

to the place we had resolved to visit. The first object which caught our attention at the entrance to the village was a pagoda, or small temple, dedicated to the worship of the *Polacheamel*, or the goddess of Cholera. So ignorant are these poor people, that they ascribe this dreadful disease to the displeasure of a senseless block of stone! Should cholera break out, large presents and offerings must be made to the idol, until its favour has been restored and the ravages of the disease stopped. Passing along, we soon came to the village school. The teacher is a heathen. About forty or fifty boys were seated in the verandah of his house, all reading aloud at the same time, and, as you may suppose, making a great noise. All natives believe that this is the best way of teaching. The people had no chair to offer, but a large mat made of bamboo leaves was spread in the open air instead. Six or seven months ago, I sent a few Gospels to this teacher, as he expressed a wish to have them, and promised he would put them into the hands of the boys attending his school. The first class now stood forward in order, and began reading the Gospel of John in their own language. You would have been very glad, I am sure, to have seen this pleasing sight. A great number of people soon gathered round, when they were informed that the Missionary had come. Several Brahmins came too, though they generally dislike the Gospel very much. I told them that the words they had heard their children reading were very good words, and hoped they would remember them. I asked them whether they would like to have a school, and a teacher of the Bible to live among them. One man said, "We have been waiting for you a long time. Come and teach us." And then, "We have no light; you must come and open our eyes." Many expressed themselves in this way, and begged a school might be established and a teacher sent to instruct them. There are many Brahmins, or priests, in this village; many heathen temples and gods in every house, but, alas! how true are these words, "*We have no light.*" My dear young friends, do you not feel very sorry for these poor benighted people? and will you not do what you can to send teachers of the Gospel, to open their eyes and instruct them in the word of God? Alas! there are thousands of towns and villages with many hundreds and thousands of people in each, in every direction, all crying out to the Missionaries and the good people of England, who love the souls of the heathen, "*We have no light. You must come and open our eyes.*" Do