

This is a specimen of Hindu idolatry and superstition. And here in Bombay we have rich men, and her Majesty's justices of the peace, and some even educated men, keeping up, and heading and joining every year in this worship. There are hundreds of educated men now here, and a good many profess not to believe in these things ; but they never say a word against them, and unless they become Christians, they never do or will.

How foolish all these stories must appear to you ; and yet these stories, which look foolish and absurd enough to us as boys and girls, are believed by all the men and women of this country. How Satan has blinded the hearts of men.

Truly, if among the boys and girls, young men and women, of Christian lands, there was much peace, and joy, and hope in Christ, there would be a greater desire to give these blessings to those who have them not.—*Bombay, Dec. 3, 1856.—Juvenile Record.*

LITTLE HENRICO OF TOCAT.

At Tocat, a town in the interior of Asia Minor, in the region where Mount Ararat rears its ancient head, lives and labors a Missionary of the American Board, Mr. Van Lennep. Here Henry Martyn was buried, that man of God ; and now by his side is laid another Henry—little Henry Van Lennep. His father thus sweetly tells the story of his precious child to the readers of the "Youth's Dayspring."

You will be interested to learn that another preacher of the Gospel among the heathen has fallen. True, he was not an *ordained* preacher, nor did he preach from the pulpit, though we hoped he would do so if his life was spared. He was but five and a half years old, but he was nevertheless an active Missionary, and was never ashamed to declare to all, the truth as it is in Jesus.

This Missionary's name was Henry, and his friends called him Henrico, a diminutive of that name. He was the first grand child of a Missionary born in the Levant, his grand parents being Mr. and Mrs. Bird, long Missionaries at Beirut. His mother was the first child baptized on Missionary ground by the oldest of our Missionary hand, our dear father Goodell, and Henrico was the last thus consecrated by the same hand, before he left for home, after an absence of thirty years. He was a child of many prayers, and the first act of his