

of them, at least for a time. They were now baptised with Christian names, and became every day more and more dear to Mrs. Coles. She attended to them as to her own child, who was then an infant like them. Her own children's nurse was their nurse too, and all that kindness and attention could do was done to relieve their little wants. At first they seemed inclined to be sickly, and when Mr. and Mrs. Coles removed to Bangalore, which they did soon after, they became very delicate indeed. At last they were taken to Bellary, and there their health improved, and now they are as fine and strong and healthy boys as you could wish to see.

At Bellary there is an excellent school for natives, called the Wardlaw Institution, and there these little boys now go daily to receive instruction. They are both about six years of age, and are the universal favourites of the school. Such a thing as a quarrel between them was never heard of, and they are as gentle and amiable as boys can be. If any favour has to be asked by the older scholars, they are sure to pick out one of those dear children to ask it.

Some two or three years ago Mrs. Coles wrote to Birmingham, to beg the Congregation under the care of Mr. James to try to do something for the support of these orphan children. The ladies kindly took it up, and ninety pounds were soon raised and sent out. How delightful, is it not? to help in thus saving "the children of the needy," and how precious and loving does that Gospel seem which can thus raise and help the orphan and the destitute!

The picture at the head of this paper represents these dear boys. They are severally called—and I am sure you will smile, when I tell you, at the absurdity of giving such names to little Hindoo boys—'JOHN ANGELL JAMES,' and 'GEORGE STORER MANSFIELD.'

"John Angell James," says Mrs. Coles, "is a very droll, merry boy, quite witty at times, and has a most animated little face. George Storer Mansfield, is a gentle mild child, not quite as sharp and clever as his brother, but quite as good and amiable; he is never more pleased than when J. A. James is saying something droll, and none joins in the laugh with more spirit than he."

Let us all pray that the dear boys may grow up useful, holy Missionaries.