

there been any, I must have bought on credit, for money I had none.

"I had purchased some ewes from Elnor when he left the country, which I spared, hoping to get now and then a lamb. My meals consisted frequently of a draught of milk in the morning, another at noon, and a third at night, either sweet, sour, or curdled. I had frequently pretty long fasts, and have had recourse to the 'fasting girdle,' as it is called. On more than one occasion after the morning service, I have shouldered my gun, and gone to the plain or the mountain-brow in search of something to eat, and, when unsuccessful, have returned, laid down my piece, taken the word of life, and addressed my congregation. I never liked begging, and have frequently been hard put to; but many a time has an unknown friend placed in my hut a portion of food, on which I have looked with feeling, better conceived than described."—pp. 146, 147.

A CHILD'S SACRIFICE.

FROM A FEMALE MISSIONARY.

In Dr. Leischild's interesting speech at Exeter Hall, in February last, he proposed a plan, which I could not but at once approve and admire. It was, to form an Auxiliary Society, in which the names of children, as soon as they could understand, were to be enrolled, and to continue until their majority. He said, "I believe there are thousands of little ones, throughout the country, of both sexes, who would be glad to be enrolled for some amount." Now, I could not help thinking at the time I read it, that in this respect the poor deluded idolaters here afford a striking example, worthy of the imitation of Christians. I scarcely ever remember meeting a procession for idolatrous worship that there was not a number of children bearing some part in it. On one occasion I met a man and woman, with three children, on their way to Amoor's Temple. I asked them where they were going.—They said, "To make pooja," or worship. I asked, "Why?" They said "One child had been sick; it did make vow, and were going to pray." I said, "Why, for such a little child?" They smiled, and said, "Why not?"

The man carried in one hand a fowl, for sacrifice; and with the other led a little boy about six years old, who had in his hand three sweet potatoes. On his shoulder the man carried a little girl, about three years old, who had in her hand a cocoa nut. The woman carried a brass plate, with a little rice, some saffron, a little sugar, and some flowers. She had an infant about twelve months old; and O, ye Christian mothers, think with compassion on this little one, who also had its sacrifice for the devil. *In its little hand it carried a plantain.* I asked "What it was for?" They replied, "It is for sacrifice!" They looked satisfied with themselves. They thought by doing this, they should so far secure the favour of the demon, that no evil should befall them. Oh, how I longed to lead them to Him who is the friend, and not the foe, of our little ones; who, though the mighty God, has said, Suffer little children to come unto me and

forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Christian mothers, will you not teach your little ones to do something for the cause of Him who has died for them? If it is worth no more than a plantain, you may teach them, as did this heathen mother—"It is for sacrifice." Endeavour to sow in their young warm hearts the seeds of benevolence, and teach them, as one of their earliest lessons, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

And oh, my beloved children and young friends, will you allow me to appeal to your benevolent feelings on behalf of these poor, neglected, and destitute little girls and boys, whose souls you know, are worth more than a world! Perhaps you will say, "Well, but I cannot save their souls." No more can I; but, we can direct them to Him who can; and will if they seek him. Many of these poor children have been rescued from scenes of the greatest misery and distress. Great are the cruelties and sufferings that some of them have endured. Many were brought to us during the famine, almost dead; it was some time before they recovered, but now most of them are tolerably well. We have a large school-room for them, in which they are taught, and sleep, for in this country they do not require beds, as they do in England, but they sleep upon a little mat. They take their meals in the verandah, without knives or forks, which curry and rice do not require. They eat out of a little earthen catty, or dish, and if you could see some of their little merry faces, you would say they were quite as happy as many young ladies in a boarding-school in England.—*London Missionary Magazine.*

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.—It is related of George III. that when hunting near Windsor, once, with his characteristic tenderness of feeling, he relinquished the enjoyment of the chase, out of compassion to his exhausted horse, and gently riding along through an avenue of the forest, was led by the cry of distress to an open space, where, under a branching oak, on a little pallet of straw, lay a dying gipsy woman. Dismounting and hastening to the spot, his majesty anxiously inquired of a girl who was weeping over the sufferer, "What, my dear child, can be done for you?" "Oh, sir, my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died! I ran all the way, before it was light this morning, to Windsor, and asked for a minister, but no one could I find to come and pray with my mother." The dying woman's agitated countenance bore witness that she understood and felt the cruel disappointment. The king.—O lovely lesson for kings!—exclaimed, "I am a minister, and God has sent me, to instruct and comfort your mother." Then seating himself in a pack, he took the hand of the gipsy woman, showed the nature and demerit of sin, and pointed her to Jesus,