

MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG.

We have been deeply interested in perusing the accounts that have reached us, of the lectures, recently delivered in London, by the Rev. C. H. Bateman, which must have proved exceedingly interesting to those who had the opportunity of hearing them, being illustrated with a large missionary map of the world, and many idols from heathen lands. We intend, as opportunity offers, to enrich our pages with some of the information and anecdotes which he has given. We copy from the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, of the London Missionary Society, a valuable publication for the young, and would hope is widely circulated, as it is well calculated to awaken an interest in the missionary cause:

INDIAN IDOLS.

Among the idols which Mr. Bateman shewed to the children, there was a large one of Kalee, that dreadful goddess whom thieves and murderers worship. But, as we described this horrid idol in a recent number, we need not say any more about it now. There were two others, however, which were not so dreadful to look at as Kalee; but they were so ugly that, when Mr. Bateman held them up, the children could not help laughing aloud. One of these was Gunesh, or Gunputti. He has the body of a babe, and the head of an elephant. But the foolish people call him "the God of Wisdom," and teach their children to pray to him to make them wise; and when they go to school in the morning, they bring him a little offering in their hands. Mr. Bateman, therefore, called Gunputti *the children's god*.

THE HINDOO MOTHER.

Amongst the stories which Mr. Bateman told, was one which greatly affected the little boys and girls. It was about a Hindoo woman who threw her little baby into the river Ganges. Some of you have very likely heard that there is a river in the north of India called the Ganges, and which the poor, ignorant people there foolishly worship. They look upon its waters as very sacred, and fancy that if they drink them, they will get a great blessing from them; or if they wash in them, they will come out quite cleansed from their sin; or if they die in them will go, all bright and glorious, to Paradise. The great value they thus set upon the Ganges makes them offer to it very costly things; and sometimes they will throw into it all sorts of precious jewels, in the hope that the goddess who rules over it will do them good. Even little children are sometimes thrown thus into the river.

One day a young Hindoo mother was seen going down to the Ganges, carrying a sweet little baby in her arms, which she was loading with her kisses and bathing with her tears. The person that saw her thought, "Ah! poor Hindoo woman, she is going to throw that child to the Ganges;" so he watched her. When she got down to the river, he saw her lay her lovely babe upon the grass, and then going to the edge of the stream, gather some of the long reeds or flags that grew there: these she plaited together so as to make a sort of little raft. She then gathered a number of the beautiful flowers of the lotus—a sort of waterlily—and with these she made a wreath all round the raft. Then lighting a little lamp, and placing it in one corner, she lifted up her babe, again loaded it with kisses, placed it in the midst of the flowers, and then pushed all off upon the surface of the stream, a beautiful offering to the goddess. She thought that the stream would bear away her girl quite out of sight; that by and by her darling babe might, perhaps, fall off the raft and be drowned in the sacred river, and that then, as its blest spirit rose to paradise, the goddess would pardon her sins and bless her soul. But it so happened that she did not push it far enough, and the eddies of the river brought back the little raft underneath the overhanging branches of some bushes at the side. The little babe held out its hands to its mother, and cried for her to take it up; but no, she had given it up to the Ganges, and she dare not take it back.—At last, as it passed under a branch, the little thing caught fast hold of it, and lifted itself up a little from the raft. The moment the mother saw that, she was seized with fear, that, perhaps, after all, it might escape, and then a curse and not a blessing would fall upon her spirit. So she rushed down to the spot, and scrambling out to the end of the branch where her little child hung, she seized hold of it, wrung its little neck round and round, and then threw it out into the river, where it sunk to rise no more!

"Oh, cruel Hindoo mother!" you all of you cry out; but I would rather say, "Oh, ignorant Hindoo mother!" Poor woman! she did not know that God had given his Son to die for her, so she gave her babe an offering to the Ganges. Had she known what you know of God giving his Son for her sins, she would not have acted as she did. Oh! let us send her word of the glorious Gospel of God, and tell her, she need not throw her child to the Ganges, for God has given up his Son, and "His blood cleanseth from all sin."

THE MANIAC BOY.

Another of Mr. Bateman's stories was about a dear little boy, whose mother took away his senses to prevent his becoming a Christian.

Perhaps some of you know that we have above 50,000 young people in our differ