

out;" for it makes finger-marks which, even should they not be seen by those around you on earth, will yet be seen, to your condemnation, at the bar of God.—*Author of Sunday-School Illustrations.*

Prayer.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed."

So sang Montgomery in his inimitable ode on prayer, which gives expression to the workings of every pious soul. It has been said that a man who prays is incapable of wickedness—the heart that communes with God cannot entertain impurity and uncharitableness.

The most delightful, as well as profitable exercise of the pious mind, is private prayer. The deep thoughts, too deep for utterance, buried far down in the breast, the unspoken and unspeakable sympathies, and silent emotions, are in private prayer breathed out to the Being that alone understands them.

There are heart-workings, soul-striving emotions to which language gives no adequate expression, and sympathy for which the soul yearns, incommunicable to material ears, but in silent aspirations rise to the "radiance chamber" of Deity, in the form of prayer.

The deepest, sweetest, holiest affections of the soul, the "inward work," the "transformation of the mind," and the peace that "flows like a river," are things to be felt, not seen, or heard. One may pray publicly, like the Pharisee of old to be seen of men, there may be much of ostentation in our public exercises of worship, but in "the secret place," when we have "entered our closet and shut the door," the mind is shut out and we are in the presence of God; then the soul is sincere—the heart is honest—the intention pure.

The Infant Sacrifice.

A TRUE TALE.

COOL evening's soft, unclouded light,
Shone pure on Gunga's sacred stream,
Where every tiny ripple bright
Caught, as it flow'd, a parting beam.

With rapid and uneven pace,
A Hindu mother bore her child;
Bedewing oft its infant face
With bitter tears of anguish wild.

On to the river's brink she sped;
Then stood, all beautiful and young,
And silent o'er the baby's head
A wreath of fairest flowerets hung.

Then, with a strange and wild embrace,
And a quick glance of speechless woe;
First on the babe's unconscious face,
Next on the river's tranquil flow.

She dash'd beneath the gurgling wave
The treasure of her heart's deep joy:
No Christian arm was there to save
The Hindu mother's hapless boy.

Soft flow'd the stream, and bore along
The infant to a wooded ledge;
Where drooping branches, green and strong,
Hung downward to the silvery edge.

The baby grasp'd a bough, and crept
Up to the green bank, where he clung;
No more the affrighted mother wept,
For Gunga's terrors o'er her hung.*

She seized the panting boy; her hand—
The mother's hand—destroy'd her child!
Then flung him from the verdant strand,
Far on the wave with gesture wild.

Sad was her silent home that night,
And chill her heavy heart, and lone;
Poor mother! could that offering bright
For thy deep heartfelt guilt atone?

Ah no! thy loved one died in vain;
Yet there's a Sacrifice for thee—
A spotless Lamb for sin was slain,
When Jesus died on Calvary.

How beautiful on India's plains
The feet of those who publish peace!
Who soothe her weeping daughter's pains,
And bid their blood-stain'd offerings cease!

*Had the infant escaped, she would have believed herself under the curse of Gunga.

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