

Extract from the narrative of Mr. Weitbrecht's preaching tours.

THE DARKNESS OF HEATHENISM.—Mr. Weitbrecht proceeded on an extensive tour, striking out eastward from Chinsurah, and taking Culna in his route, and from thence home. One or two incidents alluded to in letters we subjoin—

"At Tribeni I saw a painful sight. An old Hindu woman—a living skeleton—was brought to the river side to die. Her own son placed her naked body on the cold stones of the ghaut, and poured the holy water down her throat. I was myself shivering with cold, and the scene was too sad. I turned away and preached to a crowd coming up from bathing in a neighbouring garden. Some scoffed and laughed; others commended, and said they should like to hear more. One day we came to a place called by interpretation 'The City of Everlasting Happiness.' This beautiful name offered me a ready opportunity for commencing a conversation with a number of the inhabitants. I told them how happy I was to be in a place which I judged by its name to be very delightful, and I congratulated them on living there. They were pleased with this introduction, and expressed their gratification at my visit; but added, that true and abiding joys were not found in their village. So I begged permission to tell them where such really existed. We went on in a most friendly manner, till an old Brahmin, with most haughty mien, came and disturbed the beauty of the discourse by his sophistry. My tent, books, &c., all go very well in our cart, and I walk with the catechists. Yesterday I was very tired and thirsty from the dust, and some kind villagers handed me a lota full of juice which they were extracting from the sugar-cane, which refreshed me exceedingly. I offered them some pice, but they would not accept them. After five hours' walk we reached Culna very weary, and enjoyed Mr. Alexander's rice and curry. The English and Bengali schools are all thriving; and we had a very happy Sabbath. I preached twice.

"At Konchut I struck my tent early, and walked on nine miles. I was richly blessed in communion with my heavenly Father, and and wrestled hard for the poor souls who hear the Gospel and despise it. I have had delightful enjoyment during my trip in my private devotions. May I ever feel the Lord so near my soul!

"Here are Jesus Christ's men," said the people on seeing me at the next village. I at once gave them a solemn address, and testified against their idolatry, and they seemed impressed; but ignorance, prejudice, worldliness, love of sin—a system of religion suited to gratify a carnal mind, are strongholds which only that power can remove which raises the dead. How often does that passage recur to my mind, 'Son of man, can these dry bones live?' Human understanding can only say, 'Lord, thou knowest.' The answer is most comfortable, and it is the word of the true and faithful One. Surely India has been delivered into the hands of Christian England for no other purpose but that its deluded millions shall receive the blessed Gospel. May the day of His gracious visitation soon come!

At the next place they derided me exceedingly, using almost the very expression similar characters did to Paul at Athens: 'What will this babblers say?' It was painful; but though we suffer reproach, the Gospel continues to be 'the power of God' unto the sal-

vation of all them that believe. And in the evening some Brahmins, who had been kind to me yesterday, came with five other respectable men, and told me they were ready to embrace Christianity. They were evidently really convinced of the truth; and here is an instance of deep conviction produced by preaching, which shows that our labours are not in vain in the Lord"—*From Church of Scotland Magazine*

The Blind seeing: or, the Conversion of Copaul.

Poor little Copaul was born blind. He lived in a kind of pit, which some one had made for him in the earth, the roof of which was made of branches and twigs of trees, and was almost level with the ground. He shared this miserable place with two companions—his grandmother and his faithful dog. The old woman used to sit at the entrance of the pit with her wheel, spinning cotton; but, alas! she was an ignorant worshipper of idols. The dog was very useful in leading about his master from one door to another, where he begged bread for himself and his grandmother.

One day the dog led him to a house that stood in the midst of a garden. The poor animal saw then what the boy could not see, a gentleman with a white face sitting under the verandah. He therefore drew his master by the string through the open gate. When he came up to the house the dog stood still, and Copaul, supposing that some one was near, bowed himself till his face nearly touched the ground, though he did not yet know before whom he stood. But it was a servant of God, whom his divine Master had sent to bring this poor little blind boy to Christ.

The good missionary had pity on the boy. He saw that he was nearly naked, for the little covering he had on was merely rags. He therefore said, "Where do you come from, child! and what do you want here?" Poor Copaul laid his hand on his breast, and said, "I am hungry, sir." The missionary resolved to inquire about him, and in the meantime put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a piece of money, which he threw to the hungry boy, to prove whether he was blind or not, and whether he would pick it up. But the money fell to the ground without the boy's looking at it. The faithful dog, however, who was accustomed to collect money for the boy, sprang to the spot, picked it up with his mouth, and put it into his master's hand.

The missionary was not long before he found out that all the blind boy had told him was true. He then had him clothed, and sent to a Christian school, which was held in a house near his garden. Day after day his good dog led him to school, and waited for him till evening, when Copaul returned home. He soon learned many verses of the Bible, and, like all blind people, he never forgot what he learned.

Soon after, the missionary had to take a journey, and was away two months. When he returned, the first thing he did was to visit the school; but on looking round for Copaul, the boy was nowhere to be seen. He was then told that his grandmother had kept him away by force, for the poor woman was a confirmed heathen; and she was made to believe that the New Testament was a bad book. She would rather, therefore, lose her bread than let her grandson remain in a Christian school.

The missionary hastened the same evening to the miserable dwelling of Copaul. He

crept through the entrance, and found the poor blind boy lying on a wretched bed of bamboos, with a pillow of rags under his head. His faithful dog lay by him, but the moment he saw the friend of his master enter, he sprang up and greeted him in the most joyful manner. "Copaul, my poor child," said the missionary, "why do you lie here?" At first, he received no answer; but stooping down to feel the boy's pulse, Copaul became aware that some one was near him, though he knew not who it was. At first, he thought it was his grandmother, and said with a weak voice, "Oh, mother, mother, let me die! I do not like to stay in this dark place; I will go where there is light. I know the words are true, that God sent his Son to die for the sins of the world." Hereupon the poor boy began to repeat one verse after another which he had learnt at school. One text especially pleased him above all others, for it seemed to suit his blind and dark condition. It was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and in my flesh I shall see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another." Several times he repeated the words; but at last, he could get no farther than the first two words, "I know." He was too weak to go on, and he sank back, quite overcome, on his miserable pillow.

When the poor child gave over speaking, the missionary went down on his knees at the bedside, and praised God for this unexpected jewel, that, through his grace, he had gathered from the dust of India to set in the crown of the Redeemer. Four-and-twenty hours afterwards, the weak voice of this converted boy was silent for ever on earth, to commence its singing in heaven. Would you like to hear some of the last words he uttered? They were these:—"I see!—Now I have light!—I see Him in his beauty!—Tell the missionary that the blind sees!—I glory in Christ!—I glory!" As he said this, he slept in Jesus, and angels bore his happy spirit to that place where he should behold what no eye has seen, nor heard.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine, America.*

The true Christian God's Witness in the World.

You who have the Bible and do not read it, or who read it and do not believe it, or who believe it and do not obey it,—you are, be assured of this, one of the greatest obstacles to the triumphs of the Divine Word.

If your life corresponded to your profession; if your hearts were penetrated by the truths of the Christian Religion; if your conduct were conformable to it in all points, your example would be its most effectual recommendation.

The Eternal says to you: "Be ye my witness." The witness which God requires of you in order to convince the world, is your love, is your holiness, is your likeness to your Saviour. In refusing Him this witness, you betray His cause; and your impotence, your transgressions of His law, your love of the world, the contradiction, in short, between your belief and your works, retards the advance of God's reign and the acknowledgment of revealed truth in the world. Be ye awakened; be ye converted yourselves, and, all around you, then shall be awakened and converted.

Disciples of Jesus Christ, the more the practical confirmation of the Christian theory shall be striking, the more your love shall be burning and constant; your zeal indomitable and wise; your piety contemplative and active; your prayers humble and confident; the more,