

the effects of the loss of a sound education—that is, of a secular education based on religion.

Our English school books cannot be used there lest any taint of Christian doctrine should influence the minds of the children.

A school text-book on morals was lately compiled; it contained a suggestion that the lessons might perhaps be enforced and illustrated by suitable references to the Bible; but the Department thought this dangerous, and it was not allowed.

A poem, by Longfellow, on the Wreck of the *Hesperus*, was docked of the verse which tells how the maiden thought of 'Christ who stilled the wave on the Lake of Galilee.'

'The dogmatic bias was too obvious,' said those who are even thinking of again revising their school books, lest there might be anything in them 'likely to offend the religious prejudices of their Chinese fellow-citizens.'

Again we are told, that in reply to a question 'Why should we obey our parents?' a child replied with a reference to the fifth commandment, and the inspector could give no marks; the child, it appears, ought to have said only, 'Because they feed, clothe, and educate me.'

One more instance is given of the anti-Christian character of secular education. In an up-country school, in the absence of the clergyman, the teacher read a sermon to the people who had assembled for their act of worship, for which offence he was fined five pounds.

In the colony of Victoria the consequences of un-Christian education have been terribly disastrous, and of such a nature as to cause intense alarm for the future. A reform of the Education Act is called for by all serious men, though it is feared that party jealousies and religious prejudices may prevent it.

Let every English Christian see to it, that through no indifference, neglect, or fault of theirs such a state of things should ever come to pass in England.

We find no such missionaries to careless and ignorant parents as the religiously-taught children in our day schools. These children now number about 5,000, and we reckon on their being, with God's blessing, a great power for good in their homes. The simple repeating of morning or evening prayers, or saying graces in their parents' hearing, has helped numbers of fathers and mothers to look heavenward. But, besides these things, the children carry home many a fragment of

spiritual food which shows to starving souls where full supplies may be had.

Broadstairs, too, can quote such results, after the religious instructions of only a few weeks.

Broadstairs has room enough and to spare just now if any one is inclined to send us poor little convalescents, and to pay for their maintenance. The Home and its inmates cannot come together without the intervention of a third party. We on our side are ready with our welcome, and the children are ready to come. Who will be the medium, and undertake the expenses neither we ourselves nor the little would-be patients can afford? Read these extracts from our Broadstairs' journal, and think the matter over, kind friends.

BROADSTAIRS JOURNAL.

'It was best for his mother not to come with him, but she'll fetch him when his time is up; and, please God, she hopes to find him better.' So said the father of one of our convalescents, as he laid the helpless little figure upon a tiny sofa on the cripples' balcony. 'You see, my boy has got a plaster-jacket on; a fall hurt his spine, and he's had a bad abscess. He used to cry out with the pain, but he hasn't any to speak of now, only he's so weak. He ought to get strong here, I'm sure, for I've never seen a more beautiful place for children.' As the weeks passed on we watched this little patient with delight, so wonderfully did his health improve. Bertie was the most patient of children; he did not talk much, but his large brown eyes would wander round the play-room and take in all that was going on. At last the sorrowful day came when we must part with him. The little man was not helpless now, for the plaster-jacket had been removed, and he is fast recovering the use of his limbs. His mother came to fetch him, and we saw her start as the door of the ward was opened, exhibiting Bertie sitting up, with the happiest of little faces, threading some shells—treasures from the shore—for his brothers and sisters at home.

'I'm crying for joy,' explained the poor woman, as she turned away from the child to hide her fast-falling tears. 'I'm crying for joy. I've never seen him sit up for months and months; and, oh! the pleasure has been too much for me.'

Georgie was a tiny creature from a London hospital; he was three and a half years old,