

value far above its material value. It is the spontaneous testimony of a young and dying Christian to the love of Christ in dying for sinners. It is Emi's seal set to the truth of Christ's declaration, that those who seek him early shall find Him."

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

The Treasurer has received another interesting letter from Miss Hebron, of Calcutta, from which we make the following extract. The intelligence it contains, will gratify and interest our young friends. We trust that this mission effort will have their prayers as well as their contributions:—

"I have pleasure in sending two notes of acknowledgment for Bibles, also a piece of poetry copied by one of the elder orphans, which they are all very fond of, and sing sweetly. They wish to have something in common with their Canadian friends. In my next I hope to send a specimen of their work, also the reports of the four girls now on our list. Our holidays commence on the 19th, for three weeks, and about the 15th Feb. we are to have our examination, after which I shall write again, D. V. On the 17th Sept. our eldest orphan was married to a native Christian Catechist of the Church of England. He preaches very nicely in Hindustani, as he is from Benares, and she has been teaching in our elder classes in the orphanage; so I am reserving them for our "*Canadian School*," as the people in that village are all Mussulmen; but the school will, of course, be conducted in Bengali. Peggie and her husband will take the work between them.—Our children were very much interested in the death of little Margaret (the scholar in Portsmouth School, near Kingston). We also lost a little one last month—Catherine—about 8 years of age. She had a short but sharp illness, and seemed to have a presentiment from the first that she would not recover. A few moments before her death I said to her: "Catherine, I don't think you will recover, would you like to go to heaven?" She said "Yes." "Do you love the Lord Jesus?" "Yes." "Who is He?" "The Son of God." "What else?" "My Saviour." Twice she repeated it in Bengali, which is the language they best understand. Shortly afterwards she fell asleep so quietly. She was interred in the Scotch burying ground—good Mr. Herdman