

### LINES BY AN INDIAN PRINCE.



lady in Halifax sends the following lines to the CHILDREN'S RECORD :

She says they were written by the young Rajah of Tanjore, when his friend and instructor, Rev. Christian Frederic Swartz, died, toward the end of the year 1797, nearly one hundred years ago; and that they are memorable as being the first ever written in the English language by a native of India.

This good lady, whose body has seen seventy-three years, but whose heart is still young, says she learned these lines when a child of ten years of age, and has never seen them since.

And now before giving the lines let us learn this precious lesson. What we learn when young, remains longest and most clearly in memory. What a pleasant thing it is to hang the memory chambers with bright pictures when young, to have them to look at when we get old. How much young people can do in this way toward making old age bright and keeping it young.

*In memory of Rev. Christian Frederic Swartz.*

Firm went thou, gentle and wise,  
Honest, pure, free from disguise;  
Father of orphans, the widow's support,  
Comfort in sorrow of every sort.  
Blessing to princes, to people, to me;  
May I, my father, be worthy of Thee,  
Wisheth and prayeth thy "Sarabojee.

\* Hindu word meaning child.

The story of the circumstances which obliged Swartz to take charge of the little heir to the throne of Tanjore will be found in "The Lives of Missionaries" written by J. Carne.

### CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS.

The Gonds live in Central India. They are a wild, uncivilized people, The Rev. E. D. Price, a missionary among them, writes: "You may perhaps be surprised to hear that there are a good many doctors, or 'medicine men,' amongst the Gonds.

A favourite medicine is a bit of thick red cloth about four inches long, and with a knot

in the middle of it. This medicine is, of course, not taken internally. It is used by sick people not too ill to walk about. As they are going along they mutter over the name of the god or goddess of sickness, generally Kali, and drop down the bits of cloth. If anyone passing along happens to tread on the cloth, or even to touch it, the sickness will fly away to him from the sick man. So an exchange is effected, and the sick man recovers.

Another cure is to pick a thorn off a jujube-tree and to hide it under a stone. So if any passer-by treads on the stone by accident, or approaches too near to it, the goddess of sickness flies off to him, leaving the sick man to recover. If a Gond sees one of these thorns or bits of cloth lying about, he will keep out of its way.

After we have had several patients at our bungalow, we usually find a good many such bits of red cloth in the verandah. I have often picked them up and asked how it is we do not get ill from touching them. The Gonds have replied: "The gods, like us, are greatly afraid of the Sahibs (Englishmen), and run away when they see them coming."

*Missions of the World.*

### THOUGHT SHE WAS IN HEAVEN.

A lady who has visited Japan told to a gathering of ladies, recently, an experience that came to her knowledge. A little child had come to a mission school. The contrast between the cheerlessness of her home and the very atmosphere of that Christian place made it seem something more beautiful than she had ever known. Soon after she entered, she commenced to ask for "grandmamma." "Your grandmamma is not here." "She must be here. She has gone to heaven, and this is heaven; she must be here." Scarcely could she be persuaded by the teachers that the one she sought was not there. But the school was overcrowded, and the child could not be kept. As she was sent back home she was told that there was no room for her there. "What! no room? Grandmamma always said there was plenty of room in heaven, and this is heaven; there must be room for me."—*Sel.*