

sins, and be made holy for ever. The last half hour of the four hours; the people say he stands upright, and swings in a circular motion round the fire. On coming down, he rolls himself in the hot ashes of the fire. I asked my little congregation what they thought of all this; they sat silent with their eyes cast down, and sighing heavily. At length Amond turned to Matthew Phirodeen, and passing his arms round his neck, exclaimed, "Ah my brother! such devils once were we! but now Jesus! Jesus! my God, my Saviour!"

Poetry.

Reply to the Indian Child's Lament.

Oh hush thy sorrows weeping child,
Thy mourning voice so sad and wild,
Nor wish thou wert a bird or flower,
That sings or blooms in earthly bower.

Wouldst thou shine in the starry throng—
Join in the choir of angel's song—
Fadecless bloom by the crystal stream?
Thou must list to my holy theme.

There is a path, it bids me say,
Jesus the life, the truth, the way;
Trust to his gentle shepherd hand,
'Twill lead thee safe to Canaan's land.

It speaks of one whose pitying eye,
First saw thee lost, condemned to die,
And yet so loved—his son he gave
Thy soul to purify and save.

Tidings of joy, by angels sung,
Thou may'st hush in thy Indian tongue,
"May'st tune thy feeble voice to praise,
What heavenly Hosts aspire to raise."

Jesus will wipe thy tears away,
Will be thy everlasting stay,
Faultless present thee at the throne,
Redeemed, accepted for his own.