



How to Pray



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### The Little Girl's Conscience.

Ellen Haywood was a little girl about five years old, with blue eyes and very rosy cheeks, and a round, chubby form, and, like most little girls, was very fond of wearing ribbons and kerchiefs and collars that belonged to older people.

Her mamma had often told her never to touch the things in her drawers, lest she should break or lose the ornaments and tear or soil the muslins. But one day Ellen was in the chamber alone and thought she should like to look at her mother's pretty things in the upper drawer; so she took a chair, and climbed up to the bureau, and opened the drawer.

There she stood and looked a long time without putting her hand in to take any thing; but I should not expect any little girl to be able to resist the temptation of taking up the boxes and laces, if she meant to look at them. She had done wrong in going to look at them at all.

At first she put her fingers upon the edge of a box, then she thought she would open it, there could be no harm in just looking in; when she had opened it, she saw a bracelet, and thought it would look so pretty on her arm; so

she took it up and was just going to unclasp it, when she started, for she thought she heard a voice saying, "Ellen, Ellen." She looked around and seeing no one, she again began to try the bracelet upon her little hand, when again she heard a voice louder than before, "Ellen, Ellen." Now she put it up and ran to her mother, and asked if she had called her?

"No, my dear," said her mother, "did you think I called you?"

"Yes," said Ellen; but she knew there was no one else in the house to call her. So now she said it must have been God. Then she told her mother what she did, and how the voice sounded just as plain as if her papa or mamma had spoken to her. "Do you think it was God, mamma?" said she. Then her mamma tried to explain to her that it was her conscience which God had placed within her bosom, and it made her little heart beat so loud, and trouble her so much because she was disobeying, that it seemed to her like a voice. But still she could not think the words would sound so plain, unless they had been spoken, and she really believed God called to her, because she was naughty.

Now how many little girls who read this would be so troubled if they were to disobey their mothers? I think Ellen must have been quite a good girl usually, because when children do wrong very often, the little voice gets tired calling, and is fainter and fainter, till it is scarcely heard.

I have seen little girls who took their mamma's things out of their drawers very often, and no little voice seemed to disturb them at all. God puts just such a voice in every little boy's and girl's bosom, and if they only listened always they would hear it, and if they never did wrong whilst it was still calling, and went on disobeying when they knew it was wrong, the voice would always be the best friend they could have, and save them a great deal of sorrow and many bitter tears.

Some little girls would never think of taking things that did not belong to them, to keep, and call their own. This would be stealing, and they would not perhaps yield to any temptation to steal. This sounds so very wicked. But if you go to boxes and drawers that do not belong to you, thinking you would just like to look at pretty things, you may, after a while, think you will take them. It is not right to open trunks and boxes that belong to other people, no matter if they are only your mother's or sister's.

It is mean and dishonorable to pry into other people's affairs. It is thought so wrong to open letters that are written to others, that there is a law to put those in prison, who do it. If you indulge in the curiosity of looking at things which are kept out of sight you may be tempted to open letters or examine papers, and thus commit a crime which would make you despised all your life.

I knew a lady who began when she was a little girl to look at every body's closets, and open all their drawers and boxes, just because she liked to see pretty things; and when she grew up to be a woman, and went to visit her friends, she could not sleep till she had

examined every article in the room. If any place was locked, it must be unlocked, and she must see all the dresses, and look over all the linen and flannel. You may be sure she was not very welcome at any body's house. It made her seem rude and impolite. I think she might have overcome such a habit if she had tried very hard, but it is better not to form bad habits.

Little girls and boys who go home with their playmates, like to ask questions about what is done in the family, and make remarks about it when they go home. Those who do this become disagreeable, and nobody is glad to see them. I know a lady who will not permit her children to invite some little girls who live very near, to come and play with them a single hour, because they are so curious, and ask so many questions, and meddle so much with things which they see.

They have done this so much that the little voice does not call to them at all, or else they do not mind it, or perhaps have heard so much without paying attention, that they do not hear it. Oh! this is very sad, because when they are away where their mothers cannot see them, if there is no little voice to reprove them, or bid them stop when they begin to do wrong, they may become very wicked, and do something for which the law will have to punish them.

God, too, will be very angry. He gave them the little voice to guide them and tell them what is right and wrong; and if they neglect it, and treat it in such a manner that it will not speak, then it is also disobeying him, and saying they would not listen to him if he should speak to them.

You think if you should see the Saviour and he should speak to you, that you would certainly do as he said. But if you do not mind what he says to you in the Bible, and by the voice which he has given, that it may be always with you, when you wake and when you sleep, when you play and

when you work, at home and at school, and all along by the way, then I fear you would not listen to the Saviour if you were really to see him, and he should speak to you.

The next time you begin to do something which you have been forbidden to do, stop and see if your little heart does not begin to beat, and feel very heavy, and then listen; and though you may not hear it quite so plain as Ellen thought she did, I am sure you have not yet disobeyed it so much that the voice will refuse to speak to you; and if you always heed what it says, you will not get so often punished, and will be saved a great deal of sorrow.

#### The Persecutor who became a Preacher.

I am going to tell you about Saul; he lived a great while ago at Jerusalem, though he was born at a place called Tarsus. He was brought up very well, and his parents gave him a very good education.

But he was an enemy to the Lord Jesus, and to all his servants, and he was very cruel, for he did them all the harm he could, and dragged a great many of them to prison and to death.

We should never hurt any one on account of their religion. If our own religion be right, it will teach us to do good, as we have opportunity, to all who are around us, to our friends, to strangers, and even to enemies.

Saul, however, thought and acted very differently; for he wished to kill all the disciples of the Saviour; and when many of them, to get out of his way, went from Jerusalem to Damascus, he went after them; he was madly bent on their destruction.

But as he was going there, all on a sudden, a light, brighter than that of the sun, at noon-day, shone from the heavens around him. He was so overpowered with its brightness, that he fell down on the ground, almost senseless.

And a voice from heaven addressed him,—it said, "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" And he said, "Who art thou, Lord?" And the Lord said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

And Saul, trembling, lest the Saviour should strike him dead, for his wickedness and cruelty, and astonished to hear his voice, said, "Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?" And Jesus said, "Arise! and stand on thy feet. I will send thee to the Gentiles, to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."

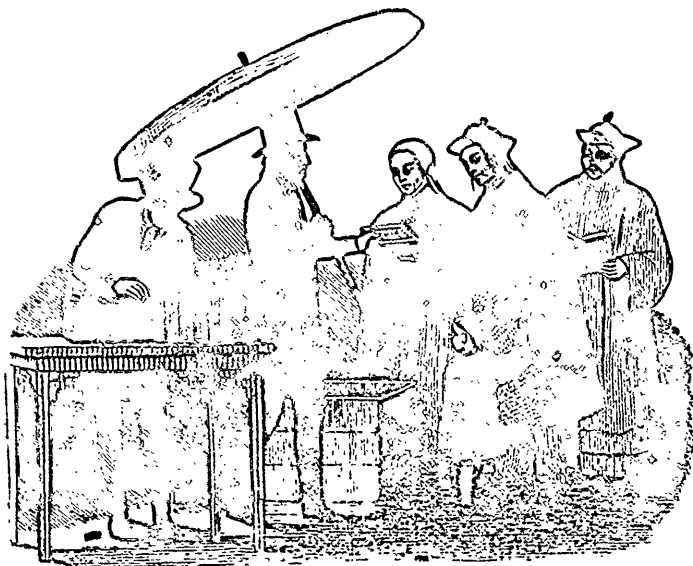
And immediately he began to pray, and he became another man, even a good minister of Jesus Christ, and a zealous preacher of the everlasting Gospel. God's grace always makes a great and blessed change. We must all receive this grace, and become new creatures, or we can never enter into the kingdom of God.

And have I received this grace? If I have, God has given me a new heart. He has taken away the heart of stone, and given me a heart of flesh. He alone can do this; he did this for Saul.

O if I have received this grace, my heart and my mouth have been filled with praise,—and is it so?

Then I have been made sorry for my many sins,—I have confessed them, and asked mercy,—and strength to forsake them,—and have I done so?

Then I have fled to the Lord Jesus for life and salvation. Then I love him, and delight to think of him,—and to read his blessed history,—and I try to recollect his instructions, and I treasure them up in my memory and my heart,—I take him as my great example, and I am every day trying to become like him. And is this indeed the case?



### Distribution of Bibles Amongst the Chinese.

I have told you before that the Chinese are a reading people. In other countries, when our missionaries land upon their shores, they often find that nobody can read; and they have, therefore, to establish schools to teach the people, before they can get them to understand their books. In some countries, as in the south Sea Islands, and in parts of Africa, the people never saw a book before the missionaries came to them, and have no written signs by which to express their thoughts. There the missionaries have first to invent a written language, and then teach the people to read it; and this often takes years before they can accomplish it. It is not so in China. There they have had a written language for many hundred years. Every village has its school, and all the people read.—What is also very important is the fact that, although the country is very large, all read the same language, so that, when a book is printed in Chinese, it can be read by 333 millions of people, or half the heathen world.—In consequence of all this, our missionaries find it the best way to send

the gospel through the country, to do it by distributing books. Accordingly, they sometimes supply a boat with Bibles and tracts, and sailing up the rivers, they can land at all the towns along the shores, and give the people books. The people generally are delighted to get them, and flock round the missionaries in great numbers. In some places they have distributed several thousand books; and so eager are the people everywhere to get them, that they have generally to have the police to keep order, and prevent them crushing one another to death by pressing towards the boat. The tracts and books thus given go hundreds of miles perhaps inland, and are read by people whom the missionaries can never reach. Each one has the gospel on it, and so each one may perhaps prove the means of blessing to a soul.

Two things are wanted to enable the missionaries properly to carry on this work.

*First*, A large fund sent to the Religious Tract Society and Bible Society, of London, to help them to supply the tracts or Scriptures, or to the Mis-

sonary societies, to help them to print and circulate more largely than ever. Chinese printing is very costly at the first, but after the blocks are once cut, there can be any number of copies of the books thrown off

*Secondly.* To buy a *Missionary junk* to go up all the rivers and about the coast with the books. As it is, the missionaries have only three ways of going up the river.

1. By hiring native vessels, which is very expensive.

2. By sailing in vessels selling opium, which they think is wrong ; or,

3. By going in any native vessels, along with the common crew, which is not safe.

Now they want a junk of their own in which to sail amongst the many islands, and up the rivers. They will only have religious sailors on board, and their little vessel will be like a floating chapel, carrying in it the gospel of salvation, in a thousand volumes of Bibles or of tracts. On board this boat they can also have a little printing press, and as their stock runs out, they can print more whenever they may want them.

I do not know whether you can help at all in collecting for this good work, but if you can, I am sure you will find a rich reward.

### Chinese Gleanings.

#### CHINESE NOTIONS OF CHINA AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

Many of the people of China are getting wiser than they have been about their own country and other lands.— Since our ships were allowed to trade to the five ports which have, for some time been opened to the commerce of western nations, thousands of Chinese have found out how false and foolish their former notions were concerning themselves and distant countries. Still the multitudes hold to the opinions of their fathers. They believed, not only that China is the largest nation in the

world, but the very world itself ; and that no other place is worthy to be called a country, in one of their popular maps, China is placed in the centre of the earth, and fills by far the largest part of its surface. It is surrounded by what they call “ the four seas,” and in these seas there are several small islands. These are Europe, Holland, France, Batavia, Singapore, and Africa.

When we find that the people have such ideas of their own country we need not wonder at the names they give to it. They call China “ Teen-Hea ;”—that is, “ All under heaven,” and “ Ching-Kwoh,” or “ the central kingdom.” The Empror is said to be “ the chief ruler under heaven ;” and it is a common saying, that “ as there is but one sun in the heavens, so there is but one emperor on earth.”

Although some know better, many of the people believe that England is too small a place for the English to live in, and that they are therefore obliged to build large ships, and sail about in them over the wide seas to the rich Celestial Empire. When anything is said by the English in praise of Britain, the chinese will say, “ If your country is so good, why do you come here after tea and rhubarb ? We can do without you ; but you cannot do without us.”

But the size and the riches of China are not the only things which, in the belief of the people, make that country so much better than any other. They also fancy that, upon their favoured land, the sun always shines ; while all the isles in the four seas, with their inhabitants, are in cold and darkness.— During the war between England and China it was commonly reported, and believed by many, that the British soldiers had legs without joints ; that their limbs were stiff ; that if they fell down, they could not get up again, and might be easily killed or made prisoners. It was also said that the native troops which came from India were amphibious animals, living seven days in the

sea and seven days out of it; that a little frost would kill the English, and that they must submit to China, because they could not live without tea and rhubarb.

In a book which was much read by the Chinese, the writer, whose name is Teen-Ke-Sheih, thus compares his own circumstances with those of other nations:—"I think myself happy that I was born in China, and I constantly consider how very different it would have been with me if I had been born beyond the seas, in some distant part of the earth, where the people are clothed with the leaves of plants, eat wood, dwell in the wilderness, and live in the holes of the earth. Though born in the world in such a condition, I should have been different from the beasts of the field. But now, happily, I have been born in the middle kingdom. I have a house to live in; have food and drink, and elegant furniture; have clothing and caps, and infinite blessings.—Truly, the highest happiness is mine!"

Multitudes, however, are now better instructed. Although they do not like to own their mistake, they are forced to do so. Truth has driven away many of their fables. They know something about the shape, size, and countries of the globe. They see that China is not what they and their fathers believed, and that western nations are not mere islets, cursed with constant cold and darkness. Still they do not like to acknowledge that the English know more than the Chinese, or that we have any advantages not possessed by themselves.—One day, a rather intelligent native put some questions to a Missionary about the western nations. The Missionary gave him the information he wanted; and, amongst other things, described to him our railways, electric telegraphs, and balloons. He then tried to make him understand the solar system, gravitation, &c. You may suppose that the Chinese was astonished at these accounts; but he was not content to let the Missionary suppose that there were

less wonderful things in China than in England. He therefore began to give some strange accounts of things seen or done in his own country, and he closed the conversation by seriously assuring the Missionary that there was a bird in China, such as no western nation could boast of, which was so large that it made the heavens dark for three hours while it was flying by; and that a famous fish had been seen of the coast of Shan-tung, which was so long that it took three days to pass.

\* But these times of ignorance are drawing to a close. Many are now running to and fro in China and knowledge is increased. Every year is working wonderful changes in that great land. The people themselves are printing God's word. Old superstitions and old errors about their own country and Christian nations are fast giving way. There is, indeed, a good time coming for that mighty empire—a time when the people will smile at their own folly as we smile at it now, and will bless God that the darkness has passed, and that the true light has shined upon them.

### Two Calmuc Youths.

Two youths, who had been redeemed from the slavery of the Calmuc Tartars, and received under the protection of the Missionary settlement at Karass, between the Caspian and Euxine sea, were admitted to Christian baptism, and publicly examined.

Abraham Warrand being asked, if he thought he was guilty in the sight of God? answered, "I do."

"Is God angry with sinners?"

"Yes."

"Are you afraid of God's anger on account of your sins?"—"I am."

"How do you expect to escape the anger of God?"—"By faith in Jesus Christ."

"Do you then believe in Christ Jesus?"—"Yes."

"But how do you make this manifest?"—"I can only make it manifest by my conduct."

"Does your faith in Christ take away the terror which you have in your mind on account of your sins?"—"Yes, it makes me easy in my mind."

"Do you think that Jesus made a full atonement for sin?"—"I do."

"Can you do anything effectual for your own salvation?"—"No, I cannot."

"Do you think that God is well pleased with what Christ has done for sinners?"—"Yes."

"What was it that induced you to renounce mohammedanism, and profess Christianity?"—"It was of God."

"How did Jesus make it appear that He came from God?"—"By the good which he did."

"What good did he do?"—"He died for sinners."

"What good did he do before his death?"—"He gave eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and feet to the lame. He healed the sick, and raised the dead."

"When Christ lived on earth, did he regard the rich on account of their riches?"—"No; Jesus never sought after worldly riches?"

"Are you able to cleanse your own heart?"—"No; I have no power to do it."

"Is it possible for you to be saved without having your heart cleansed?"—"No."

"Are you willing to practise what you know of the precepts of Christ?"—"Yes, if Jesus himself give me the ability to do it."

John Thomas Davidson, whose former name was Kourman, being asked if he thought he was a sinner? answered, "All men are sinners; I have committed many sins."

"Do you know any way by which you may be delivered from your sins?"—"Yes, I know that Jesus died for

sinners, and if I believe in him I shall be saved."

"Can you do any thing to recommend yourself to the favor of Almighty God?"—"No, nothing; nor is it necessary for me to attempt to do any thing with that view, for I am only commanded to believe that Jesus died for my sins, which I do with my heart."

"What was it that induced you to become a Christian?"—"I knew myself to be a sinner, and I wished for some way to get free from my sins; and when I came to know the Christian religion, it appeared to me to be suited to my condition. As for the mohammedan religion, I have good grounds to think it is not true. The mohammedans are very wicked, and their religion does not make them better."

### The First Deep Snow.

To-day has been a pleasant day,  
Despite the cold and snow;  
A Sabbath stillness filled the air,  
And pictures slumbered everywhere,  
Around, above, below.

We woke at dawn, and saw the trees  
Before our windows white;  
Their limbs were clad with snow, like bark,  
Save that the under sides were dark,—  
Like bars against the light.

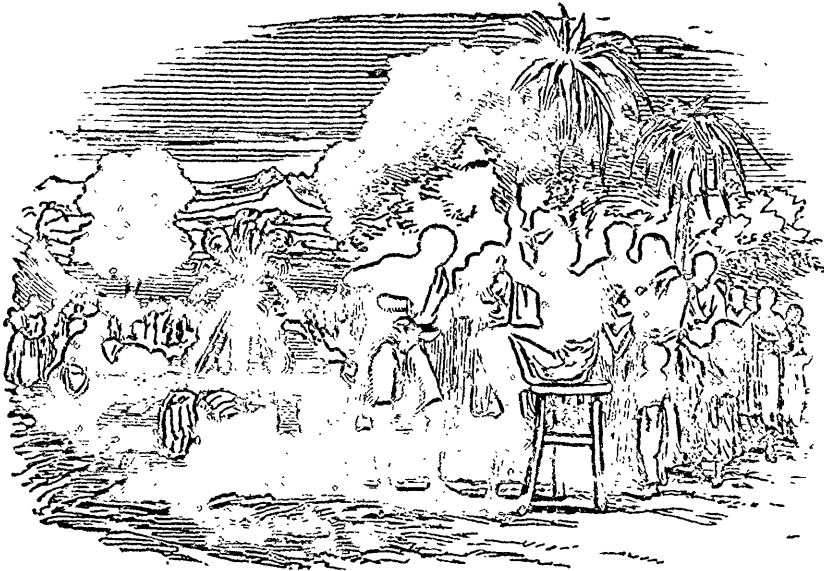
The fence was white around the house,  
The lamp before the door;  
The porch was glazed with pearly sleet,—  
Great drifts lay in the silent street,—  
The street was seen no more.

Long trenches had been roughly dug,  
And giant footprints made;  
But few were out; the streets were bare—  
I saw but one pale wanderer there,  
And he was like a shade!

I seemed to walk another world,  
Where all was still and blest;  
The cloudless sky, the stainless snow—  
It was a vision of repose,  
A dream of heavenly rest.

A dream the holy night completes;  
For now the moon hath come  
I stand in heaven with folded wings,  
A free and happy soul that sings,  
When all things else are dumb!





### Taking the Tangena.

“The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.”—So says the Bible, and so, at every time when we come to examine them, do we find it to be true. You see it in the religions of these places,—they are systems of monstrous cruelty, with cruel ceremonies, cruel superstitions, and cruel sacrifices. You see it in their laws and government,—all full of oppression, tyranny, and injustice. You see it in their customs,—so cruel that the heart sickens as it reads about them, and finds that heathenism tramples on every right and loving feeling, and often turns fathers and mothers into terrible monsters of cruelty.

I have often told you of their rites and customs, and you will readily find many proofs of what I have just been saying in what you know of them.—I am going to tell you to-day of a cruel custom that prevailed in Madagascar before Christianity was introduced, and has since been practised by the wicked queen. It is that of the ordeal of the Tangena.

In our country, when any person is accused of a crime against our laws, a

number of his countrymen are called together, and form what is called a jury. These are assembled in an open court, before a proper judge, and in the presence of as many of the public as may be able to get in.—Various witnesses are examined both for and against the prisoner, and often many hours and days spent patiently by the judge and jury in trying to find out whether the man is guilty or not. If it cannot be proved to the satisfaction of the jury that he is guilty, they say so, and he is set at liberty. But if it is so proved, then he is condemned to bear the punishment he deserves. It is not, however, so done in heathen lands, and it was not so done in Madagascar before Christianity went there. But this is the way that it was done. If anybody was suspected of a crime, whatever it might be—perhaps witchcraft, or stealing, or rebellion—he was taken up and forced to pass through what was called the ordeal of the Tangena, and which consisted of these things: the man was made to eat a large quantity of rice, and three pieces of the skin of a fowl killed for the purpose.—

When he had done this, he was forced to drink a poisonous draught made from the juice of the nut of the plant called Tangena, and which was intended to act like an emetic. If the draught made him sick, as it likely would, and he threw the pieces of skin, they declared him innocent; but if the skin remained in his stomach, they declared him guilty, and at once gave him up to be punished as the law, or the will of the sovereign might require. Sometimes he was at once knocked down with a club and killed; at other times he was run through with a spear; at others scalded to death, or sometimes crucified; and at others, sold into perpetual slavery to some distant part of the country.

Sometimes this ordeal is administered in a very wholesale manner. On one occasion, eighty men came to the capital to take the oath of allegiance, from a distant part of the island.— They were detained by order of the queen's government at a village in the neighborhood. The lightning that year had been very terrific, and done much mischief, and the superstitious Malagasy could think of no cause for it but the sorceries, as they supposed, of these eighty men, and viewed it as a scheme of theirs against the queen and her people.— So they were kept in the village till the Tangena should be tried upon them: It was vain for them to declare they were innocent, and that they knew nothing of the cause of the lightning, and had had no hand in it. Soldiers were sent to the village, and they were all compelled to drink the abominable draught. About forty of them threw up the pieces of skins, but the others not doing it, were at once considered guilty, and ordered to be put to death for having "sent the thunderbolt to destroy the queen's people." They were all at once hurried into an under-ground granary or rice pit, where they were shut up, and then boiling water poured upon them

till they were scalded or drowned to death. The other forty thought they had escaped, but the queen did not feel satisfied that they had been fairly tried, so she had the Tangena applied again, and these, too, were all put to death in like manner; so the whole eighty perished for nothing but a cruel superstition.

This wicked and unjust practice has again and again been put into use with those suspected of or charged with Christianity. On one occasion, some wicked persons accused no fewer than ten thousand people, living in a certain district, of favouring Christianity. Now it so happened, that they were many of them the worst enemies of the Christians, and all of them more or less opposed to it. So, to prove their innocence, and strong in belief of the power of the Tangena, to prove their innocence, they offered at once to take it if the queen desired. It was accordingly administered, and it is said that about three thousand died in consequence.

We trust now that the young Christian prince has got the power, so horrible a practice will be laid aside, and that one of the first triumphs of Christianity there again will be to give the people a system of laws and form of government which shall be distinguished by good sense, justice, and mercy.

Let us thank God that we live in a Christian land, and that the holy, loving influence of the Gospel is allowed to prevail over all our laws, and form the ground-work of all our noble institutions.

### Heathen Delusion Destroyed.

Our readers know that at those seasons of the year when people can travel safely, many Missionaries in India take long journeys in that country, preaching the Gospel in cities and villages and giving away Christian books to the heathen. In these jour-

neys they do much good, but they sometimes meet with difficulties and even danger. A Missionary thus describes one of his tours :—

“ I preached the Gospel to the people of sixty-five villages. We gave away many books and tracts, and not a few were willingly purchased by the multitude. We offered salvation to thousands, and entreated them to drink of the water of life, and not to seek to wash away their sins by bathing in the river Ganges. I have pitched my tent in cities and villages—in gardens and in deserts—in the open fields and near the idol temples—on hills and in valleys—in hot and in cold situations—yea ! even near the dens of tigers, and leopards, but the Lord has protected me through all, and hitherto preserved me in health. The Gospel is making its free and sure course through India, and I brought the persuasion back with me from this journey, that before long the Gospel will have a glorious triumph in this country. A heathen said to me, ‘ Our religion is like a tree whose leavs are withered and falling—its branches cut off, and its trunk rotten. Christianity will soon grow into a beautiful tree in its place, and that in no long time ! ’ The Lord be praised for this hope and comfort.”

In the course of this journey, the Missionaries went to a part of India where no white man had ever been before. The people were, of course, surprised at their faces, their dress, and the purpose of their visit, and looked upon them as if they had come from another world. And generally they were treated with kindness ; but there was one place where it was otherwise. It was a large village, where there lived a great many of those enemies of the Gospel—the Brahmins. These men saw that if the poor, ignorant people believed what the strangers taught them, their gain would be destroyed. They therefore persuaded the people not to listen

to their preaching. “ But if,” writes the Missionaries, “ they would not hear our *word*, they were compelled to take a lesson from our *boots*.”—

This you will think was a very strange way of teaching the truth ; and certainly it was. But it answered the purpose, as you shall hear. In that place, there was a large temple, on both sides of which stood rows of houses where the Brahmins lived.— Now, these Brahmins had made the people believe that the temple and the large open court around it were so holy that, if any person went in with their shoes or sandals upon their feet, the blood would instantly stream out from their nose and mouth, and that they would drop down dead upon the ground as a sacrifice to the anger of the gods. No one, therefore, ventured into the sacred place, or thought of doing so, without first putting off his shoes.— Now, as the Missionaries had not been there before, they knew nothing of all this, and, being curious to see the temple, they, and some converted Hindoos who were with them, walked boldly into it. No sooner, however, had they entered than a number of Brahmins who saw them ran quickly towards the spot upon which they were standing, and gathering around them in a circle, begun to threaten and to curse them in a very violent manner ; but the Missionaries were not to be driven away by angry looks and empty words. They therefore remained standing upon the sacred ground, and tried to show the Brahmins the falsehood and folly of their superstition.

While this was going on, the people, who had heard what the strangers had done, gathered together and came as near to them as they dared. There they stood with their necks stretched out, and their eyes fixed upon the Missionaries ; for they had all believed up to this time, and still believed, what the Brahmins had told them, and they therefore expected every moment to see the men, who had been so bold as

to walk with their shoes on into the holy place, fall bleeding and dead upon the ground. But they looked for this in vain. At first they wondered, and then, one after another, they began to doubt, until, at length, when they became sure that no harm would happen to the strangers, they one and all cried out, "Our Brahmins are all liars!—They have fed us with nothing but lies! Those Sahiti (European gentlemen) wear boots of cow-leather. They have entered the court with them on, and they have suffered no harm!"

Soon the whole of the large village was in an uproar. Everybody was thinking and talking about the lies of the Brahmins. The Missionaries knew that this was the time for them to show the people the way of truth. The same evening, therefore, they met a great crowd of them, and preached to them the Gospel.

Thus falsehood is exposed, and gross darkness is passing away from the minds of multitudes who have until now been given over to strong delusion to believe a lie. And what would be the effect of Missionaries, instead of visiting once a year, or even less frequently, the towns and villages of India, could dwell in them? How can we expect the heathen to be converted until many more of God's servants are found amongst them? How dark and dreadful would be the condition of towns and villages of England if they were only visited once a year by some Christian man or minister! Surely, then, if we pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," we ought to do more and to give more, that there may be Missionaries enough to "teach all nations," to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

### The Way to be Happy.

Every one wants to be happy.—Let us try and find out how happiness is gained.

A little girl has just come out of old

Jane Gurney's mud cottage. She knew that old Jane was very weak and very poor, so she has been taking her some broth, and other good things, bought with her own money, and she has given them with many a kind word; and see how happy she looks!

A boy came along the street, and his bounding step, his sparkling eyes, and joyous smile, prove that he is happy. What has made him so? He was going out to fly his kite, when he saw old Father Smithers looking sad, for his foot was very sore, so that he was not able to fetch his cows, and he knew the people would soon come for the milk. So the little boy put down his kite, and went three-quarters of a mile to fetch the old man's cows, and he had brought them home; and this made him so happy.

A boy on his pony, and his sister by his side, were going to the woods for blackberries; but as they passed poor old Bessy's house, the little girl determined to go in and read a chapter to her, while her brother gave up his pony for Bessy's crippled little grandson to have a ride. It was done, and oh! they went home so happy.

What do we learn from all this? That *one way to be happy is to make others happy.* This is true:

Crime is Father of Distress;  
Duty done brings Happiness.

To make others happy is a part of your duty, and therefore it makes us happy.

There are many ways of making others happy; we will notice only one—*helping Missionary work.*

Do you think that those who trust their sins are forgiven through Jesus, who rejoice in the truth, and delight in acts of piety and love; who learn their duty to each other—to be friendly, benevolent, forgiving, and self-denying; who have their minds raised up to God and heaven, who have learned to read and to write, and to improve themselves; who have been taught how to build better houses and

beats, to make clothes for themselves, and to prepare medicine ; do you think that they are happier thus than when they worshipped idols, and offered sacrifices ; when they were continually at war, and suffered all its dreadful evils ; when they were ignorant and stupid, and could neither get good nor do good ; when they were half-naked savages, living in miserable huts ? All this has been the effect, in many cases, through God's grace, of Missionary effort. The Gospel is the Herald of Civilisation. Every friend of Missions will rejoice in the happiness thus brought to their fellow-creatures. Who does not rejoice, for example, that Mr. Moffat was so well received by Moselekatse—hoping that the way is now paved for the introduction of Gospel blessings among the Matabele ?

Here, then, may happiness be gained, by performing our duty to our fellow-men—making them happy.

How may we aid Missions ? By praying that God will incline Christians to be liberal, that He will raise up labourers, and prosper the endeavours of all engaged in the work. By spreading this Magazine, that it may incite others to follow your example. By contributing your own mite. By collecting. Follow these few examples :—

Jane—said, “ Every morning before I went to collect, I begged of God to direct my steps where to go, that I might get something for the heathen.”

Go ye and do likewise.

Some little children go without sugar in their tea every night, and thus gain one penny each every week to put in the Missionary box.

Go ye and do likewise.

The girls of another family work little useful articles, as vase-mats, which their mothers buys of them ; the boys undertake to keep the garden weeded for a certain sum. All the money thus gained is put into the Missionary box.

Go ye and do likewise.

Thus will you do your duty ; thus will God be glorified, your fellow-men benefited, yourselves rendered happy.

Would you ever happy live ?  
Happiness to others give.

### “ I Want no Priest but Jesus.”

THE IRISH PEASANT'S DYING SONG.

In the towns, the villages, on the mountain-side, and across the wide moor, the truth of God is wafted, as it were, on the breeze ; and free salvation, through the crucified Saviour, cheers the heart of many a sorrow-stricken son and daughter of Erin. “ I want no priest but Jesus !” is often the cry of the dying peasant, who, a few years, or even months before, considered the anointing of the Romish confessors indispensable to salvation, and a sure passport to eternal glory.

“ I want no priest but Jesus  
To save my sin-sick soul ;  
I want no hand but Jesus  
Put forth to make me whole.  
The priest may lull and cheat the way,  
But cannot light the dying day.

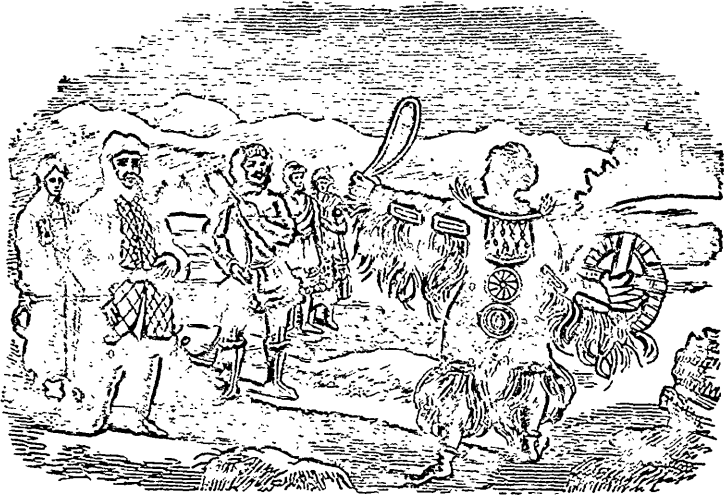
“ I want the love of Jesus  
Enshrined within my soul,  
Now that my footsteps press,  
Where, Jordan's waters roll.  
No thought so sweet no grace so free,  
As Jesus died—and died for me.

“ I see the hand of Jesus,  
Holding the lamp of light ;  
I see the smile of Jesus,  
Like moonshine in the night.  
Could priest have power, could ought but He,  
Make that dark pathway bright for me ?

“ Oh ! had we known of Jesus,  
When want and famine clung,  
Like clouds of night and darkness,  
Around our cabins hung !  
It may be these were cords of love,  
To draw poor Erin's heart above.”

Dear Erin, think of Jesus,  
How he has loved thee,  
And how he bore thee on his heart,  
When bleeding on the tree !  
Long years of coldness, years of blood,  
Have never quenched that welling flood.

Come then, O blessed Jesus,  
With all thy glorious power ;  
Make Erin's sons and daughters,  
Ripe for that happy hour.  
When round the isles the song shall be,  
No priest but Jesus—none but He !

Buriat.  
Woman.Calmuc  
Tartar.

A Samoyede.

Shaman Priest.

### Buriat-Mongolian Mission.

If my young readers will look at a map of Asia, they will see a vast empire stretching away to the east from the boundary which divides Asia from Europe, and reaching to the border of the Chinese empire on the south-east, and to Kamtchatka and the North Pacific on the south-east corner of the map. This vast tract of country belongs to Russia, and forms what is called Asiatic Russia. So large a piece of country has, of course, many varieties in it, both of people, climate, and language.—Some parts of it are covered with high mountains, others with extensive and fertile plains, and others again with large tracts of salt and sandy deserts. The tribes who are spread over this great country in the south, are chiefly Tartars of various races; and the majority live by breeding horses and feeding large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle on the extensive pasture-lands with which the country abounds. Ten thousand horses, and from forty to sixty thousand sheep, are brought annually by them to the market at Orenburgh. The Siberians in the north live chiefly by

hunting various fur-bearing animals with which their cold regions abound, and sending them down to the annual markets held for their sale. Amongst these various tribes Christianity has as yet made very little way. "The people" still "sit in darkness and the shadow of death." The chief religions that prevail through this great region, are *Lamaism* and *Shamanism*.

*Lamaism* consists in the worship of the grand Lama of Thibet (who is believed by his worshippers to be heavenly, if not divine), and a great many other objects of religious homage. They have no bloody rites, but a great many very foolish customs and troublesome ceremonies. These ceremonies are thought to be meritorious, and take up a great deal of time. The priests, who lead the people and teach them their foolish doctrines, are called Lamas, and some of them are very zealous and devoted in their work.

*Shamanism* is supposed to be the most ancient religion in the country, and consists chiefly in the worship of fire the practice of sorcery and the belief in charms. It has no priests no books

and no regular rites and religious observance. They fancy that they can cure diseases, save life, find out secrets, and other things, by their strange performances. One of their customs I may mention here—it is their strange manner of praying.—They have an idea that the oftener a prayer can be repeated the more sure it is of being heard, but they are too careless to be troubled to say their prayers too often ; so they pray by machinery. They write out the form of prayer they wish to present, roll it round a cylinder made for that purpose, and then connect it with a small windmill. Here they leave it—the wind sends round the scylinder, and they mind their work, quite contented that the windmill should be praying for them without stopping, while they could get on with their business.—Every time the cylinder goes round, stands, they think, for one saying of the prayer. These praying-machines are very numerous, and, however we may laugh at the idea of praying by machinery, are firmly believed by these people to be very efficacious.

The places in this great country where missions have been attempted, are SAREPTA, where the Moravians have had for many years a settlement ; ASTRACHAN, where the Scottish Missionary Society commenced a mission in 1821, and the neighbourhood of Lake Baikal, where the London Missionary Society laboured for several years in various places.

#### Nathaniel and Naomi.

Benares is a large city in India, full of heathen temples. It is the most idolatrous place in that land of idols, and not less than a thousand Brahmins live in it. For this reason it is called by the Hindoos the Holy City, and this holiness is not confined to the city, but spreads for ten miles round it. Many of the people of Benares are very rich, and nearly all of them are not only idolaters, but very wicked

ones too ; and throughout India this city is believed to be so sacred that sick people from all quarters are brought there, because these poor blinded idolaters think that if they die there they shall be happy for ever.—Hence you would see the ghauts or steps leading down to the Ganges, which flows through the city, crowded with Hindoos, who bathe in the sacred stream with the hope that thus they will wash away their sins.

In this place there lived a man named Ram Ratten. He was a famous Hindoo, and had been an earnest worshipper of idols from his childhood. One day a tract was put into his hand ; he read it, was struck with what he read, and wished to hear more of the truth it contained ; so he went about to try and find a teacher, and was directed, by a native Christian whom he met, to a Missionary ; but at first he was too proud to give up all idea of his own merits, and to believe in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners. He therefore left the Missionary and joined the enemies of the Gospel. But he now knew too much to be easy in the worship of idols ; and, as he could find no peace, he soon came back to the Mission-house and confessed to the Missionary that he could resist the truth no longer. From that time it was plain that he was a sincere believer ; for he lived as a true Christian, and was baptized by the name of Nathaniel, a name which he himself had chosen, because, he said, he wished to be a man “ in whom there was no guile.” He had three little boys, and these he called Abel, Noah, and Moses.

His wife, like all Hindoo women, could neither read nor write, and had never been able to learn. Nathaniel felt very much about her, and earnestly prayed that the Lord might open her heart as He opened the heart of Lydia. But whenever he talked with her on religious subjects, she used to say, “ Do you really believe that God has

sent his Son to die for us? I can't believe that. If we had been good people, then I would believe it; but He could not have let his Son die for such sinners as we are." The poor woman thought that this was too great an act of love in God. And no wonder; for even we can hardly understand how "God so loved the world as to send His only begotten Son" to die for our salvation. But all this time He was knocking at the door of the heart of this heathen woman.— First He did this by the preaching of the Gospel. Then He pressed home its truths by taking away her husband, who died with joyful faith, and in a bright hope of a glorious resurrection and eternal life. The widow wept, but still her heart remained hard and unbelieving. A third time God knocked. One of her sons became ill and died. Once more she wept, but it was for her son, not for her sins. A second son died; but even this did not bring her to the Saviour, though she mourned very much on account of her loss. She had now but one child left to comfort her heart and support her in her old age. At length he died also. This stroke laid her low and brought her to the Saviour. In her bitter grief she cried, "It is enough, Lord; it is enough. I humble myself before thee, and give myself up to thee." From this time she placed her entire hope in Christ. At her baptism she wished to be called Naomi; "for," she said, "the Lord has treated me as he did Naomi. I went out full, but now I am empty." "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes." Her sorrow was now turned into joy, and she went forward towards that world where the days of our mourning are ended.

#### God Seen in all his Works.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on

the western banks of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

About forty years ago, there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call Baron—. The Baron had an only son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the baron reproved him, saying: "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him. The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about his castle grounds, and took occasion to show him a very beautiful picture that hung upon the wall.— The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "whoever drew this picture, knows very well how to use his pencil."

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

The Baron went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village and showed him a small, neat, white cottage, where his son had es-



established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron :

“What a happy man you are to have so good a son ?”

“How do you know I have so good a son ?”

“Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be good and clever, if he has done all that you have showed me.

“But you have never seem him.”

“No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works.”

“True,” replied the Baron, “and this is the way I judge of the character of our Heavenly Father. I know from His works, that He is a being of infinite wisdom and power, and goodness.”

The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good Baron any more by his remarks.

### How the Sea was Divided so that the People of God Walked Through it.

I have told you, that the children of Isreal were in a state of dreadful bondage and oppression in Egypt.—But God said that he would deliver them out of it, and so he did. He is always as good as his word.

He sent his servant Moses to Pharaoh the king, to bid him let them go out of slavery ; but at first he would not.

So God sent a great army of locusts, that is, of insects very much like large grasshoppers ; and they come up on the land, and ate up every green thing.

And then, as Pharaoh would not let the people go, God poured down great hailstones from heaven, and killed all the cattle that were in the field. It was a dreadful storm ; hailstones mingled with fire, ran along upon the ground.

Still the wicked king would not give them their freedom ; and so God sent his angel to cut off all the first-born children of the people of Egypt, as I have told you. And then as he was afraid, lest he and all the subjects should be slain, he was at last willing to do as God bade him.

And so, the people went out from their houses of bondage ; and they directed their course through the wilderness, till they came to the Red Sea.

But Pharaoh was sorry, as soon as he had let the people go, that he had hearkened to the voice of God. And he gathered his soldiers together, and went after them to bring them back, if he could, in Egypt.

And there seemed no way by which the people could get out of his hands. They could not fight with him ; this was impossible. He would have done what he pleased with them if the great God had not been their Friend.

But he was their Friend. And though there seemed no way to escape, he made the mighty waters divide. They heard his voice. The waves went back at his bidding ; and the people went through the midst of the sea, as on dry ground.

And what became of Pharaoh, and his army ? I will tell you. They thought that they too could march safely through the sea. And they went in with their horses and chariots, a great way,—but they never came back again,—for God blew with his winds, so they were scattered—the raging billows returned—they sank like led in the mighty waters.

Let us never forget, that if God be our God, we must be safe and happy in all circumstances. Let us pray him, for Jesus' sake, to become his Friend. No one ever sought for our favour in vain.

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