

The following are the extracts referred to.—

"At Union chapel, Calcutta, there was baptized on Sunday last, a convert, Nironjon Mukarjee, whose family history strikingly illustrates one of the grossest features of Hinduism. This young man's grandfather, a Koolin Brahmin, during his life-time married sixty wives. His great grandfather married *one hundred and sixty*, eleven of whom, girls of eight and nine years old, he married in one day. On his death eleven of the wives burnt themselves on his funeral pile. Such was Hinduism a hundred years ago."

"An event of vast social importance has transpired during the past fortnight, which we have no doubt, will greatly interest our countrymen. Baboo Parbatty Churn Goop-to of the Boidya caste, a law student of the Presidency College, was married on the 2d. instant, to an accomplished widow girl of a different caste, fourteen years old, brought up at the Native Girl's School, belonging to the Free Church of Scotland. About fifty persons who formed the bridal party dined promiscuously on the occasion without any scruples about caste, and what is of far greater importance, some Brahma ladies of respectable families, who had been invited, were present, and took an active part in the nuptial proceedings. That this marriage is of a most extraordinary character and a daring advance on the existing social usages of our country, no one can deny. It combines in one act three great and important reforms. By expurgating all idolatrous ceremonies and *muntras* and adopting the Brahmic nuptial ritual it wholly discountenances Hinduism; secondly, it is an instance of widow-marriage; thirdly, it sets aside the distinctions of caste by effecting the intermarriage of persons of different castes. Nor are the age and qualifications of the bride matters of small importance. Verily the highest aspirations and the brightest visions of our patriots have been realized in this unprecedented matrimonial alliance, and well may they congratulate their country on this auspicious event as opening up vivid prospects of her deliverance from the many obnoxious and degrading customs that have been for centuries eating into her vitals.—Yes, it is such noble examples that will convince the world that we Bengalees are not mere talkers, that true reform is already stalking in giant strides, and that true reformers are mustering strong for the final and therefore the most desperate onslaught on the relics of Hinduism."

#### United Presbyterian Mission in India.

Rev. Mr. SHOOLBRED writes from BEAWR, giving an account of the baptism

of three converts and other circumstances of interest connected with this youthful but vigorous Mission:

#### DEATH OF LITTLE MARY.

In concluding my notice of our orphanage, I referred, in no boastful mood I trust, but with heartfelt thankfulness to the fact, that 'since its foundation, none of the dear children had died, or even suffered from severe sickness. When the *Record* containing that sketch reached Beawr, it found us watching by the death bed of little Mary, the youngest of our orphan girls, and to us the dearest; not only because of her remarkably amiable and gentle disposition, but because she had been the special favourite of our dear departed sister, whose name she bore, and whose last earthly thoughts had been concerned about the little one's welfare.—For some time she suffered from acute ophthalmia; and although she rapidly grew thin, we attributed this to the irritation occasioned by that disease, and endeavoured to strengthen her by nourishing diet. Soon, however, the deeper and more insidious disease revealed itself—poor little Mary was the victim of phthisis. It was surely from some presentiment that I wrote of her as the 'drooping lily.' With what a sad significance the words came back upon us as we sat by her little bed, and watched the ebbing life. The stem of the drooping lily was broken, nipped by the cold blasts that swept across her unremembered childhood, and on the morning of Tuesday, the 23rd of August, she slept away quietly, as a child goes to rest in its mother's arms; and the drooping lily droops no longer, but blooms unfading now in her Lord's upper garden, where no frosts nip, or rude winds blow. Dear little Mary! she was one of those little ones whom the gentle Jesus loved to take to his bosom and bless, while on earth. She was so meek, so gentle, so unselfish. Chintu Ram told me that she was in the habit of dividing her Sunday sweetmeats into four shares, keeping only one share for herself, and giving the others to the three youngest of the orphan boys; and she replied to our questionings about the Redeemer with so beaming a smile and lisped his praise so sweetly, that without presumption we dare cherish the hope that she has gone to join that upper choir, who, arrayed in white, and with golden harps cease not day or night to sing, 'Worthy the Lamb that was slain.' The same evening, borne to the grave-yard on the shoulders of our native Christians, and attended by all our own children, and many others, we laid her body in a grave next that of our lamented catechist, Abdul Massih, and left it to rest there in the hope of a blessed resurrection.

#### ILLNESS OF NAULA.

Scarcely had we recovered from that sad