

From the Episcopal Recorder.

LAST HOURS OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER AT SEA.

"The sea that gives the bier no flowers,  
Makes moan above her grave."

In the spring of the year 1831, a large packet ship sailed from one of our southern ports, with fair winds and full spread sails filled with passengers who were leaving the dry sands, and warm atmosphere of the south, and looking forward with eager anticipation to the rich green fields of the northern states, which they hoped in a few days to reach.

A great variety of persons were assembled each day in the cabin of this vessel. There were the gay and careless just entering life, and treading lightly and fearlessly along its path, and there were the old and thoughtful, looking back upon life and seeing it just as it is—

"A wildering maze

Where sin has tracked ten thousand ways."

There were little children there too—dear little children—the sweetest objects in this world when found in the fold of Jesus Christ. Among these were some who were blessed with pious parents, and had been taught that God was every where present, and to be daily sought by them whether they were at home or abroad, at sea or on land; and every morning and evening you would see their sainted mother take them by the hand, and quietly closing the door of the confined state room, bend with them and join in their humble, childish petition. The little ones feared neither the smile nor laugh of man, and it was refreshing to hear their infant supplication rising up amidst the din, the bustle and profanity of a ship's crew.

One of the most interesting groups among this mixed company was a mother and daughter, who appeared to be alone and distinct from every one else. They did not mingle with the gay circles upon deck, nor come to the table with the other passengers, but day and night the mother was seen sitting beside her child who was wasted by disease and suffering. She was a young person—perhaps eighteen years old—"the only child of her mother, and she a widow." Their home was in Pennsylvania, where Providence had bereft their family of its head, and taken one after another from its bosom, until mother and child were left alone. But they had a Protector—an Almighty Friend. In "all time of their prosperity," in the hour of health and happiness, they had sought a better country, even an heavenly, and had laid up for themselves those "true riches," which were available in the day of temporal poverty.

When Louisa saw that her mother must be deprived of her usual comforts, and that their slender income could barely yield them the necessaries of life, with the simple energy of a Christian woman, she sought how she could make the best practical application of the talents and education with which she had been blessed. In a short time she was successfully engaged in teaching in a neighbouring school. It was a laborious work, and often called for the exercise of all her patience, but for two years she was happy, very happy, in its performance.

God says to the Christian, "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be," and I believe that strength is often granted to the body as well as the soul, for all it has to meet. But enduring rest was prepared for Louisa, and at the end of her second year's labours she was laid upon the bed of sickness. Her disease was severe, and a violent cough racked her feeble frame, but still she was calm and cheerful, and though the brightness of her eye told a tale of speedy dissolution, it also spoke of a high hope beyond the grave.

As winter approached her symptoms became more alarming, and as a last earthly resort, her mother determined upon trying a sea voyage and a southern climate.

Louisa affectionately submitted to the wishes of her parent, though she felt at the time that the decree had gone forth, and that change of place could only add a few more to her days of suffering. \* \* \*

The winter was now over and gone, and the time of singing of birds had again come. With the first breathings of spring Louisa turned her eyes homeward. The soft southern air had for a time refreshed her languid frame, and for the first few weeks she seemed better; but it did not last, and she soon

began to grow weaker every day, until she was at length confined constantly to her bed. She was borne to the vessel and placed in her narrow berth, and there her wakeful mother supported her aching head, and repeated to her from the Word of God those precious promises to the dying believer,—*Lo I am with you always, even unto the end. Fear not, I am with thee. When thou walkest through the valley of the shadow of death thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.*

We now come to the scene at which our little narrative commenced. The low, heavy breathing of the invalid showed that she slept, and the tears that rolled over her mother's cheeks, and which she permitted not the waking eyes of her child to witness, showed that she felt that *that sleep must soon be final.*

The weather had been fine, the sea smooth, and the wind fair, and the vessel rode majestically over the broad Atlantic, as if it despised its roaring and could master its roughest wave. But the third day a black cloud appeared near the horizon, and though it seemed not "larger than a man's hand," it did not escape the vigilance of the wary captain.

"That cloud will give us some trouble yet before we pass the Hatteras," said the man at the wheel, "though it seems to be fast asleep there." The captain's orders were issued, and soon every man was at his post taking in the sails, which had been gallantly spreading their broad breasts to the wind.

The white canvass soon disappeared, and the vessel prepared to weather the storm. It increased with fearful violence and rapidity, and soon the foam dashed angrily over the vessel, and seemed almost to threaten its immediate destruction.

A scene of confusion and terror followed, but amidst it all there was one calm bosom. It was that of the suffering Louisa. During the night she had been gradually sinking, and now, at this fearful crisis, her last moments seemed near. She was conscious of it, and asked her mother to read once more to her the opening verses of the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. "And now, dear mother," she faintly added, "will you read to me our favourite hymn, 'God moves in a mysterious way?' It is one I have always loved, and when I left my Sunday scholars I requested them to learn it to repeat to me when I first met them. God has ordered that I should not meet them here. But let me hear those sweet verses once more before I go where all will be made plain."

Her mother not being able to repeat the verses from memory, and the darkness making it impossible for her to read them, she could not comply with her daughter's dying request.

"Mother," said a little girl of eight years, who had heard the conversation, "Mother, I know 'God moves in a mysterious way,' may I say it to the lady?" And the child of the Sunday school stole to the side of the dying believer, and putting her little hand within her's repeated in the melting tones of early childhood, the sweet verses of the pious Cowper.

"God bless you, daughter," murmured Louisa, and she closed her eyes, her breathing grew more and more faint—at length it ceased entirely, and she slept to wake no more until the summons shall go forth for sea and land to give up their dead.

Thus the last moments of her earthly existence were unexpectedly and sweetly soothed by the sound of her own favourite hymn which had been learnt at a Sunday school.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. MORRISON.

On unpacking his books, to air them, after the voyage, he showed me two folio volumes in manuscript, written with his own hand. They were in the Chinese character, and consisted of laborious copies of two MSS. which had been discovered, I think, in the Bodleian library in England, one a Harmony of the gospels, prepared in Chinese, by one of the Jesuits, the other a vocabulary. On inquiring of him how he learned to write the character, he related to me the following very striking fact. Some time after he had devoted himself to the work of missions, and had fixed upon China as a field of his future labours, he was walking the streets of London, and observed approaching, in an opposite direction, a man in the garb of a sailor, but who had a very peculiar countenance and air. Struck by his strange outlandish appearance, Dr. M. accosted him, and inquired: who and whence he was; when, to his great surprise, he found the man was a Chinese. He asked him whether

he was acquainted with the language. The stranger smiled and said it was his native tongue. "And would you be willing to teach it, if properly compensated?" "On yes: me love catch good profit." "And can you teach me to write the character? Do you write it yourself?" "Ah! me schoolmaster in Chinese country." Here is a wonder for the Christian to contemplate. A Chinese schoolmaster, conducted by the invisible hand of Providence from Canton to the streets of London, there to meet a missionary of the cross and the future translator of the Bible into Chinese. Let infidels enjoy their cheerless creed, which shuts out God from his own world, and attributes all events to a blind fortuity; but give me the blessed faith.

—"that sees a God employed  
In all the good and ill which chequer life."

It is needless to say that he engaged the man upon the spot, and at once put himself under a course of tuition. The mode adopted by the Chinese to teach his pupil to write was, he said, the same as he pursued with his young countryman. A page of the character was covered with a corresponding sheet of thin paper, through which every stroke could be distinctly seen: and then, with a small brush or pencil of stiff hair set in a reed handle, and held vertically (by the middle finger against the first and third,) every line was carefully and repeatedly traced until it became familiar. After much of this drudgery, Dr. M. sat him patiently down to the Jesuit Harmon, and copied out every syllable of it for his own future use. The accounts for the otherwise surprising facility with which he subsequently acquired this language on his arrival in China. What an impressive spectacle must this man have presented, as he sat at his solitary task in the Bodleian, to a being acquainted with the design God was about to accomplish by his hands. It is too much to believe that angelic eyes sometimes looked over his shoulder, beholding with growing admiration both the wisdom and goodness of God in thus training the man who was to unbar the gates of life to the millions of the east?—*N. Y. Observer.*

*Sabbath Breaking—Rum Drinking*—We learn from the Courier that a boat containing ten persons, all coloured, was upset in Hemstead harbour, L. I., on Sunday afternoon last, and all on board except three perished. These unfortunate men had twice before during the day crossed Cow-neck to the grog-shop on the opposite side of the harbour to purchase rum, and were proceeding for a third time on the same errand, when this accident happened. The boat was at the time close by the shore, there was no wind of consequence, and all were good swimmers, but so intoxicated were they by the liquor previously furnished them, that they sank into a watery grave before any assistance could be rendered them.—*New-York Com. Adver.*

MISSIONARY ANECDOTE.—No. 7.

SEED FALLEN ON GOOD GROUND.

Wave, wide Ceylon, your foilage fair,  
Your spicy fragrance freely strew;  
See Ocean's threatening surge we dare  
To bear Salvation's gift to you.

*Sigourney.*

One of the zealous missionaries at Ceylon, relates that one morning, after preaching at Pagoda School, a Boy, belonging to the English School at Cotta, who attended the Service, came to me, and said, "Sir, please to find for me," (offering me his Prayer-Book,) "the history of the Person who made a great supper, and who sent His Servants to call the people when all things were ready, but they would not come." I found for him the Gospel for the Second Sunday after Trinity; and then asked him, why he wished to find that. He said, "I wish to read it, at home, to my relations. I often read parts of the Testament to them; and a great many people sometimes come to our house: and I wish to read this history to them." "But," I asked, "if they should say, what does this mean, and what does that mean, how will you explain it to them?" He said, "I will explain to them as well as I can. I cannot explain it all; but I can some."—Some time ago I explained this Parable in a Sermon; and he it appears that it has been in the Boy's mind ever since. [What a lesson is here!]