

pare the number of its individuals of each class, with an ordinary sized town, say a town with a population of 10,000 we should find in the vast metropolis as many persons as would fill about two towns with Jews; ten towns with persons who work on the Sabbath; fourteen towns with habitual gin drinkers; more than ten towns with persons who are every year found intoxicated in the streets of London; two towns with fallen women, to say nothing of those who are partakers of their sins; one town with gamblers; one with children trained in crime; one with thieves and receivers of stolen goods; half a town with Italians; four towns with Germans; two towns with French; while there are as many Irish as would fill the city of Dublin; and more Roman Catholics than would fill the city of Rome. Nor is this all. There are as many publicans and beer and tobacco shops as would fill two towns of 10,000 each, open every Sunday: and if we allow only twenty-five customers to each place, as representing the amount of attendance for the day, we have 500,000 people, say half a million of men and women thus occupied, while 374,015 only are attending the house of God! In London there are 20,000 public-houses and beer and tobacco shops open on the Sunday, and only 750 Protestant churches and chapels for divine worship. In Scotland, with the same population, there are no public-houses open on the Sunday, and 2500 churches and chapels where the people attend on the means and ordinances of grace. In London we have the concentrated essence of evil within a radius from the centre point of seven miles. In Scotland the iniquity that even there abounds is spread over a surface of 1500 square miles."

An Aged Devil-Worshipper and his Christian Grandchild.

"A friend was called some time since to witness the death of an old devil dancer.—The old man's son had become a Christian, and had done all he could to bring his father to a better mind. Once he had prevailed upon him and his aged mother to leave their village and to live with himself; but a promise from heathen relatives of fifteen or twenty palmyra trees (a sufficient maintenance) induced him to return to his old heathen practices. Soon after he sickened, and my friend saw him die hopeless. 'I'm lost, I'm utterly lost,' he said; but do you,' he daded, turning to his son, 'mind I am not buried by my heathen relatives: let me be buried among Christians, and as much in the form of Christians as the padre will allow; and as to your sister, whom I have betrothed to a heathen, and received on ac-

count of the betrothal so many rupees, break off the match; if you have to work night and day, earn the money, and pay it back.' And so the poor fellow did.

"I want to contrast this with the next death (as I suppose it was) that took place in the same family. It was that of this aged heathen's little grandson. The devil dancer's son had the name of Gurupatham given him by the Catechist, on account of his earnestness and devotedness. The meaning of the name is, the Minister's or Teacher's foot. Gurupatham's boy's name was Samuel; I think he was his third child, and had nearly lost his life as soon as born, in consequence of his father being from home, his mother being told by a conjuror that he would be a most unlucky child, and cause his father's death when about five years old.

"The father returned in time to save his child from the wicked plots of the foolish female neighbours. He said 'Nonsense, nonsense;' but Christian though he was, and apparently incredulous, he hurried off the child to another astrologer, had his horoscope taken again, and learned that he would have a sickness nearly fatal when four years old.

"But Gurupatham returned satisfied that astrology was all trickery, and little Samuel lived, but lived a sickly child.

"When about three years old, through an affection of the spine, the poor boy pined away almost to nothing. His father one day took him on his knee, when to all appearance he was very near his end, and was surprised by the little fellow saying 'Father, cry a little for me.' This was enough to bring a quick current into Gurupatham's eyes.

"'Stop, stop,' said the child, 'that is quite enough, wipe your tears away; I am going to my Father's house.' 'Why,' said Gurupatham, 'are you not now in your father's house?' 'No,' said Samuel, 'my Father is in heaven.' He said little, if anything more; and, if I remember rightly, it was only a few moments before he breathed his last.

"The next morning Gurupatham waited on the Missionary. 'Ay-a,' he said, 'when my little boy was ill, I made a vow that if he lived I would give five rupees to the building of our new Church.' He was going on, when the Missionary, beginning to interrupt him as to the expediency of vows, if not their impropriety, in Christians, was in his turn interrupted by Gurupatham. 'Ay-a,' he went on to say, 'I have made the vow, and my little Samuel, I am persuaded, does live; I will give you the five rupees: no, I will give you more, seven, or more, even though I shall have to work hard for them.' The poor fellow has given ten."—(Mémoir of the late Rev. T. G. Ragland.)