

Missionary Record.

PAVOOR DISTRICT

VISITATION OF THE BISHOP.—The following notice of the visit of the Bishop of Madras to Tinnovely, was introduced as bringing before us one of the many confirmations held by the Bishop throughout the Tinnovely districts. They caused much interest to the Native Christians, and, we trust, have been productive to them of much spiritual benefit.

Feb. 4.—The Bishop, and the Secretary of the Madras Committee of the Church Missionary Society, arrived at Nelloor, this morning, at 10 o'clock. The candidates for confirmation, belonging to the three districts of Nelloor, Surtandoi, and Pavoar, assembled in the church. The service commenced at eleven, and the Bishop confirmed 313 persons. The Rev. Messrs. Schaffter, Barenbrück and myself, being present, each of us took some part in the service. The Bishop's excellent address was translated by Mr. Barenbrück. We thought it calculated to be exceedingly useful to the people; and being desirous that the benefit should be permanent, we asked him if he would kindly allow it to be printed, and circulated amongst our people. It has accordingly been written, and printed in Tamil, forming a tract of twelve pages. It has been circulated amongst the native Christians in the province, who have received it with much eagerness and pleasure. With the blessing of God, it will be an instrument of much spiritual good.

I regret that I was not able to take full notes of the examination of the candidates for confirmation, but I found that the demands on my time would not admit of my doing so. I am persuaded that the replies of many would have been real with considerable interest, and would have exhibited an amount of Christian knowledge amongst the people, much greater than that which they are generally supposed to possess. I feel assured, also, that our work of faith, in seeking for our people the pouring of God's Holy Spirit, has received a peculiar blessing from God. Many, who had previously been instructed with great care, but with apparently little effect, have subsequently exhibited a clearness of view, with respect to the work of redemption and the office of the Holy Spirit, which is quite a surprise as well as a delight to me. Some persons, who had been careless for years, and who had learnt nothing for a considerable time, notwithstanding many efforts to teach them, became suddenly aroused, and were diligent in requiring Christian knowledge. Again, many others who have walked disorderly, and who had consequently been for a long time a great grief to me, forsake their evil deeds, and have ever since manifested a "newness of life," which encourages me to hope that the change has been wrought by the spirit of God. These last persons, indeed, were not amongst the confirmed; but the indirect benefit of the special instruction to the candidates for confirmation has been very great.

OREGON.—The following incidents, selected from letters of the Rev. W. Richmond, will explain why, for the past few months, no information has reached us respecting his Missionary labors in that territory.

On the 29th of February he was chilled through by riding all day in a deep snow and heavy storm. The storm prevented him from reaching his station for the day. From that time to the 12th of June he was confined by illness of a very severe character.

On the 14th June, though still suffering, he recommenced his labors at Lafayette, at which place he also officiated on the 26th, he says: "It is a matter of deep regret to me that I am not able at present to bestow more labor on my Mission and I am now contemplating the resumption of services, at least, at the Wapatoe Lake, and near Harris' Ferry." * * * "I am extremely desirous to continue this Mission, and had, as I informed you, made arrangements for an extensive round of services. But God, at least, for the present has laid His hand upon me, and I must submit."

In a letter of June 12th, he says: "At the time I was attacked with sickness, I had a prospect of more success in my Mission than at any former period since I engaged in it." His appointments were as follows:—Portland twice, Milwaukee four times, Harris' Ferry McKay's Prairie, Lafayette, Dayton and Milton, each once a month. His purpose was in the spring to visit the valley of the Umpqua, which he now intends doing in the autumn.

Mr. Edward L. Bill, of New York, is with him, and intends preparing for the ministry. Mrs. Richmond's school is going on, and he hopes soon to have one or more clergymen sent out, who can open a school for boys, for which he thinks he knows of about fifty who would

be sent, and thus the Missionaries, almost, if not entirely, supported. He also asks that for the current year his salary may be increased \$250, in consideration of the expense he has been at (much exceeding that amount) in putting up his house, and thus preparing a home to which the Missionaries can go. The necessity of buying and keeping a horse to go over so much ground also adds to his expenses.

Youth's Department.

THE CHILD'S COMFORT.

God is my friend, I need not fear,
For he is good and always near;
And he will keep me by his power
From day to day, from morn to hour

I am a sinner, but I know—
For God's own Word has told me so—
That Jesus Christ came down from heaven,
To die that I may be forgiven.

One thing there is that I must dread,
And that is Sin; for God hath said
That those whom he protects from ill
Must love his ways, and do his will.

THE LESSON OF DEKATR-BEKE.—Lord Chesterfield said, at the close of his life, "I have recently read Solomon with a kind of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not as wise as he; but now I am old enough to feel the truth of his reflection—'All in the world is vanity and vexation of spirit.' " Goethe, the distinguished German philosopher and poet, declared, at the age of eighty-four, as the lights of time went out, and the great load-stars of eternity were beginning to open out of his vision, that he had scarcely tasted twenty-four hours' solid happiness in the whole course of that protracted career.—Lord Byron, the great poet, gifted beyond measure in genius, destitute more than many of grace, wrote his experience in his own beautiful but unhappy strain, when he said, upon the verge of the tomb:—

"Though gay companions o'er the bowl,
Dispel awhile the curse of ill,
Though pleasure fill the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

Ay, but to die, and go, alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go,
To be the nothing that I was,
Ere born to life and living woe.

Count o'er the joy's thing hours have been—
Count o'er thy days from morn to noon,
And know, whatever thou hast seen,
'Tis something better than I am.

Nay, for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been,
Men and the world so much I hate,
I care not when I quit the scene."

The bitter sarcasm of this contrast, indeed, with the glorious man of the apostle—"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; there is reserved for me a crown of righteousness." Voltaire, the French atheist, pronounced the world to be full of wretches and himself the most wretched of them all. Mirabeau, one of the same school, died, calling, in his last moments, for opium to deaden the terrible forebodings of coming woe. Paine died intoxicated, and blaspheming. Hobbes prepared to take "a leap in the dark;" and Hume died joking and jesting about the boat of Charon, very much, I suspect, in the way which school boys whistle when they walk through a dark and lonely place, just to keep their spirits up and their terrors down.

JERRY AND THE VOICE.—Once there was a little boy whose name was Jerry. He had a kind mother and father, and two brothers younger than he. Jerry's mother often read the Bible to him, and told him how to be a good boy, and Jerry, as soon as he had learned to read, used to read about little Joseph, and Moses, and Samuel, he thought no stories were so pretty as Bible stories. He wished he could be like Samuel, he wished God would speak to him and call "Jerry," just as he did to little Samuel, then he would say "Here am I," and he would mind everything the Lord told him.

"Mother, if I could only hear God speak to me," said Jerry.

"Every time you think of doing wrong, Jerry, if you listen, you will hear a still, small voice, in your heart, saying, 'Jerry, Jerry!' that is God's voice, it is bidding you to do no sin."

"Shall I hear it with my ears, my own ears?" asked he, taking hold of his ears with his fat hands.

"You will hear it with the ears of your heart, perhaps," said his mother. "If you ever are upon the point of doing what is not right, stop a moment, stop still and listen in your heart, and see if something there does not seem to say, 'Jerry, do it not.'"

"And that is God, mother, is it?" asked Jerry, looking very sober, "telling me not to?"

"Yes, it is God."

"And does God speak to every body so?" asked Jerry.

"Yes, and he speaks very loudly to little children, because he wants them to begin aright. It is not listening to him which makes so many bad boys."

"Then God does speak to us now," said Jerry, after thinking a little while.

"Yes, both in the Bible and in our hearts."

"Pulling us back," said Jerry.

"Yes, pulling us back from sin. How very good God is to think to much of us!"

"Mother," cried Jerry, "I mean always to hearken. I mean to be like little Samuel. I mean to hear God and mind him. I am sure I ought to, God is so kind, so good to us, mother, giving us everything. He gave me my new shoes, didn't he? I should not have them, if it had not been for God, mother." His mother prayed in her heart that Jerry might ever hearken and obey the voice.

Not many days after this when Jerry came home from school, he found his mother had gone out. "I wish I had something to eat," he said.

"You can go into the parlour closet and get one of the green apples that are in the smallest basket up in the corner," said Nancy; "your mother will let you have one of those."

Jerry skipped away after one. He opened the chest; and went in; it was a deep, large closet, where the children did not often go. The apples looked good, and he took one. As he turned to come out, he spied a little cupboard door ajar, where he knew his mother kept her nice things. A basket of rich cake peeped out, with plums in it, and sugar over it. "Oh," said Jerry, smacking his lips, "Oh, how good it looks; how good it would taste; I should like a bite!" Jerry looked. "Take a piece; your mother need not know it," said a noisy voice in his heart. "Take it; it is a good chance, nobody sees you; snatch it!"

"Jerry! Jerry!" spoke the still, small voice—"Jerry!" it only seemed to say "Jerry," and Jerry knew it. He let it speak and he minded it. In a moment he shut the cupboard close to, and ran away as fast as he could. "I must not take that cake without mother's leave. I know I must not, if it looks ever so nice, or tastes ever so good," and he tried to think no more about the cake, while he went out in the garden and ate his apple. Jerry was very glad he hearkened.

When his mother went to give him the good night kiss, as he lay on his little bed, he whispered in her ear, "Mother, God seems to speak to me, and say 'Jerry,' as he did Samuel. I hear him and try to answer, 'Here am I!' but, mother, there are other voices too, bad voices. I am happy when I mind God's voice."

His mother felt very thankful for the words of her dear boy. Jerry is a great boy now, and his good conduct shows very plainly whose voice he still hears, and still obeys. He is a great comfort to his dear parents.

Dear children, do you hearken to the still, small voice of God, speaking in your hearts? Do, I pray you, stop and listen to it, and obey it. How good and gracious is God, to care thus for you, little children as you are!

The still, small voice is Conscience.

Selections.

THE VICTIM OF INTEMPERANCE.

The demon to whom he has voluntarily resigned his faculties, slowly, craftily, wretchedly stirs his blood, and then takes full possession of his heart, that he may qualify the man for bedlam or for hell. See the rot with his strong drink before him: he empties his glass until sensations, excited by the stimulus disorder his nervous system and break his thoughts and ideas into fragments, like the light of heaven upon an agitated sea. At first he is gratified by the splendid confusion—

"He swims in mirth, and fancies he has wings
Wherewith to scorn the earth!"

But soon a heavy darkness steals over him; and with not a distinct idea left, his eyes start vacant into the air, while his features and limbs partake of that brutal quiet so rapidly expressive of the absence of all possibility of intellectual content. But ere long the stimulus, working with his will, stirs his brains and his blood in a new manner, and he seems to wake up to new perceptions. Objects about him become veiled in a haze; and obscure bubbling, whispering sounds, as from the boiling of the witches' cauldron of infernal abominations, fall on his ear—not to disturb but to exhort his soul with a horrible spell. The mistiness fuming from that