

Hindoo Children and Mission Schools.

THE LATER BOY.

Mr. Bateman described a part of India, named the Goomsoor country, inhabited by a race of people called Khunds. These people, he said, were very superstitious, and had long been in the practice of offering up human sacrifices to their cruel gods, and especially at a certain season of the year, when they wanted the favour of these gods for producing good crops. Their sacrifices generally consist of children, whom they kidnap, or, where they cannot do this, buy off some of the wicked people on the plains of Orissa. These poor children are carried by them into the mountains, and there fed, like so many beasts, against the day of sacrifice. They are then brought out, fastened, one by one, to a stake driven firmly into the ground, and their flesh cut away, piece by piece, till they die. Each piece of flesh, as soon as it is cut off from the living child, is taken by the people to their fields, and the blood squeezed out and sprinkled over the ground where the newly-sown grain lies. This they think will give them a fruitful harvest. Some years ago, a number of officers in the British Army, hearing of these things, went to the place, and saved a great many little boys and girls from death, whom they sent down to the Mission-stations to be taken care of, and brought up in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Amongst a company of children thus sent down, about four years ago, there was a little Orissa boy, to whom the Missionaries gave the name of David. This little boy seemed very dull and stupid when taken into the school, and all the Missionaries could do to teach him good things was at first of no use. At last, his mind opened all at once. At that time a great work of God was going on in the school, and several children were converted, and amongst them was little David. So soon as he was brought to Christ, his whole mind seemed

changed, and from being one of the dullest children in the school, he became an exceedingly active, diligent, and pious lad. He gave himself very closely to his learning, and got on so well that he was soon put into the printing-office, and was made there what is called a "compositor." The Missionaries were delighted and astonished with him, and every body loved him. God, however, was only thus ripening him for heaven, to which he very soon took him.

A number of white spots were, at this time, seen upon various parts of his body, and they soon shewed that he had been seized by that most dreadful of all diseases, the leprosy. He was sent to the hospital, and great care taken of him; but the spots soon became sores, with which his whole body was covered.

The doctor now forbade his going again into the school, or mixing with the other children, lest they should catch the disease; and, accordingly, a little tent was put up for him at a short distance from the school, where he might be quiet, and yet sometimes have the pleasure of hearing the voices and seeing the faces of his companions. Here he used to lie alone for many hours; but when the time of worship came round, he would crawl to the door of his tent, and get as near as he could to the company, that he might hear the Missionary's voice, and join in the worship of God.

One day, the Missionary and his wife went into his tent to see him, and found him lying on his back, seemingly in deep thought. His Testament was close to his side, and his hymn-book open in his hand. They feared to disturb him, so at once they went back. In a little while the Missionary returned. Every thing was just where it was—the door of the tent open, the Testament, the hymn-book, all as they were. But his bright spirit had taken its flight to heaven. No human hand was there to smooth his pillow, or give the slightest help.