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Toil on Teachers.

Toil on, teachers! toil on boldly,
Labor on and watch and pray;
Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
Heed them not, go on your way;
Jeans is a loving master;
Cease not till his work is done;
Cleave to him still closer, faster,
He will own and honor you.

Toil on, teachers, nothing daunted,
Whatever may oppose;
You shall have all help that's wanted,
Jeans every word knows;
Be not fearful, terror strikers,
Tremble not at any foe;
Danger, let it only keen,
Make your Christian courage show.

Toil on, teachers! toil on ever,
Constantly undiminished toil;
Till ye are weary and weary ever,
Labor on in every soil;
Lilies souls one day may wake,
Barred seed springs up and grow;
Sow stout beliefs may be shaken,
Hardened hearts may be brought low.

Toil on, teachers! earnest, steady,
Sowing well the seed of truth;
Always willing, cheerful, ready,
Watching, praying, for your youth;
Patient, firm and persevering,
Leaning on the promise sure;
Prayer will surely gain a hearing,
Fidelity to the end endure.

Toil on, teachers! you are doing,
What the Saviour well approves;
Satan seeks young souls to ruin,
Jeans to redeem them loves;
Kindly still he looks upon them,
Tenderly he calls them near,
Sheds his grace and mercy on them,
While his blessed voice they hear.

Toil on, teachers! in due season,
Reaping time will surely come;
You shall yet have glorious reason,
To rejoice in harvest home;
Many a shining one is glory,
As the endless ages roll,
Shall receive the welcome story,
How Christ saved his soul.

India.

The following extracts from our Indian correspondence will be read with interest and profit. Mr. Evers relates further particulars respecting the young Brahmin converted mentioned in Mr. Burgess' letter inserted last month, p. 149. Mr. Sullivan's letter exhibits a spectacle of which kind feelings and bright hopes are associated. Mr. Banks' views of the mutiny in the north-west as a Divine punishment of the marked disregard of Christianity by our rulers, are worthy of serious and prayerful consideration.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. J. Evers, East Indian Minister, dated Nagapatnam, June 23d, 1857.

I remember promising to tell you of the educational work of my Circuit in this letter, and to begin with the boys' English and Vernacular school. I am happy to be able to state that, though reduced in numbers, still it promises to be the nucleus of the church. God has again signally owned our labors, by giving us one Brahmin lad as a convert. Soobramonyan (for this is his name) was admitted into our school about the middle of 1854, and by diligence and regularity rose in a short time from the last to the first class. He went first to a school of the Propagation Society, but as he could not gain admittance without the payment of a fee, being the son of a poor parent he came into our school, which at that time afforded instruction gratis. He soon gave us proof of his talents by disputing skillfully against the Christian religion. But, as he listened daily to the enlightening and saving truths of the Gospel, his prejudice and ignorance vanished, and he became fully convinced of the errors of his faith, and of the uprightness of caste. In 1855 I taught the second class, and Soobramonyan was one of my pupils. I and he used to have many discussions; and, from his stout opposition to the truth, he indulged very little hope of seeing him become a Christian. He was very fond of stating the doctrines of Hinduism, just for me to see how utterly at variance they were with Christian doctrines; and, on one occasion, I will remember silencing him in the following manner. Speaking of the tribute of God's omnipotence, I said that the Bible taught us that God was present everywhere. He immediately, with an air of superiority, replied, "But our religion teaches that God is in everything—in an atom as well as in a chip of wood. I denied this. He persisted in it. I then said, 'You say that God is in everything?' 'Yes.' 'Then he ought to be in a grain of rice.' He assented. 'Then, when you boil it, you boil him, and when you eat it you eat him, do you not?' To this he made no reply, and from that day never attempted to argue in favour of his doctrines.

In the middle of last year he commenced to attend the North-gate services, and it was at these services that, according to his own confession, he received a deeper impression of the truth of our religion. Then it was that he resolved to renounce his faith, but did not make known his mind to me till the end of the year. As I was to go to the Madras District, and at the beginning of December, and as the boy was anxious to effect his escape to Madras, seeing that he was under age, and that he could not be protected here by the law, I advised him to leave this place shortly after my departure; and after the very evening of his starting, and before he had got near to a place ten miles from this, he was overtaken by a man who he thought looked suspiciously at him, and believing that the priest would go and tell his parents, he returned home with all possible haste, and with this ended his first attempt. Two weeks after this, Mr. Barber, of Jaffna, passed through Negapatnam on his way to Madras, and when Soobramonyan saw him, and found out that he was going to Madras, he told him his secret, and asked him to allow him to accompany him. But that that evening Soobramonyan's father intended going to Mayyaram, and

he would have Soobramonyan to go with him. This was a second disappointment.—And now he patiently waited my return from Madras, and my further directions.—When I came back I found that his resolve had not in the least slackened, but rather had increased. From the time of my return to that of his departure, I found him laboring under great anxiety, wishing daily for a favorable opportunity of escaping to Madras. Every evening he used to come into my room to pray with me,—the Brahmin lad who not long ago used to speak against the Bible, and against those who taught it! At the beginning of last month an opportunity offered itself, and the boy determined to embrace it by leaving for Madras. As I preferred seeing him remain and receive baptism here, though for this he should have to wait some time on account of his minority, he being under sixteen years of age, I did not suggest to him that he should leave. He himself determined that he would go, and his parents went away, and when he thought that they had arrived at their destination, he started for the place where he believed he could without any hindrance receive the rite of baptism. He reached Madras within eight days, and was baptized a week after by the Rev. Arminius Burgess.

Some days after his departure, his father returned to Negapatnam, and with deep sorrow heard that his son had run away to be a Christian, or, as the Brahmins say, to cut his *Poonool*. The old man came to me the morning after his arrival, and cried bitterly, and begged me to get his son back; but I told him that I could not compel his boy to return, and that those to whom he had gone would not force him to go back to Negapatnam. I told him further that, if he wished, he could go and persuade his son to return. And this he did, for on the very next day he started for Madras, and made his appearance at the Mission-house on a Monday afternoon, with one of his Madras relatives. Mr. Burgess has written me respecting the interview, and through a painful one to the old man, and though the father remained for two hours persuading the boy to return, all his persuasion was in vain.—When he saw that he could not move the lad, he demanded the jewels which were on his person—a pair of silver bangles and a pair of ear-rings. Money was given in lieu of them, and after receiving it the old man left, and has not been a second time. But I dare say that he is still at Madras, waiting an opportunity to carry away the lad; but great care is taken of Soobramonyan, and I am confident that the father will not succeed in taking him away. He is now very happy, happy because he has been received into the church of Christ by baptism. This is what he longed for, and no doubt prayed for. He was afraid of living and dying an heathen. We have received two letters from him since his baptism, and the following to Mrs. Evers, received only yesterday, shows what his feelings were in that hour of trial. I give it *verbatim*:—

Royapatnam, Madras, June 21st, 1857.
"MY DEAR MOTHER,—By the grace of the Almighty God I am quite well. Because I have come (here) I feel happy and contented. I have longed for, and now I have been very glad in hearing that I passed the trials of my father. When my father came, he cried and begged me to come; but I felt very sorry and cried when I saw him crying, yet I had courage and strength to stand steady. Here the Missionaries and all the Society people are very kind unto me. Their masses of absurdities, contradictions, and filth they evidently looked on as the essence of all that is sublime, holy, and pure, and were surprised that anything could be said for Christianity. Some of their reasonings, learn from the Scriptures, were so truly ingenious; and many of our good people at home would wonder that so much could be pleaded for idolatry. I remember that when I was speaking of the theories of one of our Gods, a boy replied that all things belonged to God, and, therefore when God stole it he took his own.—However, after seeing many parts, we certainly believe that the gods are false, despite their efforts to save them, now both as defending Hinduism and objecting to Christianity, they are 'speechless.' As you well know, the Hindu system presents so many handles to opponents in its cycles of cycles, transmutations, caste-distinctions, and inflexible systems of astronomy, geography, and other things that on these latter subjects their Divine Revealer should be so surprised and contradicted by man's discoveries! The portions of scriptures we happen to be reading are well suited to the cases of the youths in the class: they are the Books of Exodus and Acts. Points of similarity between the old Egyptian and the Sabbath of the Hindus are constantly occurring; and adding a crushing weight to the exposures of idolatry which the first chapters of Exodus contain. The contrast between the living God protecting his people, and the Egyptian idols and people both weak and ruined together, is clear and striking. The Book of Acts shows us the circumstances amid which Christianity first spread, the violent opposition it everywhere met and overcame; and above all, it is constantly applying unanswerable evidences of the Deity of our blessed Lord. These start up in nearly every verse, of a direct or indirect kind; but now he desists from argument, and assents by silence, and often by words. Of one intelligent Hindu youth I cherish some hope. He is a youth of unusually strong sense and openness, and often expresses his admiration of Christian truth. I have persuaded him to promise to attend the Sabbath-school Sunday class, if his parents do not oppose. O, I do pray that God's good Spirit may be given to him, to lead him to embrace the holy satisfying truth of Jesus and God. After reasoning, and silencing, and urging, our only resource is prayer. We strive and labor; but we cannot, we feel we cannot, or ourselves produce the happy result. O, how often do we hear the heart-rending cry, 'Say what you will I will not be converted; I will not believe!' But many are more inwardly convinced of Christianity's truth, yet want boldness to confess it. Upon a still larger class all arguing seems waste breath. Doubtless, early training, inveterate habits and customs, and fear of persecution, are great hindrances; but the greatest of all is one which no man can remove—a want of conviction of personal guilt before God. It is our wisdom and effort to appeal, not so much to the mind,

as the conscience and soul. This is the surest and most direct way to secure conversion. By setting forth the character of God, the requirements of his law, the deserts and consequences of sin, and by faithful prayer bringing the Holy Spirit to apply these to the heart; and, as enquiry is started, which nothing but Christianity ever 'proves' to satisfy, 'What must I do to be saved?' If the Hindu asks this greatest of questions of each one of his country's 330,000,000 of gods, from not one does he hear a reply, but all are dumb. For the Missionary's success, and the heathen's conversion, the power from on high, through the Holy Spirit, the 'promised gift of the Father,' this, this, alone, is needed.

"You will no doubt long ere this have read full accounts of the furious disturbances in the Northern Provinces. I assure you, the recital of the brutalities practised there awakes great apprehensions even in places so far south as this, and amongst most of the Christians of India. But the decisive measures taken to suppress the mutiny, and the presence here of so large an English force, secured us; and yet, not these, but the good providence of our God by these. We cannot but look on these calamities as God's righteous punishments of the marked deficiency of Christianity by the most of the Government school, college, and University. Pleading as this might be to the secular educationalist at home, it is repugnant to the mind eager to obey the Saviour's last and largest command. It is a contradiction that we cannot understand, and these facts removed, that a Christian Government should take the most pains to preserve millions of its subjects in all their Heathen darkness, and exclude that truth which alone truly reveals the security of Government and the welfare of the people. It seems to my mind a strange and startling fact, that our Indian rulers give ten thousand dollars to support Mohammedanism and Hinduisms, to support feasts, and temples, and idols, and priests, that also most long since have gone to ruin; while they give not a penny that I am aware of, directly for the conversion of the native to Christianity. I dare not tell you my feelings on this subject, but I feel that, as a Missionary, I know that it is my duty to pray that wise counsels and plans may be suggested to our rulers.

My thoughts were specially carried back to you at the time of the May Anniversary, and I was pleased to read the *Watchman's* account of it. I am living in a bungalow on the Mission premises, and, along with my books am very happy. Who would not be, with a world of Heathen to be converted around, and God, our heavenly Father above, and Christ, the hope of eternal glory, within, and the 'sure word of prophecy' and promise as the encouragement in toil.—*Wesleyan Missionary Notices.*

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. John S. Banks, dated Bangalore, July 5th 1857.

I do not know whether it will interest you to hear respecting my class in the school, and yet this is all of my own work that I can report of. This second class contains about fifteen boys, which is a less number than previously, through new and strict rules made and enforced; but what we lose in numbers for a time we gain in order and real progress. I say 'real progress,' but their ages vary from fourteen to twenty-six. Among them one is a Mussulman; but nearly all the rest are of the Brahmin caste. You may, perhaps, form a still better idea of their variety from the fact, that four vernacular languages are spoken among them,—some using one, and some another, and some using two. I have, therefore, to teach. And, besides these, I learn that Maharrata is often spoken, and Sanscrit studied by them in their homes. English, of course, is spoken in the class, though translation into the vernacular forms one of the occasional lessons. We should expect boys who know several languages to be distinguished by superiority; but a knowledge of any literature in the language is just as rare as acquaintance with the mere colloquial style is common; and therefore instances of these boy-linguists being really superior in mind are rarely, or never, met with. The scholars are far more teachable than English boys generally. There is not a doubt that their strong independence so admirable in English men, but so troublesome in English boys, there is rather the opposite of this in a servility that is absolutely erasing. But this docility of the Hindu boys is more than counterbalanced by their excessive intolerance. They seem to be distinguished by the most perfect ease and complacency, just as though a century were allowed for every day, and regard what we should call earnestness as a mania. With a class composed of such materials I spend five hours daily.—The lesson which I ever regard most anxiously and prayerfully is the Scripture, 'Believe that you are sinners, and you shall be saved.' There is not a word of conceit in their own religious system. Their masses of absurdities, contradictions, and filth they evidently looked on as the essence of all that is sublime, holy, and pure, and were surprised that anything could be said for Christianity. Some of their reasonings, learn from the Scriptures, were so truly ingenious; and many of our good people at home would wonder that so much could be pleaded for idolatry. 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With a class composed of such materials I spend five hours daily.—The lesson which I ever regard most anxiously and prayerfully is the Scripture, 'Believe that you are sinners, and you shall be saved.' There is not a word of conceit in their own religious system. Their masses of absurdities, contradictions, and filth they evidently looked on as the essence of all that is sublime, holy, and pure, and were surprised that anything could be said for Christianity. Some of their reasonings, learn from the Scriptures, were so truly ingenious; and many of our good people at home would wonder that so much could be pleaded for idolatry. 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