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Head of Church



VOL. XI. MONTREAL, APRIL, 1854. No. 4.

**An English School in the City of Mysore.**

THE MYSORE PETITION.

If I were to ask you, "Where is the Mysore country?" perhaps not many of you could tell me; and if I were to say that it is in India, you would not readily find it; for India is a large country, and contains many kingdoms. Look for Madras in the map. It is on the eastern coast of the continent of India. In a straight line westward, about a hundred and fifty miles inland, is the Mysore country. It is about as large as Ireland. It is under the dominion of the English, but governed in the name of the Rajah, or native Prince. This Rajah lives in great style. "He has a great palace; a state coach as tall as a tree, and as wide as a parlour, drawn by six elephants, before which the Lord Mayor with Gog and Magog would be dwarfed."

The Rajah is a Hindoo, and his subjects are Heathens and Mahommedans. There have been Christian Missionaries living in the country for many years, and some of the Heathen inhabitants have been converted to Christianity. A few only out of the many thousands have cared to listen to the

teachings of the Missionaries; but lately the people have seemed to be ashamed of their ignorance, and they want to have schools in which their children may be taught, that they may not grow up as ignorant as themselves.

Now, you must know, that there are in the Mysore country *six hundred and twenty-seven thousand and eighty-two boys, and five hundred and twenty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-two girls*. These children are ignorant Heathens; but they are waiting and willing to be taught.

About ten months ago, Mr. Hardy, a Wesleyan Missionary living among them, was about to visit England for a time. When the people in the city of Mysore heard he was leaving, they presented a petition to him, signed by three thousand four hundred people, begging him to ask the English people to let them have a school for their children. This is the petition:—

TO ALL THE SOCIETIES OF WISE GENTLEMEN IN ENGLAND.

THIS PETITION SHEWETH:—

In the city of Mysore, all the Hindus, Mussulmans, and all other people, in the greatest humility pray. To teach the fifty-three thousand people

in this city the English correctly, there are no English gentlemen; neither is there a proper English school. Although we desire to establish one, we have not the ability; and to send our children to a foreign place is not the custom of our country, and our poverty would not allow it. For these reasons, although we are exceedingly anxious to teach our children the English language, the means of teaching are not at our command. You, gentlemen, having in many places established chief colleges for the people's children, and having taught them wisdom, you have acquired fame and honor; therefore, upon us, and upon our children, look favourably; and in this place having established a college, cause our children to be taught by an English gentleman. This doing, fame and merit will not only be yours, but it will confer upon us a benefit never to be forgotten.

#### THIS IS OUR HOPE.

And this is your hope also, dear children, is it not, that the "wise gentlemen in England," to whom this petition has been sent, will help them to have a school? You must observe, that they do not ask to have their children taught Christianity, but they want them to be taught English; but then, when the Missionaries have a school, they teach the children in the school to read the Bible, and other Christian books; besides, when these youths learn geography and astronomy, and read the history of other countries, they begin to see how foolish and untrue all the stories are about their Hindoo gods. I will give you an instance of this: In the city of Bangalore, which is in the Mysore country, there is a school, established by the Wesleyan Missionaries, called the Wesleyan Educational Institution. The youths in this school have to write an address every week, to read to their fellow-students, on a subject given by the master. One week the subject was, The City of Bangalore; and the following

is the address, written by a Hindoo youth:—

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF BANGALORE.

The subject which I have chosen to bring before you this evening, is the description of a city; of the city in which you are now living, in whose streets you have walked, days and evenings, in coming up to this institution, as well as to the Lecture-Hall; of a city, in which most of you have lived for years and years; and the description of people with whom you have held frequent conversation, and thus acquired a knowledge of their character, morals, and their life. I mean, a description of the far famed city of Bangalore, and its inhabitants.

In speaking of the scenery of Mysore, and its natural endowments, a traveller, coming from the shores of Madras, suddenly finds himself lifted at once to a table-land, where he finds, instead of the hot burning rays of the sun, a clime where the rays of the great king of the day lose their strength. He also finds himself in the midst of the garden of India, where vegetables, grains, and fruits of the torrid and temperate zones disport themselves luxuriantly.

Having thus, in a few words, described the country generally, I will now come to the pettah.

The pettah is surrounded on all sides by artificial lakes, or, as they are commonly called, tanks, to supply water to those that live in their vicinity.

If we view the pettah from the outskirts, it would seem to us like a depopulated town, recently set on fire, presenting only bare mud walls; but, if we enter it, we shall be astonished to see the thronging crowds of people walking to and fro, and the busy shopkeepers in their various stalls. Properly speaking, with one exception, there are no public roads that deserve the name; you would see, wherever you go, narrow lanes, covered with dirt and mud to three inches thick. And though there are drains, con-

structed by government at the expense of the people, to convey the filth away, yet they are the nastiest things possible, containing the carrion of dead dogs, bandy-coots, rats, and stagnant water, from which proceed an impure air, thus causing persons to fall victims to an early grave.

The houses of the natives are so rudely erected as to exclude the atmosphere from entering in. In fact, the residences of the natives are not houses, but dungeons, or dark cellars, not adapted for rational creatures to live in, but for beasts in the field. Go to their houses and see; although the gracious God has given them light to enjoy, they shut out the light and air from their rooms. Can you see anything in them? No; you must have a torch, or light, to guide your way into the different apartments, otherwise you will butt your head against a wall, or beams, and thus endanger your neck. You will not see anything in their houses but swarms of noisy, singing misquitos, or innumerable poisonous scorpions creeping on the floor, or taking up their abode in the hollow of the bamboos, used as rafters to their houses. The natives of the pettah build such places for their habitation.

My object, however, in bringing before you this lecture is not so much to describe the houses of the pettah, and its suburbs, as much as to point out to you the bad morals that prevail among the people of the place.

In speaking of the character of the people of the pettah, I shall give a few of the bad practices observed by them; by which you will unhesitatingly know, and form a model of, their character.

1. *Lying* is a most common practice among the Hindoos of the pettah; for they think that by telling lies only they will gain honour and fame in this world. Go to a draper, and ask him to give you a pair of cloths, he would then show you some of the musters that he has; and when you have fixed your choice, and ask him to let you know

the price thereof, the draper would first look at your dress, to find out whether you are a man of wealth or not; and if he thought you rich, he would then state the price of the cloth to be double as much as the cloth was worth. When you tell him you cannot give so much for it, he will swear by his *lingum*, (or his god,) that the real price of the cloth is so much; when you tell him that you will not give him that amount, he will willingly agree to give the cloth for a much less price than he had sworn to. This is an illustration of the lying which is very common amongst the Hindoos of the pettah.

2. *Egotism* is greatly nourished among the people of the pettah. In places where half a dozen persons are assembled, you hear nothing but the great deeds of deception which their forefathers have played, of their ancestors' wealth, and all sorts of nonsense.

3. *Drunkness* prevails nearly among all classes.

4. Another of the bad customs is the carrying on of injurious feasts.

I take, for an example, the feast just now celebrated by the Hindoos in general, but especially at this place by the people of the pettah. By the observance of this feast people become wicked. It makes them unfit for everything relating to this world, and the world to come. The people of the pettah would buy a whole hell for themselves by the heavy expenses of the observance of their feast, rather than give a single cash for better purposes, such as the erection of public schools, or institutions for the improvement of the young, or for the improvement of their roads for their own comfort.

In conclusion, I beg to say, it is not my intention to degrade the people by telling you that they are so and so, nor to hold them up to contempt and ridicule; but my aim is, that you, my honoured fellow-students, may keep yourselves afar from those follies which the people of the pettah encourage and assist. I pray you avoid committing

those evils to which they are addicted; to refrain your-self from associating with the thousands that squander their money in the pursuit of the vilest actions; and to exert all your influence to lead the people into the path of piety and virtue; to tell to them plainly the evils that attend such customs, the countless sums they spend on the observance of disgusting feasts; and, in all things, to root out from their breasts the innumerable bad customs and practices to which they have hitherto been en-laved; to free themselves from the thraldom of sin, and thus becoming inheritors of the present, and of the world to come.

With these few remarks I leave you, enlightened members and spectators, with the hope of hearing soon of great improvements being made in the manners and life of the wretched Bangaloreans.

*P. Ballahkristnah, Student.*

*Wesleyan Educational Institution,  
Bangalore.*

*April 7th, 1853.*

Ballah-kristnah is not a Christian, but he has been brought up under Christian influence. Had this youth who writes so inagnantly of the injurious customs and obscene feasts of his people, been left without Christian instruction, he would have followed the giddy multitude, and delighted in the evil of their ways.

—  
“No God.”

“This day year,” said Frank Atley, “I shall be a happy man.”

As the mind lifted his brown curls, from a brow of perfect moulding, I thought I never gazed upon a prouder, brighter, and more beaming face.

“I have seen Paris, and my future wife,” he added, laughingly; “two years from which one may fairly date his existence. One year from to-night I promise to show you as fine a house and as beautiful a bride, as any other man in this fair country.”  
“God willing!”

Frank Atley turned with a toss of his proud head, and bent his flashing eye on the pale speaker.

“Myself willing!” he exclaimed, with angry emphasis—“I know no God!”

There was a look of almost mortal anguish on that white face, as the younger brother turned from the little group. He heard not Frank’s impious wager with his gay friend, that if he failed to appear on the very night designated, in high health, and with his young Parisian wife, he was to forfeit fifty thousand dollars!

Alas! poor Atley, the very model of everything generous, heroic, and princely, had returned from the European tour—an atheist!

“I know no God!”

Night after night I woke up with that frightful sentence ringing in my ears. The sneer that darkened Atley’s handsome face with the stormy hate of a fiend, seemed to float palpably before me in the darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

“A note of invitation to Frank Atley’s bridal—I shall go!”

Vari-colored lights blazed along the avenue fronting the princely mansion, and through the old trees, whose branches the soft south wind stirred not, rang strains of inspiring melody.

The bride was more lovely than Frank had pictured her. Her robes were almost royal in their shining and costly beauty. A rich veil fell half way from her tresses of gold. The orange wreath, braided with jewels, gave a beautiful lustre to her white, happy brow. But when she looked up with such childish confidence in those deep loving eyes—trusting so wholly in the man who “knew no God!”—horror thrilled all my veins!

“Won my wager,” exclaimed Frank, exultingly, when the guests were departing. “You might as well transfix lightning, as my mind down to these old orthodox notions. Here you see I am in my own house—yonder is my wife, my will would have it so, and I

tell you there is no God but will. Come over and help me drink my first bottle in a social way. Bring Mary, and we'll compare brides. English and French beauties are quite dissimilar, you know," and bidding his friend good bye, Frank vanished.

I heard his merry laugh as I left, mingling with the silvery strains of Van Auber's waltz.

"I was about retiring, when the startling shout of "fire!" "fire!" broke the stillness of the night.

I sprang to the window. The whole heavens were kindled to flame. On, on rolled the red light, until every object seemed dyed in blood—for a while it hung with a quivering glow, as if its heated wings were tired—for a while it hung with a quivering glow, as if its heated wings were tired—then faded and sunk in fearful flashes into gloom again.

In the morning, almost before daylight, I received the fearful intelligence, that Frank Atley's new mansion was a heap of burning cinders—and more horrible than all, his wife had perished in the flames, and he was a raving maniac.

No consolation for the bereaved husband—no penitence for his awful boast—no altar had he; no star of mercy to lead him out of the cloud.

Oh! it is a fearful thing to "know no God."—*Olive Branch.*

### Vastness of the Universe.

If you move through a forest, your motion has changed the position, relative to yourself, of every tree in the forest. If you move with a railroad train, your motion changes the relative position of every object with great rapidity. The effect is more obvious as regards those objects which are nearest to the train, and less so in regard to those which are more remote. This is a fact of importance in the argument for the vastness of the universe. Now, suppose two objects to maintain apparently the same relative position with the observer, himself in motion, during

the twenty-fours. One of two consequences follows. Either his motion has been very slow, or the objects themselves are remote.

The bodies which belong to the solar system, the planets, their satellites, the sun itself, which viewed from different points of observation, presents the same phenomena—*i. e.* change of place if the observer changes the relative place of these bodies, as referred to the vault of heaven which lies opposite. This change of place is very small. That of the moon seen at points distant 90 degrees, is only 57 minutes; that of the sun, 8 seconds. In consequence of the apparent change of place of the bodies which belong to the solar system, when viewed from different points, called *parallax*, their distances from the earth can be determined. The distance of the sun from the earth is thus found to be ninety-five millions of miles. In the annual revolution of the earth around the sun, it reaches a distance in absolute space from any assumed point, which is measured by the diameter of its orbit, of one hundred and ninety millions of miles. Now, taking this immense distance in absolute space as the basis of observation on those heavenly worlds which lie beyond the limits of the solar system, and no parallax or apparent change of place of those worlds can be discovered. Astronomical instruments cannot be relied on to measure an area of the heavens of less magnitude than one second. But no apparent change of place of the fixed stars of a magnitude so great as one second has ever yet been discovered. But on the supposition of an annual parallax equal to one second, the nearest fixed stars lie at a distance from the earth of at least nineteen billions of miles. But, as before remarked, as no such parallax has been ascertained, their real distance is still greater. Then the smaller fixed stars, smaller, apparently to us, doubtless some of them because they are more remote, lie at distances immensely greater.

Light, travelling without impediment, moves with the velocity of 192,000 miles per second. Moving, with this velocity, it would require nearly four years for a ray of light to move over a space which lies between the earth and the nearest fixed star. It is a thought full of sublimity that when the eye is turned towards the starry worlds, it penetrates to depths so far remote in the surrounding universe !

How great is the Divine Author who made and who constantly sustains all !

How desirable is holiness, for it is in perfect harmony with the design of all these works !

How direful is sin, for it is the spirit of discord, of ruin, and death !

### Farewell to Thebes.

BY PROF T. C. UPHAM

The oar is dipping in the waves

That bear me on their watery wings:  
Farewell to Egypt's land of graves !

Farewell, the monuments of kings !  
They died—and chang'd the living throne  
For chambers in the mountain stone.

I trod the vast sepulchral halls,

Designed their lifeless dust to keep,  
And read upon the chisel'd walls

The emblems of their final sleep ;  
And learned, that when they bow'd to die  
They hoped for immortality.

Dark was the way. *They knew not how*

That other life would come again,  
To rend the flinty mountain's brow,

That overlooks the Theban plain.  
But if a right their hearts they read,  
'The rocks at last would yield their dead.

O, yes ! the instincts of the heart,

In every land, in every clime,  
The great, ennobling truth impart,

That life has empire over time.  
Death for eternal life makes room,  
And heaven is born upon the tomb

They saw the end, *but not the way*—

The life to come, but not the power ;  
And felt, when called in dust to lay,

The doubt and anguish of the hour,  
O, Christ ! by thee the word is spoken ;  
The power is given ; the tomb is broken.

### Longing for Soul Rest.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"

There are times when the soul of every one is oppressed with the weariness of living. What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? Living to most who live earnestly, is rowing a boat hard up-stream; it is full of excitement and stimulus to the vigorous arm and determined eye. There is joy in strife, and pride in overcoming. But still, there are hours when the oar slackens and the arm is listless. One does not want for ever to contend with the mad race of waters, and longs to put out of the current into some quiet cove where sunbeams glitter in golden rings, and overhanging trees make green shadows and soft whisperings—it longs for a rest.

There are such internal sheltered nooks and shadowy dells, breezy and fragrant with restful images in almost every soul—some place to retreat into for quiet thoughts. Is it not so, my friend? You are a mother, perhaps, with more than Martha's care, cumbered with much serving. The arranging and harmonizing of a family, the meeting conflicting claims, the endless work of compromising and peace-making among young and vigorous wills, the guiding inexperienced servants and entertaining guests, and withal, the heavy anxiety to train aright that which never dies; these of necessity oft bring weariness, and there are times when you are sick of all together. But perhaps sleeping in the cradle is a joyous, beautiful creature, over whom, as yet, sin or sorrow has no power, ever sweet and good, gay and loving, and when every thing else is wearisome your thoughts repose there; your heart, like the dove that found no rest for the sole of her foot, folds its wings and is at peace in that cradle.

In America, our prosaic work-a-day country, this rest can refresh but few; but "as he who hath no oblation chooseth a tree," so even here nature

furnishes a ready and benignant provision. Sometimes one single flower, tended and watered from day to day, in the dwelling of sickness and poverty, is a rest from care, and bears healing under its leaves. Happy they who live in the country; there is rest for them in the springing of leaves, in the green, sharp blades of grass, in the glorious sweep of the elm, and the pointing fingers of the spruce, in the flush of the autumn maple, and in the glitter of winter snows.

Many a worn heart has been rested by these things, that never knew where rest came from.

But there come times when all these fail—the lock of hair—the cradle; hide them away; they speak only of death and despair; the dream-land of sounds has tones in it that are heart-wringing; painting has lost its color, and nature's bloom and beauty, her serene, ineffable sweetness and composure pain us like the indifference of a friend. Now for the soul's rest! Where is it? Has the Almighty Father sent us here so orphaned that when all else is gone we cannot find all in "Him? and say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"

But there is a meaning in that word return. We cannot return to a place we have never been to. This word return speaks of old familiarity and long experiences; the dove came back to the ark; she had not the ark to seek for the first time. There is this savor of familiarity and long-trying friendship, this constant allusion to an established intimacy between the poet and his heavenly Friend, that gives a charm to the Psalms. He is not seeking a rest unknown; he is returning to one well known and long tried.

Among the green, breezy hollows of the pasture-land at Bethlehem, in early youth, this invisible One, all beauty, all loveliness, had unveiled himself before his soul. He had come to him, not as a fleeting poetic vision, but as a sober certainty of waking

bliss. He had become teacher, comforter, and guide. He had attracted to himself all the fibres of the poet's inner life, so that he could say, "All my springs are in Thee." Thenceforth life became glorified, and all its events, prosperous or adverse, full of divine significance, and bearing a healing power.

The Psalms are full of intimations of this interior friendship. They speak of wakeful hours of communion in the night season, when all else is hushed and still. They speak of a glad pulsation of love and joy each morning, such as brightens the infant's eyes, when he awakes, to find his mother's smile. "When I awake I am still with Thee." They speak of wanderings and returnings, of offences forgiven, of instruction imparted, of doubts allayed, and inquiries answered.

In the Psalm, the Poet is speaking as one who has left some warm and kindly home for some uncertain and perilous venture. He has been into the race and is weary with the noise, and blinded by the dust. He is heart-sick, weary, lonely, desolate; but still he knows where to go to. He says:

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"

But woe for him who has learned no rest; he who, when the storm desolates and lightning scathes, knows no hiding-place from the tempest. On the wide blasted heath of time he stands a homeless wanderer; no distant light gleams from the windows of a well-known home to guide him, no remembrance of a father's face allures him; desolate above all names of desolation he who is written "without God, and hope in the world."

H. B. S.

**EDIFICATION.**—Not they that eat most, but they that digest most, are the most healthful; not they that get most, but they that keep most, are richest; so not they that hear most or read most, but they that meditate most are most edified and enriched.



## The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1854.

### St. Patrick's Day.

A stranger passing through our city a short time ago, could not fail to notice there was an unwonted stir in the usually quiet streets. A long procession, with waving banners and colored flags, parade the town; they proceed in a body to St. Patrick's Church, attend service, and return in the same goodly array. The prevailing color of all the emblems used is green; and, in sympathy with this choice, we find the shop windows have suddenly assumed a most verdant appearance, and are gracefully hung with all the wares that partake of the favorite color.

Every question or expression of surprise is answered by—"Do you not know it is St. Patrick's day?"

Who, then, is St. Patrick, and what has he done to merit so signal a mark of honor?

We suspect, few indeed among the many votaries of St. Patrick know what were his real opinions, or his real profession. For did they know, rather would they bury his memory in the deepest oblivion, rank him with the heretics who suffered by the fires of the inquisition, than hold him forth as a saint, the deliverer and evangelist of Ireland. We could wish nothing better for every Irishman, than to be a disciple of St. Patrick.

The ordinary legend is, that this renowned Apostle of Ireland, whose original name was Succat, was canonized by Pope Celestine, who gave him the name of Patrick, for the great bene-

fits he conferred on Ireland, which, until his appearance, was sunk in all the horrors of pagan superstition. That he introduced Christianity, established schools, preached to the people, and induced them to forsake idolatry. Many miracles were attributed to him, particularly that of suddenly freeing the country from all venomous reptiles.—It was said that he built monasteries, and devoted the latter years of his life to acts of piety and religious meditation.

But, by recent research, the memory of this really excellent man has been rescued from the maze of legendary fables, and we can now trace his true career with confidence.

It is well known that Britain received the knowledge of the Gospel before the end of the second century. "and many churches were formed on the island." In 372, A.D., in a little Christian village, now called Kilpatrick, a pious family resided. The father, a deacon of the Church of Bonavera, named Calpurnius, was a simple-hearted, pious man; his wife, Conchessa, a woman of superior understanding, and eminent piety.

Succat was the object of his mother's most tender care, a child of many prayers. She endeavoured from his earliest years to instil into his heart the doctrines of Christianity; but, for a time, apparently without success.

Succat was fond of pleasure, and became the leader in all the follies of his youthful companions.

While still young, his parents quitted Scotland, and settled in Bretagne. One day, Succat and his sisters were playing by the sea shore; they were marked by some Irish pirates, who were hovering about. They seized the

children, carried them off to Ireland, and sold them to the chieftain of some pagan clan.

Here Succat, like the prodigal son, was sent into the fields to feed swine. Like the prodigal too, he began to think of his sin, of his neglect of all the holy instructions he had received.— He turned repentingly towards that meek Saviour, of whom his mother had so often spoken. He gives the account of his conversion in the following simple language:—

“I was sixteen years old, and knew not the true God; but, in that strange land, the Lord opened my unbelieving eyes, and although late, I called my sins to mind, and was converted with my whole heart to the Lord my God, who regarded my low state, had pity on my youth and ignorance, and consoled me as a father consoles his children.”

Again, he says, “The love of God increased more and more in me, with faith and fear in his name. The spirit urged me to such a degree that I poured forth as many as a hundred prayers in one day.”

There is no mention made here of any instrument but the Holy Spirit effecting this change of heart; it was the work of no Church, no priest, no masses. God, and God alone, worked the mighty change.

Having effected his escape, he was restored to his home and his parents' roof, but he did not forget the land of his spiritual birth, associated as it must have been with painful toil and cruel servitude; that land where he had first seen spiritual light, seemed to him to have a special claim to his love.

No persuasions of his family could induce him to abandon the idea that it was his duty to carry the gospel to those Irish Pagans, among whom he had found Jesus Christ.

He returned to the land of his captivity, there he collected the Pagan tribes in the fields by beat of drum, and narrated to them in their own tongue, the history of the Son of God. Ere long his simple recital exercised a divine power over their hearts; many souls were converted by the word of God; even into high places, the story of peace penetrated, the son of a chieftain embraced the gospel, and then proclaimed the good tidings to his fellow countrymen. The court bard cast away his idolatrous songs and hymns of Druidical worship, that he might sing the new song of salvation, “Glory to God, and good will to men.”

Thus was Ireland evangelized; would that it had held its first love. What years of misery! What rivers of blood had been spared if Ireland had known no other doctrine but that preached by Succat, or St. Patrick! But, not liking to retain the knowledge of God in their hearts, men wandered away into the darkness of their own vain imaginings, and hence arose the gorgeous superstition of the Romish ritual.

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[FOR THE RECORD.

### Thoughts on Blindness.

My dear little Friends,—I should like very much to speak to you all; but some of you are in one place, and some in another, so I cannot; but I shall write down some thoughts for you to read, and that will be almost as good.

You all know what *blindness* is, don't you? Alas, I need not describe it; you have seen some one, or maybe many whose lot it is. I hope you all feel tender pity for these. God has taught us that he cares for them. We read in Lev. xix., "Thou shalt not put a stumblingblock before the blind, but shalt fear thy God. I am the Lord." And in Deut. xxvii., "Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way?"

The Scriptures mention several instances of wicked persons being deprived for a time of the power of seeing, that the people of God might be protected or delivered from harm: all these show the power of God. We ought to fear to offend Him. They show, too, how safe we shall be, if we have Him for our friend.

In Gen. xix., you will find that the heavenly messenger sent to Lot, struck the Sodomites with blindness. In 2 Kings, vi., you may read how the Syrians, who went to seek for Elisha, were struck with blindness, in answer to Elisha's prayer. I dare say you remember, too, how, once when the Jews in their rage, took up stones, to stone our Saviour, He hid himself from them, although he passed through the midst of them, and went His way.—John. viii.

When Jesus was on earth, He opened the eyes of the blind. Miracles had been performed by Moses and the prophets in old times; but no one had opened blind eyes. You remember the man who had been blind from his birth; told the Pharisees, that since the world began had it not been known that any had opened the eyes of the blind, and they

did not contradict him, they would have done so if they could. The prophets had foretold that Christ, the Messiah, would open the eyes of the blind, and He only did so.

Now what will you say if I tell you that we are all blind? I can imagine I see you turn and look into one another's bright eyes, and make yourselves quite sure that I am wrong.

Well, dear children, be grateful to your Father in Heaven for the great gift of sight, and thank Him for this, as well as His other many mercies to you; but still I think I can show you that what I wrote above is quite correct. *We are all blind.* In Peter's 2nd epistle, at the 9th verse, it is said, "He that lacketh these things is blind." If you turn to Rev. iii. 17., you will see some are called blind. Of course, in these passages (if you will turn to them) you will at once see that it is not the eyes of the body which are meant at all, but the understanding and the heart. The gentle, loving apostle John, says in one of his letters, that "He that hateth his brother, is in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes." I think it is clear that the darkness here spoken of is *Sin*.

If I had written that we were all sinners, you would have said, at once, "Oh, yes, we have heard that a great many times."

But why is sin compared to darkness? Because there is some likeness in the one to the other. One born blind can have no idea of the sun, or of the beauties of nature which its light displays to us, or of light itself. Who is the *Sun of Righteousness*? Christ Jesus

our Saviour. By nature our hearts are blind, we cannot see the Sun of Righteousness; we do not know his love, or "walk in his light," as the Bible says, and it means, live holy lives.

Do any of you, my dear children, desire that the eyes of your minds may be opened? Jesus says, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Again, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." He only opened the eyes of the body, and so, *He only can open the eyes of the mind.*

H. S.

[FOR THE RECORD.  
The Horizon.

Can any one of my little friends tell me what the Horizon is?

"Oh yes," says one, "I know what it is, for I have often been told, it is the place where, when we play in the fields we see the earth and sky meet, and where the clouds touch the water when we are on the sea. But, another will say, "That is only the sensible or apparent horizon, and I know what the true horizon is, if one could be raised so high above the earth that he could look down upon it, the line around its centre would be the real horizon."

Very well remembered; and now I will tell you what a little girl thought when her teacher had been explaining this to her, after listening attentively she said, "But God has no horizon, has he?"

No, dear children, there is no horizon to God, that is, there is no limit to His view. He sees all round and round this world, though it seems so large to us, and, what is of more importance to us,

He sees us at all times, whatever we are doing, whatever we are saying, and whatever we are thinking. We should often remember this, and when tempted to do any thing wrong, we will find it easy to resist the temptation, if we think "*Thou God seest me.*"

The Infant Sacrifice.

A TRUE TALE.

Cool evening's soft, unclouded light,  
Shone pure on Gunga's sacred stream,  
Where every tiny ripple bright  
Caught, as it flowed, a parting beam.

With rapid and uneven pace,  
A Hindu mother bore her child;  
Bedecking oft its infant face  
With bitter tears of anguish wild.

On to the river's brink she sped;  
Then stood, all beautiful and young,  
And silent o'er the baby's head  
A wreath of fairest flowrets hung.

Then, with a strange and wild embrace,  
And a quick glance of speechless woe,  
First on the babe's unconscious face,  
Next on the river's tranquil flow,

She dashed beneath the gurgling wave  
The treasure of her heart's deep joy:  
No Christian arm was there to save  
The Hindu mother's hapless boy.

Soft flow'd the stream, and bore along  
The infant to a wooded ledge;  
Where drooping branches, green and strong,  
Hung downward to the silvery edge.

The baby grasp'd a bough, and crept  
Up to the green bank, where he clung;  
No more the affrighted mother wept,  
For Gunga's terrors o'er her hung.\*

She seized the panting boy; her hand—  
The mother's hand—destroyed her child!  
Then flung him from the verdant strand,  
Far on the wave with gesture wild.

Sad was her silent home that night,  
And chill her heavy heart, and lone;  
Poor mother! could that offering bright  
For thy deep heartfelt guilt atone?

Ah no! thy loved one died in vain;  
Yet there's a sacrifice for thee—  
A spotless Lamb for sin was slain,  
When Jesus died on Calvary.

How beautiful on India's plains  
The feet of those who publish peace!  
Who soothe her weeping daughters' pains,  
And bid their blood-stained offerings  
cease!

\* Had the infant escaped, she would have believed herself under the curse of Gunga.

### White Ants.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Every one who has been in India, will be able to tell you about those clever but destructive little creatures called *white ants*. Nothing can be left on the ground out of doors without danger of being eaten up by them. If you were to put a deal box in the garden, and leave it out all night, the next morning you would most likely find it covered with a coating of earth, about as thick as a wafer. With a slight touch you may break this to pieces, and then you will see thousands of these ants. And what do you think they have been about in this hiding-place? They have been devouring your box as fast as they could.—But you will perhaps say, Why did they first cover themselves in this way?—This was to prevent their enemies from eating them up. Of these enemies they have many, such as fowls, wild birds, black ants, and some kinds of large flies. If the box be left a day or two, you would still find this earthy covering all over it; but the box itself would be almost wholly gone. But it is not out of doors only that they are found: they will also come into the house and there do very great mischief indeed, for they will work their way up through the wall and flooring, which in this country, is commonly made of brick and mortar, and they will eat up anything they can get at, such as wood, leather, paper, leaves, rice or mats. Carpets are but seldom used in India, for the floors are covered with mats made of split rushes or canes.

These the ants are particularly fond of, and it is often necessary to get new mats every year, because of these little destroyers. In some houses nothing is safe if it is put upon the floor. I will give you an instance of this. We were once stopping in a house where there were a great many of these insects. As our own house was free from them, we were not so careful as we ought to have been, and left our shoes on the floor; but we paid for our carelessness, for in the morning one

pair was covered over with red earth, and so much of the leather was eaten that they were quite spoiled. There are, however, some things which they will not touch. Among these is rice when it is in the husk, though, if it is out of the husk, as you are accustomed to see it, then they will eat it readily. I must now tell you something about their houses or nests. These are sometimes in walls or banks, but more commonly they are found under ground.—As there are several of these little towns in our garden,—for such they may be called,—and as I have had many opportunities of examining them I will describe what I have seen. If not disturbed, they will build hillocks, not unfrequently as high as eight or nine feet above the ground.—The larger hillocks are made up of a number of smaller ones, all of which are hollow, and in shape like a sugarloaf. If examined, small holes are to be seen here and there large enough to admit a straw. By these holes they go into and come out of their town; but besides these narrow ways you will find under the surface of the ground, broad passages which run in different directions downwards from one to four feet.—These lead to round chambers of different sizes, in which they build their nests. Though each chamber is separate, there are small passages leading from one to the other. In the centre of one of these little towns we found a small oval chamber less in size than the rest. It was not intended, like others, for a nest, but was a room built expressly for the queen, and we found a queen ant in it. We were much surprised to see the size of the creature, for it was much larger than the common ants. These are about as big as a grain of rice, but the queen ant is as long, and about as thick as a man's fore-finger.—This ant is not called the queen because she has more power, or because she reigns over them, but because she lays all the eggs. On this account she is treated by the rest as of importance, and watched and fed with great care.

Her chamber is rather a prison than a palace, for she cannot leave it, as all the passages to it are only big enough to admit the common ants, which are ever busily engaged in carrying off the eggs which she lays to the various nests in different parts of the town.— I wish you could have seen some of the thickly inhabited nests which we found in our search, for I fear you will not get a very clear idea of them from mere description. It is difficult to say of what they are made. They appear to be formed of earth and woody matter, which are stuck together by something slightly gummy. Fresh made nests are so moist that it is difficult to take them out of their chamber without their crumbling to pieces; but old nests will bear handling better. These nests do not consist of separate cells, but are rather a number of passages connected with each other, and arranged in stories one above another.— These nests were crowded with thousands of ants in different stages of growth. Fixed to the roof were small white dots resembling sugar. This was probably food for the young ant. In a few of the nests we found ants three times as large as the common ones, and with wings much longer than their bodies. These are the royal family, and in rainy weather many hundreds of them may be seen flying about, for at that time they leave their homes. As they are caught by birds, and as even the natives eat them, great numbers are destroyed. But let us return to the busy little town. When you look around and see the thousands of inhabitants, and remember that there are hundreds of such towns to be found in every direction, and that all these little creatures who live in them require food you will, I think, understand how it is they are so destructive. When they leave their towns in search of food, they work their way underground as far as they can, for whenever they can they work out of sight; but if, in order to gain an object, it is necessary for them to come to the light, they build

for themselves covered passages.— This is done by each ant bringing a piece of moist earth about the size of a pin's head, and these are placed so as to form an arched pathway. This work goes on very quickly, for all are busy. Sometimes a bridge is required. This is always a tube, and generally about as thick as your finger; but it is so well made that, though as long as your hand, it does not break down. I once saw one of these tubular bridges which was of such great length that it would have broken down if it had not been supported, but there was a buttress built underneath to keep it up. The object they wanted to reach was a band-box; but this stood upon a chest of drawers when, fortunately, the little destroyers were discovered in time to save the handbox and its contents.

Do you not think we may learn a lesson of wisdom from these busy little creatures? Solomon said, as you know, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." Many of you may say, But I am not a sluggard, Perhaps not; but are you never idle? Are you doing with diligence all the work God has given you to do?—at home, by striving to help your dear parents as much as possible,—in school, by paying attention to your lessons, and at all times having some pleasant or useful employment; for

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

Above all, would I urge you to learn more of your Saviour, and become more like him. For He is our brightest example of activity, for he was ever going about doing good. Working for Christ and spreading his gospel in the world is the duty and joy of all those who love him.

I remain, dear young Friends,  
Yours affectionately,

S. W.

Nagercoil, Nov. 1, 1853.

### The Little Home.

"I wish, mamma," said Ella Harrison, "that we were rich, like the Goldacres. It is so disagreeable living in a small house with only four rooms in it. If we were only rich I should be satisfied."

Mrs. Harrison, a sweet looking, middle-aged lady, who sat in one corner of the room with her youngest child, a rosy-checked, curly-headed little fellow of four years, asleep upon her lap, looked up with a mournful smile into the beautiful face of her daughter.

"Thousands, my dear child," she said, "are at this very moment breathing a similar wish. Is it not a great pity their desires cannot be gratified? What a happy world we should have! Don't you think we should?"

There was a slight accent of irony in Mrs. Harrison's tone, and Ella instantly perceived it.

"It seems to me, mamma, that every rich person might be happy if they only would; but I presume that you are about to point me out to the Smiths, who are the wealthiest, and still the most miserable of all our acquaintances. But really, my dear mother, if we were rich, don't you think that we should be very happy?"

"I am very rich and very happy, too," said Mrs. H. with a self-satisfied air. "I know of none in this world with whom I would exchange places."

Ella dropped her crotchet-work into her lap, and looked with surprise into her mother's face.

"*We rich!*" she exclaimed. "Why now do you make that out? Wouldn't you exchange places with the Goldacres, who live in a perfect palace, and who have hosts of servants, and who dress in silks and satins every day?"

"No, I would not exchange places with Mrs. Goldacre," said Mrs. H., "for if I did I should have to resign you and Nelly, and your dear father, and my brave little Tommy, who is sleeping so sweetly here in my lap."

"O, I did not mean that at all," said Ella; "I did not mean that you in-

dividually should make the exchange. I meant that the whole family should share in it. Would you not be willing to have papa take Mr. Goldacre's property, and have him take ours?"

Mrs. Harrison shook her head.

"Why not, mamma? It seems to me that you are very unreasonable."

"If we had their riches, my dear child," said Mrs. H., "we might fall into sin, and sin brings misery. As I before told you, I already consider myself very rich. I am rich in my health—rich in my husband—rich in my children—rich in my cottage home, which our industry has made tasteful and comfortable; I am rich in mental wealth, for we have a great many valuable books, and they have been well read by us all. I am rich in the white roses that clamber over the walls yonder, and peep with breaths of incense through the windows—rich in the golden sunshine—rich in nature—rich in the calm thoughts which visit all, who with thankful, contented hearts look upwards and say with the poet,

Praise to our Father God,  
High praise in solemn lay,  
Alike for what his hand doth give,  
And what it takes away."

"But if we had more, you would have more to be thankful for," said Ella.

"I have all that my Heavenly Father has seen fit to give me, and that is enough. Think how many 'we less than we have. Think of the poor in the backwoods of Canada, about whom we have just been reading in Mrs. Moodie's valuable work—those who have little or nothing with which to supply the demands of hunger through these interminable winters; think of the thousands in cities, who are stowed in cellars and back rooms and garrets, and bat-haunted places, who seldom breathe the fresh air, or see glad sunshine—think of the poor Irish who a short while ago were starving to death—gasping with their dying breaths, '*Give me three grains of corn!* Only three grains!' Think of the millions in

Africa and Asia, who are living in mental and moral degradation, of which we can hardly form any conception—without Bible—without civilization—without any correct idea of God and Heaven. Contrast with these human beings our own happy lot, and acknowledge yourself to be deeply ungrateful. Instead of being thankful for what you have, you are murmuring because your portion is not larger. You did not order the circumstances of your birth—you might have been born on heathen ground, or amid the beggars of surfeited Paris or London."

"That is true," said Ella; "I never thought of that before."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Harrison, arising and depositing her burden in the cradle, "our *happiness* does not depend upon external circumstances. It lies beyond these in a great degree, if not altogether. But the world is slow in learning this fact. Multitudes think as you do, that it is an attendant upon wealth—upon fame—upon position in society; but if their wishes could be gratified, they would doubtless in almost all instances, find that they had mistaken its nature entirely. It comes to those who with grateful hearts take what their Father has appointed them, looking beyond the mists and shadows of Time, into the clear sunlight of Eternity. It comes to those who forget self, and look to the welfare of others—who scorn the wrong and adhere firmly to the right, never pausing to weigh results in the scales of self-interest and worldly pride—it sits a guest at the humblest board, if Heaven-born Charity presides.

#### It is I.

It is I!—So spake Jesus. Glance for a moment at the scene, and let it instruct you.

The vessel was frail, the night dark, the storm wild, the waves heavy. Many a staunch boat had gone to the bottom, in less urgent perils. And then, when these were at their height, when all natural forces seemed combined against them—came the super-

natural. The form as of a man, was dimly seen through the spray and gloom, walking toward them on the billows! What wonder if the disciples were afraid! or that they said to one another, "Our hour has come!"

But mark the sequel. Their extremity was the Saviour's opportunity. Above the roar of the tempest, his serene voice said—"Be of good cheer—it is I!" The winds heard it, and were still! Immediately the ship was at the land whither they went!

Well, and what now? This:

Jesus reigns over nature. His will directs the course and issues of providence. Events and their seasons are open to his knowledge and controlled by his power. His disciples need fear neither the night nor the storm, neither the adverse winds nor the swelling sea.

And what more? This:

The church was in that little boat, and imperilled by that midnight tumult. To the church, thus tossed and in danger, he said—"Be of good cheer, it is I!" That night scene on the lake of Galilee was for an example. It was meant to teach the church courage in the darkness and the storm. She cannot be sunk or stranded. Imminent as may seem the peril, the Church is safe. Why? Jesus is nigh her. Jesus is in her.

"Why do you fear?" said the stern Roman to the pilot who hesitated to launch forth his bark on the tempest-fashed ocean; "Why do you fear? You carry Cæsar."

Glorious Saviour! we will fear no more. Thy presence is with thy people. Thy love and power, like mighty walls, are round about the Church. The world may court or curse—Rome may commit her fornications, and wild with rage, grasp her thunderbolts. Hell may combine and put forth all its powers, to lay low the people and the city of God, but we will not fear. In the darkness, it is Thy form we see. Above the din of the conflict it is Thy voice which says, "Be of good cheer—it is I!"



# SCHEME OF LESSONS FOR 1854. -- No. 2.

## LESSONS FOR THE SECOND QUARTER.

DATE.	SUBJECT.	READ.	COMMIT.	DOCTRINES.
April 2	The Lord's Prayer.....	Luke xi. 1-10.	1 John v. 14, 15.	God had always a people on earth.
9	Tower of Siloam, &c.....	Luke xiii. 1-9.	Ps. xxxviii. 37, 38.	The Mosaic ritual represented the gos-
16	The bent Woman raised.....	Luke xiii. 10-17.	Ps. cxvii. 8.	Sacrifices represented Christ. [pel.
23	The Great Supper.....	Luke xiv. 7-24.	Isa. lv. 1, 2.	The Passover represented Christ.
30	The Lost Sheep, &c.....	Luke xv. 1-10.	Jer. ii. 13.	The temple represented Christ.
May 7	The Prodigal Son.....	Luke xv. 11-22.	Hosea vi. 1.	The Bible the word of God.
14	The Unjust Steward.....	Luke xvi. 1-12.	Matt. xxiv. 42-44.	The Bible the only rule.
21	The Rich Man and Lazarus.....	Luke xvi. 19-31.	James ii. 5.	The Bible a sufficient rule.
28	The Ten Lepers.....	Luke xvii. 11-19.	Ps. cxvii. 13, 14.	The Bible to be read by all.
June 4	The Impotent Widow.....	Luke xviii. 1-8.	Ps. cxvi. 1, 2.	Baptism an ordinance of Christ.
11	The Pharisee and the Publican.....	Luke xviii. 9-14.	James iv. 6, 7.	In baptism we engage to be God's.
18	Little Children Blessed.....	Matt. xix. 13-30.	Prov. viii. 17, 18.	The Lord's Supper to be observed.

## LESSONS FOR THE THIRD QUARTER.

DATE.	SUBJECT.	READ.	COMMIT.	DOCTRINES.
April 2	Christ's First Visitors.....	Luke ii. 8-20; Matt. ii	Isa. lx. 9.	We should Seek Jesus.
9	The Flood.....	Gen. viii.	2 Peter ii. 7.	God's Hatred of Sin.
16	Christ brought to the Temple.....	Luke ii. 21-40.	Gen. xvii. 10.	Children should be Devoted to God.
23	Mankind Dispersed.....	Gen. xi. 1-9.	Ps. xi. 4.	God Omnipotent.
30	Jesus in Nazareth.....	Matt. ii. 19-23; Lu. ii. 41-52	Eph. vi. 1.	Examples of Obéigent Children.
May 7	Abraham's Faith and Character.....	Gen. xii. 1-9; xiii.	Heb. xi. 8.	Duty of Promoting Peace.
14	John's Preaching.....	Matt. iii. 1-12; Lu. iii. 1-18	Acts xviii. 30.	Duty of Repentance.
21	Abraham's Covenant.....	Gen. xvii. 1-14.	Gal. iii. 17.	God Fulfills Promises.
28	Christ's Baptism.....	Matt. xiii. 13-17.	Isa. lix. 21.	Christ His People's Strength.
June 4	Abraham and Angels.....	Gen. xviii.	Gal. vi. 7, 8.	God Executes Threatenings.
11	Christ's Temptation.....	Matt. iv. 1-11.	John xiv. 30.	Need of Watchfulness.
18	Abraham Tested.....	Gen. xxii. 1-14.	Heb. xi. 17.	Faith God's Gift.
25	John's Testimony to Christ.....	John i. 6-34.	Mat. iii. 1.	Christ the Only Saviour.