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1851.



THE
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THE GODDESS KALI.

We take the above representation, and the following account of it, from a very interesting volume entitled, "The Conquest of India by the Church," published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. This Society has done the cause good service by its numerous and suitable publications for the young. Our different Sabbath Schools would add much to the interest of their respective libraries, by adding a few of their publications. The head-quarters is in Boston: and

the following is the address of the obliging Secretary—Rev. A. Bullard, 13, Corn Hill, Boston; or orders for books may be sent to C. C. Dean, 13, Corn Hill, Boston.

Here is an image which pictures a goddess, whose necklace is composed of human heads—whose hands bear a bloody cimeter, and a decapitated human head,—whose tongue protruding from the mouth is dripping with human gore—and whose feet are

standing upon the human victims that have been offered in sacrifice to appease her anger. The picture is the very image of the goddess Kali. The time was when human sacrifices were needful to render her propitious. But the supremacy of the English has inspired her with unwonted leniency, and now the blood of sheep and goats will insure her favor. At the time of her annual festival, the streets are flooded with blood, troops of dancing girls are plying their trade, and scenes of unspeakable abomination, cruelty, and crime, are exhibited by night and by day.

It may be here mentioned that the chief gods and goddesses are said to have manifested themselves, for the benefit of the inhabitants of the worlds, in countless forms; and for the sake of definiteness, the Hindu writers ascribe to each god and goddess a thousand appellations, which are descriptive of qualities and exploits. In this way it has occurred that Kali is known by the names of Bhawani, Parwati, Durga, and Gauri. She is Devi, the goddess by way of eminence, and in this character she is the same with Ad'himaya, the first female, and Mahamaya, the Great Mother. In this aspect she is superior to the Triad itself, Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. Nevertheless, she is everywhere the wife of Shiva, who is also called in these pages, Mahadeva, Ishwara, and Shankar. These circumstances are mentioned to prevent the necessity of frequent explanation.

There is, in India, a class of persons called Thugas. Their origin and character are thus stated, "Bhawani once formed the determination of exterminating the whole human race, and sacrificed all save her own disciples. But discovering to her astonishment, that through the interposition of the creating power, whenever blood was shed, a fresh subject immediately started into existence, to supply the vacancy she had caused;

she formed an image into which she instilled the principle of life, and calling her disciples together, instructed them in the art of depriving that being of life, by strangling with a handkerchief. This method was found on trial to be effectual, and the goddess directed her worshippers to adopt it, and to murder without distinction those who should thereafter fall into their hands; at the same time bestowing on her followers all the property of the murdered victims." These persons constitute a clanship, which speak a language known only to the initiated, and every member of which has a place assigned in the work of death. They separate into companies, and disperse themselves over the land. Each company has a person to use the noose for strangulation, and one to take away the clothes and money of the victim, and one to dig a grave, and another to put into it the murdered man, and still another to fill it. In this manner they are able to use great dispatch. As they are not distinguished by any peculiarity of costume, and as there are found among them persons of all castes, they can mingle with travellers without exciting suspicion. Many are their victims. Before setting out upon an expedition of this kind, they ask counsel of the gods. They all unite with uplifted hands in this prayer.—"If it be thy will, O Ishwar, and thine, O Bhawani, to prosper our undertaking for the sake of the blind and the lame, the widow and the orphan, vouchsafe we pray the call of the female jackall on the right." They consecrate a portion of the spoils to their patron goddess, and appropriate the rest to their own use. The East Indian government has taken measures, which are hastening the extermination of this dreadful system of plunder and murder.

The Sick Father and the Little Boy's Falsehood.

A minister of the Gospel gives the following account of an incident in his early life:—

"I had one of the kindest and best of fathers; and when I was a little white-headed boy about six years old, he used to carry me to school before him on his horse, to help me in my little plans, and always seemed trying to make me happy. When I was six years old he came home one day very ill. My mother, too, was ill, and thus nobody but my two sisters could take care of my father. In a few days he was worse, very ill, and all the doctors near us were called in to see him. The next Sabbath morning he was evidently much worse. As I went into the room he stretched out his hand to me and said, 'My little boy, I am very sick. I wish you to take that paper on the stand and run down to Mr C.'s, and get me the medicine written on that paper. I took the paper and went to the apothecary's shop, as I had often done before. It was about half a mile off; but when I got there I found it shut, and as Mr C. lived a quarter of a mile farther off, I concluded not to go to find him. I then set out for home. On my way back I contrived what to say. I knew how wicked it was to tell a lie, but one sin always leads to another. On going in to my father, I saw that he was in great pain; and though pale and weak, I could see great drops of sweat standing on his forehead, forced out by the pain. Oh then I was sorry I had not gone and found the apothecary. At length he said to me, 'My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain.' I hung my head and muttered, 'My conscience smote me, 'No, Mr. Mr Carter says he has got none!' 'Has got none! Is this possible?' 'He then cast a keen eye upon me, and seeing my head hang, and probably suspecting my falsehood, said in

the mildest, kindest tone, '*My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine!*' I went out of the room to a place where I could be alone, and cried. I was soon called back. My brothers had come, and were standing—all the children were standing round his bed, and he was committing my poor mother to their care, and giving them his last advice. I was the youngest, and when he laid his hand upon my head and told me 'that in a few hours I should have no father;—that he would in a day or two be buried;—that I must now make God my father, love him, obey him, and always do right and *speak the truth*, because the eye of God is always upon me;' it seemed as if I should sink: and when he laid his hand on my head again, and prayed for the blessing of God the Redeemer to rest upon me, 'soon to be a fatherless orphan,' I dared not look at him, I felt so guilty. Sobbing, I rushed from his bed-side, and thought I wished I could die. They soon told me he could not speak. O, how much would I have given to go in and tell him that I had told a lie, and ask him once more to lay his hand on my head and forgive me! I crept in once more, and heard the minister pray for 'the dying man.' O how my heart ached! I snatched my hat, and ran to the apothecary's house and got the medicine. I ran home with all my might, and ran in, and ran up to my father's bed-side, to confess my sin, crying out, 'O here, father! —' but I was hushed: and I then saw that he was pale, and that all in the room were weeping. *My dear father was dead!* And the last thing ever I spoke to him was *to tell him a lie!* I sobbed as if my heart would break; for his kindness, his tender looks, and my own sin, all rushed upon my mind. And as I gazed upon his cold pale face, and saw his eyes shut, and his lips closed, could I help thinking of his last words, '*My little boy will see his father*

suffer great pain for want of that medicine?' I did not know but he might have died for the want of it. In a day or two he was put into the ground and buried. There were several ministers at the funeral, and each spoke kindly to me, but could not comfort me. Alas! they knew not what a load of sorrow lay on my heart. They could not comfort me. My father was buried, and all the children scattered abroad, for my mother was too feeble to take care of them.

"It was twelve years after this, while in college, that I went alone to the grave of my father. It took me a good while to find it: but there it was, with its humble tombstone; and as I stood over it, I seemed to be back at his bed-side, to see his pale face, and hear his voice. Oh! the thought of my sin and wickedness cut me to the heart. It seemed that worlds would not be too much to give, could I then only have called loud enough for him to hear me ask his forgiveness. But it was too late. He had been in the grave twelve years, and I must live and die, weeping over that ungrateful falsehood. May God forgive me!"

This closes this affecting incident, and I dare say, dear reader, you have been almost melted to tears while reading it. You have felt deeply for the little boy in his sad distress, and in thought you ran along with him to the doctor's in the hope of saving the dying man. But it was then too late. O see here the sad results of a single sin, and take warning. I beseech you, from this, to *watch against the first beginnings of sin*. Here you see how one sin led on to another: and such, dear reader, is always the case: *therefore* beware of yielding to any temptation to indulge in sin. Ah, you know not where it may lead you. When the little boy left home for the medicine the thought of committing such great wickedness never entered his mind, yet you see how that from one sin he was led on to another; and then, how

sad the consequences! When he remembered all his father's love and kindness, and *then thought of his own sin*—of the way in which he had returned his father's tenderness and affection, he was quite overcome, and would have given worlds for his father's forgiveness. Doubtless, dear reader, you are saying within yourself, —I would not have acted in this way to my kind father. No, my young friend. I do not think you would, and yet I ask you seriously, and *mind you speak the truth*,—How are you acting towards the kindest and best of fathers? Do you not often sin against your Heavenly Father, and yet do you pass day after day without his forgiveness? O, can you look upon the cross of Calvary and think of all the *pain which your sins have caused Jesus to suffer*, and yet not feel sorry that you have sinned? Can you think of all the love and kindness of your Heavenly Father, and yet not desire his forgiveness?

The poor little boy could not obtain his father's forgiveness because his father was dead. But we rejoice to tell you, dear reader, that you may *now* have your Heavenly Father's forgiveness for all your sins. He is "ready to forgive." (See Psalm lxxvi. 5.) He "will abundantly pardon." (See Isaiah lv. 7.) You need not then, dear reader, live and die weeping over an unforgiven sin, because **FOR THE SAKE OF WHAT JESUS HAS SUFFERED FOR YOUR SINS**, your Heavenly Father delights to forgive you.—*Day-Star*.

The Three Hindu Boys.

Three Indian boys were sent by their relations to fetch some clay. What do you think this clay was for? Nothing was to be made of it: what could it be? A house to live in? No. Was it to make brick with? No. To make pots and pans with? No. Oh! sad, sad ignorance and folly! it was to make an idol with—a god—something that the poor Hindus were to bow down to, and pray to, and trust in.

The three boys talked together about it as they went along—"What will be the use of the idol when it is made?" said one. "How can the clay when it is made into an image, be any thing else than what it was before—a lump of clay?" "A fine thing to pray to, to be sure," said another boy. "I don't like even to go and fetch the clay," added the third. "Nor I,"—"Nor I,"—said the two others. "No," said the third boy, "it is wicked to have any thing to do with it; God will be angry with us. I dare not fetch the clay." The others agreed, and they resolved not to go. How was it that these lads knew that it was sinful to worship idols? They had been in the missionaries' school, and there they had been taught the word of God, and they had read in that word, "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them."

As the boys walked on, they encouraged each other more and more in their contempt for idols. "It is wrong to pretend to care for them at all," said one boy, "and I wont any longer wear the silver idol about my neck." They all three said they felt the same, and they unfastened from their necks the little silver boxes which they were accustomed to wear, and each containing an image of a heathen god, and broke them to pieces, and threw them into some water which was standing by the side of the road along which they were passing.

When they went to their homes, their relations asked them for the clay. "We have brought none," they replied; "we will not bring the clay to make useless idols with. The great God even will be angry with us if we make false gods." Their relations

were very angry, especially when they found out that they had thrown away their silver images. "We shall get you others," they said, "and we will make you wear them." So they brought others, and day after day they tried to make the boys wear them. They used all kinds of means, whipped them, made them go without food, and then flattered them, and made them promises of good things if they would but yield. At last two of them did yield. The third boy stood out. His father was quite in a rage with him, and threatened to punish him very severely. The neighbors would not speak to him. The boys in the streets hooted him as he walked along. Nevertheless, he stood firm. He went and told the missionaries of his trials, and they advised him to put his trust in God, and do right, even though the whole world were to take up arms against him.

This dear boy was only 13 years old. We do not know what has become of him now, as, in order to get him away from the missionaries, his father sent him to a village twenty miles off. But God, his heavenly Father is with him, and we trust that he will keep him faithful.

Dear children, how different is your lot from that of these Indian boys! What do ye more than they?—*Miss. Repos.*

Love.

The soul that is once truly touched with the magnetic force of Divine love, can never relish anything here so pleasantly as that entirely he can rest upon it. Though the pleasures, profits, and honors of this life may sometimes shuffle him out of his usual course, yet he wavers up and down in trouble, runs to and fro like quicksilver, and is never quiet within till he returns to his wonted joy and inward happiness. There it is his centre point, and there his circle is bounded, which, though unseen and unperceived by others, are such to him as nothing can buy from him.—*Feltham.*



THE PINE TREE.

The above is another illustration taken from one of the publications of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. We copy the eighth chapter:—

THE REVIVAL—A GOOD TEACHER—THE PINE TREE.

The reader will be pleased to learn at length of a more decided and lasting improvement in Waterville. From the death of Mrs. Hamilton, religion became, more than ever it had before, a subject of thought and conversation in the place. Mr. Hamilton decidedly relinquished the evil habits in which he had indulged in common with his neighbors, and began to pray in his family. As one and another spoke of religion, it was found that there were some individuals who expressed themselves in a way strange to themselves and to others. They discovered all at once that religious language described their feelings, present and past; and were led to think that they surely must have met with a change. This was before the days of peculiar measures in promoting religion, and applying the tests of conversion. This state of feeling continued during the winter and spring after Mrs. Hamilton's death. Three or four persons during that time offered themselves to the church to which she had belonged. In the course of the summer the religious excitement increased.

At this time an eminent servant of God was directed to the place. He came on a

week-day, held two or three meetings in the evenings, and appointed a meeting for the Sabbath. The state of religious feeling was so general and interesting, as to retain this minister there many months. Mr. Hunter made another visit to the place, and was ardently engaged in labors for the spiritual good of his former acquaintances. The organization of a church was proposed, and about twenty or thirty persons were duly set apart as the "light of the world" in that place, long proverbial for its moral darkness.

At first the attention to religion was confined to the older part of the community; but in course of the next winter it embraced the youth and children. I come now to a most interesting point in the narrative of the three boys. Ever since I learned the facts I shall proceed to relate, I have been impressed that they clearly mark the crisis in their lives at which their characters were decided for time and for eternity. This opinion may be wrong, but their history since, and twenty years have now elapsed, has not shown it wrong.

Through Mr. Hunter's interest in the welfare of the people in Waterville, as well as through his desire to see George improve, an excellent and pious teacher was secured in the village school for that winter. Mr. Seymour, for that was his name, entered cordially into the revival. In the want of a minister, he was an excellent substitute, going in his place as a teacher from house to house, staying,

was then the custom, a few days at a time, and always introducing religion as he had an opportunity. But he was especially interested in the children of the school. He generally prayed twice a day, always once in the school, and took care to impart such religious instruction as he found occasion in hearing recitations.

Some of the children became deeply serious. None more so than Samuel, Lemuel, and George. The two latter sat beside each other, and studied Latin from the same book. Samuel had gradually withdrawn from them during the summer, and now chose a seat with other boys, with whom he more fully sympathized, and whom he could more successfully manage. But as religion became the subject of attention, the three friends of early childhood were drawn together again. Samuel had not been inattentive to the changes which had been going on during the summer, but had witnessed remarkable changes in several individuals, and had attended many religious meetings with interest. But now he became personally interested in the subject.

One day, with a very serious air, he came to George and Lemuel, as the boys were released for a few minutes, and said, "Let us go away into the grove yonder."

"What do you want?" said they.

"Let us go there and pray," said he.

They all went. It was in the month of November, cold and raw, but there was no snow on the ground. Just out of sight of the school-house, which was shaded by the thick forest, there stood a pine tree of vigorous growth and of goodly size, though young. Its stem was studded with branches down to within a short distance from the ground. The lower limbs branched in every direction, for several feet around, almost horizontally, and left a vacant space underneath them. To this tree the three boys repaired. They each felt that they had come on an unusual errand, and that they were in a peculiar place. For a moment neither spoke. Soon Samuel said, "Do you think children can be religious as well as men?"

George answered, "I believe they can love God, and I believe God will love them as well as men. But why do you ask, Samuel?"

"I have been thinking a great deal lately about God, and heaven, and hell. I am afraid I shall go to hell. I would do any thing in the world if I could go to heaven. I did not sleep any last night, I

thought so much. I am going to be good all the rest of my life."

The feelings of the boys were so tender that they could not converse much for tears. Samuel said, "Let us all pray;" and then kneeling down upon the leaves, each one in turn expressed his feelings as well as he could, unaccustomed as they were to praying as a *real business*. Samuel was the readiest, and seemed to find considerable relief to his anxiety in the exercise, but the other boys had scarcely a word at command.

They returned to school, and found that the other boys had been called in some minutes. Mr. Seymour looked grieved at this tardiness of the boys, whom he considered as the most exemplary in the school. He asked them where they had been. Upon their telling him they had been out to the "pine tree," he told them they might remain after the school was dismissed, when he would reckon with them further. They were not a little grieved that they had offended their teacher; but easily confronted themselves with the idea, that when he should learn the motives which led them away out of call, he would forgive them.

At night, Mr. Seymour said, "Well, my young friends, I am surprised, as well as grieved, to find it necessary to detain you for any misdemeanor. I had supposed that you could all be relied on to set an example of obedience and propriety to the other scholars. Perhaps, however, you can give a reasonable excuse for remaining out later than the other boys. George, you are the oldest, will you tell why you went beyond call, during the recess?"

The boys looked at each other. They saw that they had transgressed one of the rules of the school, though unintentionally. The consciousness of the motive that led them out to the "pine tree," and their belief that Mr. Seymour would approve of that, gave them confidence. George needed not to ascertain the disposition of the others, respecting giving their excuses. He was sure they all felt alike disposed to confess their undesigned fault, and ask Mr. Seymour's pardon. But he hesitated whether to tell him they went there to pray; not that he desired really to conceal it, nor that he supposed there was any thing faulty in the thing. In short, though the boys were unable to express their views of the case, yet probably they felt that their praying was not a thing to be published unnecessarily. But their situation made it necessary to satisfy their

teacher that they had done no intentional wrong. Still George could not frame language to make the truth known. So true is it that all real religious feeling is unostentatious.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Seymour, "I shall find Samuel a little more communicative. Why did you go so far away, Samuel?"

"We went there to pray, sir."

The truth had been partly suspected by their teacher, owing to his knowledge of their state of mind; and he was, therefore, very kind in his inquiries, though his fears of some possible impropriety told him he must be firm till he had ascertained the fact. His eyes moistened at once as Samuel declared the motive; and as the boys observed it, they all burst into tears.

Mr. S. asked again, "And did you pray?"

"We did, sir, all of us;" replied Samuel.

"Have you been in the habit of praying?" inquired their teacher.

"I have a good many times, since you began to talk to us," said Samuel.

"And have you, George?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"No, sir," said George. "I never prayed before in my life. I have said my prayers a great many times; but I never prayed myself, until this afternoon."

"Lemuel, have you ever prayed before?"

"I do not know, sir," said Lemuel. "I never learned any prayers. I have seen them in the catechism, but I never learned them. But I have thought a great deal about God, and think my heart has prayed a good many times."

"What did you pray for, Samuel?"

"I prayed, sir, that God would have mercy on me, and save my soul, and not send me to hell."

"What did you pray for, Lemuel?"

"I do not know what I said sir; but I felt as if I loved Jesus Christ?"

"Why do you love him?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"Ever since I went to Sabbath school, and learned that he came into the world to save sinners, I have wanted to love him."

"And have you felt as you do now ever since you went to Sabbath school?"

"No, sir; I have not thought much about it until you began to talk to us. Then I remembered what I learned in the Bible, and what George Hamilton used to tell me."

"What did you pray for, George?"

"I do not know as I did pray," said George. "I felt as if I was very wicked, and wanted to ask God to forgive me and love me; but as soon as I tried to speak I could say nothing but '*Our Father, which art in Heaven,*' but I wanted to say something else."

"Did you think about the sins you had committed?" inquired Mr. Seymour.

"Not exactly," said George, "I knew I had done a great many things which were wrong, and I was thinking what a wicked heart I had to do wrong, when I knew how to do right; and I feel as if I wanted something to have a better heart, so that I should not do wrong so easily."

"Why did not you think then of David's words, in the fifty-first Psalm, '*Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me?*'?"

"I cannot tell," replied George; "that was just what I wanted to say. I learned that Psalm when I went to Miss Andrew's school, and I have not forgotten it yet, but I did not think of it when I tried to pray."

"Well, boys, I am glad to learn that you did not remain out of school from any bad motives. It was certainly right to pray, and I should not complain if all the scholars were to remain out for that purpose. I hope you will continue to pray. However, I think it would be advisable to take a more favorable time than the recess. If you were to take the intermission, or some time after school, at home, I think you would find it preferable to taking the recess, which is scarcely long enough. I would also advise you to endeavor to express your feelings in prayer. If the prayers you have learned do not suit your case, do not use them. And beware, too, of falling into the use of expressions which you hear others use, which you do not feel to be suitable to your case. Also, beware of being pleased with your being able to pray easily. God looks at the heart, and he sees the spirit of prayer, and accepts of it, whether it be expressed in words or not; while he abhors the language of prayer which does not come from a full heart. If you please, boys, I will pray with you before we leave the school-house."

"We shall be very glad of it," said each one.

Mr. Seymour then knelt down with the boys, and commended each one to God by name, supplicating the divine favor for each, as his case particularly required.

For Samuel, he prayed that God would show him his sins, and his wicked heart; and lead him to confess his sins, and embrace the Saviour. For Lemuel, that he might have fuller evidence that he did love the Saviour. For George, that his early instruction might be blessed to his conversion, and especially that the remembrance of the prayers and labors of his mother and uncle might be the means of leading him in the right way.

The boys separated that night to meditate on the events of the day, and each one, before he slept, prayed to God with more earnestness than he had ever used before. George and Lemuel say that they felt a freedom and satisfaction they never felt before in attempting to pray. They represent that it seemed as if God was near, assisting them and hearing their requests. Samuel has been heard to express much satisfaction, but never to say that he felt deeply guilty, or saw the way of salvation by the atonement of Jesus Christ. His mind seemed always to be exercised about God, as the great Creator and Judge of the world, and about heaven and hell as places of happiness and misery. But of God's mercy, and the way of its manifestation to man, and their need of it, he seemed to have very imperfect ideas.

For several weeks the boys used to go daily to the "pine tree," to offer up prayer. This was not the only place where they met, but here they felt a sort of reverence and delight in drawing near to God, which they did not feel so sensibly any where else. When winter came they were obliged to relinquish the place and meet elsewhere. Often did these boys meet for prayer that winter, and it is to be hoped not unprofitably to either one. But of this it will be impossible to judge fully, until each one has met the temptations of life, and appears before the Judge of all the earth. To that presence they are fast journeying; and there, reader, you will meet them, and know more satisfactorily than I can declare the effect of their meeting for prayer under the "pine tree."

Chinese Tradition of the Deluge.

In an address lately delivered in Dublin, by Dr. Gutzlaff, among other things, he made the following statement:—

"Let them now look to the east of Asia, and there on its shores, washed by the Pacific, they would find China,

an ancient nation, which has retained its customs for over 2,000 years, with a strictness and attachment that would do honor to better things. In fact, the Chinese had a continual history, even from the deluge up to the present time; they had writers in all times and all circumstances, and they had a language which, in its essential parts, had undergone very little change for the past two thousand years.

"Chinese history stated that there was at one time a great deluge, when the waters rose to the heavens, and that the empire was then converted into a swamp, which a king, called Shun, got drained by means of canals, whose mouths opened into the seas and rivers. The date of this event only differed a few years from that generally assigned to the deluge. It was a confirmation of the truth of Holy Scripture, that so distant a nation as the Chinese, who did not know from the Bible of the occurrence of the great water-fall, should yet record the same event as that spoken of in Holy Writ. There were two coincidences also, such, for example, as the record of a great starvation, which took place about the time when Joseph was prime minister of Egypt."—*Sabbath School Treasury.*

Dr. Franklin's Loan.

It is said that Dr. Franklin once met with an honest young man who was greatly in need of money. The doctor gave him ten dollars, but told him it was *lent*, not *given* to him. "With industry and perseverance," said he, "you will not fail to secure ample means of support, and when you meet with another *honest man* in similar distress, you must *pay me* by lending this sum to him, enjoining upon him also, as soon as he shall be able, to discharge *his debt* by lending it to another when he shall meet with the like opportunity."

Now, this principle of Dr. Franklin's would work well in many other cases—*for instance:*

You are the eldest of several brothers and sisters. In infancy and childhood

you were the constant care of your mother—she sang you to sleep at night—she was by your side when you awoke—she attended to your numerous wants—she dressed your doll or covered your ball—told you pretty stories—instructed you in the right way, and in short made it her study to make you good and happy; now, do you not owe her a debt for all this? I will tell you how to pay her.

You have, as I have said, several brothers and sisters younger than yourself. Your mother cannot give to each one as much care and attention as she used to bestow upon you. But you can be of great assistance to her by doing many things for the younger children which will relieve her of much care. You can amuse them when they are noisy or fretful. They often want some help when at play, which you can afford. You can be patient with them even when they are unreasonable and cross. Oh what a comfort such a daughter or such a son must be to a mother. And what a useful example to the younger children too. In this way you can do something towards paying the debt you owe to your mother.

For every friendly attention, for every kind word spoken, for every benefit bestowed, consider yourself in debt; and when you pay, pay with interest; that is, give more than you have received, and let no opportunity pass unimproved, when it is in your power to do good.

The Bible tells us to do good unto all men as we have opportunity. Gal. vi. 10.

The Shepherd King.

DAVID ON THE THRONE.

We left David in Ziklag, where he remained after the slaughter of the Amalekites, awaiting with no small anxiety the result of the contest between Saul and the Philistines. It was the evening of the third day of suspense, when a stranger was brought before him, who entered his presence with marks of unusual respect, falling to the earth before him—a token of reverential homage.

On inquiring the meaning of all this, David learns from the lips of the stranger the discomfiture of the host of Israel, and the death of Saul and Jonathan. So far he spoke the truth, but when he proceeded to relate how Saul had fallen by his hand, exhibiting as a trophy the crown and bracelet, which he offered for David's acceptance, he fell into a snare of his own setting, for it was not by the hand of this Amalekite, but by his own, Saul fell. The reception David gave these tidings was very different from what he had imagined. David rent his clothes, and mourned for the dead, giving orders at the same time that the messenger should be put to death, who had, by his own confession, destroyed the Lord's anointed.

David had recently been brought very low, and the effects of God's dealing with him in proving and humbling him are now seen. There is no impatience to take possession of the long promised kingdom, no eager haste to ascend the throne. He quietly waits until he is directed to go up to Hebron, and take possession of the throne of Judea. No opposition is offered to his claims. He is received and anointed king by the house of Judah. But this by no means implies the peaceable submission of all Israel to his authority. A powerful faction, headed by Abner, the most experienced and skilful of Saul's commanders, place Ish-bosheth, the son of Saul, on a rival throne, and the majority of the tribes retain their allegiance to him.

It is not until seven years and six months had elapsed, David saw himself King of all Israel,—a period of turmoil and anxiety scarcely less harassing than his Wilderness life. But the Lord was on his side, and slowly but surely he prevailed. The house of David waxed stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker, until Abner, from personal revenge, turns against Ish-bosheth, (who is shortly after slain,) and espouses the cause of David. Abner is made an instrument of good to David, in gathering all Israel under his dominion. But he does not reap the reward he anticipated, for he is betrayed in his turn, and slain by Joab.

David now experienced that when a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

He was Monarch of all Israel, beloved by a grateful people, and honored by the friendship of the neighboring princes. His first duty was a sacred one—to bring the ark of God from Gibeah, where it had remained for some time in the house of Ammadab, to place it in the Royal City, where all the prescribed services might be strictly attended to. In the course of its removal, a circumstance occurred that cast a dark shade of disappointment and fear over the minds of David and his people. This was the sudden death of Uzzah, for putting forth his hand to touch the ark, forgetful of its sacred character. This event filled the people with so much fear and awe that they did not proceed with their intention of taking the ark to the capital, but, turning aside, left it in the house of Obed-edom. It was a good day for the house of Obed-edom. The ark brought a blessing with it, and the three months it abode there, was a time much to be remembered. David hearing this, again desired it should be brought into the city, and celebrated its entrance by religious songs and dances. It was probably these circumstances that suggested to David the idea of building a house to be consecrated to the worship of God, where all the vessels and sacred tokens of the presence of God might be placed in security. On making his intention known, he receives a message from God, approving of the design, but, nevertheless, declaring it was reserved for David's son, the honor of building a house for God. David at once acquiesced in the appointment; and although he now knew he should never see the edifice, he set himself diligently to make all needful preparation.

David's attention about this time was directed to another duty no less sacred. The memory of his friend Jonathan must often have been present with him; and now he recalls the solemn promise he had made, to show kindness to any one of the house of Jonathan, for his father's sake. Jonathan had left a son, whose sad tale of suffering must have pleaded with additional force in his behalf. He was five years old when the tidings came from Jezreel that Saul and Jonathan were no more. The child's nurse, fearful her charge might be involved in the general calamity, hastily fled with him; but stumbling in her haste, the child received an

injury which rendered him lame in both his feet. Mophosheth appears to have been about 20 years of age when he came to reside with David—having been hitherto kept in strict retirement, probably from a mistaken fear of David: he is now brought to court, lands and property bestowed upon him, and every arrangement made that could contribute to his comfort, and alleviate his misfortunes.

This period of David's history is that of his highest prosperity and happiness; he had trusted the Lord in the darkness, and now when God had made him great, and given unto him even more than he had promised,—for a time David continued his dependence and trust in God, as implicitly as ever: but the full cup is difficult to carry—and David leaving the simple path of duty, was yet to be pierced through by many sorrows.

(To be continued.)

A Friendly Hint to Children and Parents in Montreal.

FRANKLIN said "*time is money*;"—if well employed, it may produce money, or what is better. Do any ask what is better than money? *Knowledge* of our duty to God and to each other is of more real value than all the gold in California. And some of this good article can be obtained every day.

Dear children, I shall not have opportunity to speak to you any more for some months—perhaps never. If I go over the Atlantic, as I hope to do in the course of next month, I may never return to Canada. If I should return, I may not find all the children of the city. When I returned three years ago from Europe, I found that the cholera had taken twenty of the dear children from the Bethel school, and some have been taken since; therefore, all children, as well as adults, are entreated to prepare to meet their God.

One word to *parents*, I feel a great concern for all children, especially for the children of Canada. I have devoted forty-four years to charitable designs. I have collected thousands of dollars and many thousands of books for the destitute of this colony. I have been enabled to give some hundreds of dollars from what was left me by a deceased brother, and

my services for forty-four years. Should life and health be spared, I hope to do more for the rising race. Do all you can to promote industry, temperance, and pure religion, with good economy. Two little children in this city, by taking milk instead of tea and toast, have saved in two years £2 12s. This is a hint to those who waste much property and injure their health by luxuries and vain amusements.

Your friend,

T. OSGOOD.

TEACHER'S CORNER.

A Teacher's Experience.

Dear reader! be charitable in your opinion, and be not hasty in your conclusions, but bear with me patiently while I as briefly as possible relate my experience as a teacher. Surely to know the errors and failings into which another has fallen, will serve as a warning to those who are engaged in similar occupations to avoid them.

In March of 1848 I visited the Sabbath school of our village, in which, for several years I had formerly been a scholar. Why I went I know not, unless it was to follow an inclination, for I had no motive. While there I was requested to take a class, which for some time had no regular teacher. To this I readily consented, as thoughtlessly as though I was going to drive cattle. My class was composed of six boys between the ages of 7 and 9—*as mischievous, idle, and irreverent as ever human nature produced.* Unfit as I was to become the teacher of such a class, their conduct and its effect upon me soon made me more so. They vexed me sorely by their tricks, inattention, and misbehaviour, that I, impatient and angry, would often determine never again to go into the school as a teacher. These feelings with the improper methods of correction which they led me to adopt, it may well be supposed did not make matters any more comfortable, or more useful, and very soon my class became annoying to the whole school. Scolding and threatening had no effect but to increase the occasions for them, and discouraged, I had resolved to give up the undertaking altogether. Yet my interest had been awakened, and I found that I had formed an attachment to my class which could not so easily be broken; and I thought that I would go again on the next Sabbath, talk plainly to the boys, give them reasons why they should behave themselves properly, and see what the effect would be.

I went and for the first time perceived that I had been more to blame than my scholars,

that my own conduct had been very unbecoming, and that if I wished for success, I must adopt a different course. With what earnestness I prayed for ability and grace to enable me properly to do my duty I cannot express. I had thought that I had prayed before, but I had not; my petitions were only the repetition of words whose meaning I did not realize.

Oh! my brethren, how many of us there are who are in the same situation; how many more who *never* pray or even repeat a prayer, and then we wonder (is there reason?) that we have no success, no pleasure in teaching. God was pleased to answer my prayer and in a measure to grant my request.

My own conduct and the conduct of my class improved, and for it I felt thankful, but still not satisfied with myself, for although I had as I hoped, truly repented of my sins and trusted in Jesus for salvation and I hoped that my sins were forgiven me, yet I was ashamed and afraid to acknowledge this by a public profession. Conscience continually troubled me, accusing me of ingratitude, while the thought that I was recommending to others Him of whom I was ashamed filled my mind with most discouraging feelings. How could I expect them to believe in one, whom I myself was unwilling to acknowledge. Such thoughts had their proper effect; they led me to feel the guilt which I was thus incurring, they humbled me, and led me to constant, earnest prayer. Through grace, thus obtained, I at length professed my faith and became a member of the visible church. And permit me here to urge,—to entreat,—any who are in the same situation as I was before professing and uniting with the church, to rest not, nor cease to pray, until they are induced to follow the example of one who has not since failed to regret that he deferred so plain a duty for so long a time.

This duty and the privileges which accompanied it wrought a great change in both myself and my class. They began to regard me as feeling the solemnity of what I told them, were more attentive and respectful. I had discovered the true fountain of all saving knowledge, and from thence I hope that I have and still do obtain many lessons profitable both to myself and the little ones whom God has committed to my care.

These I trust, through God's blessing, upon my endeavors, will be brought to a similar experience of God's saving grace and that I will be allowed to spend a happy eternity with them and many of the readers of this article, some of whom I hope will be excited to duty by it, and all of whom I would entreat to see to it; to make it the subject of frequent, earnest prayer, that they may find that sweet peace in full dependence upon Jesus which all who seek earnestly shall surely obtain.

A TEACHER.

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