

of those who have thus been summoned from earth the teachers in these schools have good hope, that when their time comes to lie down in the bed of death, there will be some to welcome them home to heaven. One little child, taught in these schools, died with the words on his lips "Going home mother"—"going home." Another, early ripe for heaven, expired, sweetly saying "Let me go mother—let me go to heaven." In another school, at the end of the year, the little band assembled but "One was not, for God took her,"—a little girl whose name stood first on the roll of the establishment, had passed from earth. It was the first and last school she attended. There she had learned the Hymns that comforted her in death, and there she had learned, of Jesus and of Heaven. The teachers rejoice in the confidence, that the religious instruction they had given her, had been blessed by God, to the ripening of her spirit for Heaven. She was the first fruits of the Tabor Mission School. Had no other good been accomplished, surely here is cause for rejoicing. Young reader, you may not die young—long life may be before you, or it may not, but remember so to live, that whether to live or die, may be your gain. Remember that in your gracious Father's house, there "are many mansions," to which Jesus "is the way, the truth and the life." Read about these mansions in the Gospel by John 14th Chapter. And may you be, able living or dying, to bear about with you the happiness of feeling, that you are "going Home" to that bright world.

"Where sickness, pain and death are felt and feared no more."

FIRST FRUITS OF OUR MISSION.—MADRAS ORPHANAGE.

The following extract from a letter written by the Rev. Alexander Walker, and dated at Madras 25th June last, will be read with much interest—especially by those who aid in the support of orphans.

"You will be glad to hear that God has been pleased to own