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THE MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD

FOR
MARCH,
1852.



THE
MISSIONARY
AND
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SCHOOL
RECORD

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The Union Bible Dictionary is in one vol. 18mo, (double columns) 640 pages, 150 illustrations, 9500 references, and sold at 45 cents, by

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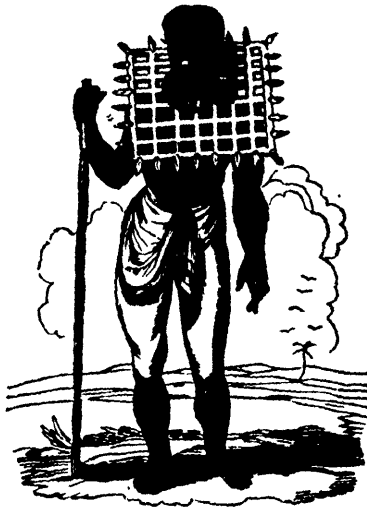


Hook-Swinging.

Among the Hindoos, there is a class of people called Yogis, or Devotees, who inflict great evils upon themselves. Their object is the same with that of the Synyasi, which is to root out every human feeling. Some live in holes and caves; some drag around a heavy chain attached to them; some make the circuit of an empire creeping on their hands and knees; some roll their bodies from the shores of the Indus to the Ganges.

The Rev. Mr. Hoyer, a missionary in India, in one of his late letters, says, that an Indian Devotee has spent more than nine years on a journey from Benares to Cape Comorin, that is from

the 27th to the 7th degree of North latitude. The whole journey is made by rolling on the bare ground, from one side to the other, about three miles each day. Other devotees swing all their life time before a slow fire; some stand between two fires; some hold up one, or both arms, until the muscles become rigid, and their limbs become shrivelled into stumps; some torture themselves by hanging from the limb of a tree, with their head downward, till their hair reaches the ground; some stretch themselves on beds of iron spikes; some wear great square irons on their necks, as seen in the engraving on next page.



I have seen not only a man, but a woman, in India, with these great square irons around their necks, each perhaps two feet in length, and two feet in breadth. These they put on for the purpose of fulfilling some vow they have made. For instance, if a mother has a very sick little boy, she will say, "Now, Swammie, if you will cure my little boy, I will have a square iron put on my neck, and wear it all my life."—After this vow is made, if the little boy gets well, the mother thinks that Swammie has cured him, and to fulfil her engagement, as I just said, she will have one of these irons put on her neck.

Other devotees throw themselves from the tops of precipices, and are dashed to pieces; some bury themselves alive in holes which their own relatives have dug; some bind themselves with ropes or chains to trees until they die; some keep gazing so long and constantly at the heavens, that the muscles of their neck become contracted, and no aliment but liquids, can pass into the stomach. Annually at the festival of Siva, people perform horrid ceremonies upon themselves. Some throw themselves down from a height upon iron spikes, or upon bags of straw which have knives in them. Some dance on the

fire; some have their tongues bored through with an iron, and then put living snakes through the aperture. Some have their breasts and arms stuck entirely full of pins. Some sit all night by the temples with lamps, whose pointed extremities are attached to wires, which are fastened to the feet of their foreheads. Some swing through the air by two great hooks, which are passed through the tender parts of their backs, as you will perceive by the picture on the first page.

Missionary Lectures to the Young

BY THE REV. C. H. BATEMAN.

We have on several previous occasions quoted largely from Mr. Bateman's Lecture on Africa to the little boys and girls in London. In the present number we continue these interesting lectures. We have already seen that almost the whole of Africa, so far as known to us is given to the Prince of darkness, and how little of it as yet is won for Christ. This we go on, and will tell you somewhat more of what Mr. Bateman said about missionary efforts now making to still further the Gospel of Jesus:—

"The first Missionaries," he says, "that ever went to Africa, went there by the good people called Moors, and the part they chose to labor in was the South, amongst the ignorant

through which they had to pass before they reached the place where they were going. Wolves, jackals, and hyenas, howled about their tents at night; and sometimes they heard the roaring of the lions, or saw in the morning the mark of their feet where they had been prowling about their tents. At last they arrived in Caffreland, and at once inquired for the king, whose name was Gika. Soon they saw him coming. He was very tall, and walked slowly. He wore a cloak made of panthers' skins; and his cheeks and lips were painted red. He did not speak, nor even move his eyelids, but stood like a statue for a little time. The Missionaries could not speak to him in his language; but there was a Dutchman, who acted as interpreter. The king made many objections to the Missionaries staying; but at last Dr. Vanderkemp got leave to unyoke his oxen and pitch his tent. Many days passed before the king would give his consent to Dr. Vanderkemp's remaining; but at last he allowed him to do so, and named a place where he might go to live. There he labored very hard, working in the fields like a husbandman, and then, when evening came, teaching the Caffres as they would allow him. In this way he tried to do them good, but with very little success, till at last he resolved to leave the Caffres and go elsewhere. He removed to a place he called Bethelsdorf, where he preached among the Hottentots, was made a blessing to many of them, and died at Cape Town in 1813.

"Other Missionaries have followed since then; and now there are Moravians, Wesleyans, Church of Scotland, Church of England, French, Dutch, and several others, besides those of the London Missionary Society, working well amongst those dark lands. Of these we must tell you another time."

"What o'Clock is it?"

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute-finger and the hour-hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles.

"Stop, William!" said he: "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

"William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of the day; I must teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me; so I waited impatiently to hear how my father would explain it; for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be three-score and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen years old, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at thirty-five it will be five o'clock; at forty-two it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life; and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known.

Never, since then, have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?"—and do I think I ever looked at the face of a clock,—without being reminded of the words of my father.—*Day Star.*

Labor and Prayer.

Adam had tilled the ground, and made unto himself a garden full of trees and plants. The ears of his ripe field waved in the light of the sun, and his trees were

blossoms and with fruit. The father of mankind, with Eve his wife, and their children, reclined upon a hill, and contemplated the beauties of the field and the glory of the sunset.

The cherub who guarded Eden, now stood among them, without his flaming sword, and his countenance was mild and friendly.

And he spake unto them, and said—"Behold the fruits of the earth no longer spring forth of themselves as in time past, but ye must labor in the sweat of your brow, in order to gain your daily bread. But after toil ye enjoy the reward of your industry, and the full ripe ears present a pleasant sight. The merciful Jehovah has provided you with the means of creating an Eden for yourselves."

"Of a truth," said Adam, "his goodness is very great even when he chasteneth. But Jehovah was formerly nearer to us, and blessed us, and caused his face to shine upon us—what have we to compensate for this?"

"Prayer!" answered the cherub. "By labor he bestows upon you earthly gifts, by prayer heavenly blessings."

Then Adam, with Eve his wife, and their children lifted up their faces, and thanked God and prayed, and his eye glistered and his countenance shone, and he said—"The Lord is gracious and his mercy endureth forever.—*Translated from the German in the N. Y. Organ.*

What is doing for the Heathen World.

We take the following from the preface to the eighth volume of the Edinburgh, Scotland, *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, and which gives a very full, yet short account of what is being done for the evangelization of the world.

THE BIBLE has been translated, in whole or in part, into 180 different languages or dialects; 160 versions have been printed and put into circulation; and of these, 130 owe their existence to the missionary efforts of the Church. Yet when we think of the vast population of the earth, amounting to about 900,000,000, we find that the Bible has had but a limited circulation. *Three-fifths* of all the issues of the British and Foreign Bible Society—that is, about 15,000,000 out

of 25,000,000 of copies—have been circulated in our own language, during the last half century; and throughout that period, not more than 16,000,000 of copies have been given to the whole of Europe in other languages than English. In China, where more than the one-third of our species are to be found, and where one-half of the male population have acquired the art of reading, only 130,000 copies of any portion of God's Word have been diffused. *British India*, with its 150,000,000 of people, has not received more than one Bible, or one fragment of a Bible, for each fifty of its inhabitants; and *Africa*, with a population as numerous as India, has not got more than one Bible, or one part of the Bible, for each 3000.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY claims here the right of being noticed. It has issued 500,000,000 copies of more than 5000 different publications, in not less than 110 different languages; and it may be specified, that it has given to the world "The Pilgrim's Progress" in twenty-eight languages, comprehending those spoken by half the human race.

THE MISSIONARY INCOME of Britain stands at present as follows:—

Societies.	Incomes.	European Missionaries.	Native Agents.
Six Bible Societies	68,000 l.		
Tract Societies	37,300		
Colonial Missionary Societies	100,000	630	400
Societies for Conversion of Israel	40,000	125	
Societies for Conversion and Education of the Heathen	359,000	1060	3000
Add for sums omitted	700		
	600,000 l.	1805	3400

This is an amount of agency and contribution sinfully beneath the resources of the Church and the wants of the world. For Protestant Missions on the Continent of Europe, not more than £12,000 a-year are expended by Britain—an amount sadly beneath that contributed by Popery to advance the interests of the Man of Sin. Among Jews, Colonists, and Heathens throughout the world, we employ little more than 1800 Missionaries—that is, one Missionary to a population equal to that of Glasgow. Britain gives at least an hundred times more money for intoxicating drinks, and ten times more for tobacco, than it expends on the world's conversion to Christ; and it will soon be found, that during the last five years we have expended a much larger sum in trying, without success, to put down 70,000 Caffres (whom we should rather have been seeking to Christianise), than we have expended through the whole world in proclaiming "peace on earth and good-will toward men."

There are cheering facts, which unite with God's promises in forbidding us to despond. Every year the funds, the agents, and the converts of our Missions are steadily increasing. It is indeed an appalling fact, that during the two last generations, while we have been bringing under Christian instruction not more than one million of Jews, Heathens, and Mohammedans, not fewer than twelve hundred millions have gone into eternity. Yet the machinery for future work has been in the course of construction—the stones of the great temple have been under the hewing hand of preparation. An hundred and seventy thousand converts, at this moment, dwelling in different parts of the earth, have been added to the visible church; seven hundred thousand adults and children are under tuition; the languages of heathen tribes, are becoming more easily commanded; and the Bible waits, as it were, ready to be laid at the doors of nearly three fourths of all the families of the earth. What the Church needs for her great work, and what God alone can give, is—more light, more love, and, in a word, more *Christian life*. As these advance, "a little one shall become a thousand, a small one a strong nation: the Lord will hasten it in his time."—*Juvenile Mis. Magazine*.

The Ayah's Bible.

BY A MEDICAL OFFICER, MADRAS ARMY.

During a homeward passage from Madras in 1848, in the ship "Sutlej," my attention was attracted by a poor Ayah, or native nurse, from India.

She had two objects of special regard—"Master George," whom she tenderly loved, and the "Bible Book," which she greatly valued.

After George had been put to bed, she regularly retired to a recess behind the companion-ladder, where she slowly spelled through a few verses of Scripture; and having muttered a short prayer, she then wrapped up the sacred volume in a bundle of cloth, and secured it as a pillow when she lay down to rest. The book was written in her own language (Devanagari), and had been given to her by Mr. Montgomery, a former master at Simlah.

When drawing near the Cape, a hurricane arose, with thunder and lightning, which increased to fury, tearing the sails and carrying away the masts, boats, bulwarks, and live-stock. Much

water came into the ship, which every one thought was going to the bottom of the sea.

During the tossing and tumbling about many of the goods were greatly damaged. The salt water had penetrated into the inmost parts of the ship, as I found, to my grief, it had to my papers and books.

My loss was small; but the poor Ayah's "Bible Book" was soaked.—She had been calm during the storm; she was agitated now—she tore her hair, and wept continually, I asked, "What has happened!" She pointed to a dripping mass, taken from the cloth in which it had been wrapped. The glue had been loosened, the boards had fallen off. Some leaves were torn, the rest were matted together. The book appeared quite destroyed.

The sea being now calm, our clothes and bedding were brought upon deck to dry, which took up several days.—George's father next came with the Ayah and her book. When the poop was clear, we showed her how to dry every leaf separately and carefully.—When all were at last dry, they were tied up in a towel, and were, at the close of our voyage, bound in London, to the Ayah's great delight, before she returned to Calcutta.

The above circumstance often recurs to my mind, and rebukes me for neglect of the Bible. Some men embrace gold as their hope and stay: this poor Hindoo woman clung to the *Word of truth* as her *dearest treasure*. The study of God's Word was her daily occupation. May it be so with us. God give us grace to read the Bible, and to have some little understanding of what we read.—*Children's Missionary Record*. (*Free Church*.)

Prayer.

Ere the morning's busy ray
Call you to your work away,
Ere the silent evening close
Your wearied eye in sweet repose,
To lift your heart and voice in prayer,
Be your first and latest care.



LAURA HUNTLEY

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—BIBLE.

"Laura," said Mrs. Huntley to her daughter, as she drew her chair away from the table after a very improperly hasty dinner, "you cannot go to school quite yet. I want you should do an important errand for me first."

Laura began to pout. "Why, mother!" she objected; "I shall be tardy, and Miss Bryan will give me a mark. Let me go after school, do? Besides there's Katy Anderson coming, and I want to go with her. I have got something I must tell her, and—"

"That is not of much consequence just now, as you have so many play-hours together," said Mrs. Huntley, mildly. "I am sorry to have you tardy, and I wish you were always as

particular my daughter. But it is very necessary this time, and I will write a note to Miss Bryan, and request her to excuse you."

"O dear," fretted Laura very impatiently; "that will make it only so much later! Do write it *quick* mother, and I'll run out and ask Katy to go with me!"

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Huntley. "Katy has no permission from her mother; and if she had, I prefer you should go alone. You remember how unfortunate you were last week, when you had company on an errand."

Our limits do not allow us to follow out this interesting story; but we hope all our young readers will get the book for themselves, we expect to have some copies of it in our Depository in the spring. Laura was a stubborn girl, and impatient of restraint—she

would rather have no one to cross her wishes, and thought she should have all she wished for; but she was now under kind guardians—her wicked parents having deserted her, before she was one year old—and her guardians knew what was best for her—better than she did herself. But Laura, as she grew up, displayed a very bad temper; and so far from rewarding her kind protectors, with a loving disposition and an obedient and willing mind, which is always lovely, but especially in girls, she seemed to grieve and vex them by all that was the reverse.

Laura was now getting old, and should have been able to be of some use to her adopted parents, by her dutiful conduct and faithful discharge of what was required of her; but her evil passions seemed to grow with her person, and to strengthen with her strength. She kept company with other bad girls, neglected her lessons at home, was disobedient, inattentive at school, which caused her much trouble. These practices were the beginning of worse, she told lies, and was not faithful in the delivery of messages her adopted mother would entrust her with. Laura had so long indulged in telling lies, that she could hardly speak the truth, and her faults were now often accompanied with dishonesty. But we must close with one instance of the trouble into which this conduct led Laura:—

After much deliberation and perplexity both to Mr. and Mrs. Huntley, it was finally decided that Laura should write a confession of the whole affair, with satisfactory acknowledgments, and carry it, the next morning, to Miss Bryan, to be read to the whole school. She was also to go, in person, to Mrs. Power, to ask pardon, in the humblest manner, for the malicious and unprovoked evil she had done toward her and her daughter, besides suffering long-continued restrictions and mortifications at home. Laura thought, with a very wicked man spoken of in Scripture, that her "punishment was greater than she could bear;" but there was no escaping it.

The next morning Laura presented herself at school, her eyes red and swollen with weeping, and scarcely

daring to hold up her head. Miss Bryan explained the whole case to the scholars—told them how Elizabeth Power had been injured—how unjustly and cruelly she had been accused, and how very wicked and deceitful Laura Huntley had been, and she warned them all to avoid the sin which had brought a schoolmate into so much trouble.—Laura was obliged to stand on the high platform while Miss Bryan read her confession, and O! how the tears poured down her cheeks, and what tears of sorrow and sympathy gushed from the eyes of her auditors!

"Now," concluded Miss Bryan, "I want you all to understand that Elizabeth Power is restored to her full standing in school, and I hope hereafter she may deserve your love, respect and confidence. Laura Huntley is, on the contrary, *expelled from our number*, as unworthy to be among us, till, by her good and faithful conduct, she shall prove that a thorough reformation has taken place in her character. We will all hope she may sincerely repent before the God she has offended, and need no bitterer lesson to demonstrate to her that 'the way of transgressors is hard.' Let us all learn to fear and dread sin as an 'exceedingly evil and bitter thing,' which, however sweet and pleasant at first, will surely turn to wormwood and gall. Let us learn to love our neighbor as ourselves,—to be as careful of the reputation of others as we would wish them to be, in like circumstances, of ours. Let us learn openness, ingenuousness, truthfulness, of heart and character. Never utter a falsehood, even about the most trivial matter—never try to hide a fault behind a 'refuge of lies;' such refuges are like a foundation of sand, or like the 'chaff, which the wind driveth away.' 'The lip of truth shall be established forever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment. There shall no evil happen to the just, but the wicked shall be filled with mischief. Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they

that deal truly are his delight. The wicked worketh a deceitful work; but to him that soweth righteousness, shall be a sure reward.' God loves uprightness, and hates dissimulation, in the young or the old. Pray, then, for his restraining and sanctifying grace to control and purify your hearts, to enlighten your minds, to teach you early the 'fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom,' and to lead you ever in the 'path of the just, which is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

I am very happy to be able to conclude the story, through which my young readers have so patiently followed me, by telling them that Laura Huntley *did improve* under her severe discipline. It taught her the odiousness and wickedness of disobedience, and theft, and falsehood, and now she gives promise of becoming a virtuous and respectable woman. Her friends trust that there has been a real reformation in her. Though our young readers must remember that such reformations are always of an uncertain character, until the heart is regenerated by the Holy Spirit.

If any who may chance to read these pages have suffered themselves to go astray in the same path which Laura trod, I hope her character may be a mirror held up before their eyes, in which they shall behold lineaments of such naked and despicable deformity, that they will resolve to "go and sin no more," lest the evil which surely "pursueth the wicked," should overtake them—lest God should withdraw the influence of his Spirit, and leave them—abominable to Him—hateful to their fellow-beings—to go on in their own chosen way, till their feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and there be "found no place of repentance, though it be sought carefully with tears!"

The London Religious Tract Society.

The anniversary of this Society was held on Friday evening, the 9th of May,

at Exeter Hall,—J. Henderson, Esq., of Park, occupied the chair. The report stated, that "the grants made during the past year to district, visiting, city and town missions, christian instruction, and kindred societies, for Sabbath-day circulation, soldiers, sailors, emigrants, inmates of prisons, hospitals, and union-houses, railway workmen, fairs, races, and foreigners in England, home missionary agents, convict ships, colliers, and miscellaneous objects, amounted to 2,875,502 publications, of the value of £3,067, 9s. 2d. The number of publications issued during the year, has been 20,840,000, making the total circulation at home and abroad, since the Society began its labors, amount to about five hundred and forty-nine millions, in about *one hundred and ten* languages."

The chairman concluded his opening speech in these words:—"May the society go on in the way it has hitherto done, increasing the amount of its agencies, and extending the sphere of its influence. Its strength and power have hitherto arisen from making the truth of God in the Gospel of his Son its chosen instrument. Let it continue to hold by this, and trust in this. Other influences may be well enough as secondary and subsidiary; but if man is to be truly and permanently benefited, this must be *supreme*. It is the leaven that is to purify, it is the lever that is to move, it is the manna that is to feed, and it is the dew that is to bless, the world."—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine of U. P. Church.*

Irish Scripture Schools.

About 18 months ago, many of the young readers of this publication felt a warm interest in the little children in Ireland, who attended the Protestant Bible Schools. Their utter poverty and destitution, (many of them having no other food than the single meal of porridge provided at the school,) touched your hearts, and many of you sent what you could to aid in the purchase of food and clothing. Since then, these Bible Schools have increased in number, and been greatly blessed; so many young have by their means

renounced the errors of Popery; and so many old have been influenced by the young, that the work can no longer be hid. And the glorious Gospel, salvation by Jesus Christ, is sounded through the length and breadth of the land. Still it is amidst much tribulation the word springs up. If immediate famine presses less heavily on the land, in general, there are whole districts lying waste and uncultivated; the hands that were wont to till the ground laid low in the grave, or gone to other shores to seek the bread they could not earn in their own land. From these and other causes the necessity for keeping up a supply of food for the children in many of the poorer counties, is as great as ever.—The encouragement is greater, for there has already been an early harvest gathered in, as the little story which follows will show,—and the reward is sure, for it is to Christ's little ones we ask you to give of your abundance.

The following story is the substance of a letter written by Mrs. Poer, the wife of the Clergyman, in whose parish the young sufferer resides:—

My dear friends,—In my last letter, I spoke to you of our poor little cripple teacher. He is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow. His father was killed in a faction fight before he was born; yet I cannot say that "melancholy marked him for its own." That same Saviour who had compassion on the widow of Nain, has said to the son of this Irish widow, "Live." It is now three years since Patsy Downy first came to school, being then between 11 and 12 years old; he has ever been humble and unassuming, manifesting great solidity of mind,—a thinker, rather than a talker. At that time, from the impossibility of procuring any other place, the school was opened in the church, and thither the priest came; ordered the Roman Catholic children to stand together, and drove them out before him. As they walked slowly on, he asked, "What book is that under your arm?"—"The Bible, sir!"—"The Bible! do you not know, that when you hold the Bible in your hand, the devil has hold of you?" was his melancholy answer. He drove them home to their parents, with a threat of cursing any who allowed their child to return; and, as is usual, most of them were for a time withdrawn; but Patsy crept back the next morning; and every morning for about a year, did we hear his elastic step passing our window,—I say our window, for shortly after the priest's visit, Mr. Poer having lost all hope of engaging a suitable place in the village, and convinced that a Scriptural School is of vital

importance to the wellbeing of a parish, determined to devote one of the sitting rooms in the glebe to that purpose. Ever punctual to the hour, strictly obedient, always well versed in his lessons, and ready to teach the younger ones, no wonder he was a favourite with the master, and received from him special instructions in Irish; so that he became one of my most useful agents. Where a man would be feared, a child can often pass unobserved; and no sooner was school over, than he wended his way to some spot inaccessible to the regular Irish teachers, and there we had a miniature Irish school,—he, the teacher, while I united in my person the important offices of inspector, to examine and pass the pupils; and committee, to supply the funds,—not that Patsy was exorbitant in his demands,—a few pence for each pupil satisfied him. He brought two or three to me at a time as opportunity offered; the "Meeting" was held, the pupils were examined; and some of them who received no instruction whatever excepting from Patsy, are now teaching in America. After sending home money more than once to their widowed mother, they, the other day, forwarded £30, to enable her and the younger children to go out to them. The advice given by them was, that those who intended to go to America, should learn to read Irish, as that gained them many friends. A little boy here, whom Patsy taught, has continued the same plan of teaching,—namely, finding some lone house, and engaging one or two in it to read the lessons in the Primer, bringing them, one by one, to be passed by me; and eternity will tell that some of the seed thus scattered upon the moral desert, has brought forth fruit,—some thirty, some sixty-fold.

For many months Patsy was indefatigable as a circulating Irish teacher; but an accident happened to him, and the once active boy cannot now walk a step. His anxiety is not lessened. In his intervals of ease, his mother carries him on her back to his near pupils. Every day that freedom from pain permits, she carries him to school. There he sits, his diseased leg resting on a form, and not a complaint ever passing his lips. For months, the pain was so excruciating, he could not leave his bed. At length the day arrived for the examination of the children in Scripture,—two of which were held every year. The plan pursued, was devoting the last week of every month to the repetition of the chapters in which they had been examined during the preceding weeks. When a sufficient portion of Scripture was well understood, a month or six weeks were allowed for studying the whole portion. Thus, the children were well grounded in what they learned; then a day for examination was fixed, the children's parents were invited, and medals, as they were termed, (viz., a halfcrown, or shilling, or sixpence,) were given to those who, by their answering in the whole portion appointed for the division to which the child belonged,

proved that they had read, marked, and learned it.

A rumour reached me, that as Patsy was better, he hoped to be able to come to this examination. Few consider what it is to the destitute depressed beings around them to have some cheering object to which to look forward; some bright spot amidst their woe on which to look back; it tends to remove discontent from the minds of their parents, and forms a kind of moral cement between them and the upper classes. These examinations were our eras in Ballybrood,—the point of time from which we of the school reckoned, the point of time to which our efforts were directed. And truly happy was I to hear, on the examination morning, that this was one of Patsy's good days; and that his mother would bring him to the school. The pain produced in moving, was all forgotten in the joy he derived from being at school, not only on this day, but on every day that he could be lifted from his bed. When too ill to learn, he was then brought, at his own request, in order to "cheer him." It was only as a listener we expected Patsy; but when his class, which consisted of about 20, was called, it was announced that he had come to be examined. Six clergymen were present; and I am sure not one of them will ever forget the answering of the ragged and barefooted Roman Catholics that day. Not one question did Patsy miss; and to him the first medal was awarded. I found that in his hours and days of pain, he had learned 18 chapters, and nearly all the references by heart.

During his whole illness, his mind was in perfect peace, resting solely on his Saviour. Being asked if he was afraid to die? "Why should I," said he, "when the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin?" In reference to Purgatory, he said, "If God blots out all my sins, where is the use of Purgatory?" Patsy's accident was occasioned by a form in the school falling on his foot. We did not know of it at the time; and even when we did, were not aware of the dire effects likely to result from it; still, we immediately hired a donkey-cart and sent him to a neighbouring physician,—but his mother did not tell his opinion, fearing we might urge his being sent to the county hospital. At last I became alarmed, and wrote to the medical man; and, from his answer, learnt that the disease was what is called "The bone evil," and that part of his toe must be amputated. We procured an order for his admission into the Surgical Hospital in Limerick—placed him on his mother's lap, the foot supported on pillows—and drove with him ourselves, in order to secure every attention and comfort. But the moment his mother heard that one joint of the toe must be taken off, she refused to let him remain; and when Mr. Poer, knowing the fatal consequences which must ensue, and hoping to shake her resolution, said he could not

allow her to return with us, she preferred carrying him on her back ten miles after four o'clock in the middle of winter, rather than consent to his remaining in the hospital. She would have travelled the greater part of the night, had not we, fearing the consequences to the little boy, stopped on the road, and sent off a car to meet them. From that time, week after week, she carried him, six miles to Emly and six back again, to a woman who promised to cure him; and when this failed, she took him to some other quarter. Thus, by delay, the disease gained ground; and when, by dint of earnest entreaty, we induced her again to let us send him into Limerick, the bones of the foot were so much affected, that amputation beyond the joint of the great toe was necessary. To this she would not allow him to submit; and he was again brought home to drag on a suffering existence. Once a bone is diseased, the flesh around it is in a continual sore, till the bone is either taken out, or has worked out. The bone had worked out of the toe, leaving the flesh a useless lump; yet the poor mother exults that the toe is saved. The bone, if not removed, will in the same way work out of the foot, and she will rejoice that the flesh is left; the leg must then become affected and the patient sufferer be a living martyr to his mother's affection and ignorance. Of course the drain on his constitution is immense. I tried to the utmost of my power to provide nourishment for him; but as there were others whose health and circumstances rendered assistance to them an equal duty, it was often a heartrending struggle.

(To be Continued.)

The Turning Point.

A little chimney-sweep was once sent to sweep a chimney in a large house. It was the chimney of a lady's dressing-room. The little boy went up the chimney, climbed to the top, scraping down the soot as he went; and when his job was done, came down again into the room. There was no one there when he came down, and he looked round the room before going down stairs. On the lady's table lay a gold watch, and the little boy went near to look at it. I think he took it into his hand, but I am not sure. But whether he did this or not, while he was looking at it, the thought came into his heart that he could steal it, and hide it in his soot-bag; and that when he got away, he could sell it for a great deal of money. But another thought came into his mind. He thought of

those words, "Thou God seest me," and he burst into tears, and prayed aloud that God would forgive his wicked thought, and keep him from being a thief. He then went down stairs. Ah! that was the turning point in that little boy's life; for, though he did not know it, he had been seen and heard all the while. The lady was in the room next to the dressing-room, and saw the boy look at the watch, and heard the words that he had prayed. If he had taken the watch, the lady would most likely have had him sent to prison as a thief. But as he did not take it, when he thought he could have done so unseen, and as he had prayed to God for help in this time of trial, she felt kindly towards him, and had him put to a good trade; and he became rich, and what is better, grew up to be a good man.

Now I have only these short remarks to make about this story. The first is, that the little chimney-sweeper ought not even to have gone to look at the watch. By doing so, he put himself into great danger of being a thief. The next thing is, that such turning points as this are not rare to any of us, only we do not often see them. This boy did not know, at the time, that it would depend upon how he bore that trial, whether he should be a wicked and lost boy and man from that time, or an honest boy and a good man. The last remark is that though God suffers us to be tried, that we may know what is in our hearts, he is always near us, to help us if we ask him, as he was near, and did help, this little boy. Will you think of this?—*Band of Hope.*

An Indian's Religion.

An Indian and a white man being at worship together, were both brought under conviction of sin by the same sermon. The Indian was soon after led to rejoice in pardoning mercy. The white man for a long time was under distress of mind, and at times almost ready to despair, but at length

he was also brought to a comfortable experience of forgiving love. Some time after, having met his Indian brother, he thus addressed him: "How is it, that I should be so long under conviction, when you found comfort so soon?" "O brother," replied the Indian, "me tell you; there came along a rich prince, he propose to give you a new coat; but you look at your coat, and say, I don't know; my coat pretty good; I believe it will do a little longer. He then offer me new coat; I look on my old blanket; I say, this good for nothing; I fling it right away, and accept the new coat. Just so, brother, you try to keep your own righteousness for some time; you loath to give it up; but I, poor Indian, had none; therefore I glad at once to receive the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine of U. P. Church.*

Belgian Evangelical Society.

Liège, 4th June 1851.—Since it has pleased the Lord to call me to labour in this field of evangelisation, His hand has not been shortened, nor has He ceased to pour His blessings upon us. We have every reason to rejoice that the kingdom of God is spreading around us. Single individuals and whole families have joined our congregation. Many go to their Roman Catholic acquaintances, and say to them, like Philip of old, "Come and see." This desire to lead souls to the feet of the only Mediator encourages a spirit of life and action in the flock, and prevents that sleep of indifference so fatal to a rising church.

Another fact I must not forget, as a proof of spiritual progress, is the present union which exists among the brethren. Until the present time they had lived, as it were, apart; now they know one another, they like to visit and read the Scriptures together, to speak to those who are ignorant of the gospel, and to distribute religious tracts.—*English Presbyterian Messenger.*

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