

YESUVADIAL.

Mrs. Mault, of Nagercoil, has sent the following Account of an excellent Native Woman named Yesuvadial.

Her early History.

SHE was born of heathen parents, at Koonda, near Cape Comorin; and as she grew up, being of an ardent temperament, she entered with great zeal into all the ceremonies connected with idol and devil worship. At her marriage, she went to reside at Carumbādu, to which village the reader of Tamarakollum began to make visits, and impart religious instruction, in 1817. Yesuvadial felt no inclination to listen, but maintained her zeal for heathenism by shewing much opposition to his labours. The reader persevered, and in time overcame her resistance so far as to induce her and her husband to attend public worship, and afterwards to commence committing to memory "Watts's Catechism" and passages of Scripture.

Her Conversion and Baptism.

Her attention was by those means gradually drawn to religious subjects; her enmity to them subsided, and the light of truth dispersed the darkness of her mind, and she became altogether a changed woman. The certainty of the change discovered itself by her deep humility, her sense of her sinfulness, her contrition at the remem-

brance of her past opposition to the Gospel, and her unfeigned gratitude that such a sinner should find mercy. These favourable traits in her character, together with a good testimony being borne by others of her consistent life, led to her being baptized with her household in 1822.

Her Zeal.

The zeal that she had formerly displayed in the service of Satan was now turned into a new direction; the spiritual good of the souls of her family and relatives became the objects of her warmest solicitude. To qualify herself to be useful to others, especially to the ignorant females around her, she was indefatigable in strengthening her mind with Scripture knowledge, both by diligent attention to the public worship of God, and by learning, through others, portions of Scripture. She availed herself of every opportunity to beseech sinners to be reconciled to God. She felt that much had been forgiven her, and that she ought to shew much love to her Saviour. Whenever her advice was sought, she gave it with affection and prudence. She reproved sin with faithfulness and love. The afflicted shared largely in her attentions and her prayers, and all soon found that it was their *soul's salvation* she was most anxious to promote. Her efforts were abundant to bring persons under the sound of the Gospel. After telling them what she knew of the Saviour, she would say, "Come to the chapel, and you will learn more about these things."

Her learning to read.

All this time she laboured under the disadvantage of being unable to read, and she was advancing in years; but observing that those women who *could* read gained a better knowledge of the word of God, she determined to attempt to learn, and she applied most perseveringly to her book. It was an interesting sight to see her learning the alphabet *in the same school where her grand-daughter attended*, who had already learned to read. In this mental effort she had to endure the ridicule of some of her neighbours, and the fear of not succeeding; but she would say, "I do not mind being laughed at, if by diligent learning every day for four or five years I acquire the art of reading; I shall be rewarded for the trouble by the comfort I shall get." She attained her object; and now, as she became better qualified, her labours took a still more regular form. The girls' school at Tamarakollum being deprived of its teacher, this good woman, with her grand-daughter, above alluded to, to assist her, was appointed to the vacant place. Her efforts among the children were equally exemplary and assiduous. She took great pains to make them *understand* the meaning of what they learned, daily kneeling with them at the throne of grace. These duties did not prevent her from continuing to instruct her adult neighbours. She encouraged and assisted many in acquiring Scriptural knowledge. Since her death a poor woman from that village came with others for instruction, and, on being reproved for not knowing her Scripture lesson, she said, with

many tears, "How can I know it correctly now, as Yesuvalial, who used to teach me, is dead?"

Her Illness and Death.

In these active efforts she continued till last September, when she and her sister were both attacked with fever. The remedies employed did not avail; she rapidly grew worse, and she soon apprehended it would end in death. But the same grace that adorned her character in health sustained her in sickness, and enabled her to rejoice in God her Saviour. When she thought her end was near, she requested to be carried and placed, for a short time, near her sick sister, to whom she said, "I know in whom I have believed, and I am ready to die. If you believe in the Saviour, and rest on Him, you need not fear to die, and enter into His presence, and obtain eternal life." The next day she sent for all the Christians residing in the village, and addressed them as follows:—"The time of my death draws near. Though I have been a great sinner, yet, trusting in the merits of my Saviour Jesus Christ, I hope to enter into His glorious presence. Follow the same Saviour, and, as far as I have set you a good example, follow it. Be watchful against sin, attend regularly upon the public worship of God, and upon all seasons of prayer; conduct yourselves orderly, live in peace among yourselves, pay great attention to the word of God, and love one another." She then sunk down exhausted, and, with a faint voice, said, "O Lord, Thou knowest that I have now been lying in this suffering state twelve days; if it be Thy will, take

me to Thyself ;" she immediately closed her eyes, and peacefully resigned her soul into the hands of her Saviour.

Thus you see, dear young friends, in the useful life, the holy temper, and the happy death of this good woman, that Christian Missions are *not in vain*.

AN ECLIPSE AT NAGERCOIL.

Mrs. Mault, in a postscript to the above letter about Yesuvadial, says, "We are this day under the shade of an almost total eclipse of the sun—to many of the natives a serious event. The heathen fast till it is over. One has just now been telling us, that the phenomenon arises from a cobra di capello spreading his hood before the sun! But the more common notion is, that the snake actually swallows the sun; and as it emits a poison when disgorging it, which affects all food and water, they cannot eat, or even cook, till the eclipse is over! To neutralise the poison, they put a peculiar grass in the water."

Happy children in Great Britain! You are not taught silly and monstrous things like these, in accounting for the phenomena of nature: you know at once that an eclipse of the sun is occasioned by the moon coming between the earth and the sun, in her orbit round the earth, and thereby intercepting the rays of "the great orb of day." You may help to impart knowledge to children abroad, by contributing to schools in India and elsewhere, like those of Mrs. Mault and Mrs. Porter.

THE LITTLE BOY TANI.

ISABELLA ORSMOND, a daughter of a good Missionary of that name, says, in a letter to Mr. Tidman, dated Bogue Town, Tahiti, 18th June, 1843—

“ May I beg of you to bear with me, while I tell you of a dear little boy called Tani. His regular attendance, good behaviour, encouraging progress, and quiet unassuming demeanour attracted the attention of many. Several little reward books and other things had been given him to encourage his industry, such as a Testament, which he highly prized, and ‘ The History of the Wanderings of the Children of Israel through the Wilderness.’ He used to sit up almost all night to read. He read the Scriptures every day, and when his eyes became so dim that he *could* not read, he begged some of his school-mates to come and read to him. It was truly affecting to see several poor half-clothed boys reading verse and verse about for the edification of their schoolfellow, who, though he could no longer go to school, would *weep for joy* to hear the word of God read. He was only eight years old when dysentery seized him, yet, till utterly unable to walk, *nothing could induce him to be absent from school.* When quite unable to walk, on hearing the school-bell ring, morning and evening, he would cry and sob exceedingly. His mother, who was less concerned for her soul than he was, would say to him, ‘ Why do you cry ?’ ‘ Because,’ said he, ‘ I wish to go to school, as there I can learn the word of

God.' 'But why do you wish to learn the word of God?' 'Because without it my soul cannot live.' 'Do you think your soul will live if you believe in Christ?' 'Yes.' 'Who taught you these things?' 'My teacher, who was going to teach me many other things, had not God called me away.' 'What other things did you hear there?' 'There I was told how Jesus died; and there we read, pray, and sing together.' On seeing the children returning home from school, he used to burst into tears, and ask if school was over. If told that it was, he would call in some of those who were returning, to come and tell him all they had learned. 'Oh! that I had committed more to memory,' he said. 'Oh! that I could go to school too!' After their departure, he would take his Testament, and press it to his bosom, and read and weep again; then dry up his tears, and repeat the prayers used at the school. The History of the Jews and his Testament he used to place on his bosom, and say, 'These are my choice pearls.' His schoolfellows, who used to stand by his bedside, he would exhort with tears, saying, 'Oh! do behave well; do be kind to our teacher? Try to learn. I am going down to death, but I think of Christ, who is my life, my all. Oh! how I wish to go to school again!' To his mother, he said, 'Mother, do not cry for me; I am ready to die. Cry on account of your own sins. Pray, all of you, to God for yourselves. *Oh! how glad I am that ever I went to school!* There I learnt to read, and now, on my bed, reading is my comfort.' His death was affecting to

us all. My dear father tried to improve the event. *Oh! to be ready to die*,—how blessed! What money could purchase it? Our school has brought us more effectually into close contact with our little folks; and instead of running from us, as they formerly did, through fear, the littlest creatures seem to strive for a seat by our side, or on our knees. Oh! may God crown with divine success our feeble labours! I hope I shall never grow weary in well-doing. The most difficult of all is to keep up the attention, by finding *something new for the children*. Of singing they are exceedingly fond, and in this we love to gratify them. May I be so bold as to beg ‘Cecil’s complete Apparatus for teaching Music,’ some old prints in natural history, and maps, or anything relative to geography. I think much good is going on in Bogue Town; many young people shew an attachment to good things, and attend regularly to the means of grace. May God abundantly prosper us, and cause His face to shine on our labours of love!”

HINTS ABOUT CHINA, (No. 2).

THE LANGUAGE.

I WANT to tell you more about the Chinese language, that you may fall in *love* with it, and with the people who speak it, whilst you are young. I cannot, indeed, tell you much; for I got *frightened* at it when I was young, and thus was prevented from going to China as a Mission-

ary. But some of my young friends, who fell in love with it, did go there; and so may some of you. Now, it is a very *loveable* language, although it seems laughable. I remember very well how Dr. and Mrs. Milne, before they went to China, admired the few *symbols* I understood. So did the late Hon. John Morrison, when he was a boy. Nor will you wonder at this, when I tell you what I first told them,—that the Chinese sign for *friendship* is two PEARLS of equal size and pureness. Is not that a beautiful idea? It was a fine picture of both Drs. Morrison and Milne, and of their wives too. You would say so, if you had known them as I did.

I remember, too, asking Master Morrison, when he was a little boy, and *hunting* his little sister in my garden; what was the Chinese sign for a hunter? He was too young when he came from China to England to remember. So I told him that it was a tiger and a torch. The Chinese hunt the tiger by torch-light. But the sign means a *drunkard* also. This puzzled him. So it did me, until I learnt that the most famous Chinese painter of tigers was a very great drunkard.

So you see, already, that there is a great deal of *meaning* in Chinese words. Yes, far more than in the little pictures of a hieroglyphic lesson-book or a puzzle. What do you think the signs "*mouth and joy*" mean? Why, RICE; because rice is the *joy* of a Chinaman's mouth. You write, "*I forgot*," when any thing slips your memory; but a Chinaman's signs for this are *heart* and

death,—meaning a dead heart. The signs for *ship* are “boat, mouth, and eight;” an emblem of Noah’s ark, wherein *eight* persons were saved and fed, for the Chinese know about the flood. These three signs stand also for “a prosperous voyage,” which Noah had, you know.

For *eloquence*, they write, “mouth and gold;” and it is curious that the Greek Christians call *St. Chrysostom* “golden-mouthed,” because he was very eloquent. So, “bird and mouth” means singing, or speaking sweetly. So, also, “silk threads and sound” signify music.

This will shew you what *kind* of a language the Chinese is. Now, if I could only tell you as many words of what Paul calls “*the tongues of angels*,” you would not forget them. But nobody on earth knows the language of heaven; indeed, if any one did, he could do no good by it on earth. But if a hundred boys should fall in love with *Chinese*, and grow up in love with the Saviour, (for that is the *grand* thing), they might become MISSIONARIES to China, and some of them great translators, like Drs. Morrison and Milne. I saw Dr. Legge begin the Chinese alphabet a few years ago, and what a *scholar* he is now! Well, do think of all this, and I will tell you more next month.

CHINAASTER.

ANECDOTE. GOD IS LOVE.

ONE morning a little girl came, as usual, into her parent’s room, to kneel down at her mother’s