

This is a specimen of the foolish fables invented by the priests and believed by the people of Hindostan. Here our young friends will perceive a most wretched attempt to make their gods great; but oh, how childish and base is this description, compared with what is told of Him, "whom no man hath seen, nor can see," whom "heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain," "who maketh the clouds his chariot, who walketh on the wings of the wind!"

Our God has said, "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee, for the world is mine and the fullness thereof. Will I eat the flesh of bulls or drink the blood of goats?" "Offer unto the Lord thanksgiving." Thus God asks thanksgiving, but the poor Hindoo has no word for thanks in all his language, and no feeling of thanks in all his heart. He knows nothing of that high and grand truth which a Christian child can express in these three words, "God is love." When he turns his thoughts to his base deities, he knows what it is to tremble, but he knows nothing of what it is to love or trust. He has no sense of the true blessedness expressed in such words as these; "We love him because he first loved us." "O Lord of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee." Remember that Christ, who is the only image of the invisible God, has said, "Ye have neither heard his voice at any time nor seen his shape;" but if you would wish a description of the power and glory of the true God to contrast with the idle fiction given above, we would point you to the following words in the third chapter of the book of Habakkuk. How cheering to think that he whom they describe, is saying to every faithful missionary in the world, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

"God came from Teman,
And the Holy One from mount Paran. Selah.
His glory covers the heavens,
And the earth was full of his praise.
And his brightness was as the light;
He had horns coming out of his hand;