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# THE MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD

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JULY,  
1851.



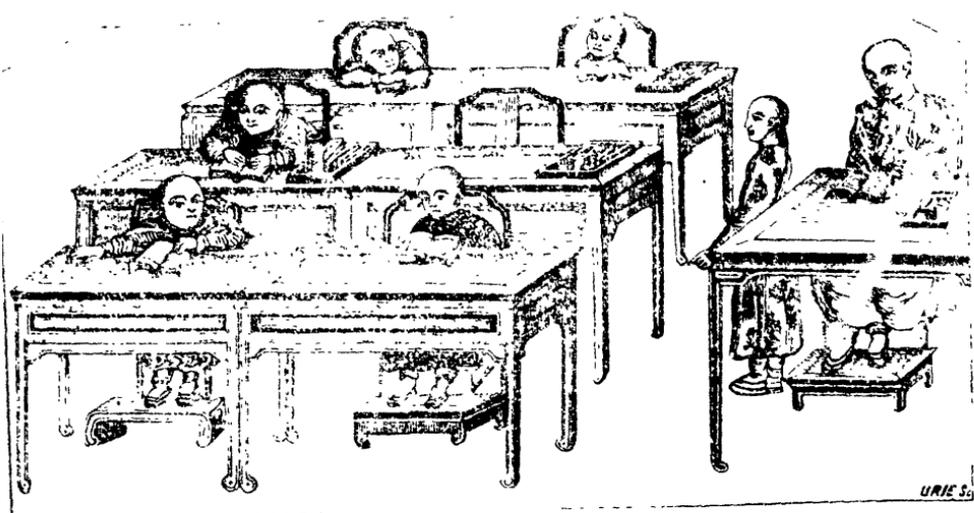
THE  
MISSIONARY  
AND  
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THE PENITENT SOLDIER.

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No. 7



The Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican.

LUKE xviii, 9—14

The "two men" who "went up to the temple to pray," were "a pharisee" and "a publican." The pharisees were a set of people among the Jews, who pretended to be much more holy than others. They were remarkably strict in attending to many of the outward duties of religion, but they did not love God or act kindly to men. See Matt. xxiii. 23, 27, 28. Luke xi. 42—44. Publicans were persons who collected taxes; they were in general very wicked people; they were hated and disliked by almost all other men, and no respectable or decent person would have any acquaintance with them. They are often mentioned in the New Testament, along with sinners of the very worst character. See Matt. xxi. 31. Luke vii. 34. The pharisees, especially, despised them greatly.

"The pharisee stood and prayed;" that is, he thought he was praying, or at least, he wished others to think so; but the words he used are not at all

like a prayer. In the Bible we read many prayers of good men, and we find them confess that they are sinners, and ask mercies from God. See Psalms li. cxliii. 1, 2, 10. Dan. ix 1—20. But the pharisee seemed to think that he had no sins to be forgiven, and that there was no mercy which he needed. He began by saying, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." These words would have been very proper, if he had used them with a right meaning. If he had meant to say, "O God, I thank thee that thou hast kept me from being so wicked as many others, for I know that I should have been as bad as they, if thy goodness had not prevented me." This would have been quite proper. But he took all the praise to himself. He went on to mention some of the most wicked people he could think of, and among the rest, the poor publican, and he boasted before God, that he was not like them. He forgot that his heart was by nature no better than theirs; and that, if he had been in

their situation, he would very likely have acted exactly as they did. God had commanded many sacrifices to be offered on account of sin, Lev. iv. xvi. 2—28, and these were all intended to point out that one great sacrifice which the Saviour was to offer, when he laid down his life, Heb. ix. 6—14. x. 1—4: they were meant to teach the people that God could not be pleased with them, or with their prayers, unless they were trusting in the blood of Christ to wash their sins away. But there was not a word of this in the pharisee's prayer. It seemed as if he thought God could see no fault in him; nay, he went on to mention some things he did, which he thought were so good that they certainly deserved to be rewarded.

Now, my youthful readers, I do not think it very likely that you ever prayed as the pharisee did; but yet I fear that some of you may have had thoughts and feelings much the same as his. Perhaps you are accustomed, every evening, to repeat a prayer which you have been taught, in which you say, "O pardon every one of my faults, and be not angry with me:" or something to the same purpose. Now, when you say such words as these, do you feel ashamed and grieved that you should have offended God so many times through the day; and are you really desirous that he should forgive you? Or do you say such words, only because they happen to be in the prayer you have learned? And if any one were to ask you what faults you had committed, would you not sometimes answer, that you did not know of any? that you had been attentive to your lessons at school, and obedient to your parents at home, and now you had said your prayers, and were going to bed like good children? and surely no one could find any fault with you?

Perhaps you have been present, when your teacher has reproved and punished one of your school-fellows for telling a lie. When this was the case, did you feel very sorry for that

poor boy or girl that had been so naughty; and did you thank God in your heart, that he had preserved you from deserving the name of a liar, while, at the same time, you remembered with shame, that you had been guilty of many other sins, which were quite as bad as lying? Or did you turn first to your offending school-fellow, and then to your teacher, with a toss of the head, and a proud look, which seemed to say, "Ah! I never got into such disgrace as this; I'm sure I deserve praise, for I have never told a lie yet, ever since I have been to the school."

Perhaps you have been commended for your attention to the sermons which you hear, and for being able to give a good account of them when you return home. But do you listen so attentively, because you feel that you are a sinner against God, and are thankful to hear that he so loved sinners as to give up his own dear Son to die for them? Or have you not rather had feelings somewhat like the following:—When you have heard a minister speak of the great danger of those who have sinned against God, and say nothing but the blood of Christ can take away their guilt, have you not thought that he must be speaking of older people than you? or of those young people who spend the sabbath in idleness or amusement, and who do not even say their prayers morning and evening? When the preacher has said how necessary it is to repent of sin, and earnestly to seek forgiveness from God, have you not sometimes looked at one of your companions, and thought, "Ah! I am sure he has need to repent; I heard him swear three or four times the last day I played with him?" or, "There's Mary—; she must well be afraid that God will not forgive her; it was only yesterday she heard her refuse to do what her father desired her?" But you think that repentance, and forgiveness, such things, are what do not concern you at all.

Now, have any of my readers begun to find out that they too much resemble the proud pharisee? Then, my dear young friends, attend seriously to what the Saviour says respecting him. He says, "I tell you, this man," that is, the publican, "went down to his house justified rather than the other." The meaning is, that the pharisee, with all his good opinion of himself, and all the respect and admiration which he might obtain from other men, was not approved or beloved by God. Probably it was very true, that he was neither an "extortioner, nor unjust, nor an adulterer;" but he was a proud man, and his pride was what prevented him from being justified. "For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased." "God resisteth the proud." "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." He went to the temple and prayed, and returned home again, but we cannot suppose that he felt comfortable or happy in his own mind; for it is quite impossible for any one to be truly happy without the favour of God.

And I am certain that you are not happy while your minds are filled with proud thoughts. If you are always wishing and expecting to be praised, you will be very often disappointed. If there is pride in your hearts, it will show itself in your behaviour, even though you may fancy that no one observes it. When your teacher, or other friends see it, it will keep them from praising you, even when you might otherwise deserve it: and even your companions will dislike you. You will be constantly getting vexed and affronted, by things that would not give you the least uneasiness if you were modest, humble children.

But, if it should so happen, that you get as much praise as you desire, and that you should be loved and esteemed by all who know you; still I say it again, you cannot be happy. You must be sometimes alone, and you will find it very tiresome, for you cannot

enjoy the presence of God, or have any pleasure in thinking of that Saviour, who "is a friend that loveth at all times." You may now be strong and well, but you cannot tell how soon sickness may come upon you. If you were tossing on your beds, full of pain, would it give you any comfort to think of the good opinion that others had of you? And if your weeping father or mother should be obliged to tell you that the doctor could do you no good, and that you were getting worse, O how could you bear to think of your soul returning to God who gave it; appearing before Him who knows all your proud thoughts?

But there have been many persons, both old and young, who have not only lived, but even died, thinking that they certainly deserved to go to heaven for their good conduct, and because they were better than others. And this may be *your* case. If you will still continue to think highly of yourselves, your pride may so increase, and your hearts may be so hardened, that even the prospect of death may not alarm you. But oh it is an awful thing thus to go down to the grave with "a lie in your right hand!" You may "exalt yourselves" to the very last; but how fearfully will you "be abased," when God shall bring you into judgment! Instead of humbly trusting in Jesus Christ, as an all-sufficient Saviour, you trusted in your own good behaviour; but when that behaviour, which you thought so good, comes to be examined by the Judge of all, it will cover you with everlasting confusion.

#### THE LITTLE BOY'S QUESTION.

Dear young Reader,—It is with great delight that I begin to write a few lines for your instruction and benefit. It is delightful to think of obeying the command of our dear Redeemer, when he says, "Feed my lambs." He is most deeply interested in the welfare of the young—most intensely desirous that they should know Him

as their best friend, and be introduced into his favor and friendship. Hence the injunction to feed his lambs.

I wish to tell you of a little boy who had been brought into the Saviour's fold. Shortly after he had been led to know Jesus as his own Saviour, he seemed very desirous to make known the gospel to others around him. One Sabbath after his return from public worship, he and his mother were talking together of what they had been hearing, about the love of God in sending Jesus to die for the sin of a lost world, little John looked up inquiringly into her face, and said, "Mother, have you come to Jesus yet?" O! what a telling question was this? The mother was unable to reply. She thought for a little, and then said, "John, have you come?" "Yes," he replied. She asked when he had done so—if it was lately. He said, "I don't remember the time; but it was one night when conversing with Jessie." Dear young readers, think—O think over this little boy's question, and reply; and may it lead you with all earnestness to consider your own position for eternity.

Have you come to Jesus yet? Have you learned the lesson of love which He is so desirous to teach you? Do you listen with eager delight when Jesus is the subject of conversation amongst your friends or relatives? O! have you given your young hearts to him, and are you one of his lambs in whom he feels such an intense and fatherly interest? If so, you will be found doing what you can for his glory, by enquiring at those who may be *unsaved* around you, "Have you come to Jesus yet!"—seeking in your own little way to tell sinners about the Lord Jesus, and what he has done to save them. Often parents are led to Jesus through the instrumentality of their children, and you, my young readers, may do great good, did you but try. See, then, that you imitate little John in his anxiety for doing good.

It may be possible, however, and O, is it not so!—that some of my

young friends are still at a distance from God? O! how the compassionate heart of Him who said, "Feed my lambs," longs that you may be brought near to himself. How he delights to see this and the other little girl or boy led to give him their youthful affections—remembering their Creator in the days of their youth, and giving evidence that they feel that they are not their own but his! Dear children, does it not affect your hearts when you think of such a Saviour loving you? I'm sure every one of you would like Him to be *your Saviour*. Then, why delay another hour? *Why put off?* Do you wish to wait till you are better prepared than at present? Then let me tell you that you never can be in a better state than just now. The sooner the better. Jesus does not say, make yourself better first—O no; he says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He bids you come as you are, and receive his blessing. He stands with outstretched arms to welcome you, and fold you in kind embrace. O dear young reader, can you turn your back upon such a friend as this? Surely not.

But I think I hear some little readers saying, "What is this coming to Jesus? I cannot go to him on my feet, as I go from one place to another." Well, my child, it is just coming to your mind. You know that in your thoughts you can easily pass from one object to another, and so, when you pass from thinking of other things, and in your mind think of standing before Jesus desiring to be his for ever—that is coming to him. It is not coming with your feet, or with your body, but your mind. I hope you will thus see what I mean by coming to Jesus, as you will see what little John did when Jessie was speaking to him. She led him to think about the Saviour, and John, in his mind, came to Jesus desiring to be his child for ever; and from what he had learned about Je-

he knew that the kind Redeemer did not send him away, but gladly received him.

Jesus, in order that you may be convinced of his love, has given you a much stronger proof of it than *merely asking* or inviting you to come to him. He has shed his precious blood for you. O! think of this, dear young reader. Suppose you had fallen into some large river, and were in danger of being drowned. Suppose that some one deeply anxious to save you, regardless of what might befall him, plunged into the mighty stream, and brought you safe to land. Could you have doubted for a moment that he felt interested in you, and desirous to save you? But suppose that after you were free from all danger, on turning to your deliverer, you saw him die, and knew that his suffering was brought on by his exertions to save you from a watery grave! —O! would not such a proof of his love, *cause* you to love him in return? O! would it not be the deepest ingratitude did you not show kindness to such a friend?

Dear young readers, think of Jesus. He died to save, not your body, but your immortal mind. He saw that you could by no effort of your own redeem your precious soul, so he willingly became your deliverer. He passed through *deep waters* of affliction in your room and stead to prove his love to you. O! then, can you, after knowing this, still refuse to give him all your love? Can you remain at a distance from him, and refuse all the blessings he waits so patiently and graciously to bestow? It is by knowing or believing that Jesus loved you, and gave himself for you, that you will be led to come to him. It was in this way little John came. Just by understanding that the Lord Jesus loved him—that a righteous and holy God was well-pleased toward him for Jesus' sake. This knowledge made him very happy and grateful to God for his wonderful loving-kindness. Now you are equally free to enjoy the

same blessing. Jesus loves you as much as he loved him. He shed his blood for you as well as for him! O then be persuaded now to yield to the kind desires of your best friend. What a privilege it is to be his child! —to have God for your Father, Jesus as your Saviour, and heaven as your everlasting home.

"Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why wilt ye doubting stand—  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free—  
Lord, we shall live with thee!  
Blest, blest for aye."

What a happy child that is who *knows* that the Saviour who loved him and died for him, is now in glory, preparing for him a home. Every child would like to go to that home; but it will only be those who have come to Jesus, by accepting him as their Saviour, who will be permitted to enter in through the pearly gates, and walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. They *alone* are worthy to walk with Jesus, clothed in white raiment, with palms of victory in their hands. These are they who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. See, then, my dear reader, that it is your highest privilege *now* to become one of that glorious company, and delay not till to-morrow.

"Come, without money—nought's the fare,  
No terms can easier be;  
Your passage money Jesus paid,  
And now you've passage free."  
—*Day-Star*.

### Things Lost for Ever.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry; the wreck of health regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge restored by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness; even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked again upon his vanished hours; recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom; or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?

# THOU SWEET GLIDING KEDRON. (SWEET HOME.)

1 Thou sweet glid - ing Ke - dron, by thy sil - ver stream, Our Sav - iour would  
 2 How damp were the va - pors that fell on his head; How hard was his

3 O gar - den of O - lives, thou dear honored spot, The fame of thy

lin - ger in moonlight's soft beam; And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,  
 pil - low, how hum - ble his bed; The an - gels be - holding, a - mazed at the sight,

wonders shall ne'er be for - got; Tho' the theme most transporting to seraphs a - bove,

Chorus.

And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day. Peace, peace, welcome guest!  
 At - tend - ed their Master with so - lemn de - light. Grace, grace, grace di - vine!

The triumph of sorrow the triumph of love. Love, love, matchless love!

For,

May the peace of my Sav - iour a - - bide in my breast.  
 The Sa - viour is risen, sal - va - tion is mine.

There's no love like this but in hea - ven a - - bove.



### The Ashkoko.

"And the coney (*shapan*), because he cheweth the cud, but divided not the hoof; he is unclean unto you.—Lev. xi. 5.

Bochart and others have supposed the *shapan* of the Scriptures to be the jerboa; but Mr. Bruce proves that the ashkoko is intended. This curious animal is found in Ethiopia, and in great numbers on mount Lebanon, &c. Instead of holes, they seem to delight in more airy places, in the mouths of caves, or clefts in the rock. They are gregarious, and frequently several dozens of them sit upon the great stones

at the mouths of caves, and warm themselves in the sun, or come out and enjoy the freshness of the summer evening. They do not stand upright upon their feet, but seem to steal along as in fear, their belly being nearly close to the ground; advancing a few steps at a time, and then pausing. They have something very mild, feeble like, and timid in their deportment; are gentle and easily tamed; though, when roughly handled at the first, they bite very severely.—*Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.*

### Chinese Reverence for Parents.

(By the Rev. Mr Gillespie, Missionary from China.)

Filial piety, or reverence for parents, the Chinese say, is at the head of all the virtues. There are many Chinese books which the people read, and which boys study at school, full of advices on obedience to parents. Children are exhorted not so much to love their parents as to reverence them. They venerate their parents very much,—so much, that after a man dies, he is worshipped by his children. He becomes a god to them. And all the Chinese present offerings of fruits and sweetmeats and roasted flesh at the graves of their ancestors. The eldest son of the family bows, and worships the spirit of his forefathers. And on a certain day of the year, they burn paper-cloths and paper-money, for the use of the spirits in the other world. They have thus carried their filial piety so far, that in-

stead of worshipping the true God, they now worship ghosts and dead men. This is the real idolatry of the Chinese, and they love to worship their dead parents far more than to worship the idols in the temples.

Even while their parents are alive, the children look up to them almost as gods. I have read a book in which the emperor Kang-hi advises the people not to go about to the temples so much, worshipping the idols, and thus flattering the gods far too much, but to remember that they have two household gods at home—that is, their father and mother, and that it is their duty to wait upon and serve them. And how do the Chinese think they ought to show their filial piety? They say that every good action which you can perform, is filial obedience, and that every thing

that is wicked, is unfilial conduct. Thus, to speak the truth is filial piety, because it is honouring to one's parents, and does them credit for having brought up their children to speak the truth. But I am afraid that if we were to try the Chinese by this standard, we should say there was no filial piety amongst them, because there is no truth amongst them. They are so deceitful—they do not seem to know what truth is; and all you ever see or hear about it is in their books, where, to be sure, it looks very fine and beautiful. Then, to be peaceful and loyal subjects is also called filial conduct, because, to be good subjects to the emperor is just like obeying parents, for the emperor is called the father of his people. And, on the other hand, to be drunken or otherwise wicked, is very unfilial, because it is abusing and degrading the bodies which our parents have given us. Taking care of our health is honouring parents. And every virtue is thus honoring to parents. And filial respect therefore is the first of all the virtues. The Chinese books never teach the people any duties that they owe to God. They never speak on this subject. They have forgotten God. This is very awful, but it is true. They have not liked to keep mind of God—to retain Him in their knowledge, and so they have lost the knowledge of the true God.

The Chinese think that the English are very deficient in filial piety; and their reason for thinking so is, that many English and Scotch merchants go out to China and live there for years away from their parents. They think the English have a great many faults, because English customs differ from Chinese customs. But they allow the English to have one good quality, which they admire very much in others, although they do not practise it very much in themselves, and that is speaking the truth. But although the English speak the truth, yet they are supposed to be very unfilial, and to have no regard for their parents; or, if they had, they would not leave their parents

for so many years in their native country, without ever going home to pay their respects to them. The Chinese have a little book called "The Twenty-Four Examples of Filial Piety." It is a great favorite amongst the people. Each story is illustrated with a wood-cut at the top of the page. It is a very popular book, and is constantly coming out in new editions. I shall now give one of the stories related in this book, and shall give one or two more in another number of the Magazine, to show what curious notions the Chinese have upon this subject, and how they think parents should be honored and served. Yu-Shan was an emperor of China. He lived more than three thousand years ago. But he was at first a very poor man and laboured in the fields with his hands. His father's name was Koo-Sow. The actions of Yu-Shan, and how he rose to be emperor, are all narrated in the Chung-yung, or Golden Mean, and in the Shang-Shoo, or First Book. Yu-Shan was famous for filial devotion. His father was stupid, his mother was ill-natured, and his younger brother was perverse and conceited; and they all united in treating the elder son with cruel severity. They made him descend into a well, where he was in great danger, but they did not pity him, and his brother wickedly cast stones down upon him. Then he was in a granary when it was set on fire. But from these and many other dangers he escaped unhurt. And although he labored hard, and ploughed, and sowed the fields, and burned pottery on the hills of Leih, and fished for his parents, yet they were not affected by all this attention on his part. They did not requite him with affection; and accused him of things of which he was quite innocent; but still Yu-Shan was patient. He loved and revered his parents, and obeyed them in all things. But his feelings were grieved at all these troubles, and he cried unto heaven. Yeen, or heaven, pitied him at last, and the consequence was, that Yu-Shan's sincerity became evident to them all.

His good and dutiful example renovated the whole family. His parents became pleasant and smiling, and his brother kind and virtuous. Heaven also caused the elephants to come and plough for him, and the birds to come and weed his grain, and thus his labour and toil were lightened. Yaou, the emperor, heard the renown of his great virtue—sent his nine sons to serve him, and gave him his two daughters in marriage; and when Yaou, died, Shan was made emperor in his stead. The picture represents Shan standing in the field with a hoe in his hand, a pair of elephants yoked together at work before him, the birds, too, laboring away and helping him, and in the distance, an angel with a broad brimmed hat riding on a horse, and coming over the hills to the assistance of Shan.

(To be continued.)

### Chinese Love of Money.

“Of all the men on the face of the globe, and I have sojourned among several nations in my life,” says a missionary at Canton, in China, “I have never seen any equal to the Chinese in the love of money. It is said that these people have many idols, and so they have; but they are all worshipped as a means to get riches. Every city, and every street, nay, every house of every street, as far as I have seen, has a niche on the side towards the street, dedicated to the god who brings riches. And wicked would that man be thought who did not light a taper and burn three incense sticks every evening before that all-adored idol. Even now, how do my ears ring with the cries of horror which burst from my landlord, some few nights ago, when, on going to his house, his incense-pot was thrown into the street. The landlord now, of his own accord, comes almost every evening to my study, to join in reading the Bible, and in uniting in prayer to the true God with the disciple.”—*Juv. Miss. Mag. United Presbyterian Church.*

### Poisoning in Africa.

“In Accra,” writes a Missionary, “we lost, a little while ago, a valuable member of our church, by a horrible death. *Okoi*, the most hopeful of our converts, went to bathe in the sea, with a young companion. A person passing the place saw the water tinged with blood, and asked the other bather what was the matter. He went toward the spot, and there found that *Okoi* was attacked by a shark. Happily, he rescued him from the jaws of the ravenous creature; but, alas! not until the right arm of the sufferer had been bitten off, and the flesh of the left arm torn away.—The poor fellow was brought to a hut near the Mission-house, before we knew anything of the accident; but as soon as we heard of it, we ran with what means we had, to try and save life. We brought him to the Mission-house, and amputated the left arm—an operation which he bore with great fortitude; but, according to the wretched custom of these heathen, his father and brother, who were both present, proposed to give him poison, to put him out of pain. This wretched custom had also some countenance from the Negroes, who do not suffer a maimed person to live among them. If, for example, a child is born imperfect in its members, they drown it in a tub of water. Knowing his danger, and to prevent such cruel tenderness, we had the youth brought into an inner room, where we thought him secure from having poison. But we were mistaken; for his relations contrived to give it, but in what way we could never find out; and, unhappily, what they gave was sufficient, for, in a short time, the body began to swell dreadfully, as is the case with those who are poisoned, and death soon followed. Thus is our little congregation in Accra lessened: but there is a Providence over all the affairs of men, and God’s own cause will never languish, through death or destruction. Others, we hope, will soon be baptized for the

dead, and from the grave of poor *Okoi* many may arise to fill his place.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

### Molapo, the Basuto.

Molapo was a son of Moshesh, the chief of the Basutos. In 1833, he was placed by his father under the care of the missionaries. As he was very diligent, he made rapid progress, and was the first native who learned to read. But his pride was great, and his passion fierce; and these evils were increased, when, at the age of seventeen, he led his father's warriors against the Caffres, and became their conqueror.

Soon after he began to hear the gospel, he became very unhappy.— On the one hand, conscience said to him, "Repent," but the fear of man, and the love of sin, kept him from doing so. This made him so sad, that he seldom smiled, and never seemed happy. Often he would go to the missionary, and tell him his misery: but when the good man urged him to obey the Bible and become a Christian, he would answer, "But the Bible gives only sorrow." "Ah! no, my friend," replied the missionary, "Jesus comforts those that mourn. He only asks you to give him your heart."

After such conversations, Molapo would resolve to be a Christian; but alas! his goodness, like the early cloud and morning dew, soon vanished away. Sometimes he would cry, "Why does not God convert me at once? Is it impossible, or does he desire to see me unhappy?" This was very wrong; but at such seasons Molapo felt so much that he scarcely knew what he said.

While he was in this state, his young wife, *Inimosa*, became a Christian, and, by the blessing of God, this great change in her led to the conversion of her husband. How this happened, you shall hear. As yet, *Inimosa* could not read, but Molapo became her teacher; and, while he taught her the *letter* of Scripture, she explained to

him its *meaning*, and its *spirit*. This was a good exchange; and must it not have been a lovely sight? Here was the proud, fiery warrior, patiently instructing his wife in letters, and words, and sentences, while she, young, and meek, and beautiful, full of love to his soul, and desire for his salvation, spoke often and kindly to him about the things he read to her concerning sin, and Jesus, and heaven. By her sweet temper, and constant endeavors to make her husband happy, she gained great influence over him. No foolish conversation was allowed in the house. No day was closed without reading the Scriptures, and prayer; and often would she ask Molapo to go with her to the chapel, "where," she would say, "we shall learn together how much the Saviour has loved us."

One day, when they were both in the house of the missionary, Molapo said to him, "I have found *Inimosa* without fault. She is so kind, that she would not hurt the meanest thing. Religion has increased her excellence. I now love her more than ever, and I love the God whom she worships; but I am fickle and cold. It grieves me so much to see her unhappy on my account. What shall I do? You say, 'Embrace the gospel.' But what if I should afterwards do what it forbids, and dishonor it? I have many things to give up. I wish, therefore, to wait a little longer."

*Inimosa* bowed down her head, and sighed.

Her husband heard that sigh—it touched his heart, and he said, "Thou art alarmed, *Inimosa*. I, too, feel my sinfulness. I confess I am wrong. A thousand sins stain me; but I trust that God will give me the assistance I need."

They then knelt down together, while the missionary prayed for the penitent sinner.

Some months afterwards, Molapo said to the missionary "I have now given up all for Jesus, because in hearing of his sufferings, I have *felt* that he has loved me."

"His heart," adds the writer of this account, "seemed full of joy, and a sweet, smiling cheerfulness was on his face. Since that time, Molapo and his wife have continued bright ornaments of the profession they have made."—*Juv. Mis. Magazine.*

### The Fatal Fire-Dance.

Lately, writes a missionary in India, I had an opportunity of seeing the wretched folly of the heathen, in a way not generally known. It was a Fire-Dance.

In certain cases, a married woman, if she has made a vow to the goddess Bagavati, fulfils her vow by having the ceremony performed. A woman had taken this vow; and, in the evening, when a large crowd of people were gathered together, the dancer made his appearance amidst shouts and music. Having smeared his body with some stuff to protect his flesh from the fire, he put on a netted garment, and then fastened over it a certain kind of leaf. When this was done, he rolled a quantity of cloth around himself, and fastened it well to his body and limbs. Thus protected against the flames, his clothes are anointed with oil, and set on fire; and as soon as the flames began to burn brightly, he began to dance. The crowd around did the same, and by songs and cries increased the uproar. After the fire had burned some time, and when it was likely to reach his body, the friends of the fire-dancer threw water upon him to put it out. But, on the other hand, the relations of the woman, who had to fulfil her vow, poured more oil upon the burning body, that the fire might continue to burn. This contest was kept up almost the whole night, and the poor hireling of such wickedness and folly with difficulty escapes with his life.

This dangerous dance was observed by many Hindoo boys, who were so pleased with it, that they agreed to amuse themselves in a similar way. Accordingly, several of them met in a solitary spot, and one of them consent-

ed to be the fire-dancer; his companions smeared him all over with mud, and they fastened round his body withered palm leaves. Upon this they began to dance and shout, all delighted with the sport.

This play was carried on for some time without danger; but, one day, as they were enjoying the sport, a person said to them:—"Your play is not perfect, it wants the fire, and the boy in the palm leaves must be made to burn." This pleased them all, and a boy went to the mother of the one who was acting the fire-dancer, and asked for a light. Not knowing the purpose for which he wanted it, she let him take a firebrand from the hearth. Highly pleased, the boy returned with his prize, when all of them rejoiced that their sport would now be perfect; and, without delay, the poor little dancer was set on fire, with the brand from the house of his own mother. The boy of course instantly felt the heat, as he had no protection from it; and he began to scream and dance about in torture. The other boys, heartily pleased with his shouts and capering, and not thinking of his pain, screamed and danced with him. Soon the cries of the burning boy became more wild and piercing, and he entreated his playfellows to put out the fire. They, however, supposing that he was in sport, drowned his shrieks with louder noises; but in a few moments, the burning boy fell to the ground. His companions gathered around him, and now for the first time, they saw that the flames had consumed his flesh. It was too late to save him, and after a little while he died in agony; nothing was left of him but a heap of ashes, and the shout of mirth was changed into the cry of terror.

Now, dear readers, there is something to be learned from this story, besides the folly and wickedness of the heathen. You have been often told that it is a dangerous thing to play with fire; but it is much more dangerous to take pleasure in sin. Many of you live

in the midst of wicked people, and you see and hear them do a great many wicked things. Now, children are fond of imitating their parents and others; and this is very right, when the example is a good one. But it is a sad thing, indeed, when that example is bad. In such a case, they are in danger of greater suffering than that of this poor heathen boy; for the evils they copy, and the habits they form, are fuel for a fire which will burn into the very soul, and which the Bible tells us will never be quenched.

Follow not, then, those that do evil. Never trifle with transgression. Only "fools make a mock at sin." It may be sport now, but it will bring sorrow hereafter. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The wages of sin is death."—*Juv. Mis. Magazine.*

### The Praying Collector.

Two little girls, sisters, were collectors for a Missionary Society; and at the end of the year they brought to their mother more than £6, which they asked her to send to the treasurer of the Society. She was a pious woman, and pitied the poor heathen, and wished above all things that her dear children should be trained up in the way of wisdom and usefulness. You may suppose therefore how gratified she must have been at the success of her two girls. But there was something which pleased her even more than the large sum of money which they had collected. It was a conversation she overheard between them, which was as follows:—

"You have got much more money than I have," said Helen to her elder sister, "but that is not very wonderful, because you are older than I am." "That is quite true, Helen," answered the sister, "but you might have collected quite as much as I did, if you had done all that you ought." "How is that, Jane?" said she; "for I am sure I took quite as much trouble as you took, and asked as many people."

"Very likely; but there is one thing, Helen, which you neglected. You did not pray to God, before you asked your friends for their money." "Pray! No I did not. I never saw the good of that. God could incline their hearts to give without our asking." "No doubt," said Jane, "he could; but you know we ought to undertake nothing without prayer." "Have you prayed, then?" quickly inquired the younger sister. "Certainly, Helen; for every morning before I went out to collect I begged of God to direct my steps where to go, that I might get something for the heathen. There was only one morning when unhappily I did not pray; but on that day I collected nothing."—*Juv. Mis. Magazine.*

### Friendly Hints to Children.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I have a few words of advice to give, and be entreated to receive them as coming from one who loves children, and has for upwards of forty years labored for their good.

All who can read the Bible are entreated to read a portion of that blessed book each morning; and commit, at least, one verse to memory daily. It will greatly strengthen and improve your minds. I am now 75 years old, and can repeat portions of the Scriptures and pious hymns which I committed to memory at a very early age. JOHN ADAMS, a late President of the United States, informs us in his diary, that, with delight, he repeated what his mother taught him when a child. And I can say the same.

Dear Children, please to ask your kind parents to point out to you such portions of the Bible, and such hymns and psalms, as they think best for you. I will take the liberty of mentioning a few portions. The first twelve verses in the 5th of St. Matthew, and twelve verses in the 7th of that gospel; also, the 13th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. In the Psalms, I recommend the first, the eighth, nineteenth, the twenty-third, and the 103rd.

Pray daily that God would write his holy word upon your hearts. Keep from bad company, from bad books, and from strong drink.

That God may enable all children and young people so to live that they may be blessings in this world, and happy in the world to come, is the prayer of their friend,

T. OSGOOD.

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