

the wreck of his own ruin, haste to the refuge! His voice now failed him. He struggled hard and long, and at last with one loud groan, he expired, and then took the fatal and dreaded leap; but has never come back to tell us what it is for a soul to perish.

Never Despair.

To Sabbath-school Teachers.

Often has the faithful and deeply solicitous Sabbath-school teacher, at the close of his day's labour, to turn away with a heavy heart as he ponders over the obstinate contumacy and the wayward volitions of the will which have been manifested by his class, and the apparent absence of any indication for good being effected; or has he further considers the probability there is, that, if any impressions have been made observable, they may during the week amidst the avocations and alluements of the world be entirely obliterated from the minds of his youthful charge: yet, although this is the case in numberless instances, it is not always so; and the following narrative will testify the influence of Sabbath-school training, and may serve to stimulate to further devotedness and energy in so noble a cause:—

Some years since, in a Sabbath-school in the village of K—, a youth was admitted who had been the subject of maternal and pious solicitude, and it was hoped that he would be a desirable acquisition to the school. Being of a ready and quick apprehension, and persevering disposition, he soon obtained a position in the first Bible-class; but, as if the object of his ambition had been realized, and as if now there was nothing else worthy of his attention, since he ranked amongst the first scholars in the school, he grew careless and negligent; the volatility of his disposition soon manifested itself; and it was observed that, notwithstanding the pious remonstrances of his teacher, he took great delight in twisting and torturing passages of the sacred Scriptures in various ways, in order to excite a laugh amongst his fellow-scholars whenever the eye of his teacher was turned away from him. After several years he was removed from school without any evidence of a reformation, and placed as an apprentice in a respectable business; but heeded not the injunctions of the wise man: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not,"—"Enter not into the path of the wicked: go not into the way of evil men;"—but as if determined to incline to that which is evil only, and to yield to that which is evil only, and to yield himself up to the promptings of his own heart, he joined wicked companions, and, instead of frequenting the Sabbath-school, he would break the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," by strolling out into the fields, and by other means wasting the precious time he ought to have devoted to the service of God. However, it pleased God, in his providence, to arrest him in his downward career. One Sabbath, as he was going his usual round for recreation, he had to pass one of those sacred institutions—a Sabbath School: when the remembrance of his former training, and his present course of conduct, was impressed on his mind in such a forcible manner, that he resolved to abandon his wicked course, and become, if possible, a teacher himself. The first noble step he took, was to give up his wicked associates, as they would not go with him; and notwithstanding their cruel gibes and ridicule, he sought and obtained admittance as a teacher; and while attempting to water others, he himself was watered; and, in a short time after, first giving himself to God, he became a member of the Christian Church, and is a standing proof of the mercy and goodness of God, and of the salutary influence of Sabbath-schools. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that." "He that goeth forth sowing, bearing precious seed,

shall doubtless return again rejoicing, if he faint not."

Hoping that the above will serve the double purpose of warning others of so criminal a course of procedure, and encouraging Sabbath-school teachers in their arduous toil,

I remain, &c.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER

—Christian Penny Magazine.

A Praying Machine.

I met a company of Tartars and Lamas with their cattle, in the Suddage valley; some had Manis, but would not sell them. Some time ago, I met one here turning his Mani most quickly whilst he walked. His small bundle of property being on his back, I stopped him, and asked if he would sell it to me, as I have been asked frequently by friends to procure some of these Manis (prayer wheels), for forwarding to Europe. He refused it; but entering into conversation with him, and telling him he could fix his own price, he asked three rupees for it. It was however a very inferior one, made of leather, whilst the valuable ones are made of copper, inlaid with silver letters, &c. I paid him the money, and he gave me the Mani; when all at once, after a little while, he asked me to give it back to him. As soon as he had it in his hands again he put it three times to his forehead, made his salaam to it, and returned it to me, poor fellow, and off he went. It is difficult to get these Manis here, as very few like to part with them. Once, at the Rompur fair, I asked a Ladak man to sell me his; but he refused to do so on the ground that I might turn it round the wrong way, from the right to the left, as it must always be turned to the right—in consequence of which he would have to suffer if he sold it to me.

These little Manis are a remarkable invention. They are wooden or iron, or copper cylinders—filled with a long, but narrow roll of paper or cloth, on which their idols and symbols are painted, and, below, prayers, either printed or written in the Tibetan character—about two inches in diameter and three inches long. It moves on points like a horizontal wheel, and in a small string, a kind of iron or brass frame attached to the wheel to make it swing nicely.

Not only the Buddhist clergy, but also any of the laity, who feel inclined to do so, use this wheel.

Those who are too poor, buy at least the prayers without the wheel, and carry the roll of paper on which they are written, or printed from a wood block, on their chest, sewn in a rag. A part of the Lamas procure their subsistence from writing or printing these prayers or sacred sentences. In Upper Khenav, they have very big Manis in their temples; which one man turns round by a handle. In 1813, I saw a very fine one at Sabining; one turned it, and a number of people sat near it, so that the wind caused by turning it might touch their faces, which is considered not only fortunate but also blessed.

The people have Manis or prayer-wheels built even in small streams close to their houses, so that the water, by turning the wheel, performs the necessary prayers for them.—Ch. Miss. Gleason.

THRILLING INCIDENT.—At a Temperance meeting in Philadelphia, says the *Banner of Temperance*, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favour of wine as a drink—demonstrating quite to his own satisfaction, to be scriptural, gentlemanly and healthful. When he sat down, a plain, elderly man arose, and asked leave to say a few words. "A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was at length prevailed on, to the great joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful, till one evening

in a social party, glasses of wine were handed around. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so well, why not I?' So he took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite; and after a rapid downward course, he died of delirium tremens! died a raving madman." The old man paused for utterance; and was just able to add: "That young man was my only son! and the clergyman was the reverend doctor, who has just addressed this assembly!"

JESUS CHRIST, A PHYSICIAN.—Jesus Christ is a Physician. He comes to heal your sins. If you wish to be healed, come to him at once, just as you are. The soul that waits for purer motives, or for a deeper sense of guilt, or for a stronger interest in the subject before it comes to Christ, is like the sick person waiting for health before he sends for a physician. Jesus Christ came to *help you in obtaining these feelings*, not to receive you after you have made yourself holy without him. You have, I well know, great and arduous struggles to carry on with sin, and most certainly, if you attempt them alone, you will become discouraged and fail. Come to the Saviour before you begin them; for, be assured you will need help. Come, then, to this Friend. Bring all your interests, and hopes, and fears to him—he will sympathize in them all. And whenever you have wandered, never hesitate to return with contrition of soul to him.—J. Abbot.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.—A life of formality, listlessness, and inactivity, is far from being a spiritual life. Where these things are habitual and predominant, they are infallible symptoms of spiritual death. It is true, believers are subject to many sickly qualms and frequent indispositions; yea, at times, their languishments are such that the operations of the vital principle within them are hardly discernible to themselves or others; and the vigor of their devotion, in their most sprightly hours, is checked and borne down by the body of death under which they groan. Yet still there is an inextinguishable spark of life within which scatters a glimmering light in the thickest darkness, and sometimes shines with illustrious brightness. The pulse of the spirit, though weak and irregular, still beats. There is an active power that relucates and struggles against the counter-striving of the flesh; that under the greatest languor, puts forth some weak efforts, some faint essays, and under the actuating influence of the Divine Spirit, invigorates the soul to "mount up with wings like an eagle, to run without wearying, and walk without fainting." And oh! the joy, the pleasure of such heavenly activity! We therefore may write *Tekel* on the dull, inoperative religion of many; it serves for no end, but to prove them dead in trespasses and sins. The dispensation of God's grace towards fallen sinners, is their vivification to holiness—"that they may bring fruit unto God," (Rom. vii. 4.) and sure where that design is not obtained, there can be no true religion. Let us therefore beware lest we should have a name to live, while we are dead.—Davies.

OXFORD SELF-CONVICTED.

From the London Christian Times.

The Universities are noble places, and I am sure no man in England has a deeper affection for Oxford than I have, or more appreciates its inimitable advantages. And therefore I wish it improved and reformed, though this is a *therefore* which men are extremely slow to understand.—Dr. Arnold.

What has inspired the hopes and expectations of Rome? What has prompted the extraordinary course taken by the Pope? With almost literal and rigid truth it might be answered, Oxford alone