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THE MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VII.]

SEPTEMBER 2, 1850.

[No. 9



THE RIVER NIGER.

This noble river can now be traced accurately on the map of Africa. It is only 19 years since it was known where the Niger flows into the sea, although it has been known thousands of years ago as the most important river in the interior. It washes a line of banks, fertile and populous, measuring between two and three thousand miles in length. Along these banks are to be found crowded cities, wholly given to idolatry. Not very much is known of the inhabitants of Central Africa, except what has been ascertained by the travellers that have ventured to launch up the river, or by those who have tried the still more terrible passage from the north through the interminable desert of Sabara.

The difficulties which travellers have faced in discovering the course and termination of this river, far exceed what you can possibly conceive. Their courage and perseverance are a good

example to the friends of missions. It has been said that in less than forty years seventeen expeditions were undertaken to trace this river. Many individuals, including private soldiers, sailors, and others whose names are not recorded, and including, at least eleven leaders, and several persons of high rank, have sacrificed their lives in the undertaking. Still it continues a difficulty to reach the centre of Africa, entering the river by any of its mouths. Mr. Jamieson of Liverpool, of whom you have been told, and to whom the Warree belongs, has been more successful than any others in attempting to ascend the Niger. 8 years ago a government expedition was appointed to attempt the navigation of this river, but it ended in a fearful loss of life. 11 or 12 years previous to that time, a commercial expedition from Liverpool, furnished with two steamers, and supplied with men

to the number of forty-eight, had met with similar disaster. Out of these forty-eight, only nine persons survived the attempt. So soon as they left the seabreeze, proceeding up the river, the noxious vapours arising from the swamps infected them with fever, which, in most cases, soon proved fatal,—several individuals sometimes dying on the same day. Here is the secret why nothing has hitherto been done for the heathens who are perishing without a vision in Central Africa. The river on which missionaries are doubtless to be borne ere long into the midst of that part of Satan's empire seems yet closed against them.

We may explain in a few sentences, the cause of the pestilence that hovers above the region where this majestic river meets the sea. When it comes toward its termination, it sends off its waters in about twenty streams, which fall into the ocean at wide distances from one another. This you will better understand by glancing at your map. An immense tract of marshy land is in this way formed by the smaller rivers into which the Niger is thus broken down. On this wide marsh the sun shines down summer and winter with a burning heat. It is a law of nature that where there is much heat, and moisture, and suitable soil, the earth is covered with rank and plenteous vegetation: and the burning sun, acting on a mass of water and of vegetable productions, spreading over some thousands of square miles, loads the air with pestilence. This pestilence stretches from the shore one hundred miles toward the healthful interior, where a European missionary might enjoy health and meet with a crowded population who have never heard the name of Jesus. But the question still remains—How can he safely reach them? Mr. Waddell may yet throw light upon this question. His Mount Pisgah is within 150 miles of the most important tributary that falls into this mighty river. He may yet help to

find out the door into Central Africa. Providence seems to have placed him at no great distance from it. The missions on the coast are paving the way for missions to the interior. This is particularly true of the missions in Sierra Leone, in Ashanti, in Abbeokuta, and Old Calabar. On the banks of the Niger there are many spots of enchanting beauty. We give you on the previous page, a sketch of the river and its banks above Idda. The steamer in view represents one belonging to the Liverpool expedition mentioned above.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

DEATH OF WHITE MEN ON THE NIGER.

Macgregor Laird, one of the officers of an expedition into the interior of Africa, undertaken about 18 years ago at the expense of some merchants in Liverpool, has written an interesting account of the hardships and loss of life connected with that attempt, and from which the preceding article seems to be taken. The officers and crews who gave themselves to the undertaking, left Liverpool on the 19th of July 1832, in a ship and two steamers. "The crews were all picked men, from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age;" and, in a few months, all who survived out of the number who entered the Niger in the two steamers, were nine. It should be mentioned, however, that some years seem to be more fatal than others to Europeans at certain parts of West Africa. A very great number of deaths of white men connected with British shipping took place, not far from Duke Town, immediately before Mr Waddell arrived there; and since that time, by the good providence of God, the danger seems never to have been so great. We can never forget that we have one grave on that dark continent, a monument of the danger of the climate; but God has been fulfilling his promise,—“He shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.”

The chief danger arises from the loaded, smoky moisture, that hovers over the marshes and rivers; and which sometimes settles down like a cloud of death on those higher regions of the Niger, where it cannot be reached by the sea breeze. Through a mass of this poisonous vapour, produced by the constant beating of the sun, in the hottest weather, on vast tracts of marsh, the steamers of the Liverpool expedition had to move, in attempting to ascend the Niger.

On the 11th November 1832, the men began to be attacked with symptoms of the fever—"throbbing headaches, burning pains on the feet and hands, and a deadly sickness at the stomach." On the 12th, in one of the two steamers, three of the officers and nine of the crew were ill. On the 13th, Mr Laird found himself "much better," "though the fever had left him as weak as a child;" but he found only one white man and a mulatto, of all the crew, able to do their duty." He, however, relapsed, and but for the aid of the journal of another officer, who afterwards died, could not have recorded some of the facts that follow. On the 14th, the only European able to do duty took ill with the same symptoms. On the 18th, a young gentleman who had joined the expedition as a volunteer, and also one of the firemen, died. On the 19th six more died, including the chief mate, and the supercargo. On the 21st three more of the party died; and on the 22d, two. On the 5th of Dec., Mr Laird's journal has the following entry:—"I have living, Alexander Hector, purser, John, the second steward, Harvey, Kirby, Belfrage, and Davies, seamen, all as weak as myself, and crawling about the decks more like spectres than men." On the 27th, Mr Laird was lying on deck "in a state of almost total unconsciousness;" but was painfully roused from his stupor by the death of Dr Briggs, the medical officer. He and Laird had lain side by side for some hours; and says the latter, "he pressed me much to go down into the cabin, but I was incapable of moving myself, and afraid of being carried, my

bones being very prominent, and excessively painful when touched. At sunset he was carried down, being then in severe pain, and I bade him farewell, little thinking it was for the last time." He died next day. Thus, many graves were opened and closed in a few days; and the remains of these unfortunate adventurers still repose on the banks of that magnificent but deadly river. The grave of the medical officer named above, is "in a lovely spot on the eastern bank of the river," where his body was laid by the hands of the only two white men who had strength enough to bury their dead out of their sight.

Mr Laird passed through not a few difficulties ere he reached his native land. He visited Fundah, a city on the banks of the Tchadda, the largest tributary of Niger, never before known to have been visited by any European, and supposed to contain a population of about 30,000. Most of these are Pagans, but the leading people are Mohammedans. About one half of the people are slaves, "who would scramble in a disgusting manner for any morsels of food thrown to them." There Mr Laird was detained as a kind of prisoner about the king's palace, which consisted of an immense number of circular huts, like those represented in the accompanying cut, and surrounded by an immense mud wall, about 15 feet high. The three huts here represented, were given to Mr Laird for his accommodation. You may see how his hammock was hung between the posts that supported the conical coverings of these huts. There he was kept in a kind of captivity for seven weeks, and plundered of his property. He effected his escape by working on the superstition of the king,—firing large rockets and blue lights in the darkness of night. "Up flew four beautiful two pound rockets, immediately followed by the blaze of six blue lights." The natives fled in all directions, and the king filled with terror, laid his head on the ground, and placed one of Mr Laird's feet on his head, entreating him to preserve him from harm:



and from that moment, he was as anxious for the departure of the Englishman as before he had been for the detention of himself and his property. On his departure, he was accompanied by a host of the inhabitants, whose curiosity, although he had been seven weeks among them, had not undergone the east abatement.—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE STORY.

A CHILD OF PRAYER.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and the toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some, pulling off their boots and coat lay themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as his comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on the deck a fine looking little boy of about six years old, following round a man, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height, and respectable dress. The child was unusually

fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent, and affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his little German cap fell his chestnut hair, in thick and beautiful curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head, to protect his curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his young happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to see his resting place; but instead of this, he quietly kneeled down on the floor, put up his little hands together, so beautifully childlike and simple, and resting his arms on the lower berth, against which he knelt, he began his vesper prayers.

The father sat down by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was a long prayer for a child, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. But what a scene! There were men around him—Christian men—retiring to rest without prayer; or, if praying at all, a kind of

mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin and before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on those sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers. At beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He alone in the worldly multitude, draws nigh to heaven. I thank the maternal love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether Protestant or Catholic, whether far off or nigh.— It did me good, it made me better. I could scarcely refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of a steamboat's cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

But a little while before I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathering about a company of Italian singers in the upper saloon—a mother and two sons, with voices and harps, and violin: but no one heeded, no one cared for the child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose, and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth to rest for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to him, but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But, if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him to pray.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room, and thanked God that I had witnessed it and its influence on my heart. Who train their children to pray, even at home?

MUCH IN A LITTLE.—The sum and substance of the preparation needed for a coming eternity is, that you believe what the Bible tells you, and do what the Bible bids you.

The forms of the world disguise men when abroad. But within his own family, every man and child is known to be what he truly is.

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

I came to the spot where the white pilgrim lay,

And pensively stood by his tomb;

When, in a low whisper, I heard something say,

How sweetly I sleep here alone!

The tempest may roar, and loud thunder roll
And gathering storms may arise;

Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

The cause of my master propell'd me from home,

I bade my companion farewell;

I left my sweet children (who for me do mourn),

In far distant regions to dwell.

I wander'd an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;

The trump of the Gospel endeavor'd to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

But when among strangers, and far from my home,

No kindred or relative nigh,

I met the contagion, and sunk in the tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high.

O tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone!

The same hand that led me, through scenes dark and drear,

Has kindly conducted me home.

THE HAPPY MAN.

The heart which bleeds for others' woes,
Shall feel each selfish sorrow less;

The breast which happiness bestows,
Reflected happiness shall bless.

MISSIONARY OR WHITE PILGRIM. P. M.

(A TRADITION OF THE NEW YORK INDIANS, FOR THE *Mis. and S. S. Record.*)

T. - Moderato.

Treble.
Alto.
Air.

I came to the spot where the white pil - grim lay, And

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are labeled 'Treble.', 'Alto.', and 'Air.' respectively. The bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in 2/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'I came to the spot where the white pil - grim lay, And' are written below the staves.

pen - sive - ly stood by his tomb; When in a low

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are labeled 'Treble.', 'Alto.', and 'Air.' respectively. The bottom staff is a bass line. The lyrics 'pen - sive - ly stood by his tomb; When in a low' are written below the staves.

whis - per I heard something say, How sweetly I sleep here a - lone.

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are labeled 'Treble.', 'Alto.', and 'Air.' respectively. The bottom staff is a bass line. The lyrics 'whis - per I heard something say, How sweetly I sleep here a - lone.' are written below the staves.

(For Words, see preceding page.)

Illustrations of Caste among the Hindus.

November 27, 1849.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I hope you all remember Mr. Warren's letters on the Caste in the "Foreign Missionary." I was much interested in them myself, and want to say something more, on that same subject, to you. In the year 1843, I had the great privilege of forming the Girl's Bazar School at Allaha-bad. I commenced with twenty-one girls, day scholars—very poor, ragged children from the streets. I clothed them decently, and hired Judith, a converted orphan, as an assistant. For two months we met daily in a very small verandah-room adjoining my own. The school was then given to the mission there, and was then enlarged to more than sixty scholars. I was a teacher in it about two years; then my strength quite failed me. I need not say to you that I still feel a very deep interest in the prosperity of that Girl's Bazar School. I have watered it with my prayers and tears. Oh, that I could interest you all more in it. I want you all to share in the luxury of doing good.

Those poor girls are the children of Hindus, and Mohammedan parents.—Of course, we were much troubled with caste in the school. Our girls would not drink from the same vessels. They would, when hungry, pollute each other's vessels, by touching them, and then they must be thrown away. The complaint came to me one day, that a vessel was polluted. I offered them water from mine, an earthen vessel standing on the table by me; but with countenance expressive of grief and amazement, and upraised hands, they exclaimed—"christian, christian, Mem-Sahib."—They would not drink from it, though very thirsty. I merely raised the lid of one of their drinking vessels one day, in their presence, and they never drank from that vessel again. The man who gave them their water must be of a particular caste, and have his own ropes to draw it with. Judith happened one day

to touch his rope: it was polluted, thrown away, and we had to purchase another.

A poor little girl, who had been sold to a wretched woman living near us for four rupees, about two dollars, as a wife for her son, came to our school. She was almost starved. She would come by me, and look piteously in my face before the hour came for giving them their daily Ghiam, a kind of bean which they eat. This poor little girl took some food from our hands one day; the school girls saw it, told her mother-in-law the same day, and she never entered the school again. Our boatmen on the Ganges river were Hindus. At evening we always fastened our boats to the shore for the night, and there our poor boatmen cooked their food. Rice was their principal food.

Sometimes I have seen them eat their supper—and this their principal meal, too—of coarse flour, uncooked, mixed only with the dirty water of the Ganges. I remember well leaving our boat one evening and walking near our boatmen when they were cooking their food. I noticed they looked sorrowfully at me as I passed along. Our teacher, Gopee Nath, a converted heathen saw what I had innocently done. He told me I had polluted their rice, by treading within their consecrated circle for cooking, and they would throw it all away. Grieved at what I had done, I gave them money to procure other food.

Caste is a great evil in India; but it, too, is on the decline. It must go down. The Bible, that blessed book, is read by many there. It has power to remove every barrier to the conversion of the heathen. Already has its saving light illumined the dark hearts of many of the worshippers of idols, and broken down caste. An old Hindu man said to one of our missionaries a few years since, "Our day is past—but our children—they will become christians.—The third generation of Hindu will be christians." Most cheering prospect. Shall we be instrumental, dear children, in bringing about so glorious an event? May we be co-workers with God?—

Then, let us work. Let us bring our prayers, our alms, ourselves, and consecrate our all on God's altar. Who will resolve to go to India, China, Africa, or wherever God shall send them?—Who will obey Christ's last command to his disciples—to preach the Gospel to every creature? May God, by his Spirit, incline the hearts of many of the dear youth in our Sabbath Schools and Bible classes, to go far hence to the Gentiles. If faithful unto death, their reward will be great in heaven.—*Foreign Missionary.*

THE "OUTS" AND THE "INS."

It makes a great difference with a fish whether he is "in" or "out" of the water; with a man whether he is "in" or "out" of prison; and with a boy whether he is "in" or "out" of a Sunday School.

We do not mean to say, that all boys "in" Sunday School are good boys, nor that all who are "out" of Sunday School are bad; but we do mean, that the chances of doing well and escaping evil are a thousand to one in favor of the "ins" and against the "outs."

A friend in Boston tells us, that he was lately invited one morning into the city watch-house, where he saw four little boys, the eldest not more than ten or twelve years old.

Said he, "what are these boys here for?"

"They have been arrested for stealing," the officer replied.

He asked them if they had parents? Three of them said "yes." The fourth said he had a mother, but his father was dead.

Said he, "Boys, do you go to Sunday School?"

"No—no—no," was the answer of three of them. The fourth said, "Yes, I go to Mr. K.'s Sunday School, and I haven't been stealing. I am here because I saw one of the other boys steal."

The three who did not attend Sunday School were charged with the theft.

The fourth was a Sunday School pupil, and was detained as a witness not as a criminal. The three "outs" were supposed to be rogues.—The "in" was believed to be an honest boy. Mark the difference and be wise!

FORMER PRACTICES AT CALABAR.

An African convert, in addressing a public meeting, thus spoke of his former state of darkness and ignorance, and the mercy of being brought out of it; and earnestly did he call upon all around, who had experienced the like mercy, to shine as lights in the world, and to be up and be doing:—
 "O my friends, look at the goodness of God, and if the veil is not yet taken off your hearts, go to Christ; no one can take away sin but him. When I think of the change which has taken place in me, Peter, I know not what to say. I was a wicked young man once—did not fear God, but man; but now I trust I fear Him who has power to cast both body and soul into hell. Men, women, and children, oh let me beg you to come and serve God; for if you do not die in peace with God, what will you do? See how the missionaries leave their country, and come here to teach us! We all know that this country does not agree with white men, yet they come to tell us how to be happy. The Gospel is greatly needed, not only here, my friends, but in all parts of Africa, for they are in gross darkness. I went once to Calabar, when I was cook in the 'Ethiophe,' and I saw the Calabar people tie a poor man's hands and feet together, and put a pole through them, and were going to heave the man overboard. When I asked them why they were going to kill the man, they said, because he was sick, and could not work, and there was no use for a man to eat every day when he could not work. I have often seen, at Calabar, human skulls lying at the people's gates, and they never eat nor drink without offering some of their food to

the skuli, which they worship as God. Oh let us pull money out of our pockets, that Calabar may get teachers; and then will Calabar and Camaroon men worship the true God. In my own country—the Eboe country—the people plant a tree, which they call the chieu kiki, and offer goats and fowls, and other things, as sacrifices to it. If I was in my country I would endeavor to do some good. I would tell them of Christ, who died that we might live. (Here the speaker wept.) Oh, how I rejoice that God has promised that every country shall bow to him! O you people of Fernando Po, who hear the word, send it to the continent, that they, too, may be saved.”—*Child's Instructor*.

TAHITI.

Long have our brethren been waiting “in the patience of hope” for some sure token of the gracious designs of God on behalf of Tahiti. To open warfare and its fearful train of evils, have been added many social disorders, the disruption of the Native Churches, the dispersion of the congregations, and the disturbance of all the ordinary habits and avocations of life. But although we are not yet privileged to announce any relaxation of the political restrictions which have operated very injuriously upon the Mission, the reports brought by our brethren in the “John Williams” afford cheering evidence that the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness have at length penetrated the dark cloud which has so long brooded over Tahiti, and that her people are again flocking to their sanctuaries, and in the spirit of penitence and faith are renewing their covenant with the Lord. The following brief extract of a letter from Mr. Howe, dated 20th February, confirms the previous account of this gracious revival, and shews that the good work is still in progress:—

Mr. Darling, when he embarked for England, left his principal Chief and long tried friend Utamai, very unwell, and only two days afterwards his happy

spirit took its flight to the world of peace. I saw him less than an hour before he died, when he said, “I have no fear: I am within the refuge: there is a place for me above.” Thus another trophy of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God has been won, and has been added to the many already before the throne of God and the Lamb from Tahiti.

Our letters by the “John Williams” will inform you of a great revival which has taken place among all ranks and ages in the islands of Tahiti and Eimeo. Not fewer than 400 have been added to the Churches during the past year. The Institution for training Native Pastors has begun to attract the notice of young men. I have now ten under my care, and could have several more, but the sum allowed by the Directors will nothing like support the number I have taken. The young men, however, have promised to do what they can themselves, and I hope to make it meet the expenses.

I am happy to say that Mrs. Howe's health is now re-established, and I hope by Divine mercy she will have strength for the very large amount of labor which now devolves upon her. The young men are about to build a house for themselves on our land, when they will bring their wives and children to remain permanently near us, until their education is completed.

A beautiful new Chapel has been built at Point Venus.—*Missionary Magazine*.

DYING WORDS OF WILBERFORCE.

“Come and sit near me; let me lean on you,” said Wilberforce to a friend a few minutes before his death. Afterward putting his arms around that friend he said, “God bless you, my dear.” He became agitated somewhat, and then ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said, “I must leave you, my fond friend; we shall walk no further through this world together; but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me, dear F.—do not weep; for I am very

happy; but think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never knew happiness, till I found Christ as a Saviour. Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible.” He afterwards spoke of the regret of parting with his friends. “Nothing,” said he, “convinces me more of the reality of the change within me, than the feelings with which I can contemplate a separation from my family. I now feel so weaned from earth; my affections so much in heaven, that I can leave you all without a regret; yet I do not love you less, but God more.”

NONE BUT JESUS.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changelless be,
A living fire!

When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove,
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

TEACHER'S CORNER.

How are Existing Evils to be Corrected?

In the last number of the *Record*, a “Sabbath School Teacher,” writing from Oakville, complains that while the attendance at our schools is generally good, the success is very limited; and he very properly gives as one reason, the fact that persons are in many cases employed as teachers, who, themselves, know not the truth. This is, confessedly, an evil—a great evil; and one, the injurious consequences of which cannot be overstated. How is this evil to be remedied? Your Oakville correspondent gives you his opinion; and as I know your periodical is intended to diffuse information on the means of improving our Sabbath School system, perhaps it may not be considered obtrusive, if one who has had a little experience in conducting these institutions, should venture a remark on the same subject.

I quite agree with your correspondent as to what sort of person a superintendent should be; but I do not think that *he* should have all the responsibility of receiving or appointing teachers. He may have a share in this duty, but, in my humble opinion, it should in no case be wholly devolved upon him. And, let me say, when on this subject, that in too many of our schools by far too much is left to the superintendent; he has all the work, and of course when any thing goes wrong, he has all the blame. I may, possibly, at some future time give you my views on the duties of a superintendent,—meanwhile, how is this evil to be remedied? Who are to have the responsibility of appointing teachers?

It is known to all your readers that there are two classes of Sabbath Schools in our Province, the one class are *congregational*, the other are on the *union principle*.

It is my opinion that, in each of these classes of schools there ought to be a committee upon whom it should devolve, (among other things,) to attend to the receiving of new teachers. In *congregational* schools this committee should be composed of the minister and other office-bearers in the congregation, together with the superintendent and existing teachers. In schools on the

union principle, a few individuals should be appointed annually, at a meeting of those who support the school; that meeting, I think, should also appoint the superintendent, and they, in conjunction with the existing teachers, should form the committee for admitting new teachers, and attending to the other business of the school.

Teachers, in my opinion, should be tried persons,—persons who have proved themselves to be “zealous for the truth,” and known to be “apt to teach.” Of course, we cannot judge the heart, so we cannot positively say whether those whom we receive are “bought with the precious blood of Jesus.” We ought, however, to obtain all the evidence we can on this subject—every member of committee contributing his item of information. No one should be hastily received as a teacher, unless he is very well known to the whole committee. It is a good rule for new teachers to be proposed at one meeting of committee, and received at the next, provided at least two thirds of the members agree to the admission. It has also a good effect when two members of committee wait upon and converse seriously with the candidates in the interval. N.

We have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following extracts from the last semi-annual report of the Bond-street Sabbath School, Toronto, which was presented to the teachers on the 12th July. The report is a very interesting one, and contains much to encourage the laborers in this school, as well as several hints, which should be well pondered by all engaged in this work; and may lead the self-applying teacher to ask himself, whether or not he may stand in the way of his pupils' advance in the Christian life. The subject of Missions should be an occasional review in every school; and the salvation of the souls of the scholars, the great aim and end of all schools:—

“The prosperity with which we have been favored, has been of no ordinary character, yet it has not been beyond that which we ought to have expected; nor does it even reach the mark at which we should always aim, as servants of the Most High God, and as laborers together in advancing the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The attendance of the scholars has been

very uniform, especially in those classes where the teachers have been punctual and regular in their attendance—the average attendance of scholars being 137, and that of the teachers 24.

The state of the affairs of the library is exceedingly satisfactory. Owing to the check which the librarian has over the books taken out of the library, only one book has been lost.

On the first Sabbath of every month, suitable addresses and intelligence on the subject of Missions have been given, and collections taken up. An appropriation of a part of the money thus raised, has been made to assist in carrying on Missionary operations in Lower Canada.

It is pleasing to report that six teachers and six scholars have been baptized, on a profession of their faith in Christ, and added to the church, and who continue to give evidence of their conversion to C. W., some of whom, even now, have been useful in bringing souls to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.”

JOHN CARTER, *Cor. Sec.*

TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY THE LATE MRS. SHERMAN.

I have always pleasure in my dear young friends leaving the class to be teachers, as the prominent design of its formation is to qualify young persons for that office, by cultivating an increased knowledge of the Scriptures, not only in the letter, but in the spirit, and by this instrumentality, accompanied with Divine influence, to form and advance their Christian character, and to fit them to be laborers in God's vineyard, that they may tell others the way to eternal life which they have found themselves. Now, my dear child, you are entering on new and solemn responsibilities; you have spoken, perhaps, for the last time to your class at J—street; how will you meet these precious souls at the last day? Are you clear of their blood? Have you earnestly, prayerfully, sought nothing less than their salvation? Follow up these past efforts with constant prayer, and do not allow yourself to think you have done with them. No; there is a sort of sacred tie between the teacher and the taught, which nothing can destroy, and which eternity will develop in all its solemnity. I feel this deeply myself, and naturally wish you to feel it too, but more profitably than I have done. You are now going to meet other minds, to whom you have the same message to carry, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Think of all the points in which you were deficient as a teacher in J—street, and direct your efforts, to correct them, and with earnest prayer, and never-tiring diligence, labor to be an example to teachers and scholars, and especially to your own class, of eminent practical piety. Let it shine, not only on the Sabbath, or in religious exercises, but all times, in every look and habit, whether seen by others

or not. The Christian character is moulded more by little than by great things, and the habits of the Christian have much to do with his progress, whether for good or evil. Cultivate habits of constant communion with God, associate them with everything you do; this will check sinful inclinations, injurious reading and companions, as well as other evils, and render the common things of life blessings to your soul. Thus your real practical piety will grow, and will render you an efficient teacher of others. Let nothing tempt you to neglect preparing for your class. Never offer to God that which costs you nothing; of your interest in your work much depends on this, and your intelligence also; you will feel increased interest in the truth itself, by applying your mind prayerfully to understand it. Ever strive to make the way of salvation clear to the mind of every child. Christ, and him crucified, is the foundation, without which, no piety can be expected to arise; he is our hope, and every motive to holiness and obedience flows from hence. "We love him because he first loved us."—*Sunday School Journal*.

London Sunday-School Teachers Conference.

In relation to this important meeting, the *British Banner* says:

There is no confederation for good on which we look with more satisfaction and delight than on the Sunday-school Union, a noble assemblage of faithful men for the advancement of the highest interests. In using this language, we speak of them in the mass, not as individuals; and we cannot doubt that the bulk of them are largely under the influence of the gospel of Christ, and many of them highly enlightened and deeply devout. Nothing short of this could explain the coherence of such a body, and the unwearied toils of a multitude of unpaid and unpraised men, whose labors are always arduous, and not seldom carried on amidst difficulties and discouragements of the most depressing character.

The first night passed off tolerably well; it could hardly be otherwise, seeing three-parts of the time were profitably spent in the presentation of the reports, which it was well worth going a great way to hear, for in spite of all that requires correction and circumspection amongst the metropolitan schools, the statements of the several auxiliaries, contained a mass of most gratifying intelligence, and clearly showed that a work of immense magnitude and importance is going forward in our midst, and in the suburbs, on all sides. It was never before our privilege to listen to a combined report of these auxiliaries; and hence, for the first time, we had before us, at a single glance, the whole of the magnificent sphere of Sunday-school operation spread out to the eye. The spectacle is full of moral grandeur, and calculated to inspire the heart of the Christian patriot with grateful expectation for this, the

capital of his country. The Sabbath school teachers of London, next to the ministers of the gospel, we consider the prime conservators of the public peace, to whom special constables and bodies of police are but supplementary. No other proof need be sought that this agency is peculiarly of God, than the fact that it is so little esteemed of men, especially the men of the world. The great ones of the earth little know the extent of their obligations to the pulpit and Sabbath schools of London, and, indeed, of England; while our governments, senates, and sovereigns, are shrouded in equal darkness.

One thing was deeply impressed upon our minds on the occasion of the conference held last Wednesday, while hearing the reports of the respective auxiliaries, that means ought to be taken to bring these all-important documents before the minds of the pastors, officers and leading members of the churches of all dissenting communities, one and all of whom greatly require to be aroused to a sense of their duty in this behalf. We have heard many annual reports of the Sunday-school Union, and always with pleasure and profit; but those, from the nature of the case, must necessarily, be general, and that every generality, in a great measure, divests them of their due power and impression with respect to the claims of London, which can never be more than hinted at. Our minds are, therefore, clearly and strongly made up to this, viz., the necessity of an annual autumnal meeting, not of delegates, but of all Sunday-school Teachers, with all the pastors, and deacons, and leading members, and others that can be brought together from the churches of the metropolis. At this meeting should be presented exactly such reports as were delivered in Jewin street last Wednesday evening. Such a meeting as we propose, would speedily become one of the most popular, instructive, impressive, and beneficial, held in the course of the year in our capital. We vouch for it, Exeter hall would be crowded on each such occasion to suffocation. The reports of the several auxiliaries having been presented, then would follow a series of appropriate and powerful addresses, in furtherance of all that it might be desirable to urge in behalf of the enterprise. An annual autumnal meeting, such as this, would of itself be a mighty step in advance, and with this, more than can be well conceived, would thereby be done to promote the cause of Sabbath school instruction. But the benefit of such a meeting would not end with itself; let us but have this, and we shall soon have more, and soon have all that is needful to the glorious and God-like enterprise. We recommend this consideration to the conference at their adjourned meeting; let them carry out this one thing, and we doubt not the result will be such as, for many a day, to render memorable the conference of delegates at Jewin-street.