

other suggestions of your excellent friend. Well aware of the difficulty of securing adequate support to a work exclusively devoted to religious and missionary intelligence, the periodical in question is intended to form a prominent part of the new series of the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, under the designation of "*The Colonial Religious Register*." Further particulars will soon be laid before the public; but, in the meantime, I have thought it proper to make this announcement, to show your correspondent that his hints had been in part anticipated, and that they will not be lost sight of by the friends of the Missions of the Church of Scotland.

Need I remind your correspondent farther, that the *Scottish Christian Herald* has kindly lent its powerful aid in the same cause; and that the "four great Schemes" of the Church regularly find, in its valuable and widely circulating pages, a medium of communication with the public.

I am, dear Sir, yours,  
ROBERT BURNS.

### INDIA.

STATE OF RELIGION AMONG THE HINDOOS.—The present Hindoo Society may be classified in the following order, viz: First, those who are sincerely the followers of idolatry, which class comprises the mass of the people. Secondly, those who have discovered its follies and absurdities, but have not courage to declare their heretical opinions in the assemblies of the orthodox,—a class which comprehends many among the middling and higher ranks. Thirdly, those who have discovered the follies and absurdities of idolatry, and adopting the Vedant shastra, freely declare their opinion, but in practice conform to the established custom, and allow idols to be worshipped in their families. Fourthly, those who have entirely abandoned idols and superstition, but in consequence of parental control and family influence, cannot declare their sentiments nor act according to their belief; this class comprises most of the rising generation, who are now being educated in our public schools. Fifthly, those who have entirely separated themselves from the Hindoo society, and embraced the Christian faith; of these there are but few, particularly among those of any influence or consideration. Sixthly, and lastly, those who have abandoned all religion, and are the followers of reason; these generally believe in the existence of one God, but disbelieving all revelation, follow a code of morality formed by themselves. The individuals of this class have no fixed rule of action, are naturally divided in opinion among themselves, and are not known as a distinct body or sect. A survey of these classes shows that idolatry is on the wane, and that, as the light of knowledge spreads, the gloom of superstition is vanishing. It shows that some great and general change of opinion must soon take place.—*Bengal Herald (Reformer)*.

### WRITTEN ON THE ATLANTIC.

(From the *Bahama Advertiser*.)

Now, on the pathless sea I roam,—  
A wanderer from my native home;  
The azure sky above my head,  
The deep blue waves beneath me spread.

A speck on ocean's mighty tides,  
Our little bark the billow rides;  
A thing which every wave might sweep,  
In fragments on the foamy deep.

Behind, I gaze, but cannot see  
One trace, my own loved land, of thee;—  
Afar, a gem on ocean's breast,  
Thou sleep'st like island of the blest.

Not on the deep's blue verge is seen,  
One sign where man is, or has been;—  
Save when some distant sail may rise,  
Then fleet like mist in summer skies.

One boundless breath of sea and sky.  
Changeless, yet changing, meets the eye;—  
One solemn sound is ever near,  
As if the voice of heaven were here.

Oh! who His boundless might may fear,  
Who holds the sea-depths in his span;  
And when the storm drives on its path,  
Walks on the wind, and stills its wrath!

Fain on that mighty arm I'd roll,  
The hopes—the sorrows of my soul;  
And ask thee, Lord, when passions lour,  
To still them with thy rod of pow'r.

Life may at times with storms be prest,  
Or calm may settle on its breast;  
Still in each scene I'd seek thy face,  
And hide me in thy hiding-place.

REV. W. M'LURE.

### THE BREAD FROM HEAVEN.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken!  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death, our sins are dead!

Look on the heart, by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears, by sinners shed;  
And be thy feast to us the token,  
That by thy grace our souls are fed!

HEBER.