

in the afternoon I have Sabbath-school in Chinese for them, when they repeat four or five verses from the Gospel of Luke, and one hymn learned during the week. After their lessons are repeated, they all sing one or two hymns, and give an account of the morning's sermon; and the rest of the time I endeavour to give them as much religious knowledge as I can in their own language. Mr. Young instructs them himself daily, questioning them on what they have learned during each morning; he also teaches them mental arithmetic and other useful subjects."—*Selected.*

Little Rajee.

There was once a little Hindoo girl named Rajee. She went to a missionary's school, but she would not eat with her school-fellows, because she belonged to a higher caste than they did. As she lived at the school, her mother brought her food every day, and Rajee sat under a tree to eat it. At the end of two years she told her mother that she wished to turn from idols, and serve the living God. Her mother was much troubled at hearing this, and begged her child not to bring disgrace on the family by becoming a Christian. But Rajee was anxious to save her precious soul. She cared no longer for her caste, for she knew that all she had been taught about it was deceit and folly; therefore one day she sat down and ate with her school-fellows. When her mother heard of Rajee's conduct, she ran to the school in a rage, and seizing her little daughter by the hair of her head, began to beat her severely. Then she hastened to the priests, to ask them whether the child had lost her caste for ever. The priests replied, "Has the child got her new teeth?" "No," said the mother. "Then we can cleanse her, and when her new teeth come she will be as pure as ever. But you must pay a good deal of money for the cleansing." Were they

not cunning priests? and covetous priests too?

The money was paid, and Rajee was brought home against her will. Dreadful sufferings awaited the poor child. The cleansing was a cruel business. The priests burned the child's tongue. This was one of their cruelties. When little Rajee was suffered to go back to the school, she was so ill that she could not rise from her bed.

The poor deceived mother came to see her. "I am going to Jesus," said the young martyr. The mother began to weep, "O Rajee, we will not let you die."

"But I am glad," the little sufferer replied, "because I shall go to Jesus. If you, mother, would love him, and give up your idols, we should meet again in heaven."

An hour afterwards Rajee went to heaven; but I have never heard whether her mother gave up her idols.—*Far Off.*

South Africa.

"Amongst the savage tribes of South Africa," says Mr. Bateman, "the Missionaries of various Societies are laboring. I have already told you of Geo. Schmidt, the first missionary, and the labours of the good Moravians who sent him out. But besides the Moravians, there are some twelve or thirteen Societies, all working for the conversion and civilization of South Africa. There are the Missionaries of the London, the Church of England, the Wesleyan, the French, and various Scottish Presbyterian Missionary Societies, going hand in hand in this great and glorious work. By their instrumentality, under the blessing of God, great things have been accomplished. Wild bushmen have been tamed; cannibal Morimos converted; degraded Hottentots raised, educated and saved; warlike Caffirs brought to embrace the gospel of peace; and wicked Bechuanas purified and blessed themselves, and made a blessing to others. Along with the blessings of salvation, the gospel has brought to these people the arts and habits of civilized society. Many of the wandering tribes, who used to live entirely by hunting and plundering, have been induc-