

മറുൻ	വൻകരുവിലേ	പ
മരൻ	മേല്പടി	ദ
ദിൗൻ	ചെറുകരുവിലേ	ക
കിൗൻ	മേല്പടി	പ
കരൻ	വൻകരുവിലേ	ര
കരന്നൻ	മേല്പടി	ക
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ഇക്കാരെ വെച്ചുകൊണ്ടു വൻകരുവിലേ കളിച്ചുടങ്ങി നാലുകളിയാ ചെറുകരുവിലേ നിറുത്താമോ?

പായനകാരിൽ ആരെങ്കിലും ഇതിന്റെ ഉത്തരം പറഞ്ഞാൽ ശരിയായിരുന്നിട്ട് ഇനിയുടനെ ലക്കത്തിൽ അതിന്റെ ശരിയായ ഉത്തരം എങ്ങനെ പറയാം.

## THE SLAYER SLAIN.

### CHAPTER I.

(The following story is from the pen of a lady, who has since gone to her rest. It was intended chiefly for the instruction of the young; and is now published in English, partly as a tribute to her memory; and partly in the hope, that, should it be thought sufficiently interesting and instructive, it may one day assume a Vernacular dress.)

In the town of U—in the beautiful province of Travancore, there lived a man whose name was Koshy Curien. In early life he had been trained in the doctrines of the Protestant Church, but for some years he had gradually gone back step by step to Syrianism. An increasing desire for gain was probably the ruling cause for this apostasy. His conscience felt more at ease under the unmeaning ceremonies of a corrupt ritual, than when listening to the simple truths of the Gospel of a purer faith. His house was the largest and newest in the town; a spacious compound, surrounded by a good wall, in which were many kinds of trees, told you at once the owner was a rich man. Those fine old Mangoes and Jacks, planted by his grandfather, not only formed a pleasant shade round his comfortable dwelling, but their rich and refreshing fruits proved a bountiful provision for food. Coconut and Plantain trees placed there by his own hand, mingled their feathery branches together, and afforded coolness and shelter to the little group of happy children playing beneath them.

The appearance of the children with their smooth bright skins and clean cloths showed that a careful attentive mother managed with a clever hand the domestic affairs of this Indian home. No decaying vegetables or unsightly filth were left to annoy the eye or nose, but all were swept away and collected in a heap at some distance. The cattle and poultry were well fed, and lying at rest beneath the cool shade of the trees.

It was the Sabbath morning; and an almost unbroken stillness seemed to pervade the whole place. This calm was however soon to be disturbed; and loud and angry tones, usher into our presence

the master of the house. His tall and portly figure stood high above the group of cowering and terrified objects by whom he was surrounded; and trembling with fear they scarcely dared raise their eyes to his fierce gaze and menacing stick.

"Villains!" he said, "is this the way you treat your master? Is this the way that slaves are to spend their time in idleness, while my crops are wasting in the field? You eat my salt, you take my paddy! But like dogs or jackals, you leave my work undone."

A loud cry, or wail, broke from the timid group, as they shouted forth, "Master! Master! not so; we work very hard six days. This day is not our day. This day is not master's day. We want to pray on this day."

"Liars and thieves!" he roared out; and the heavy stick fell with a crash on heads and backs of young and old; but instead of running away they cried out again, "Master! Oh! master, you are like our father, pity us, help us, do not be too hard upon us, we are not beasts, we are men, we have souls, we will work long and hard for six days. Let us have the sabbath to think about our great master in heaven, and about our souls."

"Souls" he said, "Slaves have no souls. I will make you work every day, or else put you in chains. But it is all your doing", he said fiercely to a fine old man, who stood with his arms folded on his breast, and big tears rolling down his cheek, mingled with blood from a fearful cut above the eyebrows, "It is all your teaching and preaching, and you shall bear the suffering. Seize him! Seize him!" he shouted to the servants; and his stick was raised again to add weight to the command, when the old man's wife rushed in between them, with her first little grandson on her hips; and the blow, that deadly blow, fell—where?—not on old man, not on the old woman; but the poor innocent babe rolled from its grandmother to the earth a little corpse. A fearful shriek rent the air. The women rushed away with their little ones affrighted, and the men crying out, "It is murder! it is murder!" ran down to the low grounds; while the strange words, "It is murder! it is murder!" echoed from every side.

## CHAPTER II.

The sounds died away, while the proud man was left trembling in the presence of the old slave and the dead child.

The old man raised not his eyes from the face of the little one for a few seconds; at length in an agony he clasped his hands together, and lifting up his eyes to heaven he gasped forth, "Saviour of mercy, Saviour of love, look down and pity us. Bless and forgive my cruel master. Lay not this sin to his charge, Amen, Amen."—Then stooping down he took up in his arms the little body of what had a few minutes before been the joy and delight of his old age; and then with a boldness, scarcely known amongst his class, and in language almost prophetic, he thus ad-

dressed his guilty master.—“Sir”, he said, “I served your grandfather and your father; I was a heathen then; I stole their paddy, I climbed the Coconut trees, and when the plantains and mangoes were missing, I was the thief. The finest jacks found their way into my hut, and I feasted on them undetected. I was beaten and put in chains, and I deserved it all; but under you I have served as a christian; I learnt from the book of God to be honest, ‘Let him that stole steal no more;’ I learnt to be industrious, ‘If any will not work neither let him eat;’ I learnt to keep the sabbath, ‘Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy;’ I learnt to serve my master, and take care of his property; I sprinkled ashes near the paddy in the field, and tracked the thief to his home, and made him restore what he had taken; I taught him the command, ‘Thou shalt not steal;’ I gathered the young ones round me in an evening, and told them to pray for themselves and their master; I asked you to let them go to school on the Sunday, that they might learn to serve you. And now what have I got in return? My poor old body has been beaten twice, and the light and joy of my old age has in a moment been snatched away from me. Now mark my words, not one day more shall these hands toil for you; not another morsel of your food shall enter these lips; I go, and we shall never meet again, unless the same grace, that changed the heart of the poor slave, melt that of my stony master. I go”.—And bending beneath the load of the dead child the old man disappeared.

### CHAPTER III

The proud man stood alone under the broad heavens, which stretched like a curtain over God’s holy Sabbath, whilst two great principles of mercy and cruelty were nicely balanced, and struggling together within his breast. It required but the touch of a finger to turn the scale in favour of mercy, and save him years of remorse. Conscience whispered, “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,” and had the sweet face of his eldest daughter been near, of her, whose appealing look for those poor degraded ones he never could resist, the scale would perhaps immediately have turned in favour of mercy. But his good angel was absent. Terrified at the commencement of the disturbance, she had rushed away; and seizing the hand of her aged grandmother, she almost dragged her along, scarcely stopping to speak, until they were within the walls of God’s house, where at that moment they were both prostrate before God, and in the language of our expressive Litany were breathing forth its earnest petitions;—“That it may please Thee, to give us a heart to love and dread Thee, and diligently to live after Thy commandments.”

The words of the slave, “We shall never meet again”, caused a momentary pang in the breast of Koshy Curien; but resolutely stifling the feeling, he seized a large coddá that lay in the veranda, and stalked forth followed by two servants, who, to gratify the pride of their master, called out more loudly than usual to clear

the road. His path lay partly through fields of his own waving paddy; and instead of his heart being lifted up in thankfulness to God, who was giving him such abundance, he was calculating in his mind the immense dowry this would enable him to give his daughter. At length he reached the door of the church, which he attended; and as the people made way before him with low Salams his vanity was at its height; and walking with stately step up the middle of the church he stood before the treasury box, and with great display held between his fingers a large gold coin, which he slowly dropped with a clinking sound into the hole. Was this to quiet his conscience for the murder of that poor child? So perhaps he thought; and passing through the crowd he took his place among the worshippers.

"Sir" said one of the servants, as they returned, "does Master not perceive, that the slaves are not at work?" "Indeed where are they then?"

"They are gone where Master has forbidden them to go."

"Where is that?"

"To the school which they have built, and where a Missionary Sahib goes to teach them?"

"What does he teach them?"

"To read the Bible and disobey their Master."

This man was no friend to the slave; and when he said these words it was to rouse again the angry passions of his master which he feared were softening.

"If the Master allows himself to be disobeyed this time, we shall never have any more power over them, and the crops will spoil in the fields while they spend their time in idleness."

The Master ground his teeth, and something prompted him to say, "Get thee behind me Satan; but this man had gained an ascendancy over him, he could not easily shake off; and half hesitating he replied, "Say you so? Then you have my orders; act take the chains; and from this time my word shall be law. Go leave me."

His wife gazed timidly at his still unsoftened features as he threw down the coddla and flung himself on his cot. She hastened to set before him his tempting meal; but in vain the savoury morsels were spread. He turned his face to the wall in disgust at every thing, and told her snappishly to take them away. She had exerted her utmost skill in preparing the dishes that she knew her husband liked, and with a look of disappointment she patiently collected them together and removed them out of his sight. Then returning to the side of his cot she affectionately put her hand on his head; it was burning. She dipped a cloth in cold water, and without speaking laid it gently on his forehead; "That is refreshing," he said kindly; "where are the children? where is Mariam?"

"She is teaching the little ones," replied his wife. And just at that moment they heard her sweet clear voice leading her little sisters in their hymn of praise.

"Shall I call her?" said the mother.

"No! No! I could not bear to look on her now; I have a stern duty to perform; and if I see her face I know I shall relent."

"And why not relent? Why not be, my dearest husband, as we used to be, when we read the Word of God together, and together taught our little ones?" She was proceeding timidly to urge him, when he rudely snatched his hand away and said, "You know nothing about it; be silent. Is it not for her sake I add field to field, and house to house? Is it not for her that I toil night and day; that she may have a dowry worthy of my eldest daughter?"

"The wife's courage failed before these harsh tones; and seating herself on the mat beside the cot, she gently took out her bible, and began to read. He turned himself uneasily on his bed; and at length, by his hard breathing she perceived he had fallen asleep; and gently closing the door after her, she joined her little ones under the mango tree.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Mariam was a tall handsome girl of fourteen; and had just returned from school, where her father, proud of her talents, had spared no expense to secure her the advantages of a good education. He had for several years paid for her board at the Mission school, where her industry and intelligence had gained for her the high esteem of every one who knew her. At her father's request she had now come home. She was devotedly attached to both her parents; but she had not been long at home before she observed many things which were thoroughly inconsistent in a Christian family. She had been pained more than once at the harshness and worldliness of her, otherwise indulgent, father. She had also wept over the forgetfulness of her gentle affectionate mother, as she toiled through the hours of the blessed sabbath totally unconscious "that this day belongs to God alone, Who calls the hours his own." Her old grandmother was the only one in the family who seemed to realize that "here we have no continuing city," but that we must "seek one to come"; she had little head-knowledge, but she possessed the true secret of keeping her heart right with God. She loved her bible, and her prayers were earnest and from the depths of a humble and penitent heart. She sat listening with delight day after day to the simple stories Mariam drew from the scriptures, as she gathered her little sisters around her.

At the time we speak of they were all sitting near her on a nice large mat under the mango tree, all eager to hear the story Mariam had promised them. The hymn was finished, and all eyes were turned on the little teacher. "Now I am going to tell you about God's love to sinners."

"Oh! but let it be a story, dear sister," they all cried out, "We like stories best."

"Very well, then it shall be a story. Once there was a very great king who lived in a very large beautiful palace with his only son. The

house was all built of glass, and placed on a hill, and so curiously contrived, that the king, whichever way he looked, could see all over his kingdom. All the little villages and the crowded cities were overlooked, and he used to take especial interest in the happy groups of children who used to come out into the green fields to play. The servants in the palace were beautifully dressed, and the king often sent them on messages to different parts of the kingdom; and sometimes some of those dear children were invited to the palace. One day the king and his son were looking down upon one of those happy groups, when they perceived a most dreadful monster watching them, ready to devour them in a moment; but the little ones were quite unconscious of their danger. 'What must be done?' said the king, 'Whom can I send? The danger is great; without instant help they will all be lost.' 'I will go,' said the son, 'send me.' and in a moment he laid aside his dignity as a king's son, and rushed down to save those poor little children. He came just as that dreadful monster was making a spring to seize them; he flung himself forward on the monster, and with a heavy blow from his sword sent him yelling to his den. Then when the children saw from what a dreadful death they had been preserved, and who had saved them, they gathered round him, and begged him with tears to stay with them, lest that fearful monster should return. But he said, 'fear not my little ones, look here,' and he showed them a wound he had received in the struggle from which the blood was flowing; 'I will put a mark on each of you, even the mark of my blood, and so long as you keep that you are safe, he dare not touch you, he will flee from you.' So the children were made happy, and the king's son returned to his Father."

When Mariam had finished her story, all were silent for a few seconds, for she waited to see which of them had comprehended her meaning. At length the old Grandmother seemed to give the clue to the whole by saying, "Yes, yes, God is a king, the king of glory." "And his son" said Anna, "is the Lord Jesus Christ; and that monster is the devil; and the little children are ourselves."

Mariam was just beginning to tell them how a knowledge of these things should make us love Jesus, when she was interrupted by seeing a dark face half hid among the trees beckoning to her. On coming near she found it was the youngest daughter of old Poulusa the slave. A few earnest words from the girl brought a cloud over the sweet face of Mariam, and hastening back she whispered hurriedly to her Grandmother. The old lady quickly went into the house, and soon reappeared with certain mysterious looking bottles, for she was famed for her knowledge of medicinal plants, and her decoctions had often proved of great use; and taking the hand of her grandchild, they followed their little dark guide over mud banks and jungle, till they were lost to view.

(൧) ത. ദതന്ത ——— മന്ത                    (൩) ത. മഗദ ——— മദി  
 (൨) ത. മന്ത ——— മദി    അടിയറവ്.

അങ്ങൾ വായനക്കാർക്കു ഇനിയും ഒരു ചോദ്യം ഇടുന്നു,

മതഹൽ	വൻകരുവിലേ	ത
മകുൾ	മേല്പടി	ക
മകുൾ	മേല്പടി	ട
മകുൾ	മേല്പടി	ട
മഗന്ത	മേല്പടി	ട
മന്ത	മേല്പടി	ക
ദഹൽ	മേല്പടി	ദ
ദന്ത	ചെറുകരുവിലേ	ട
ദഹൽ	മേല്പടി	ട
ദഗദുൽ	മേല്പടി	ത
ദഗന്ത	മേല്പടി	ട
ദകഹൽ	മേല്പടി	ട
ദതഹൽ	മേല്പടി	ക
ദതന്ത	മേല്പടി	ട

ഇങ്ങനെ വെച്ചുകൊണ്ടു യൂറോപ്പുകാളിപ്രകാരം വൻകരുവിലേ കളി തുടങ്ങി നാലുകളിക്കു ചെറുകരുവിലേ നിറുത്താമൊ?

THE SLAYER SLAIN.

CHAPTER V.

About a mile from Koshy Curien's house, and situated on a little raised ground near the swampy paddy-fields, was a building which the slaves looked upon with peculiar interest and delight. It was their own hard labour that had raised the ground from the swamp, and they had erected on it what was in their eyes a gem of Church architecture. A low mud wall about two feet above the ground encircled the building, and from this were raised bamboo pillars to support the roof, which hung far over the pillars and the wall, yet sufficiently removed from the ground to admit plenty of light and air. The floor was covered by a large coarse matting made from the leaves of the wild pine, and which had employed the spare moments of the Christian women for many weeks. At one end was a raised kind of step, on which were placed a stool and a rude table for the minister. Three times had this building been destroyed by fire, from malice; and three times had that little band of slaves stood on that spot, and resolutely said "On this spot and this only will we have our prayer-house. It was here we first heard of Jesus and his love, and it is here we will still worship him. We will build it again, and if they burn it once more, then again we will raise up the roof, for we will have this spot and no other."

The minister stood painfully listening to the sad tale of the slaves belonging to Koshy Curien, as they rushed into the prayer-house on that Sabbath morning: other slaves were there, belonging to other masters, who had suffered much from persecution and cruelty; but the termination had not been so fatal, so they were all ready to cry out "Shame! Shame!"

"My friends," said the minister, "I know not what to say. We must lay the whole matter before God. It is too solemn an event for us to speak about without the guidance and teaching of God's Spirit. Let us approach him in prayer."

Just as they were all kneeling down, the old slave entered bearing the body of the dead child. He walked up to the minister, and quietly laid it down in front of the table, and then retired. The minister covered the little face with a handkerchief, and then knelt down. His prayer was long and earnest; and tearful responses from the slaves mingled with his fervent pleading. A holy solemnity pervaded the place, and both the teacher and the taught realised the truth of the promise, that even among a group of poor slaves, "Where two or three meet together in God's name, there is He in the midst". The minister and people stood up together and gazed for a moment in silence; at length a slight whispering was observed amongst them.

"Master," they said, "We have all decided"

"For what?" he asked.

"For God. His law is binding upon us, as a mark of our love to him. 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' And his law is, 'Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day, In it thou shalt do no manner of work.' We have, it is true, often broken God's law, but now never more. If we die, we die; but we will, God helping us, keep God's day holy."

"My friends", said the Minister, "It is true, that if we acknowledge God in all our ways, He will direct our path. Your decision is from the Holy Spirit. May he still continue to direct and help you in all your doings; and may you never forget to ask for his guidance. But what of your master and of his work?"

Another whispering consultation, and again the speaker looked up and addressed the minister. "We wish to love our master, and our work; and we love the fields where our fathers, and grandfathers have worked before us. We know every flower, and every bird that wades deep in the watery swamp. We know the sound of every chuckram which from childhood to old age we have turned in their nightly course, while we have joined with the jackals in their howlings. Our fathers' spades have dug the soil, and made their graves; and they have been handed down to us, and we will again and again sow and reap the paddy, and our bodies shall die and help to fatten the soil: but we will never leave our master; neither will we break God's holy Sabbath day." Several voices had joined in making up the above sentences, and the minister looked towards the place near the door where he had observed old Poulusa take his seat, hoping



to hear a few words from him; but he looked in vain, for he could not perceive him. At length another old man, who claimed a good deal of respect, rose and said, "It is but right that we should in some way try to conciliate our master. As soon as the Sabbath is past, let us all, young and old, women and children, hasten to the paddy grounds, and long before the sun rises above your distant mountains, let our reaping hooks have brought down one large field of waving paddy. Let us teach our women and little ones to put their shoulders to the work; and if we all determine we shall gain the Sabbath for our worship, and our master will not lose any thing."

"That is well said," they all answered. "We will do this; and God will bless us for his Son's sake."

"And now", said the pastor, "a grave must be dug for this little child, that I may commit its body to the earth before I leave." A little hole was soon made close to the prayer-house; and the minister stood with his book in his hand; and eyes closed, slowly repeating the introductory sentences of the burial service. It was the first time it had ever been read over the body of a slave. This child was the first amongst them that their Father had called home since they had begun to love and pray to Jesus: and they listened with intense and tearful interest to every word as it fell from the tongue of the native pastor. When the last words were uttered, many fell on their knees, and with their faces on the ground wept long and loudly. This might have continued some time, for their feelings for the last few hours had been wrought upon by many conflicting scenes, and the solemnity of the burial service had quite overpowered them; but the pastor gently urged them to depart quietly to their homes without noise or disturbance. It was when he was turning away from the group around the child's grave, that his attention was directed to some figures in the centre of the wide paddy field. It was with some difficulty he reached the spot, for the mud banks were newly made, and he could scarcely keep his feet from slipping: but he was struck with horror in approaching to behold poor old Poulusa in chains, with his body in the water, and his head without covering exposed to the rays of the burning sun, while the two servants of Koshy Curien stood at a distance with coddas over their heads. For a few seconds his indignation kept him silent, for he knew that this mode of punishment was the most cruel that was ever practised on the slave. "By whose orders have you done this?" he shouted out to the men. "Our master's!" they answered sullenly. "It is untrue", he returned: "no man who knows any thing of Christianity would dare to give such an order; for even in this heathen country the slave can gain a hearing in the law-courts, slight though it be. It is untrue" he again reiterated; "it is your own base and cruel dispositions that have done this. Knock off the chains instantly, or your hands and feet shall soon be fettered too. It will require but a few minutes to have a dozen Sircar peons on the spot, and when once within the walls of a Thanah you will find it no easy

task to get out again.' The minister had purposely raised his voice, and assumed an air of command to intimidate those cowardly demons of men, whose characters he had long known. It had the desired effect; for while he was speaking they came near, and began to take off the heavy chains; and as the last one fell to the ground, poor old Poulusa worn and exhausted sunk down also. Many thought he was dead; but the minister said he had fainted and recommended them hastily to carry him home and give him some refreshment. The two servants, alarmed at the minister's threat about the Sircar peons, fled as fast as possible from the scene, and were not seen or heard of for several days.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Old Poulusa's house was in an enclosed piece of ground, separated for the cultivation of Sugar; and he had been allowed to erect his hut in the centre, that the sugar-canes might be under his peculiar care. A few yards of ground had been given to him for a garden, and by dint of persevering industry he had brought every inch under cultivation. A bank of earth of about four yards square formed the outer boundary, and then a row of plantain trees; next was a ridge of coorkas, then some healthy looking cheerah, fringed with a border of green chillies, then a narrow path running round the dwelling. The hut was not much superior to the generality of slaves' huts. It consisted of four upright bamboos, on which was raised a slender roof, quite freshly covered with ollahs; at each corner were planted gourds which were making strong efforts to reach the roof again, from which the new ollahs had a few days before dislodged them: hanging over the top of the roof, and tied together, were four large cocoanuts, put there to dry previous to planting, and which were intended for the four outer corners of the garden. It had long been old Poulusa's ambition to possess a coconut tree, for in his stealing days he had discovered that the nuts were an immense improvement to his curry; but since he had become a Christian he had faithfully kept to his resolution that no stolen article should enter within his lips; and though often strongly tempted, he had been preserved from disgracing his Christian name. His desire to possess the tree was however strong, and when his master's children came bounding in to beg for the finest sugar-cane, the secret wish flowed out. A few days after, four smiling faces peeped over the little wall, and while old Poulusa was stooping to pluck the weeds from his cheerah, he felt his back and toes suddenly assailed by four large black things, which rolled about him like four cannon balls; but he was shrewd enough to show no signs of pain, and looking up just saw the retreating figures of the laughing group who had so suddenly startled him.

On the Sunday evening of our narrative it was to this garden that Mariam and her grandmother came. Mariam glanced up at the roof as she climbed over the stile, and a kind of half smile played around her mouth as she saw already the promise of future cocoanut trees for old Poulusa. The hut the path and every

available spot were filled by an anxious yet helpless crowd; and in the middle, stretched on a mat, lay the body of the old slave. Mariam's voice was generally sweet and low, but it could ring out a loud and silvery peal; and her words fell like magic, as she ordered every one to his place. The wail was instantly hushed; there was a slight rustle as they scrambled over the wall, and all was in a moment quiet. Old Poulusa's wife held both her hands over her mouth, and uttered not a sound, but crouched in the farther corner of the hut. Mariam took a Jack-leaf, and with ready fingers formed it into a kind of spoon, into which her grandmother dropped on a piece of sugar some powerful mixture, which Mariam with the help of the old woman placed in the mouth of the sufferer. He started, opened his eyes and was about to speak, but Mariam motioned for silence; no one spoke; and in a few minutes, the dose was repeated, and presently Poulusa sat upright, and looked wildly around. "God bless you," he said, "I am better now." "Bring some water, and wash the blood from his face," said Mariam, turning to the old woman. She looked unwilling to remove what she thought gave a tragic appearance to the face, but Mariam's silvery voice again sounded clear and unmistakable, and the old woman brought the water in the shell of the cocoanut, and began roughly to remove the blood-stain from his face. Mariam soon perceived that the wound was very slight, and that mental excitement and fear had more to do with his fainting than real injury. "Now bring some congee," she said, "and he will be all right again soon." It was brought, and the old man drank it eagerly, for he was thirsty, and felt strengthened by the draught; but at the same time feeling that his nearness to his young mistress would be considered by many as improper, he shrunk away, and with innate humility crouched to the corner of his hut.

"You need not have done that, Poulusa," Mariam said, "for you know when we all meet round the throne of God, there will be no difference between us; the only thing is that if you are the means of turning more souls to Jesus than I, your crown will be brighter than mine."

"Ah! mother," he said, "I wish I could keep my glass clear about that; sometimes I fear there is no heaven for the poor slave; sometimes I fear that, as we are outcasts here, we shall be outcasts there too. Yet I feel that it was a blessed day when you told me Jesus died to save the poor slave as well as the rich man; and if I never have a nearer view of him than he has given me in his word and in prayer, I ought to be content, for it has made a little heaven below."

"How many years is it, Poulusa, since I told you about the love of Jesus?"

"I think it is five: I was clearing the garden near the house, and you were a bright little child just come home from school. You came to me in the morning and told me not to steal the mangoes from your little tree, and then you would give me some congee. I promised, and for the first time in my life resisted the temptation. About twelve o'clock I began to look towards

the house, and I soon saw you coming towards me with a chatty. You did not put it down and call me to take it, but came close up to me; I felt frightened, and went backward some distance, for I was afraid my master would beat me, if he saw me within ten paces of his child. You counted the mangoes and found them right, and then called to me to come near, you had something to tell me. I crept fearfully and came nearer. You said, 'Do you know there is a great and holy God who lives above the sky,' and you pointed upward, 'who sent his son to love and die for all men, even for poor slaves? His name is Jesus Christ, and I want you to think a great deal of that name. Can you say that name?' I tried, but tried in vain; my tongue could not utter the sounds. You repeated it over and over again; but my ears had never heard the sound before, and my tongue slipped away from the place where I wanted it to be in saying it. You said you would try again another day. All that night I thought of that strange new name, and an earnest craving to know more about it filled my heart, and kept me awake. Again and again you tried to teach me it, at last I mastered it, and tears came into your eyes as you heard me say distinctly 'Jesus Christ.' Then one day you came, and you said you were going back to school, but you would give me a Gospel which would tell me all about Jesus Christ; and you marked the word for me that I might know it. I took it with awe, for I thought it was a God. I had never seen a book before. When I went to my place, it soon became known, and all came to see the wonder, and touch it. The eagerness to see it increased to such an extent, that I began to feel my book was not safe, and I buried it; but this prevented me from seeing it, so I made myself a large topce, and always carried the book in it on my head. I felt proud of my knowledge that I could say the name which none of my friends could; I began to teach them, and as I succeeded, the desire to know more became greater; at length I took a journey and I stood with my book under the veranda of a great bungalow; a little girl less than you looked over the rails and asked me what I had got under my arm. I told her a God, and held it up for her to look at. "You are a wicked heathen man," she said, "that is God's holy book, you must learn to read it, and it will teach you to love Jesus, and not to worship idols." I heard and understood all that dear child said. I turned away without seeing the Sahib, for I felt my mind could not take in more than those few words. Yes, I said, I will learn to read, but where? There is a poor chogan boy who takes care of the cattle; I will give him half my rice and he will teach me to read, for he went to school once and can read. Thus I began to be a christian, days of sunshine and happiness have been mine. But now a cloud has settled on me, a cloud so heavy that it crushes me to the ground: if I remain, it will overwhelm me. I only see one little distant corner that I can creep out of.

## CHAPTER VII.

Mariam was so deeply interested in his simple narrative, that she scarcely observed the gloom of the last sentence: and as her grandmother urged their immediate departure, she only said, "Well, still read that blessed book, and all will be well." They hastened over the stile; and as they picked their way through the long dark line of sugar-cane, they felt that darkness was fast approaching; and as they moved on in silence, Mariam felt a kind of consciousness that they were not the only visitors in that lonely place. She held her breath to listen, but still she neither heard nor saw any thing, and was just beginning to think herself a foolish weak girl, when on suddenly turning a corner a tall dark object stood before them. To draw back was impossible. The old lady trembled and clung closer to the child; the object came nearer; Mariam's eyes penetrated further than the grandmother's, and with a cry of delight she said, "my father!" She bounded towards him, and notwithstanding his stern angry face, compelled him to draw her with his two large arms close to his heart; she would not let him set her down till the averted eyes were turned full upon her. They fell first on the dark mass of hair, then on the embroidery of her jacket, then on the golden ornaments round her neck, "Not there father, not there, I like your eyes to look straight into mine, that I may see deep down into your heart," said Mariam. His eyes met her's for an instant; but it seemed as if there was a spark of fire in them, and he could not bear to look into the pure bright orbs that met his. He shook her from him, not harshly, but impatiently, and turning to his mother said, "Is it wise, is it prudent, mother, to be here in such a place at this hour? What object can my mother have had to make her thus forget her duty?" This was said respectfully, as he always treated his mother; but a certain trembling quickness about the voice indicated a suppressed feeling of anger. The old lady turned sharply upon him and was going to ask him a similar question, when Mariam said, "Stop grandmother, I will tell my father all. Does my father remember a long time ago I sat on his knee, and from the bible he read a beautiful story, and then explained it to me in language I have never forgotten? It was the story of the good Samaritan. My grandmother sat on a mat near us, and my mother stopped from preparing the curry to listen. Since that night, father, whenever I have seen a poor man, I have always tried to be the good Samaritan, and so to-night when we were told a poor man was dying, my Grandmother and myself never thought of asking the question, Is it wise or prudent? but we only remembered my father's beautiful lesson, and we started off."

"And who is the poor thief whose wounds you have been binding up?"

"Not a thief, father; poor old Poulusa has given up stealing; he has become a Christian."

"A Christian indeed! And what has Christianity to do with such wretched outcasts as they, I wonder? Their position is that of

beasts, to labour and to eat; the extent of their knowledge cannot go beyond the paddy fields."

"But, father, old Poulusa says, I was the first that told him about the name of Jesus, when I was a little child, and he has loved it ever since."

"You told him about those things, did you? And who are you, that you should dare to come near a slave to speak to him? Is it to you then I am indebted for all this insubordination and disobedience? It cannot be that my child would degrade herself by such polluting contact. No, my child is a Syrian, and neither Chogan nor slave could come near enough to her to hear her speak." "But I am your own child, father, and it was from you that I heard the words 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the earth;' and when Jesus said to his disciples, 'Go ye unto all nations,' he meant the slaves too. Don't you think so, 'father?'"

"I think my daughter has learnt to preach too much," he said angrily; for he felt her words touch his conscience. "It would be more in accordance with the customs of our country if you were silent on these matters, and allowed me to think for you."

Mariam gave an appealing look to her father with her eyes half filled with tears. He had not often spoken to her in these harsh tones. He had always encouraged her to speak her thoughts freely, and often when hearing her argue with some old Catanar on some absurdity she had observed, he had felt amused, and proud of her cleverness. But now when his own principles had become weakened by avarice, he began to feel it was a dangerous talent that he had been cultivating in his child, and that he could not sin and be at ease in her presence. A few moments of silence succeeded, which were broken by Mariam exclaiming, "We have come past the road, this is not the way". "Yes, yes" said her father, "I have brought a boat; we return by the river."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Darkness had rapidly increased, and as they approached the river, they could only just discern the boat. A high flood, and rapid current, suggested the thought that there was some risk; but if they sat perfectly still, the father thought they might float safely down the stream, and in a few minutes they would be at home. He despatched the man for a torch, and then helped his mother carefully into the boat. Mariam was just preparing for a spring as the boat slightly receded from the shore, when another boat coming rapidly down the river, struck violently against it. The stream caught it, and poor Mariam was plunged into the river. She was an expert swimmer, but the suddenness of the accident, and the strength of the current, were too much for her; and after a fearful struggle she was carried down the river. A dreadful shriek from the grandmother, as she felt the boat caught by the stream, and saw her favourite grandchild in the river, broke the stillness of the night, and the firm yet agonized voice of her

son, as he said, "Sit down mother"; and seizing the oars, with the strength of a giant he again reached the bank. "Step out mother," he said in a decided tone, which admitted of no reply. "Step in," he said to two slaves that stood on the bank. In a moment the boat flew like lightning down the river; the large brawny arms of Koshy Curien had the strength of a dozen men in them; life or death seemed to be in every stroke of the oar. Meanwhile three young men who occupied the other boat, and who had been the cause of the accident, lost no time. Two of them rushed after the body as it was fast floating down, while the third by shouts and cries for lights roused the whole of the slave population. The unhappy father saw the lights; and heard the cries of sorrow which came from the poor outcasts whom he had begun to treat so badly. He could see from the lights that the head was still above water, and that the two young men were very close in pursuit. His object was to get in advance of the body, before it reached the bend of the river, where the current increased in force, and where several upright poles, the remains of an ancient bridge, would have increased the danger. A loud cry was now heard, as a large naked figure leaped from the high bank into the stream below, and in an instant the drowning girl was held firmly in his grasp. The father saw the white cloth floating above the water, and breathed freely, "My child is saved," he exclaimed; "thank God," He was unconscious who her preserver could be, who had so suddenly appeared, and who had so providentially caught her before her strength was quite exhausted. All this took place in much less time than it has taken to tell the particulars. When the boat drew near, the father received from the two young men, whom he had first seen in the unfortunate boat that caused the accident, the senseless body of his child. She still breathed; and as the agonized father pressed her close to his heart, he felt how worthless were all his earthly riches compared to that treasure. The young men entered the boat and took the oars; but no where could be seen the black figure which Koshy Curien thought he had seen rescue the child. "My eyes must have deceived me," he said; but just at that moment a head protruded itself above the water, and with a voice of deep meaning said, "You killed my child; I have saved yours; we are equal now." And the head disappeared. These words fell upon the heart of Koshy Curien not like iron, but like coals of fire upon a precious metal, melting it and freeing it from the dross by which it was surrounded. From that day the character of Koshy Curien underwent a change. Though as the refining of a metal necessarily is a slow process, so are the refining processes of God's dealings with man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) P. 134.

er hands as she tossed with easy grace the rice in the mortar, till not a particle of impurity was left on the white grain. Soon it was ready, and Mariam began to feel that it was time for her mother's return; so she washed her hands, and resumed her jacket, which she had thrown aside during the heat of cooking. She kissed her mother as she stooped to take the baby from her arms, and received in return a smile of thanks for her exertions. This was the only part of the day in which her parents thought it necessary for her to engage in household work. From breakfast till noon she taught her little sisters. In the afternoon she delighted to keep up a knowledge of what she had learnt, and to improve herself further; and in the evening she sometimes read aloud, or helped her father with his accounts. Taking the baby in her arms, she joined her grandmother and the children under the Mango tree. A large clean mat was spread, and on this little tiny hands, under the old lady's direction, were squeezing the juices of the mangoes to form a favourite sweetmeat. Mariam recommended them to cease, and prepare their sickly hands for breakfast. Just then a splashing of ears was heard on the river, which all thought was the father returning. The little ones ran off to the well to wash their hands, while Mariam stood beside her grandmother looking towards the steps which led down to the river, to see who was coming. Presently a well-known face appeared above the steps. "Ah," said Mariam, "here is the native Minister. Take the baby, grandmother, I must go and meet him, he is a dear friend of mine." Mariam's face beamed with pleasure as she held out her hand, which was taken and pressed warmly to his lips with a fatherly gentleness. He had often visited the school that Mariam attended, and his children were her friends and playmates. His instructions and persuasive manner had been very useful to Mariam, and were the means, under God, of leading her mind to yearn after spiritual things. So that she expressed herself very warmly at the pleasure of seeing him in her own home. She did not know that two years ago her father had forbidden him the house. She was so engrossed by asking eager questions about her friends, that she did not observe he was accompanied by two youths. He stopped here, and turning round said, "This is my brother-in-law George and this is Matthew, no relation; but they are both helping me in my Master's work of winning souls." Mariam glanced timidly at the strangers, and as her eye rested on Matthew she felt a kind of consciousness of having known him before, although his face appeared strange to her. The mother and grandmother now appeared, and invited them to come forward and be seated. So they all entered the spacious verandah, and as it presented a most cheering appearance to the eye, I must venture to interrupt the narrative to give a slight description of it, and the house. The verandah was, as I observed, wider, much wider, than in most houses, and the roof was raised on stone pillars sufficiently high to admit plenty of light and air. The pillars and



floor were of polished chunam, and the latter marked into squares by lines of black, which relieved the eye, and gave an air of neatness and refinement to the place. Here and there were spread pretty coloured mats; and at one end was a table with drawers, and a chair. The centre room was large and the doors were now wide open. The floor was nicely matted, and a servant with a clean cloth was putting out the brass plates for breakfast. You might go far, before you found vessels with such a polish as these had; for in the slight knowledge of Chemistry which Koshy Curien had obtained as a lad, the injurious effects of impure brass vessels was the best remembered, and the remedy of cleanliness most determinately carried out. Another innovation he had also made in the customs of the country; he had insisted on his wife, and his mother, and his children, as they became old enough, eating at the same time as he did; and hence the habit of spreading out the plates for all, before the food was brought. At each side of this large centre room was a good sized room, one of which was used for a sleeping room, and the other for a kind of study. The verandah at each end had been closed in, and made into two rooms; and, as the family increased, two small rooms had been built at the back, which helped to form a kind of square court. The Paddy chest had been removed some distance from the house, for two reasons; first, that when it formed a porch of the house, it brought too many people about; and secondly it was not considered wholesome to have new paddy under the same roof as that under which people live and sleep.

Again the splash of oars was heard, and Koshy Curien welcomed his guests with a heartiness, which had the appearance of forgetfulness of the past. The minister had been an old school-fellow, and although he had shunned him as much as possible of late years, still now when he saw him seated in his house, he felt glad and happy to take him by the hand, and bid him welcome to his hospitality. They were soon seated in the large room, and the minister asked a blessing in a devout manner. Mariam sat down next to her mother, whilst two servants quietly took rice round with the different curries, and buttermilk, ripe mangoes, and plantains. The meal was soon finished, for the conversation flagged as soon as the meal began. A servant handed round a large vessel of cold water and a clean cloth, and as soon as each had washed his hands, they adjourned again to the verandah, whilst the large door of the room was closed until the servants had removed the remains of the breakfast. Mariam whispered something to her father, to which he assented; and she placed before the minister her father's bible. He read and prayed. The mother wept as he read, Mariam had a kind of dreamy sensation that such an event was once not an uncommon thing in her father's house. She tried to look back through her childhood's past history, until the beautiful picture of her early life stood out clear and well defined before her, and she determined to ask her father the reason of the change.

## THE SLAYER SLAIN

## CHAPTER X.

Mariam drew near the minister, for she wanted to ask him about her friends at school. He took the opportunity of saying he was very glad to see she had not suffered from the accident the other evening. He was very sorry, he said, that he had been the cause of placing her life in such danger.

"How?" she said, "How? what had you to do with it?"

"Oh! do you not know that it was *my* boat that pushed yours from the stream, and caused you to fall? I was returning from a distant part of my district, and I was anxious to know if old Poulusa was better; and the rapid flow of the river drove us more suddenly to the side than we were prepared for. It was my young friends here who helped to save your life."

Mariam's eyes filled with tears, as she raised them to thank the strangers; but words of gratitude would not flow, although her heart was full. They saw the effort, and begged she would not think about it.

"You must not think we alone were your preservers," Matthan said. "Old Poulusa the slave first seized you, and drew you out of the current. Providence sent him just at the moment, when your strength was exhausted; and although I was within a few paces of you, I could not have reached you in time to prevent your sinking."

"Poor old Poulusa" Mariam said. "How shall I repay him for this? But it seems strange he should be there, for we had left him a few minutes before in his hut quite sick and helpless."

"That is quite true," said the minister, "but do you not know I shouted loudly enough to be heard at some distance? And old Poulusa's house was very near that part of the river where he was first seen. It is a very painful circumstance" he added, turning towards Koshy Curien, who had been standing silent during the above conversation, "that the poor old man has not been seen, or heard of, since that night."

Koshy Curien said not a word in reply. For some days past he had been making every possible search after the missing slave, but in vain; not a word had escaped from him to his family as to the source of his restless anxiety; but it seemed evident that the poor old slave, weakened by cruelty, and sorrow at the loss of the child, had, after rescuing Mariam, sunk, or been carried away by the strength of the flood.

The last words of the slave haunted him wherever he went. He saw them written in large characters on the waters of the deep flowing river. He saw them on the paddy banks, and heard them in the humming sound of the water wheel. The very winds seemed to carry the words on their wings, and creep through

the crevices of the door, as he tossed about on his sleepless cot. And the fearful crime of a double murder hung over him like an unsheathed sword, and drove from his breast happiness and peace.

The pastor saw the agony of his mind, as the proud man stood silently before him; and his benevolent heart suggested words of tenderness and hope, but he turned suddenly away and shut himself up in his own room.

Few questions were asked after this; for the whole sad story presented itself vividly before the eyes of Koshy Curien's wife and mother, and poor Mariam stood looking as if she were the culprit, and not her father. The minister and his party took leave, and as Matthan passed near Mariam he whispered a few words in her ear, which caused her to start, but she did not speak, and they all passed on.

## CHAPTER XI.

What the mysterious words were, that fell on Mariam's ear, we must leave to the future to develop, for she said not a word to her mother and grandmother; but following the impulse of her feelings, she rushed after her father into the little room; and closed the door after her.

There let us leave the father and child together; one eye was over them; one ear heard the cry for mercy. Let no other eye look within that little sanctuary! But let us follow the boat of the native pastor as it glides quietly down the river.

The boat stopped near two or three broken steps which led up to a small dilapidated house. The small court-yard in front had at sometime been surrounded by a wall; but now it was in several places broken down to the ground, and the fallen stones were partly covered with jungle. Several neglected cocoanut-trees bent low over the yard, and in one corner stood the well, with the surface of the water covered with dead leaves in a state of decomposition, and with large ferns growing out of the crevices, and almost filling up the aperture, whilst heaps of damp dead leaves and filth filled the corners of the little yard, and afforded a fine home for the cobra, as well as a feverish atmosphere for the inhabitants. The thatch on the house was nearly all gone, and thus admitted sufficient light to allow you to see within that miserable little dwelling. The centre room, which was scarcely three yards square, was the only room, but at each end the verandah was walled upon two sides, forming two small compartments, one of which was used as a cook-room, and the other contained the paddy-chest, and on the top of this chest, was stretched the attenuated figure of a little girl; while from the centre room issued the peevish feeble voice of an old woman.

The only other occupant of this miserable dwelling was the son of the old woman, who was also the father of the child. There he lay on a mat near the well, under the blazing sun, with his face to the ground. A loud snoring told the pastor unmistakably

that opium was doing its work. A small chatty of unwashed rice, which was close to him, suggested to the pastor's mind that he had taken his dose before he had finished preparing the morning meal, and it had overpowered him too soon.

He knew how useless it would be to try to awake him; so calling up his own boatman, he told him to get a fire and boil the rice quickly. The man readily obeyed the summons, and whilst the rice was boiling, he knocked down a cocoanut, and with two or three chillies, and salt, which he carried in his cloth he made a little chetney. "Pure religion and undefiled before God is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." It was this principle deeply engraven on the pastor's heart which led him to sit so patiently on the broken stones of the well, while the food was preparing, viewing with pain and sorrow the wreck of the fine athletic young man, who had once been one of his most promising converts. It was this principle which led him to raise gently the head of that sick child, and, with a father's tenderness, to give her the food she so greatly needed. It was this principle which led him to cover the shivering feverish limbs with his own comfortable cumby, which he had brought out of the boat for that purpose. It was this principle which led him to speak sweet words of comfort to the two sufferers; and midway, that both might hear well, to bend low in prayer, and plead earnestly to that Jesus, who died for them, to have mercy and pity and help them.

The child had grown rapidly worse since his last visit, and her little expressive face could only look and gently smile on him, as he promised to come again, and bring food and medicine to do her good. Her voice was too feeble to articulate sounds, or she would have expressed her deep and heartfelt gratitude for such kindness.

The pastor's next visit was to a Nair's house; three or four stout men were sitting round the gate leading into the compound, discussing the price of paddy, and the cleverest mode of evading the taxes. They stood up as the pastor stepped out of his boat, and evidently tried to prevent his looking within the compound.

He however had no wish to gratify his curiosity: and knowing their custom, he seated himself under the archway, and beckoned them towards him. They drew near, and at once attempted to draw him into a gossip, by alluding to a Nair who lived at a little distance having just sent a boat-load of paddy down the river as an offering to St. George, because he had had a disease amongst his buffaloes, and they were all dead. They had a tale also of a rich Syrian, who had killed three of his slaves, and who was now in prison, and unless he bribed the Sircar well, would be put in chains to work on the roads.

At length the pastor stopped the current of words as they flowed glibly from the chief speaker. "Yes," he said, "I met the boat and the Nair. There was one bag of paddy, and he told me he had a cow very sick, and he was going to give the paddy for some medicine which a Chogan possessed, and which was considered good for that disease. I also know the rich Syrian

Koshy Curien; he killed, by accident, the child of one of his slaves, but he is not in prison, neither do I think he will work in chains on the roads." They did not seem at all disconcerted as their lying propensities were thus exposed, but seating themselves they remained silent until the pastor again opened the conversation.

"And now," he said, "I must tell you what I have come for; you promised when I was here last, you would hear me read if I would come again: I come to claim the fulfilment of your promises."

"That is good" they all said, "we will hear what you read."

The pastor motioned to one of his young readers, and he commenced reading distinctly a tract; and whilst the reading was going on, two or three women, attracted by the sound peeped behind the door; so the pastor placed in the holes of the wall some tracts on single sheets. They saw him do this, and before he had reached the boat, they rushed to the place to secure them. As the pastor stepped into his boat, he turned and said pleasantly to the men. "When you describe me to your next visitor, do not say my coat is scarlet, for it is simply white cotton, or that I came in a large boat rowed by fourteen men. Look," he said, "this is only an odiwallam, moved by two men." They laughed at his good-natured reproof and called out "Yes, yes, we will remember."

The pastor soon reached his own house, and, as it was considerably past noon, he hastened to partake of his midday meal. Two smiling faces greeted his return, and while he took his youngest child from the stout, comely mother, she bustled about to get him what he required. He had not succeeded, as Koshy Curien had done, in getting his wife and family to sit down with him at his meals. He had often made a good-natured attempt, but failed in firmness in carrying out his wishes. And his wife, from long cherished early habits, resisted, not in words, but from an unusual accumulation of work, which generally took place at the moment when they wanted to sit down. Either the butter-milk was forgotten, or the poperdams were not fried, or the savoury morsels of fish were not forth-coming, or the baby cried, or some other misfortune occurred at the moment, which rendered it necessary for the bustling mother, with a Martha-like spirit, to escape to the cook-room.

One thing however he had succeeded in, he had been the means of leading her to find pleasure and amusement in her own house. During their early married life, he had been tried by a perverse gossiping habit, which he observed in her. She could not read for amusement, and consequently much idle time was at her disposal, which she occupied in studying the affairs of her neighbours. She knew exactly the quantity of rice to be boiled at their neighbour's wedding; the number of curries to be prepared, the amount of dowry to be given to the bride; the ornaments she would wear, and how much they would pay for the loan of them; the number of yams laid up in another man's Godown;

the amount of chuckrams such a man had put away in a bottle in a hole beneath the paddy chest. In all these matters of history she was very skilful; but when her husband asked her the price of their own paddy, she did not know. It was not till after they had knelt together over the little corpse of their first-born, that the young mother began to realize her true position as a christian parent.

Her first effort at improvement was to dismiss from her house and society the young scandal-loving women, who were in the habit of coming to chew their betel and talk the news, whilst their homes and husbands were neglected.

Then they mocked her, and said, she was becoming proud, although her husband was only a schoolmaster with five rupees a month. "Look how proud she is, she forgets her grandfather carried a knife!"

This last sentence was bitter to her heart, for it would seem to imply there was something degrading belonging to her forefathers. But this feeling was only momentary. The work of improvement had begun at the right place in the heart, and it was fostered by daily and earnest prayer.

Her progress in learning was rapid, and her husband, who was her teacher, delighted to observe how quickly she mastered the most difficult sentences. He often used to say, those were the happiest days in his life, when he used to come home from his work, find his meal nicely prepared, the brass-vessels bright and shining, the lamps ready trimmed, the compound neatly swept, and his wife with a clean cloth and jacket sitting happily at home nursing their little baby, with a book in her lap diligently preparing her lesson for evening.

"If she had not, by the grace of God, become a changed character at that time," he used to say, "I believe I should soon have become a frequenter of the toddy shops. I should most likely have become a drunkard, a liar, and most probably, a thief; and instead of being what I am now, I might have died a wretch, without hope, without a Saviour, and working in chains. And now," he would say, "look at the difference: the energy of her character, now that it is turned in a right channel, is just what I needed to develop mine. We read and talked together; she inspired me with a love for my work, and I began to feel, by improving myself, I was more capable of drawing out the minds of my boys. They began to like me, and kind substantial presents poured in upon us. Then came promotion and an increase of pay, and I believe I should have become proud and careless, and often found excuses for remaining at home, but the earnestness and fervour of her piety roused me from the dangerous apathy. 'How can we go to sleep in our work,' she used to say, 'with so many perishing around us without a Saviour?' Then came another promotion, and in this too, she was my help-meet. My higher position gave me a standing amongst rich, worldly people, and to gain my favour and good will, I was frequently invited to their feasts. Then came the preparation for the sacred ministry, and the necessary discipline of some great sorrow to

break the metallic chains that stiffly twined themselves round my inner self. The increase of pay, and the prospect of a comfortable position, with a life of ease and some luxuries, were thoughts which would intrude themselves into my inner man; and although I maintained a strictly consistent walk, with a good show of self-denying energy, still these secret thoughts were sweet to me, and instead of crushing them in the bud I was allowing them to blossom and bear fruit, until they become like Achan's wedge of gold; and there was no peace until they were discovered and burnt to powder in the refining pot of God's just anger. How could such a heart be the temple of the Holy Spirit? How could he take up his abode in a heart choked up with worldly thoughts? How could he allow the Bishop to lay hands on one who was not truly called of the Spirit to give himself to the sacred Ministry? No, all must be crushed and brought low, the heart must be emptied of its sweet, cherished, worldly visions, and the child of God must determine to "know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified." And this must be done in his way too, not by a pleasant, genial warmth, but by a fierce burning flame, such as is required to separate the precious gold from the dross. The angel of death hovered for a while over our little home, and then gently entered, and plucked one of our sweetest flowers from the stem, then bore it tenderly to the garden of the Lord above, and planted it near the river of the Water of Life. Then we laid the little cold body in a grave, and I read with a breaking heart the burial service. 'Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery.' That night the same destroying Angel descended again, and the mother of my children was smitten with fever. For ten days death stood, as it were, at the door; but he did not enter. 'Take riches, take ease, take luxury, take position, yea, take every thing I have away,' I pleaded, 'but spare me this treasure, and we will give ourselves anew to Thee, body, soul and spirit.' That prayer was heard. God has given us neither poverty, nor riches, but food convenient for us. But more than that he has given us himself. "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!"

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## THE SLAYER SLAIN.

### CHAPTER XII.

Some time has elapsed since the reader last visited the house of Koshy Curien. It is now a fine bright Saturday afternoon in May. The early rains have fallen and given a brighter green to the rich and luxuriant vegetation that surrounds the house.

The creeping tendrils of five hundred yams, that make their way up the strings to the topmost boughs of the jacktrees, add greatly to the charm of this Indian garden. While the bright yellow flowers of the cucumber and pumpkin, as they, with less ambition, twine about the roots and creep along the ground, give variety, and prepare the eye to admire the umbrella-like shape of the useful chana which rises on its sturdy stem ready to brave any storm.

Then there are the deep purple leaves and stems of the cheerah standing in contrast to that green ridge of goorkas, whilst the pretty little white flowers of the chillies look so innocent you might easily fancy there was no heat or keenness in them. Still while we gaze and admire the elegant festoons of the climbing yam, or the massive vegetation that overtops the chana, one cannot but regret that the gay and lovely flowers which adorn and beautify the homes of the bulky elephant, and creep round the den of the fierce tiger, find no fostering hand in man. The lovely purple blossoms of the Kakapoo, or the large pure white of the Munda-Walli, seldom meet with a gentle hand to transplant them from the wilds of the jungle. The lovely trailing convolvuluses, with their large lilac flowers, forming pillars and arches along the banks of our most beautiful rivers, and with their image reflected in the clear stream, and forming a double picture of exquisite loveliness, are passed by unheeded. Oh! why not, ye mothers and daughters of India, transplant some of these gems of nature to your cottage doors, that the sweet perfume of flowers carried by the refreshing breezes of the morning may sometimes meet you as you rise from your cots, and lead your hearts in thankfulness to Him, whose almighty power and love is so wonderfully seen in the formation and mechanism of a simple flower.

But I am forgetting the little group under the Mango-tree. They had just come up from bathing, and the long black hair of the three little girls hung loosely down their backs, making



them look as modestly pretty as the little flowers hid behind the leaves. They were now engaged in rubbing bright the massive gold ornaments that encircled their necks.

The good old grandmother was there too with the baby on her lap, and clusters of bright flowers scattered and pulled to pieces by the tiny busy fingers of the baby boy, who lay on his back kicking and screaming with delight, and every now and then getting a poke under the ribs from one of his little sisters, which increased his fun and caused him to roll over and hide his little fat sides from their view.

There was still another figure whom we have not noticed before, who attracted by the laughing of the baby now joined the happy little party. It was George, Koshiy Curien's eldest son. He was as tall as Mariam, but two years younger, and he had now come home for the holidays. His features were not cast in the same beautiful mould as his sister's, for they were more plain than otherwise; but there was an honesty of expression in his eye, and a benevolence in his countenance you liked to look upon. It had often attracted the attention of his teachers in contrast to the sly glancing downcast untruthful eyes of some of his class fellows. There was something manly in the boldness with which he acknowledged a fault, or an accident, "I did it, Sir, and I am sorry for it," was the only way he ever attempted to get out of a scrap. He looked with perfect contempt on a boy that had not courage to speak the truth; and once after hearing one of his class fellows equivocate, and tell a few small lies, which gave another colouring to the truth, he said "I despise a lying boy, and I shall do my best to leave the class you are in." He kept his word; in another month his great industry gained him admission into the fourth class, and although he could not reach the top, he gained the title of 'the truthful boy,' and carried off one of the best prizes, "The Book and its Story."

With this book under his arm and a tame squirrel on his shoulder, he came and flung himself down near the baby and grandmother. There was a spark of fire and mischief in his eye, as he placed his tame pet on the naked shoulder of one of his sisters, which made them run laughing round the Mango-tree. Then he chased them round the garden and as they threaded in and out amongst the creeping yams, sometimes lost to view behind the dark leaves of a coffee-tree, at another time rushing out just in front of the pursuer, the air rang again with their merry shouts, and neither party seemed inclined to give up the game. Every attempt to return to the Mango-tree only drove them further down the garden, for there stood the saucy brother, blocking up every available path, and menacing them by holding up the gentle little animal which was causing them so much mirth.

The game however was suddenly brought to a close by their hearing a voice from the adjoining compound asking them to stop. All eyes were directed to the spot from whence the voice came, and just beside them, on the other side of the wall, stood

a venerable looking old man. They saw from his dress and cord that he was a Brahmin, and on looking nearer they observed he was quite blind. A servant stood near him with a plate of large beautiful Mangoes, and when the old man found they were all standing near him, he commenced speaking; "My children," he said, "I often listen to your voices, and it is the only music I now delight in. I have often tried to get you to come near enough to speak to me; for I am a lonely blind old man, with no child to call me father." Here large tears rolled from his sightless eyes, and the children all stood silent for a few seconds, when the old man dashed the tears away, and said with a great effort, "I am a foolish old man! what should your innocent young hearts know about sorrow. Here are some fine ripe mangoes for you; I thought they would all be gone, before I could get you to come."

"Will you come nearer to the wall" he said, "I want to give them myself. Who is this?" he said, as his thin hand rested on Mariam's head; "and this, and this, and this?" as his hand rested on the four heads successively. "You must come again and see me, for I already feel the sunshine of your faces upon me."

They said they would come again, and Mariam ventured to ask how long he had been blind.

"Five years," he said.

"And have you been living in this house all that time,"

"Oh! yes, I was born here. Have you never seen me before?"

"No," they all said.

"This is strange," he observed, "for I have seen some of you or heard you every day; and as friends and relations have passed away, I have found at last that it was the only solace that was left to me." This was said in a tone of touching sorrow; and it began to dawn on Mariam's mind that although a Brahmin he was a heathen, and consequently had none of the sweet promises of Christianity to cheer and soothe him in his blindness and old age.

She answered timidly, and in doubt of the manner in which it might be received, when she said; "We are Christian children, and we have been taught to love the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Son of the great God, that made heaven and earth. I wish you knew these things; then you would be happy and at peace."

"Happy, my child," he said, "I have been in search of happiness and peace all my life. I have spent ten years of my life in a pilgrimage; I have drunk of the sacred waters of the Ganges; I have sat silent for months studying the sacred Shasters, and receiving the adoration of thousands, but I never procured one moment's peace. I returned a shattered old man to find myself the owner of this large property, but without hope and without peace."

Mariam longed again to repeat the words about the Lord Jesus, which he had seemed to waive in the long rapid answer he had

given to her remark. She however only said, "Why do you listen to our voices with such pleasure, and why have you not come to our house sometimes, for my father and mother to speak kindly and cheer you?"

"Ah! my child," he said in great agitation, "you know nothing of the depths of misery that one human heart may carry about in it."

Mary felt sorry she had touched a chord which seemed to vibrate so painfully, so she added: "May we come to-morrow and see you again?" but immediately correcting herself she said, "no we cannot come to-morrow, we will come the following day. To-morrow is the sabbath."

They were preparing to make their salaams, when he said, "You are Christian children, you say, and therefore must have learnt to read?"

"Oh! yes, they said, "we can all read."

"Then you have nice books, I suppose, with pleasant stories?"

"Oh! yes many books and pretty stories too. There is a nice story of a blind man called blind Bartimeus; should you like to hear about it?" "Very much! bring it to me, my child; I have studied the shasters, till they have become like a dry piece of wood, and can get no sap out of them. Salaam, salaam." And the old man suffered the servant to lead him back again.

The mangoes were excellent; and the children returning more slowly and soberly than they had come, enjoyed with all the relish possible the juicy fruits which had just been given to them.

"Oh! Grandmother," they all exclaimed as they reached once more the mango-tree, "we have seen such a strange man. He is so unhappy, and he is blind. He wears the three-fold cord, yet he has no peace, for he does not know or love the Saviour. He has given us mangoes, and says he loves and listens for our voices every day, and we are going again to see him, and read to him some of our stories. Did you know he lived there, Grandmother?"

"Oh! yes," she said, "he bears the character of being a very holy man; I am surprised he should allow you to come near."

"Oh! but he was not at all afraid of pollution; he asked us to come near him; and he put his hand on our heads, and he did it so tenderly, as if he were blessing us."

"I wonder if my father will object to our going again," said Mariam. "I hope not, for I should like to see the old man happy. Just fancy if he were to become a Christian, like old Poulusa."

The old lady opened her eyes at this speech, and said she never heard of such a thing as a Brahmin turning Christian.

"Neither have I," returned Mariam; "but if their devotion to Brahma gives them no hope, no comfort, why should not they turn to something which can give both hope and joy here, and everlasting peace hereafter? I think as soon as the Brahmins begin to read and learn more of the truths of science and Christianity, light will begin to spread rapidly; even their very pride will be of use to them, for they will be ashamed to be amongst

the lowest in the scale of progress. They will feel compelled to move forward by the very force of circumstances."

Whilst this conversation was going on, Mariam's fingers were busy putting the last finishing stitches into an embroidered jacket which she was preparing for her mother. She looked complacently at the bright little scarlet star she was making at the back, and turning to George, she said, "I don't think you have prepared any thing for our mother's birthday present."

George started at this remark, as if he had been asleep, in fact his manner and face seemed totally changed since he had spoken to the Brahmin; and some deep thoughtful subject was evidently occupying his mind.

"Yes," he said, "I have," and he sprang up, took three or four leaps towards the house, and presently returned bearing in his hand a pretty ollah fan.

"This," he said, "is my work; even the dragon which adorns the handle was cut by my knife."

"How nicely you have cut it," said Mariam, "if you are not St. George, you are at least George and the dragon."

"Mariam," said George in a low tone, "did that Barhmin's face remind you of any one?"

"No! did it you?"

"Yes I cannot forget it."

"Who? tell me."

"Our mother's."

### CHAPTER XIII.

The Sabbath sun again shone on that family group. A little change had come over the sad face of Koshy Curien. The few words that the young reader had whispered to Mariam inspired her with a hope that the old slave would still be found, and she endeavoured to create the same hopeful spirit in her father; but when day after day passed and no tidings still reached them, hope again died within him, and he stood out to himself a vile murderer. But other schemes were now engaging his attention; and whether his conscience was perfectly at ease or not, under this new subject, remains to be seen.

The whole party were prepared for church, and a large boat waited at the bottom of the steps to take them. Mariam looked delighted to see her mother come out dressed in all the little presents that had greeted her on that morning. There was her own embroidered jacket, with its broad band of coloured silk round the throat and wrists. There was her father's, a costly head cloth with a broad band of gold surrounding it. There was her grandmother's, a fine cloth. There was the pretty little fan in her hand, and hidden amongst the deep folds of her cloth were the tiny bead purse, and scarlet chuckram bags, of the two little girls.

She was a gentle loving mother, with a character yielding and submissive to a fault; and hence she easily suited herself to the changes and caprices of her husband. If he was a Syrian and at

tended their services, she quietly went along with him; if he went to the Protestant church, in which she had been brought up, the same unopposing spirit was manifest.

She was much fairer than any of her children; and as she stepped into the boat after them, with the bright band of gold glittering in the sun, she looked more like their elder sister than the mother of such a family.

The subject of the interview with the blind Brahmin had been well talked over, and created a great interest in all; and it was again renewed, as the boat glided on, by Koshy Curien pointing out to Mariam the situation of his house and the extent of his fields.

On the opposite side of the river was another large estate, belonging to a very rich Syrian, which he took especial pains that she should observe; for what object Mariam had yet to learn.

George sat silent and thoughtful, occassionally with a fixed glance on his mother's face. At length the boat stopped at the foot of a large flight of steps. Koshy Curien hurriedly stepped out.

"No, No! father," Mariam called out, "not here, father, you promised"—but her words fell unheeded, for he had expected them, and therefore rushed away to avoid their effect.

"My father is very careful in training us all up Protestants in principle, but in action he expects us to be Syrians, or any thing to suit his convenience. I hate to act a lie", and George's honest eye flashed angrily, as he uttered these words. "Hush! George and Mariam both of you, you ought not to oppose your father, he has good reasons for coming here to day." So the party ascended the deep flight of steps, two faces at least looking unamiable and discontented. They reached the enclosed piece of ground which surrounded the church, and entered the porch.

Here groups of men in loud and earnest conversation were scattered about. Here was one man driving a hard bargain for some paddy; and as the seller refused to come to terms, it called forth a quarrel, and old and bitter words were again repeated. Others gathered round, and instead of attempting to quiet the disputants, their own voices helped to increase the uproar, till the noise from twenty or thirty voices became a perfect Babel. Clusters of women were talking rapidly, and throwing about their arms, as some bit of pleasant scandal met their ear, with their mouths red with the betel, and every now and then being obliged to get up to empty their filthy contents over the wall. Mariam observed her father in earnest conversation with a man of some importance and respectability. They stood at some distance, and took no notice of the noise and clamour around. George and herself stood alone mute and uncomfortable, seeing painfully the sad state of irreverence, which prevailed amongst these modern Syrians. The mother had sat down in the church-yard, and was talking to a neighbour.

"Do you know on what we are standing?" said George, glancing down at his feet. "We are actually standing on the graves of our great grandfather and grandmother."

"Here I can see their names."

"And there is just room for another body to lie by their side. Look," said Mariam, stretching her feet over the space, "just room for another."

"Mariam, do you know for whom that space is intended?"

"No, tell me,"

"For you", George said decidedly, "for you, Mariam, daughter of Koshy Curien."

"For me?—No, No, brother. I should not like to be buried here amongst these old broken stones; why should I more than you?"

"Because I shall be a man if I live, and I shall have a will of my own to choose for myself; but you are a girl, and you can only submit to what others think and do for you; and I can foresee", and he glanced towards his father and the stranger, "that you will have to marry some body, you care nothing about, and settle down into a betel eating, gossiping woman; or you will pine away in loneliness and come to an early grave."

"Well! I hope if it is so, you will see that my grave is not made here; but let it be under the broad blue sky, where both the sun and the rain will fall upon it. But you are mistaken if you think I will submit quietly to what I do not like; my will is as strong as yours, and it can resist." Here any one well versed in the science of physiognomy, could have seen that those firmly compressed lips, and slightly distended nostrils, indicated a mind capable of much firmness.

A few minutes afterwards Mariam felt her head-cloth rudely pulled back by a little fretful pinched-up looking woman, with her tongue and lips red with betel, which caused her to throw her head back, and stick out her chin every minute, in order to allow her the power of utterance.

She pushed her fingers into the lobe of Mariam's ear, and stretched it to the full size. "It is too short!" she said to Mariam's mother, who stood near; "why didn't you increase the weight of the lead, when she was a child; you must do it now, or they will not hold the ornaments." This was uttered in a loud coarse voice, every three words being uttered with the mouth full of juice, and the head thrown back, and then interrupted by her going at the end to empty it out over the wall.

Then she seized the knot of hair at the back of the head, "Ah!", she said, "this is too small too. The head ought to have been shaved oftener when she was a child. The first touch of fever she has, it will all come off; and mouth too, who ever saw such a little mouth; I never like little mouthed girls, they are always dainty about their food."

Poor Mariam's mother stood most uncomfortably silent during this searching examination. It seemed wonderful to her, that her child, whom she had always considered so beautiful, should have so few charms in the eyes of a discerning Mother-in-law. Mariam was ignorant what all this could mean, at length light gradually

dawned upon her, and shaking off the horrid woman, she drew her head-cloth closely over her face, and rushed inside the church.

"She has got a bad temper too, I can see," said the woman, looking after her; "I have never a very high opinion of girls that can read. They never make good wives. Why did you send her to school?" This question was not answered, for just at that time the priest made his appearance and the people all separated and entered the church.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

The little party under the Mango-tree had no teacher that Sabbath afternoon. Mariam complained of head-ache and fever, and was shut up in her own little room. Her grandmother would have been with her, only that also brought the baby, and even his voice disturbed her; so she begged her to leave her, and to keep the little ones away. Poor Mariam! Does any one doubt her capability of intense suffering, let him enter that little room and witness the heaving of that little bosom, as sob after sob burst forth. "Am I so soon to leave my home and my gentle loving mother and to live with that horrid woman?" Mariam had very undefined ideas about marriage; for the subject had never been mentioned to her; but she put her own constructions on the subject, and they were not far from the truth. The future husband came very little into the train of her thoughts, for she had never seen him, and did not know who he could be.

But that thin peevish face with the red lips and tongue and the harsh ringing voice, that had treated her so rudely in the porch, that was the picture of her future marriage. "That woman will want me to beat paddy all the day long, or sweep the compound, and draw water, and clean the cooking-vessels. She will never let me make the nice curries such as my own mother says I make so well. She will never trust me to prepare the buttermilk, such as my father likes so much. Then I shall never have any time for reading, but she will call me idle, and hide my books, whenever I sit down to read a chapter in my Bible. Then on a Sunday I shall have to go with her, and wait in that dirty broken porch, where worldly-minded men meet to quarrel, or make their hard bargains, and where the women sit to chew betel and talk gossip, and where the priest teaches them to pray to a *woman*, instead of Jesus the Lord of Glory. And then that beautiful church where I have worshipped so long, where we enter and fall down in silence before the great God who made heaven and earth, where no voice is heard but the minister's, as he calls upon us to "Read our hearts and not our garments and turn unto the Lord our God, for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil." Shall I never hear again the sweet words of invitation from the pulpit, where the minister in Christ's stead beseeches us to come to Jesus. Oh!

father, Oh! mother, Oh! God, I cannot bear this, better shut the door of heaven at once against your poor child, than compel her to be an apostate. It will kill me, I will not be married. Bitter sobs again escaped from that childish form, but she tried to smother them in the folds of her cloth, lest they should be heard by others. At length nature was exhausted, and she fell fast asleep. She did not awake until the sun was setting.

The fever and head-ache were gone; so she arose smoothed her hair and her cloth, and then went to the well and bathed her head and face in cold water. No one observed her do this, so she returned to her little room to consider what she had best do. A little text which she had learnt at school suggested itself to her mind, "In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy path". So she knelt down by the side of her cot, and poured out her little childish sorrows to her Father who is in heaven. She asked earnestly for wisdom and guidance, that she might only do what was right in his eyes. She prayed fervently too for her father and mother, that they might be restrained from sacrificing her happiness and comfort to mean sordid customs. Her prayer was simple and earnest, and offered in the name and through the merits of Jesus; and she arose from her knees more cheerful, yet with a greater degree of firmness and determination in her step than she had entered that little room with. She would seek her father, and plead with him. Yes, he had always been kind, he could not resist, he had often yielded to her wishes, he had even begun to take an interest in the slaves, and had built them a school as a thank-offering for her being rescued from drowning. Oh! yes, she would sit down near him, and take hold of his hand and coax him, he could not resist his own child. These thoughts soothed her as she went out; and she looked kindly on her little sisters as they came running up to her. She felt a little disappointed to find her father was not at home; but however she would see him very early in the morning and then all would be right.

When morning came she did not awake so soon as she intended, and when she came out she found her father had already left home. Well, she could see him after breakfast, and then she could see tell him all; so she busied herself in the kitchen preparing the curries with pleasure and alacrity. Then they all sat down to breakfast, her father looking pleased, and speaking tenderly to her, but avoiding as much as possible letting his eyes rest upon her.

Mariam went into the verandah first, and prepared to get her bible; for since the visit of the native pastor, her father had not opposed her earnest request to have morning prayers and the bible read. She saw her father coming towards her, and she knew he would sit near her; then as soon as prayers were over she would ask him to go into his little room; and her heart beat rapidly, and with confidence, that all would soon be right again.

But vain was the hope, at that instant the dogs set up a loud howling bark. The mother and grandmother shut the door of



the large room, and remained out of sight, whilst the children rushed to the cook-room, and Mariam and her father stood alone in the verandah to receive the visitors. The dogs kept up a loud incessant bark, so that whoever it was that was coming, they were evidently hesitating until the dogs could be chained up. Koshy Curien called loudly to the dogs to be quiet, and to the servants to chain them up; and after some moments there was a calm, as each noisy cur was dragged by a string to a distant godown. Then Mariam perceived the man, that had been talking with her father the day before in the church yard, come forward, and with him a young lad of about fifteen. The man was about fifty, with a stiff grey beard, and small twinkling eyes, looking out slyly from the corner instead of straight forward. He was of the middle height, and very fat, with a large new cloth wrapped comfortably round his loins, and tucked up a little on one side. On his head he wore an ample amount of clear book-muslin, which he unwrapped as he came along and spread over his shoulder. He had in his hand a large walking stick with a silver head, and stuck within the folds of his ample cloth a handsome gold embossed style, with handle visible. His appearance was that of a first class Syrian. He spoke in a friendly manner to Koshy Curien, let his little keen eye rest a moment on Mariam, and then began to make a few observations about the house. He had not seen it before; he thought the style was an improvement on the generality of houses. Did his friend consider the chunnam floors healthy, or would it not have been better to have had it of mud, and washed with cow-dung every week? Then turning his face towards the house he observed the small railed windows in every room, which Koshy Curien had had placed there for ventilation.

"I cannot understand what these windows are for," he said, "They are too high to admit light; and I see you have them in every room."

"I had them placed there", Koshy Curien observed, "to carry off during the night all the impure air that collects where several people are sleeping; it also admits fresh air. This simple contrivance I am sure has been the means of keeping both myself and family in good health; and I should be delighted to see it adopted by my countrymen."

"I must think about it", said the stout man, "I sleep very badly at nights, indeed sometimes I can scarcely breathe."

"Well, take my advice, let into your room a little fresh air, and allow the impure to escape; and you will add at least ten years to your life", said Koshy Curien.

The stout man laughed and said he would try. And then they both entered the little room and shut the door.

All this time Mariam sat immovable with her eyes fixed on her bible.

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(ജി)	പ മതള—മകവൻ വെച്ചു		
ആ കളിയിൽ തന്നെ കുതിരയെ		അടിയറവു.	
വാഴിച്ചു നിറുത്തി അരളു			

ഘോഷിയുക്ളി പ്രകാരം ആൾ വാഴിക്കുമ്പോൾ ഏതു കരവ്നെവും നിറുത്താം. വാഴിച്ചു നിറുത്തുന്ന കരവിനു മലയാം കളിപ്പോലെ മന്ത്രിയുടേ കാൽ അല്ല കുതിരയായാൽ കുതിരകാലുഃആനയായാൽ ആനകാലും മന്ത്രിയായാൽ മന്ത്രികാലും അതാതിനു മുൻപവയുള്ളതുടപാലെ ഒക്കെയും കാൽ ആയിരിക്കുകയുണ്ടാകും.

ഓം ലക്ഷ്മിയെ ശോഭം രണ്ടു ചോദ്യങ്ങളിലും അല്ല വ്യത്യാസങ്ങൾ വരുത്തുവാൻ അർത്ഥം അവയെ തിരുത്തി ആ ചോദ്യങ്ങൾ രണ്ടും തന്നെ റം ലക്ഷ്മിയിൽ പ്രസിദ്ധപ്പെടുത്തുന്നു.

മകരൻ	വൻകരയിലെ	ദ	മകനുൽ	ചെറുകരയിലെ	ത
മകനൻ	"	ഗ	മഗളിൻ	"	പ
മഗരൻ	"	മ	മനുൻ	"	പ
ദരൻ	"	പ	ദളൻ	"	മ
ദഗരൻ	"	പ	ദഗരൻ	"	ഗ
ദഗരൻ	"	ക	ദഗനുൻ	"	ര
ദഗളൻ	"	ക	ദകളിൻ	"	പ
ദതളിൻ	"	പ	ദകളൻ	"	ത
			ദതനുൻ	"	ക

വൻകരകൊണ്ടു കളി തുടങ്ങി നാലുകളിക്കു ചെറുകരയിനെ നിറുത്താമോ?

മതരൻ	വൻകരയിലെ	ദ	മതനുൻ	ചെറുകരയിലെ	പ
മതനൻ	"	പ	മകനുൻ	"	പ
മകരൻ	"	ക	മഗവൻ	"	ദ
മഗരൻ	"	ഗ	മളൻ	"	ക
മഗരൻ	"	പ	മവൻ	"	ഗ
ദളിൻ	"	പ	ദനുൻ	"	പ
ദഗരൻ	"	പ	ദഗളൻ	"	പ
മതവൻ	"	മ	ദകവൻ	"	ക
മകവൻ	"	ഗ	ദഗരൻ	"	മ

വൻകരകൊണ്ടു കളി തുടങ്ങി അഞ്ചു കളിക്കു ചെറുകരയിനെ നിറുത്താമോ?

THE SLAYER SLAIN.  
CHAPTER XV.

The time had gone by; Mariam's opportunity of reasoning with her father was lost. Still she sat where she was, never moving. If she had looked up, she might have made her observations on the youth who had accompanied the stout man; but as she

did not, we must describe him. He had flung himself on the edge of the verandah, and his feet hung lazily down, whilst he leaned his head sheepishly against a pillar. His ample cloth reached to his feet, and a fine piece of muslin of large proportions covered his shoulders; on his head he wore a scarlet velvet-cap with a band of tinsel coming in a point to his forehead:—the dress was without fault, scrupulously clean and of good quality. Now for the physiognomy. It seemed a fac-simile of that pinched-up face that had examined Mariam so closely on Sunday. There was the same wide mouth with thick lips; the same kind of nose, denoting neither character nor firmness; the same small eyes, and the same narrow forehead, betokening very small mental capability. The ears stood very far forward, leaving a large proportion of the head to the animal propensities. He amused himself for some minutes in twisting his pocket-handkerchief into various shapes; at length he saw a piece of charcoal and reached down to get it. Then he commenced drawing some ugly figures on the polished chunnam of the pillar. Mariam jumped up and in an impulse of sudden passion she knocked the charcoal out of his hand, flung him a handful of sand, and, in contempt, told him to learn to make the letters. He looked up vacantly, but before he could speak she had gone.

An hour after that, Koshy Curien was alone in his little room congratulating himself that he had secured for his future son-in-law one of the richest Syrians in Travancore. It is true he had been obliged to offer an immense dowry before he could get the old man to come to terms, but then the lad was an only child, and the property, which lay just on the other side of the river, was of great extent, and by means of this dowry they would be able to take up so much more land, as yet uncultivated, and thus double it. Yes, he had done well for his eldest daughter—every one must think so. He should never be able to give so much to the others, but that might not be necessary. Yes, he had done well;—he must tell his mother, she would break the news the best to Mariam. He would go away for a few hours, for he rather dreaded the effect it would have on his favorite daughter; she had such sweet winning ways, he feared she would coax him round to her own way of thinking, whatever it might be. "I will go into the sugar grounds, and enquire if old Poulusa's wife has heard any thing about him; those few words the reader told Mariam have cheered me a little,—he may be alive after all. But oh! how his image, carrying that dead child, haunts me. I cannot get it out of my sight. What a dreadful fool I was to give way to such rage.—" Here a gentle knock at the door made him start as much almost as if old Poulusa himself had appeared to him. "May I come in, father?" said a gentle voice, and without waiting for a reply, Mariam opened the door and came in. The voice had sounded gentle outside the door, but when Koshy Curien looked on the calm, determined face of his child he felt that he had no tame, shrinking, character to deal with. The spirit that was actuating that child in years, was even more powerful than what was ruling

himself; with this difference, that her motives were pure, such as could bear the test of the most scrupulous investigation; while on the contrary, he dared scarcely reveal his to his own conscience. Mariam stood with her hand on the table, and with her eyes looking down, whilst her father gazed painfully and in silence on the altered features of his beautiful child. There were traces of tears, but they had been roughly wiped away.—At length she lifted her large eyes bright and truthful till they rested on her father's. His heart for a moment yearned towards her, and he would have drawn her towards him, but he checked his fatherly affection lest it should master him, and said harshly—"What do you want, Mariam? I am busy and cannot be interrupted; you had better go to your mother."

"No, father," she said, "I shall not go away, until I have told you all that is in my mind. I know the boy you have chosen to be my husband. He has been married before; he was married three years ago to one of my school-fellows. She lived in his house with his mother a year and a day. Three hundred and sixty-five times did that poor girl sweep the compound; on the morning of her death only was it omitted. He cannot read himself, and when he heard her read in the Bible he got angry, and pulled her hair down, and tore her Bible; then his mother, to prevent his being annoyed again, took all her books away and locked them up. Then the poor girl drooped like a flower, and pined away, with no one to love and cheer her; and at length she closed her eyes and fell asleep. Then they wondered why she should die when she had not been sick. They did not know that the heart needs love and tenderness quite as much as the body requires food, and that if long deprived of its natural nourishment it withers up and dies. So it was with poor Anna; when she crept to the school a week before her death, and told us her little sorrows, we all wept with her. She was only eleven years old, and we wondered her father and mother could banish her from their hearts, and let her live amongst strangers who did not love her, and who never observed the food left untouched, nor how she had wasted away day by day. No! they saw nothing till the feet were cold, and the eyes were closed in death; then they knew she was gone. Her friends came and laid her in the grave, and many masses, which could do her no good, were performed for the repose of her soul; but no one knew, except the few girls in the school, that she had sat in lonely sorrow day after day, till her little heart dried up from the hardness and cruelty she received." Mariam paused here, for the last few words she had uttered with great difficulty; still no tears started from her eyes, she stood calm and firm before her father, and waited for him to speak.

"I knew of the former marriage," he said, "but I never heard of any cruelty being practised. But you know, such a thing could never happen to you, Mariam; we shall live so near, we could see you every day."

"What, father! after I have told you all this, will you still persist in sending me there? Is it not enough that one child should

be killed by cruelty, but that you also should wish to follow your child to the grave? That boy is sly and wicked now, what will he be when he is a man? He will be a monster, and I shall hate him. Father, I *dare* not marry him, My temper is gentle and yielding when it is influenced by love and kindness, but without that influence, it would become fierce and unmanageable, and I dare not think how wicked I should become. Father, I will not marry that horrid boy. I would rather you would make me one of your slaves to work in the fields."

At this moment Koshy Curien rose from his seat, and came towards her, for he felt alarmed at the strong, passionate, excitement that was agonizing every feature of her beautiful young face. His heart was touched at the sight of her distress, and he drew her tenderly to him, and without uttering a word pressed her to his heart. This was the key that would unlock the treasures of Mariam's real character. The tears began to flow fast as she felt herself nestling once more near her father, and she sobbed out, "You will not send me away from you, will you, father?" Koshy Curien was silent; he told her to wait, and when she was calm he would talk to her. She tried to dry her tears, that would pour rapidly down her cheeks. They had done her good, the excitement which she had exhibited, had softened down to calmness and love.

"My child," her father began, "you must not think from what I have done there was any cruelty in my heart towards you. It is our custom to make early marriages. It is also our custom to get the best marriages we can for our children. My position in life gave me the privilege of offering with you a large dowry; and I therefore considered it my duty to look out for some one with more property than I have, and of superior standing. I looked in vain for some one in the Protestant Church, and at length against my conscience and my principles, I left that Church, and became a member of the Syrian Church; but even then I found great difficulty in hearing of a suitable person, which will also account for your remaining until you are fourteen unmarried. However two years ago, the present match was suggested to me, and I have every opportunity of bringing it about. And now when all is nearly settled, and I had secured for my daughter a position in the richest family in Travancore, she is the first to rebel against her father's judgment! Is this right?" he said, patting her cheek.

"Father, I am only a little child, I am not fourteen till next week. There is nobody in the world I love so much as my father and mother; let me stay with you another year."

"But this opportunity will be lost unless it take place immediately."

"And would it be a very great loss, father? Is there nothing in the world but Chuckrums and Rupees, that give happiness? I have heard my grandmother say, my mother had no dowry, yet you never beat her. I never saw you pull her by the hair when the vessels were not clean, or tear her books when you found her reading. And I never saw my mother snatch anything from you

and in a passion fling it away, and look and feel as if she could crush you by contempt under her feet. Yet, father, I have felt that. I did not know it was in my heart, until it sprang out suddenly and overpowered me. And unless I am married to some one to whom I can look up for guidance and wisdom, some one much cleverer, much wiser, and with more grace and gentleness, in the heart than I have, I shall be, I know, very wicked." This speech was uttered with great rapidity, and with a slight return of the former vehemence. Koshy Curien felt its truth and point, and did not again urge her to acquiesce in his plans. After a few moments of silence he said, "You must leave me now, Mariam; I will think the matter over, and tell you soon the result of my deliberations" He told her to dry her tears, and look cheerful and happy once more. "In an hour you may come again."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

An hour! A small portion of a day, a still smaller portion of a year, or of a life; yet what may, or may not, be accomplished in that little speck of time.

A kingdom may be lost or won; a flood may sweep down our beautiful villages and carry down with it the fruits of the coming harvest. Death may spread his wings over our homes and lay our fairest flowers in an early grave. The soul, the immortal part of man, in one short hour "may be born again." It may "have passed from death unto life." The scales of ignorance and superstition may have fallen from the eyes, and a little ray of light may have penetrated the deep gloom of an unpardoned sinner. We forbore to enter the little room of Koshy Curien on a former occasion, when the struggle between right and wrong was commencing, but now, notwithstanding the power of the latter, right prevailed, and at length it raised its head triumphant to trample down every opposing barrier. Would you doubt this assertion? Open gently that door and look within. There prostrate before God, you see the ambitious father. And in words of a returning penitent exclaiming, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." The struggle was long and bitter. Dark clouds of unpardoned sins spread themselves vividly before him, and demanded justice. The blood of the innocent and unoffending cried loudly for vengeance, and a torrent of dark and hell-deserving thoughts rushed through his mind; but still a voice more powerful than this was heard above these dark and bitter thoughts; it was the voice of God speaking to him through the inspired word, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, for I am God and there is none other."

Koshy Curien rose from the ground with a firm determination to break off the connection which he had too eagerly sought for, and to return with his family to that pure faith from which he had so long strayed. He snatched an ollah and taking from his waist his golden style he hesitated not a moment in composing the following letter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) P. 369

ഇനി തങ്ങൾ വായനക്കാർക്കു രണ്ടു ചോദ്യമുണ്ടു.

മതമൽ	വൻകരുവിലെ	
മതമൽ	മേല്പടി	
മഗദൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മമൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മനൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മരൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മമൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മനൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മതമൽ	ചെറുകരുവിലെ	
മകനൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മഗരൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മഗമൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മമൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മവൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മരൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മമൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മഗമൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മഗസൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧
മകനൽ	മേല്പടി	൧൧൧

വൻകരുവുകൊണ്ടു കളി തുടങ്ങി താങ്ങു കളിയാ ചെറുകരുവിനെ നിറുത്താമോ ?

മതമൽ	വൻകരുവിലെ	
മകനൽ	മേല്പടി	൧
മഗനൽ	മേല്പടി	൧
മമൽ	മേല്പടി	൧
മകമൽ	ചെറുകരുവിലെ	
മഗമൽ	മേല്പടി	൧
മഗസൽ	മേല്പടി	൧
മമൽ	മേല്പടി	൧

വൻകരുവുകൊണ്ടു കളിതുടങ്ങി ആറു കളിക്കു ചെറുകരുവിനെ നിറുത്താമോ ?

THE SLAYER SLAIN. (Concluded.)

CHAPTER XVI (Continued.)

“Koshy Curien writes to inform Umman Thoma, that, notwithstanding the conversation they had a short time ago, he wishes the subject of the marriage of his daughter Mariam with Umman Thoma's son to be postponed for the present, as there are circumstances, of which he was not previously aware, which ought to be more particularly considered. Koshy Curien hopes, however, that Umman Thoma will not be offended by this re-

quest; but will believe that Koshy Curien only desires the happiness of his daughter, and in order to that, that both parties should thoroughly understand each other."

Such was the purport of Koshy Curien's letter, which was at once despatched by a servant to Umman Thoma's house. Umman Thoma was however offended; and, indeed, it is far from improbable, that Mariam's father fully foresaw that such would be the consequence of his communication. The result was a rather testy rejoinder from the rich and proud Syrian, stating that the "circumstances," of which mention had been made, and of which he was himself in total ignorance, ought to have been thought of before Koshy Curien committed himself so far as he had done in requesting Umman Thoma's son as the husband of his daughter. The letter ended by saying that his son should not espouse Koshy Curien's daughter, and that he was not going to subject himself to any degrading investigation of any "circumstances" whatever, especially when he knew of no circumstances that need cause Koshy Curien to write so proudly as he had done.

Koshy Curien no doubt expected some such answer to his letter: and though it was easy to see that his pride was wounded, and that he was deeply disappointed that Mariam should not have the boy, a prospect he had long been looking forward to, yet he knew that the real object of his not altogether straightforward letter had been accomplished, and altogether he felt a weight removed from his mind. Mariam was again, moreover, gay and happy, as well as being more inclined to be obedient than she sometimes was; and all that was something to him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Some weeks after the events recorded above, Koshy Curien might have been found in the neat and comfortable house of the native pastor, who has been already introduced to our readers. This indeed was now a not unfrequent resort of Koshy Curien's: and it was a happy thing for him, and indicated no inconsiderable change in his character of late, that he sought the companionship and advice of this man of God. For some years past, though they had been friends and companions in youth, he had avoided the pastor's company as much as possible. Indeed he had for some time past been so engrossed by adding field to field, and hoard to hoard, especially in prospect of the intended marriage, which he had just been influenced by his better nature to break off, and had so often done violence to his conscience, that he had instinctively shunned everything that could remind him of his sin, and every person whose life he knew to be more consistent and transparent than his own. For is it not ever the case, that vice hates virtue, first because it feels itself condemned in the presence of virtue, and secondly because it instinctively acknowledges virtue's superiority, and is therefore filled with envy, the most hateful feeling the human breast can be subject to. Now, however, a change was evidently coming over Koshy



Curien, and instead of shunning, he sought the companionship and counsel of his long-rejected friend. The fact was, his conscience had been aroused: the recollection that his violation of all the good maxims that he had learned in his youth, his sabbath-breaking, and ungoverned temper, had resulted in the murder of a child, and in irreparable injury to an old man and his family, whom he knew to have been a faithful servant, goaded him with severe convictions: the fact of the same old man having repaid the injuries he had received, by rescuing his beloved daughter from drowning, combined with the fear that the old slave, who had not been heard of since, had also perished, produced in him an increasing realization of his own wickedness, a realization which was still further strengthened by the feeling, that he had been on the verge of marrying his daughter, from most unworthy motives, to a young man, who would in all probability have rendered her life miserable. These convictions, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, were no doubt bringing Koshy Curien back to his right mind: and he was now, after a long and patient search after the lost slave Poulusa, of whom he still could hear no certain tidings one way or another, seeking the advice and counsel of the good pastor, whose religion, as we have seen, led him to "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

"What can have become of poor old Poulusa?" was the often repeated question of Koshy Curien. "The hint of your reader Matthew, that he was seen and recognized far South, at C—, has furnished no clue to his fate."

"Well," replied the pastor, "time will no doubt shew what has become of him; and to my own mind it seems most probable, that fear prevents him from returning to U—for the present."

"May it be so!" was Koshy Curien's ejaculation. "I cannot however divest myself of the fear that he was drowned on the very night he rescued Mariam: he must have been excessively weak; the river is very broad there; and his old wife never saw him afterwards, and maintains an ominous silence whenever questioned about it."

"Suppose," said the pastor, "you go with me to L—? I start tomorrow; it is a three days' journey, and I hear that numbers of slaves from the low country are there employed in the various hill paddy grounds. You may perhaps hear something of Poulusa there. My duty is to perform some baptisms in the Protestant congregation there."

"Be it so," replied Koshy Curien. "I have, however, only misgivings on this subject. I am the more willing to accompany you, as I have business with P—Nambooric, some miles to the north of L—, and we could after Sunday return by the northern river."

Accordingly the following morning found Koshy Curien and the Native Pastor starting in a boat by day-break. They had to go some distance south by water, after which they must turn east-

ward, and finally leaving their boat must travel many miles through jungle and forest, till they reached I.—, a colony of well-to-do farmers, who felled the forests to the east, and reaped abundant crops of paddy from the virgin soil. We need not recount their journey: nothing remarkable occurred: and on Saturday evening they arrived at their destination. On the following morning the service was held in the Protestant Church, and several baptisms were performed. Many were the inquiries Koshy Curien made after his missing slave among the different owners of the plots of forest land which were under cultivation. Neither his name, however, nor his description, were recognized. There were, they said, but few Christian slaves in the cultivations, if any; though some one said, that of late he had heard that there had been some talk among the slaves of a tract of ground, that lay some 5 miles away, about Christianity, but he thought nothing of it.

A circumstance now occurred, which led Koshy Curien and his friend to leave I.— earlier than they had purposed, which was the arrival about noon of a messenger from a village about 7 miles away, saying that a Christian man known to them was dying, and desired much to see the native pastor. This good man, always ready for every charitable and good work, did not hesitate to comply with the request; and before evening he and Koshy Curien set off to walk to the village. Their path lay through jungle and partly felled forest land, a rocky river on one side, and the blue distant mountains peeping through the trees on the other. It was nearly sunset, when, having walked about two thirds of the way, and having just left the extreme cultivated portion of a wide-extending valley, they heard what they thought must be human voices singing. They listened. There could be no question about it: the tune was rude enough, but they at once recognized the song, it was the Malayalim version of "O, that will be joyful, &c." How could it be that the wild distant forests were resounding with the strains of a Christian hymn? Notwithstanding the rudeness of the melody, it seemed like a first earnest of the fulfilment of the prophecy, that "the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." Following in the direction from which the sound seemed to come, along a narrow jungle path, they soon perceived, on a slight eminence, a low roof, indicating a house of some kind, much larger than the ordinary huts of the jungle cultivators, some of which were visible in the neighbourhood high up in the trees, where they had been fixed for protection against elephants and other dangerous inhabitants of the forests. From this house, which was indeed a rude prayer-house recently erected, consisting of a roof of straw, supported on half a dozen wooden pillars cut from the boughs of the surrounding trees, the voices which they heard proceeded. They drew cautiously near, and sat down unobserved under a tree, whence they could distinctly hear every word within. When the singing was over, a voice was heard engaging in prayer; after which the same voice addressed those who were assembled, about 20 or 30 men and

women, evidently slaves belonging to the cultivations. The voice was that of a man well advanced in years: and the subject on which he spoke was "Love"—"God so loved the world." He dwelt long and eloquently, though in most simple language, on the love of God in redemption: he spoke with rapture, and his voice sometimes faltered, when he described the crucified Redeemer, and shewed how through his poverty men might be rich for ever. He told them of the undying, unsullied love of heaven; and as he warmed in his description, an old woman called out, "Aye, that must be a glorious place for us, who suffer so much on earth." Then he reminded them that they all knew what love was; that they had all experienced at least something of it; that there were few of them who did not know what it was to lose a child, or a wife, or a husband, that they loved; and that, though there was not the love there ought to be in a good many families, yet it was a blessing that every human being longed to share. He then went on to shew what the world would be if Love were lord supreme, and governed all the actions of men. He reminded them that Christians were commanded to "love one another." "And to do this," he said, "we must love everyone, even our enemies. If we return evil for evil, then evil and misery will ever propagate themselves; but if men will learn to love their enemies, and return good for evil then love will tread out evil from the world, and will one day reign supreme. Some of us," he continued, "have had hard lives, many of us have had cruel masters; but let us make up our minds to return them good for evil, let us pray for them, and that daily, for 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much,' let us thus do them good, for in so doing we shall melt them by 'heaping coals of fire upon their heads,' and let us honestly work for them, and do our duty to them, for they are our lawful masters so long as they employ us; for by so doing we shall be obeying the law of God, which is contained in this book which I hold in my hand, that we should love God with all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and our neighbour as ourselves."

Such were the closing words of the old man's address, and the voice was one that was well known to Koshy Curien; it was none other than his old slave Poulusa. As the old man had warmed with his subject, Koshy Curien had become wrapt in attention; and when in the closing portion of his address he alluded to the sorrows of the slaves, and urged the maxim of returning good for evil, and the duty of praying for their masters, the once proud Syrian's head drooped lower and lower on his knees, while his friend the native pastor saw his tears falling to the ground, and heard the stifled sob that shook his frame. Here indeed was the Slayer slain. With the tears still in his eyes he entered the little prayer-house. Great was the astonishment of all: but the smiling face of the native pastor dispelled any shade of fear from the breast of old Poulusa. Koshy Curien seized the old man by the hand: "Poulusa," he said, "this is the

happiest day in my life: I thought you were dead; and the thought has haunted me like a bad dream."

"Ah, master," said the old slave, "I thought you only wished me so."

"Nay," was Koshy Curien's reply, "you wrong me: I hope I have become a changed man since you left me. I have injured you deeply; do you forgive me?"

"I bear no evil. Have I not forgiven my master long since? But now some great astonishment fills my mind, both by what I see, and at what I hear."

"Do not be astonished," said Koshy Curien; "my guilty conscience would not let me rest: I have sought you long, that I might, if possible, make some amends for the cruelty I have heaped upon you; and now I find that you are more fit to be my teacher than my slave. And I wish to learn from you. The motives that have actuated you are very different from those that have been my gods for years past. While I have made you, though innocent, the subject of my ungoverned temper, you have returned my cruelty by your prayers. I *feel* that you have prayed for me, and that your prayers have been answered. Your religion is indeed better than mine; and I ought to sit at your feet, when you can from your heart give utterance to such sentiments as I have just heard from your mouth, while you addressed these people."

The old man stood some time with an astonished smile on his wrinkled, sun-burnt face; and then broke the silence by saying, that he had long known that God answers prayer; but that an answer like this filled him with happy surprise: and he still retained his look of wonder, while he never turned his eyes from his master, who was changed almost beyond his comprehension. "When I left U——," he said, "I feared you, and was almost beside myself with grief: I most carefully avoided detection, for I expected nothing but what might end in my death, should I be caught: and my old wife only waited there to see how matters went on: but the last thought of my heart was that you would seek me in love. God be praised!"

"Well," replied the Syrian, "let us endeavour to repair the past by wisely and honestly using the future. Return and spend the rest of your days in peace, and in teaching the same lessons you have been teaching to-day."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Twelve months had passed since the occurrence of the events recorded in the last chapter. Old Poulusa had returned to his old home, and the slaves on Koshy Curien's estate were no longer thwarted in their desire to serve the God of whom they had so recently heard. Their prayer-house had been rebuilt by their master, who now often joined them on the sabbath in their devotions.

There were great doings in the house of Koshy Curien. A

wide pandal had been erected in the yard; a large company of people in their gayest attire were thronging around; and busy men were hurrying backwards and forwards, and were laying out a bountiful repast under the pandal. There had been a wedding in the Protestant Church. Mariam was now the bride of Matthew, one of the native Pastor's readers, whose acquaintance we have already made. He was a good-looking, well-behaved, and excellent young man; and Mariam seemed quite contented with her choice — for this time she had been allowed to express her own feelings on this delicate subject. All the respectable Christians in the neighbourhood were there, amongst whom was the native Pastor with his wife and family, and even Umman Thoma, the Syrian whose son Koshy Curien had once sought for his daughter, for he had already married that son to another girl, and had forgotten the past. But there was another guest who came uninvited. Just as they were about to sit down to their feast, the old blind Brahmin from the adjoining compound approached them. He was led by a young man, who held his left hand, while in his right he had a long cane, with which he questioned every yard of ground before he ventured to trust his foot to it. Having become blind only in old age, he had never lost that nervous anxiety in his gait, which generally characterises those who have but lately lost the use of their eyes. His shoulder no longer bore the triple-cord, nor was there the least trace of the sandalwood, or ashes, on his forehead, his arms, or his breast. Every one looked at him with mute surprise, as he asked to speak to the master of the house. "I have come," he said, "and I know that I am intruding on your feast: but, as you may perceive, I am no longer a Brahmin: I am a believer, a Christian. But another thing is, I claim some relationship to the bride, as I will explain afterwards, if you will allow me; and, as you know, she and I are not unacquainted." Here Mariam approached him, her face beaming with smiles, and touching his hand, said, "How delighted I am to see you here, dear old father!" His own face was lit up with a responsive smile, as he laid his hand on her head, and said "The Almighty bless thee, my child!" Then turning to Koshy Curien he requested that he might be allowed to sit amongst them, saying that such a permission would make it the happiest day of his life, and that he hoped they would allow him to explain himself more fully after they had all partaken of their repast. A chair was brought for him from the house, on which he sat, only leaving it when partaking of food, which act proclaimed him one of themselves, and surprised the guests not a little, since he was a Namboorie by birth.

When the feast was ended, and when the Christian slaves too had had their share of it, (for they, with old Poulusa and his wife at their head, were not excluded), amidst much curiosity, especially among the female part of the assembly, the old Brahmin asked permission to relate his history. Addressing Koshy Curien, he said, "Many years ago, an elder brother and myself were left the sole possessors of the land which lies next to yours, and the

house in which I now live. The time I speak of was long before your father bought this property of yours for you. We were both married, but I was childless. My brother had one only child, a girl, whose mother died when she was about 5 years of age. At the same time the child was ill with the same fever that carried off her mother, and my brother being distracted at the death of his wife, who was one of the handsomest women in the country, and being passionately fond of the child, made a vow that if the child recovered he would go on a pilgrimage to Kási, and make offerings in the temples there. The child recovered, and the time at last came when he must set out on his pilgrimage. But he could not be separated from the child to whom he was so tenderly attached; and notwithstanding all difficulties, and the entreaties of his friends, he at last took her with him. For a time I occasionally heard from him, but then came a long silence, a silence that was not broken, until at the end of the second year I heard from another countryman who had come from Kási, that he was dead. But what had become of the child? I could hear no tidings of her at all. I resolved myself to go on a pilgrimage to Kási, to propitiate, as I blindly thought, the anger of God, and to seek for my niece, or to learn if possible what might have befallen her. I left my property in the hands of my relations, and started on my journey. I need not recount the various difficulties and trials of the way: many a time I wished myself back again in my own country. At last, however, I reached Kási, and after a long time found that a countryman of mine, accompanied by a little girl, had been seen there many months before: that the child was afterwards found wandering about in a wretched state by the Ganges; and that she had been taken care of by a European gentleman, who put her in an orphanage established by a Missionary, which was half filled with children who had been similarly found in a state of destitution in the streets of that great city, many of whom could not give the least account of their parentage, some through the strangeness of their language, some from being too young." During this recital Mariam observed her mother start, and noticed that she uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise, while her father was listening with painful attention. "I felt confident that the child, of whom I had heard, could be none other than the daughter of my brother. I lost no time in making my way to the missionary in whose compound the orphanage was; but I was just too late. From his description of the child I felt increasingly confident that she was the child I was in search of: she had been old enough too, when found, to remember the name of her country, which this good man found was Travancore, and the name of her father, which I recognized as the name of my brother, Ramen. I felt now certain that this child was my niece; but she was no longer there. A few weeks before, as there was no doubt that Travancore was her native land, she had been sent in charge of a gentleman and lady who were going South, to be placed in a school which was kept by a European lady in one of our villages. After this I did not long remain

in Kási, and on my return I went to the bungalow of the lady of whom I had heard. Without saying who I was, I made inquiries about the girl; I saw her, and from her features and her account of herself, I then felt no longer any doubt as to the fact of her being my niece." At this point of his narrative Koshy Curien's wife could contain herself no longer; she jumped up from a chair in which she was sitting, and exclaimed "Ah, how well I remember it: now I recognize your features, though I have often, often wondered who the Brahmin could have been who came to inquire about me, and who I saw but that once. I remember too thinking how like he was to my father whom I could just remember. The old Brahmin laughed with delight. "Well," he said, "may I be allowed to conclude my story, the rest of which will now soon be told?" And he thus concluded amid breathless attention:—

"Finding then that she was perfectly happy, and that she had been baptised as a Christian, and feeling great confidence in the characters of the Missionaries I had seen, especially having been struck with the voluntary kindness of the Missionary at Kási, who rescued, and taught so many lost orphans, and the kindness of the lady in whose house my niece was living; and fearing that if my relations knew of her situation they might demand her, and cause much trouble, I determined upon keeping my secret, and refrained from disturbing her mind by seeing her again. I however watched her progress, though unknown to her; and when I found that her mistress desired to marry her to you, though I remember there was some difficulty with your friends about it, I could not but rejoice: for the child I speak of is now your wife, from whom no doubt you have heard a somewhat similar account of her life." The fact was, that at that time I had received a very favourable impression of Christianity from a book on the Atonement, which had been given me by a gentleman in Kasi, and which I have to this day, and long wondered over. For many years, however, my mind was much unsettled, and I wandered about from place to place seeking rest for my soul, but finding none. At last in old age, and when my sight was gone: I settled again in my old house. The statements in that book on the Atonement never left my mind: and some strong impulse urged me to court the acquaintance of your children, who I knew were well taught in the Christian's Vedum, and whose conversation, especially your daughter Mariam's, I often heard from this compound. Mariam, as you know, became a visitor at my house, and from her I have learned those truths about God and futurity on which my happy soul now rests. God will reward her: and may she and her husband spend not only a happy, but a useful life."

When the old man had finished his story, Koshy Curien, his wife, and all his family crowded round his chair; and the questions that were asked, and the interesting conversation that followed, we cannot recount. No one was more interested than the good native Pastor, who was so excited at the idea of the old Brahmin having declared himself a believer in the true Vedum, that he could not refrain from taking old Poulusa by the hand and leading him up

to the Brahmin; "Here, my aged friend," he said, "is another believer in God's revelation of himself, who was once a slave in a double sense, but is now Christ's freeman: may I put his hand in yours, for are not we Christians all brethren?"

"Yes," said the Brahmin, "give me his hand, for we are all brethren;" and "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him".

"And see," said the native Pastor, as the old Brahmin held the hand of Poulusa, "what Christianity can do, it makes all "one in Christ Jesus."

The only exclamation that the old slave could then give utterance to, and he looked rather nervous in his unwonted position, was "God be praised!" In a short time, however, he recovered his self-possession, when turning, and standing humbly before Koshy Curien, with his hand on his mouth, he said with trembling accents, "God bless our young mistress! for it was from her that I too first learned the words of eternal life."

Thus, reader, ends our tale. Marian and her husband were well suited to each other, and lived long, happily, and usefully together. The change in Koshy Curien's character continued; and he was beloved by every one. Old Poulusa still lived a long time to do good among those of his caste. The native Pastor prospered in his work. And the old Brahmin, after having suffered much persecution from his relations, and having lost his property, which he had wished to bequeath to Marian, took up his abode with Koshy Curien and his wife, and after a few years died in the faith, breathing his last breath while his head rested on Marian's bosom.

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വൃദിചാരനിഷേധം.

൩൨൭ാം പുറത്തു അവസാനിച്ച ശേഷം

നാം ഭാഗം.

സഭാചാര ലംഘനം വരരുതെ

കൂരാചാരവും വൃദിചാരഭോഷവും ഒഴിഞ്ഞുപോകട്ടെ വിധം.

ഒരുവൻ യേശുവന്നയുക്കുന്നായും അടക്കമില്ലാത്തവനായും ഭവിച്ചാൽ രംഗപരകല്പനയും ജാതിമയ്യാഭയും അനുസരിച്ചു മനോയോജിപ്പുള്ള ഒരു സ്ത്രീയെ വിവാഹം