

OLD SAAMY.



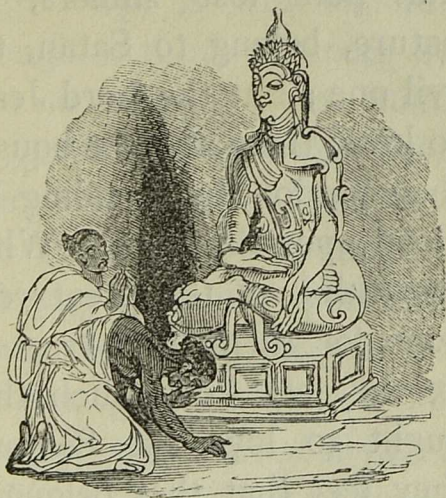
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OLD SAAMY.



THE word of God says, "Ye are not your own," and it adds, "Glorify God in your body and your spirit, which are God's." What does it

mean? The sense is this, that poor lost sinners, by nature, belong to Satan, the evil one; but the Lord Jesus so loved them, that he bought their pardon, by shedding his blood upon the cross. When they think of this great work done for them, and trust to it, they see how much they ought to love the Saviour, they feel that they belong to him, and each now asks his heart, "How can I glorify him? how can I cause praise to be given to my Lord?" Perhaps the heart of some

little child will say, "When I grow up, it will be time enough to think of doing so. One so young as I am cannot do good to others, and bring glory to God." Pray read this short story of one who did so, when not yet three years old. The story is told by her good father, a Mr. Money, who once lived in India. That which he relates took place while he was in that land.

I went, he says, from Bombay, into the country, for the health of my family.

We took up our dwelling in the bosom of a fine grove, about thirty miles from Poonah. One day, as our little girl, not three years old, was walking through the grove with a native servant who took care of her, they came near to the ruin of an old heathen temple. The man left the child, stepped on one side, and said his prayers to a stone idol, that was fixed at the door of the temple. When he came back to the child, she said in her simple way, "Saamy, what for you do

that?" "Oh! missey," said he, "that my god." "Your god!" said the little girl; "your god, Saamy!—why, your god no can see—no can hear—no can walk—your god stone! My God see everything—my God make you—make me—make everything."

We staid at this quiet, lonely spot for four months, and what I have just related often took place. Saamy always went to pray to the idol, and the dear child did not fail to tell him he ought not to do so. Though she found fault

with him, he began to love her very much; and when he thought she was going to Europe, he said to her, "What will poor Saamy do, when missey go England? Saamy no father, no mother." She said at once, "Oh! Saamy, if you love my God, he will be your Father and Mother too."

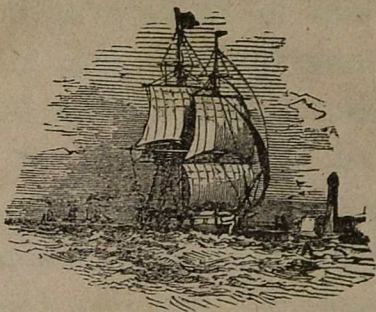
The old man with tears in his eyes said he would love her God. "Then," she said, "you must learn my prayers:" and she taught him the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and the

hymns she used to say. One morning when we were met for family prayers, Saamy, of his own free will, came into the room, took his turban from his head, laid it on the floor, knelt down, and said aloud, after me, the Lord's Prayer. From that time there was quite a change in his life. He now took great care to speak truth. He much wished to learn English, that he might read the Bible ; in a short time he became able to do so, and began to live as a good Christian.

Little children who love God, pray think of this good little girl; and if you have kind servants, who take care of you, but forget to pray to God, try to do them good; teach them some pretty hymn which you can say, and this short prayer: O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ, give me thy Holy Spirit to dwell in me, to teach me thy will, and to fit me for heaven. Amen.



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LET the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion,
Multiply and still increase :
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.