

these spots, and there tens of thousands go every year to hold a sacred festival.

At Hardwar, nearer the sources of the river, some fifty thousand or more thus meet every year and bathe in the river, and drink its waters and pay their offerings.

The most costly gifts are thrown into it to secure the favour of the goddess, and none seek a blessing from it but they bring it some gift. Costly jewels, flowers, and money are often cast into it. Mothers too have been known to throw their children in, and thus look for some special blessings from the goddess.

The Brahmins teach that, if any one gives whole villages to the Ganges, he will obtain the fruit of all the other offerings made at all its sacred places; his body will become a million times more glorious than the sun; he will dwell for ages in heaven enjoying its pleasures; and that for every particle of dust contained in the villages and their lands, he shall have a year of bliss in Vishnoo's palace. But they teach that whoever doubts this shall be doomed to hell, and become an ass. By these means do these wicked men keep their power over the minds of the poor creatures they delude.

Morning and evening the Hindus look at this river to remove the sins of the day. When sick they smear their bodies with its mud. They swear in their most solemn manner when they swear on the Ganges.

Is it not melancholy, young reader, to think of this sad superstition. It is not so horrid as Juggernaut you may think, but it is just as soul-destroying. And shocking indeed is it too. Thousands of innocent lives are sacrificed to this goddess; dreadful murders of infants and others committed to please her, and scenes of wicked superstition practised that might well make our hearts bleed with pity.

One only thing can stop all these cruelties and follies—the *knowledge of the gospel of Christ*. It is for us to send it to them, and to show these poor

deluded people that the *blood of Jesus*, not the *water of the Ganges*, cleanses the soul from sin.

French Mission in South Africa.

Many of our readers know that Protestant Christians in France have sent several Missionaries to the Bassutoes, a nation of South Africa. These Missionaries meet once a year at one of the stations to pray together, and to encourage one another in their work. At these meetings they read reports from every station about what has been done during the past year, and what success has blessed their labours. They then talk about the different Missions, and form plans for the future. The last of these meetings was held in April, 1855, at a station called Thaba-Bossiou; and we will now give you a few facts taken from the reports which were read on that occasion.

At Thaba-Bossiou the devoted Mr. Casalis is the principal Missionary. It is very near the station of the great chief Moshesu, of whom you often heard. A school had been lately opened there, and the time of the report there were eighty or ninety scholars in it. Some of these were sixteen or eighteen years old, among whom are sons of Moshesh. They are taught reading, writing, singing, and the English language. During the late Caffir wars a few of the natives at Thaba-Bossiou returned to the old and wicked habits of the country, and caused great sorrow to the Missionaries. But, thanks to the goodness of God, some of them repented of their faults and forsook them. Amongst these was Samuel Mockoso, a son of Moshesh. He seemed so true a penitent that the Missionaries could not refuse to receive him back into the church. It was a solemn and interesting occasion. Moses Moussetzé, a most excellent man, and some other members, asked him some questions, in the course of which the following conversation took place:—