanced in years.

LALLA, THE WEAVER.

At the close of the baptismal services, I was startled by seeing a figure emerge as if from among my feet, where unseen by me, it had remained coiled up during the administration of the ordinance. I was not slow to recognise in the brow, wrinkled as much