

Rev. Mr. B.



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No. 1.

[For the M. and S. S. Record.]

The Retrospect and the Anticipation.

There was once a king who reigned over a mighty kingdom. He had many nations and peoples under his command, and he watched over and cared for the happiness of each of his subjects with all the affectionate tenderness of a father. His dominions were very vast, containing mountains and plains, seas and rivers, with all the beauty of native forests and highly cultivated scenery. The king once sent one of his subjects upon a mission to a far distant country, giving him due instructions for his journey, and telling him if he was faithful to the end, his reward would be great, and his future happiness secure. The king did not conceal from his servant that it was a service of some peril, but bid him be of good cheer, anticipating the glory that should afterwards be revealed to him.

The mission was undertaken, and the traveller set out upon his journey. Our story finds him, at the close of a long and weary day's march, ascending an eminence, whose precipitous and rocky sides jut out into the sea, which stretches away as far as the eye can reach, until it melts into the

grey horizon, upon which the shades of evening are rapidly falling. Here the traveller stops and looks around him. His way points him across that dreary ocean; true, a bark awaits him, but it looks too feeble and frail a thing to tempt those restless billows, that toss their foaming heads so wildly—and seem to threaten to engulf whatever is bold enough to trust itself to their mercy. The heart of the wayfarer sinks within him; he sits down, sadly, to review the long, weary way he has already passed, not daring to think of what has yet to be encountered.— He recalls the danger she has passed through. At one time, while quietly resting by the way, how he was fiercely attacked by a wild animal rushing from the neighbouring forest; at another time, how all his provisions for the way, carefully hoarded and laboriously carried, had, in a day, corrupted and destroyed; and how for many days he was obliged to live upon the pulse and herbs of the field, gathered by his own hand as he passed along the road. How at one time, when, in order to avoid going up a steep hill that lay in the direct road, he had found a smooth path that wound round the hill, and would, he thought, in time, reach the top, on ex-

tering this inviting path, he found it so thickly set with snares to catch the feet, that he was fain to retrace his steps and take to the hill, steep as it was. But chiefly his thoughts reverted to a dear companion who had been permitted to accompany him on his mission to cheer and beguile the way. And, just when this friend seemed most needed and most prized, he was suddenly taken away, and the solitary traveller left to pursue his journey alone. Then he looked forward. How could he cross the unknown and dangerous ocean? Troubles might await him yet heavier than those he had experienced. Overwhelmed by these thoughts, he wrapped his face in his mantle and wished that he might die. But ere he had long indulged this melancholy mood, some one touched him and bade him take courage and look up. The comforter was an old friend, one who had oftentimes stood by him, but whom he had just then forgotten. He held in his hand a scroll, and bade the traveller look thereon. It was an illuminated manuscript, and the wondering mourner saw with astonishment it was a chart of his own travels. He perceived that, in all his wanderings, he had been bound by the strong cords of love; that drew him many times when he knew it not. He perceived also that the easiest and most flowery paths were not the safest and best illumined, but the rugged and difficult routes were often filled with the sweetest odours and lighted up with the most brilliant hues. He saw, too, where he had been attacked by the wild animal, that on the very spot where had he seated himself was coiled up a venomous serpent, whose bite was mortal, and that his life was saved by the sudden alarm.

When he lost all his provision he found a canker worm, called Covetousness, had grown up and had destroyed all the nutritious parts, leaving only the husks and shells, which would have proved hurtful to him. It was well, too, he

could now see that he had gone up the face, and not round the hill, for there, a few paces further on, was a dreadful chasm, into which he must have fallen, had he not been turned back. He could tell, too, now that it all stood forth in emblazoned letters, why his dear companion was taken from his side. He saw, while he could take sweet counsel with him, lean upon him, find support and happiness in him, he was in great danger of forgetting the object of his mission, and was much more taken up with the flowers that grew at his feet than with the far-off kingdom. But, when left alone, his feet he saw were firmer on the rock, his eye was oftener turned upward, and his thoughts and converse were more with his king. The traveller now took courage; he wept and praised the king who had thus cared so constantly for him. He now went fearlessly into the little boat and prepared to launch upon the ocean, believing that all his way was prepared. He was much encouraged, too, to find on board a life-preserver called Faith, which, he was assured, would keep every one above the waters who put it on. It had been put on long ago by one named Peter, who, as long as he held fast to it, walked upon the waters, and only began to sink when he let go his hold.

And now, my young readers, which of you can open up this dark saying? Who can tell what is meant by this parable? Do you ask who is this traveller; what is his mission, and whence is he bound? I might answer, in the words of Nathan to David,—“Thou art the man.” Every one who takes upon him the name and profession of a Christian is not a resident, but a pilgrim here. He is bound for another home, and his great mission is, while in this present evil world, to walk through, keeping his garments unspotted. We have all arrived at the close of another distinct period of our journey, and are about to enter upon a new and untried year. Beyond the present all is unknown. We cannot read what may befall us in

the next revolution of time; and many look forward with fear and trembling into the shadowy future, and burden themselves with the cares of the morrow, while strength is promised only for the day. Let us for a moment review the year 1854. By few will it be easily forgotten. It is engraven as with an iron pen on the hearts of many among us. Its monuments are the sculptured tomb-stones, the crowded grave-yards, the breaches in the family circle, the mourning garments, and the saddened heart. Looking back upon the weary road by which we have travelled, every step seems marked by some trophy of sorrow; and we are ready to say all these things are against us; but could we only ascend in spirit to the Third Heaven, and view from its glittering heights our past way, we would believe it a perfect way. Every circumstance that seemed fraught with disappointment and trial was all appointed in mercy. It saved us from falling into hidden danger. The possessions which fell from our hands, whose loss we so mourned, were blocking up the King's high-way, and must needs be removed. The loved one so lamented was an idol weaning us from God, and must be laid low. All has been in infinite mercy, wisdom and love; and if we believe it *now* we shall see it hereafter. And need we fear what after years may bring upon us? It is all laid down in the illumined chart; and the same hand that has guided us hitherto is not shortened now. The goodness and mercy which hath followed us will continue to compass us about. We may trust, and not be afraid.

Selections for the Young.

I.—THE POWER OF A BAD HABIT.

A sabbath-school teacher going one day to inquire after an absent scholar, went into a chandler's shop, where a man partly drunk was buying a piece of tobacco. The shopkeeper tore a leaf from an old Bible, and was about

to wrap the tobacco in it. "Excuse me, sir," said the man, "I should be glad if you would put the tobacco in another piece of paper for I cannot bear to see the Bible used so."

Such a remark from such a man surprised the by-standers, and the Sabbath-School teacher asked how it was that he, who professed so much outward respect for the Word of God, was not trying to live according to its pure and holy precepts. "I know your meaning," said the lover of rum and tobacco, "I am sensible of what I am doing, and where I am going; I know it as well as you can tell me; but," he continued with terrible emphasis, and bouncing his fist upon the counter, "*I love the drink, and the drink I will have.*"

In spite of conscience, in spite of reason, in spite of the Bible, in spite of friends, in spite of every effort to save him, this man will go down to a drunkard's grave. The appetite for strong drink has got hold on him, and will drag him to ruin. Let the young men and the *boys*,—for I am sorry to say there are such,—who are just beginning to drink and to smoke, mark this well. *Now* you may save yourselves. Now you can take a stand, and resist these habits. Now you can conquer. Wait a little, delay a little, tamper with the glass and the cigar, and they will gain the mastery over you, and you are lost. The power of habit is stronger than the strongest chain. The Scripture says, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: *at the last* it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Child's Paper.*

II.—"IT IS TRUE AND IT MAKES ME GLAD."

A rich gentleman of Silesia imbibed a bitter hatred against Christianity. The conversation of bad men, the read-

ing of infidel books, and the sinful pleasures which he loved, led him to believe that the Bible was untrue, and religion a delusion.

One day, when he was walking over his grounds, he heard the sweet voice of a child reading aloud. He followed the sound, and saw a little girl, with a book in her hand, sitting on a low stool at her cottage door. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"Why do you weep? are you not well, my dear?" asked the gentleman, in a kind tone, as he walked towards her.

"O yes," she replied, smiling through her tears, "but I weep because I am happy, so happy!"

"How can you weep, if you are so happy?" said the gentleman, surprised.

"Because I have been reading about the Lord Jesus Christ, and I love him so much."

"Why do you love him so much? He has been dead a long time; he can do you no good."

"No, sir, he is not dead; he lives in heaven."

"And even if this were true, what benefit is it to you? If he could help you, he would give money to your mother that she might buy you better clothes." It was easy to perceive by the little girl's dress that she belonged to a very poor family.

"I do not wish for money, sir; but the Lord Jesus Christ will take me one day to himself in heaven."

"It is your mother, or some such person, who makes you believe this?"

"No, no," said the child, earnestly; "it is true, and I am glad!" These simple replies, and this happiness in poverty, struck forcibly the gentleman's mind. He gave the child some money for her mother and went away. But he could not forget what she had said to him. It seemed very strange to him, that such a little girl should love the Saviour, and that the thought of his love should make her so happy; for he felt that she had spoken as she

felt. He tried to account for it, but he could not.

On his return home, he was serious and thoughtful. He began to imagine that there was, perhaps, after all a reality in religion. About a week afterwards, he heard the church bells ring; and learned that it was for the children's festival. There was to be a sermon preached to them. He thought he would go and hear it. The minister delivered a touching discourse on the text.—"Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou has perfected praise?"—(Matt. xxi. 16.) That discourse deeply affected and convinced the gentleman. He could no longer doubt and disbelieve. He felt then, as he had never felt before. The question which the persecutor Saul addressed to Jesus on the way to Damascus, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" arose in his heart; and from that time the name of the Saviour—a name which he could not hear formerly without contempt, became to him infinitely dear and precious.

That gentleman marches now faithfully under the holy banner of Jesus Christ. He can echo now the saying of the little girl, "It is true, and it makes me glad."—*Ch. of Eng. Sab. S. Mag.*

MUNITION.—"His place of defence shall be the munition of rocks."—Isa. xxxiii. 16. Munition, in ancient warfare, meant a fort, or rampart. Do not confound it with "ammunition." These words were spoken as an encouragement to the godly in a time of national trouble, to assure them that whilst the wicked should be swept away, those who loved God should find in him a sure retreat and protection, like a fort built of solid rock. Christ is a "munition of rocks" for poor sinners, and all who flee to him shall find a shelter from Divine justice in the day of wrath. May you and me find him to be our refuge, to which we may continually resort.



Silk of the Chinese.

One of the most famous manufactures of China is silk, in the production of which they excel all other nations. The Empress is the patroness of the manufacture; and once every year she goes with her maids to worship the god of silk, while she does everything she can to encourage the rearing of the worm and the weaving of the article amongst the women. In China the people wear silks in many ways. They are used as robes of state, as trousers, shoes, caps, boots, and in many other ways. In general they are plain silks, but of the most brilliant colours, and often beautifully embroidered. All, from the princes to the peasants, wear them more or less; and those who cannot afford to get much are delighted if they can only get a little.

To supply the large demand for silk, both at home and abroad, they rear great numbers of the silk worm; and its proper feeding and management is quite a business amongst them. They have houses built on purpose in which to keep them, and people employed continually attending to them. Their common food is the mulberry leaf; and

they have, therefore, large plantations of this tree. The houses for their rearing are in the centre of these plantations, and great care is taken to keep them quiet, as they maintain that the worms will not thrive, but often die, if disturbed by noise. These houses are heated or cooled as the weather and season require, so as to bring out the young brood, just as the mulberry tree puts forth their supply of food. The principal provinces in which the silk worm is bred, are Che-keang, Keangnan, Hoo-pe, and Sze-chuen. Here too the mulberry is most cultivated. They are planted in a kind of orchard, at a convenient distance from each other, and every means tried to make them produce great quantities of leaves and little fruit. To effect this, the trees are not allowed to exceed a certain age and height, and when they grow too old, or show a tendency to produce fruit, they are uprooted and cast away. In gathering the leaves they use a sort of ladder, with a prop to support it, as the young trees could not bear the weight of a common ladder, and our engraving gives you a view of the process.

The Chinese loom in which the silks are woven seems to be a very simple kind of thing; and yet such is their ingenuity that they can imitate the most beautiful patterns from either France or England, and produce materials that we, with all our finer machinery can never imitate. Their flowered damasks and satins, their crape (*Canton crape*), and their washing silks (*Pongu*), which grow more beautiful and soft the oftener they are washed, have so far defied all attempts at imitation by us.

Is the Sabbath School a Little Thing?

In view of all the advantages to be derived from the Sabbath School, and the religious instruction of children, shall we ever hear it called a little thing? Shall the minister of the Gospel ever be induced to look upon it as a work of too little magnitude to command his attention? Will parents ever regard the duty as one of minor importance? Will the patriot and philanthropist consider it as a thing of too little moment to secure their co-operation? Will children turn away from it as a matter of too slight importance to engage their thoughts, their time and attention? *A little thing!* What! is it a *little thing* to keep the precepts of the Bible? Is it a *little thing* to follow along in the footsteps of the Saviour? Is it a *little thing* to train up children for heaven? Is it a *little thing* to provide the means of blessing living thousands and unborn millions? Is it a *little thing* to carry into effect an agency which is to tell favourably upon the prosperity—the political, intellectual and religious well-being of generations yet far away in the future,—which is to furnish material for building up and replenishing the church of God on earth, and to prepare subjects for the kingdom of God's eternal blessedness and glory? Oh! call it not a *little thing*; but a *great work*, one which "filled the Saviour's heart," and might well employ an "angel's hands."

Who would not rejoice to engage in such a work? Who would not glory, if he might glory in anything beneath the 'sun, in being the Superintendent of a Sunday School? Who would not count it double honour to be the teacher of a Sunday School class—to be employed in the work of training up infant minds for heaven, of instructing the youth of the country in things pertaining to God and religion, in things having direct reference to their own future and eternal happiness? Who does not feel a thrill of joy at the bare thought of being permitted to labour in so good a cause—of being allowed to touch the lever which is to break up the fountains of the old world, and to spring a new one into existence? Whose heart does not gladden at the thought of helping on the instrumentality which is to sweep ignorance and despotism from the earth, and to cause free and equitable governments to obtain everywhere—which is to hurl the pagan deities from their thrones in the hearts of their worshippers, and cause the Bible to shed its holy radiance upon the millions of earth's sin-smitten inhabitants, who are now buried in the depths of superstition and moral gloom—which is to pull down the temples of heathenism, and make them to become habitations for the "owl and bat," or better still, to convert them into houses for the worship of Almighty God? Whose bosom does not swell with new emotions at the prospects of being engaged in laying a foundation so deep, and wide, and strong, that generation after generation, in the fast coming future, may continue to build upon it, until it shall become a mighty structure, whose lofty dome shall pierce the clouds of heaven, whose widely streaming glories shall be displayed wherever the sun-beam's radiance dispels the gloom of night—a magnificent temple, the house of prayer for all nations filled everywhere with the holy Shekina, encompassed about with a halo of gospel brightness—the joy and praise of the whole earth?—*Rev. W. Knox.*



Botanical Papers,—No. I.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Our young readers will perhaps be surprised at seeing an article with such a title in our sedate pages, as the language flowers have often been made to speak, is not celebrated for its wisdom. But although we do not intend to become interpreters for bouquets, we readily acknowledge that flowers (including the whole vegetable kingdom) identify themselves most naturally and gracefully with every event of interest in human life:—the Laurel Crown of the warrior, statesman and poet—the Orange blossom wreath of the bride—the flowers and shrubs felt so indispensable on all festive occasions, whether at Christmas or midsummer; all testify that they speak a language of joy and hope understood in every land. Equally do we find them symbols of sympathy in woe. The church-yard which has not its cypress, its yew, or weeping willow, wants its most besitting ornaments.

We wish however to place the vegetable world before you in a far higher and holier character than as the beautiful hieroglyphics of joy and sorrow. Flowers have been called the stars of earth, and as such they too “declare the glory of God, and show forth His handy work; there is no speech or language, and their voice is not heard, yet their line is gone out through all the earth,

and their words unto the ends of the world." What then is the meaning of these illuminated characters which may be read on the broad page of the earth's surface? they tell us of their Creator's wisdom in their exquisite structure, and of his loving forethought in their usefulness to man and the lower animals. Besides this, a knowledge of plants enables us to understand more clearly many portions of Scripture, a reference to them occurring in above 300 places. They are largely used as emblems and types of persons and events; they all have their lessons, from the Lily of the Valley and the Rose of Sharon, which fore-shadowed a coming Lord, down to the Thorn and Thistle, which tell us even yet of man's sin and sorrow.

The object of Botanical science is not merely to classify and name plants, but to examine their structure, the functions they perform, and the purposes to which they are subservient in the economy of nature; and these afford varied evidences of the character of God. Let us contrast a few of the vegetable forms with which the earth is clothed. In land plants we have at one extremity of the scale, the Lichens such as the Lecidea, which form green spots on Alpine summits, and the Tripe of arctic rocks, on which Franklin and his companions subsisted for several weeks. At the other extremity we have the majestic Palms of the tropics, as represented by the cocoa-nut with its lofty unbranching stem of 100 feet high, having a crown of leaves at its summit, and a large cluster of fruit. In the case of aquatic plants, we pass from the minute Duck-weed, the green mantle of our pools, to the enormous *Victoria Regia* of the South American waters, having its leaves six feet in diameter and its showy flowers one foot across. Widely separated though these plants may be in their character, they are all mutually subservient to each other, from the Cedar on Lebanon to the Hyssop on the wall, each has its peculiar office.

"Each moss, each shell, each insect holds a place, Important in the plan of Him who formed The scale of beings:—holds a place which, lost, Would break the chain, and leave a gap That nature's self would rue."

Lichens and Mosses, plants so minute as to be overlooked by an ordinary observer, are the means employed by the Creator to prepare a soil on which the seeds of the higher plants can vegetate. The germs of Lichens are constantly floating about in the atmosphere, they adhere to rocks and aid in their disintegration, and by their own decay form a soil for mosses and ferns. These in their turn decay, make way for grasses and rock plants, and by succeeding changes a soil is produced in which trees can vegetate. To such minute agents do we trace the soil formed on the coral islands, which at length affords nourishment to the cocoa-nut palm. This tree furnishes to the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands food, drink, clothing, materials for building, utensils of all kinds, mats, cordage, fishing lines, and oil.

As with God's works of creation and providence, so it is with His work of grace. By imperceptible means He accomplishes His mighty plans. The dawning light in the mind of man is often unseen at first, but it gradually brightens to the perfect day. The small mustard-seed becomes the tree. From the contemplation of all God's works, let us learn not to despise the day of small things. God often chooses those who are despised by the world to work out His purposes. The fishermen of Galilee were chosen as His missionaries to proclaim the truth, and to prepare the way for the new heaven and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a well-deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues praise: such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1855.

Lessons for Sabbath Schools.

In the present number of the *Record* we add an additional series of Lessons for the use of those who may not find it convenient to seek out and arrange such a course for themselves; it will also follow, or is in continuation of No. 2 of last year.

Annual Sabbath School Gathering.

The Annual Union Meeting of Sabbath Schools took place in the American Presbyterian Church on the morning of New Year's day. Rev. Dr. McGill presided, and the Rev. Drs. Taylor and Wilkes, and the Revs. Messrs. Hickok, Fraser, Inglis, and Hay took part in the exercises. Mr. Inglis delivered the address to children, which, from the touching circumstance of his having lost several children since last New Year's day, was singularly affecting and impressive. Dr. Taylor addressed parents and teachers, pointing out some of the causes of failure in the religious instruction of children with force and clearness. This address, we think, should be printed and circulated in the *Record* or *Witness*. Dr. McGill inculcated in a happy manner the duty of training children to *give*, and to deny themselves in order that they may give. Upon the whole, the meeting was remarkably interesting and effective. A collection was taken up for the Canada Sunday School Union.

The usual annual gathering of the Wesleyan Sabbath Schools took place on New Year's day, in the Wesleyan Church, Great St. James Street. The service was one of great interest. The Rev. Wm. Scott presided. The examination of the children, in the Scripture lesson, was conducted by the Rev. J. H. Bishop, and the address to parents and

teachers was delivered by the Rev. W. Jeffers. The whole was highly satisfactory. The children of the several schools have raised during the past year, for Missionary purposes, the noble sum of nearly six hundred dollars.

Durham, Ormstown, C. E.

The Sabbath School under the superintendence of Mr. A. M'Eachern, met on Thursday evening for the purpose of ascertaining who should be the successful competitor for the Superintendent's Gift. At an early hour the place appointed was filled with the parents and others interested. Among so many, that were excellent, it was difficult to award the prize, but the decision was finally given in favor of Miss Hall; after which D. R. Light-hall addressed the children and parents. Col. Davidson also spoke in a most affectionate and feeling manner, held out the advantages in attending Sabbath Schools, and pressed those present to assist the exertions of those now so well employed. He begged to move that the thanks of this meeting and the parents of this neighborhood are due and are hereby tendered to Mr. A. M'Eachern, the Superintendent of this Sabbath School, for the pains, exertions, and expense that he has been at in bringing the children forward in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. The motion was unanimously adopted. Thanks having been tendered to the judges for their kindness, and the Superintendent having returned thanks for the very high compliment paid him, all separated satisfied with the exercises of the meeting.

A TEACHER.

Ceylon Mission and Schools.

Mr. Robertson, who was a Missionary in Ceylon for some years, has told some interesting stories about the children in that country, which I think you would like to hear. He says that when the Missionaries first went to Ceylon, and asked the people to send their children to them to school, the parents could not think what the Missionaries wanted them for. Some thought that they were to be reared as slaves, others thought they intended to make them soldiers, others again fancied that their object was to send them from their homes to the interior of the island, and many concluded that they were to be transported to some foreign country. It appeared incredible to them, that men of another nation had travelled thousands of miles to receive, support, and educate the children of persons whom they had never seen, and this from motives of pure benevolence. At last, however, six little boys were intrusted by their parents to the Missionaries. Great Difficulties had to be overcome, even when the people found that their children were not to be reduced to slavery, not to be trained as men of war, not to be transported to a foreign land. When the Batticaloa school was established, the parents would not allow their children to take their food on the Missionary premises, and accommodation for that purpose was provided for them on a piece of land belonging to the Heathen. More than a year passed away before the missionaries ventured to take this establishment within their own enclosure, and then several of the students rolled up their mats, took their books, and hastily departed. Most of them, however, after their friends had had time for consideration, very thankfully returned.

Other difficulties had to be surmounted. There were several excellent wells, and an ample supply of water for the whole district. But the children would not drink it. They whispered that, as these wells had been

used by persons connected with the Mission-school, the water they contained could not be pure enough for Tamuls of good caste. They were seen with uplifted eyebrows and long faces, grouped together in council. At length one of them, somewhat brighter than the rest, hit on a plan of which they all approved. It was decided that they should draw every drop of water from the wells, and give them a thorough cleansing. The buckets went up and down very fast; but, after they had worked all day, the wells were nearly as full as ever. It being then the rainy season, the wells were not to be emptied in a hurry. They then reconsidered the matter, and, at last, came to the conclusion that, as much water having been drawn from the wells as they contained at the commencement of their labour, there could be no doubt that the spring now issued purely.

When the Missionaries went to Ceylon, there were not more than three or four purely Tamul women who knew the Tamul alphabet. Reading and writing were considered unbecoming and dangerous accomplishments in a female. When the proposal was made by the American Missionaries to educate a few little girls, the answer always was, "It is not our custom." The few women in the service of the Mission, who at last did intrust their daughters to the Missionaries, endured severe reproach and persecution: the children themselves, although so young, were half ashamed of their situation. One day, when the head man of a district was present at the Mission-house to see a deed executed, he expected to see a little girl affix her mark and some one write her name opposite thereto; but, to his great surprise, the girl wrote her own name in full. "Well," exclaimed the head-man, "I never saw such a thing before. This is very good. I will now send my own child to read and write." He did so, and several other persons followed his example.

There is a great improvement in the children who are brought up in the Mission-schools. They are modest in their attire, and intellect beams from their dark eyes. Their presence has improved the rudest hamlet, and civilized the roughest villages. Satisfied with the way in which they have been brought up, they have no disposition to embrace idolatry. They glorify the Cross of our Redeemer. They adorn the walks of life, they enlighten the valley of death. The children are sometimes found holding voluntary meetings for prayer, and for reading the Scriptures. The American Missions have found it necessary to build a row of twelve small rooms, in order that the girls may exercise their devotion, and worship God in private. They have known young persons rejoice, when suffering from bodily affliction, in the exercise of the religious knowledge which they have received in the Wesleyan institution. Hundreds, when the Bible is read and expounded, and the Gospel unfolded, trust in Jesus. Their eyes are opened to behold the glory of Christianity, and they become steadily attached to our soul-saving religion—*Wes. Juv. Off.*

Trophies from the Mission Field.

"Be instant in season, and out of season"

Nobody likes to be forgotten. I knew a little girl, who used to weep in the dark night, because she thought of the time when she would be covered up in the cold grave, and be forgotten; and a little boy, too, who returned weeping from the laying of a foundation stone, because the big stone would be buried up, and never seen more. We all know who was so anxious to be remembered, that he built his monument in his life-time; a monument which his wicked conduct turned into a monument of shame. Absalom is not alone in this work; what, if I tell you, You are each busy building a monument, which shall stand longer than Absalom's pillar! Some day, nobody will know the spot where Ab-

salom's pillar stood: but it will never be forgotten that he raised an army, and hunted his good father from his throne, and tried to kill him. So, though many of you may have no stone monuments, your words and actions, and even your looks, are writing inscriptions on the memories and hearts around you which will never rub out, no, not to all eternity, for the tablets on which you are writing them are immortal. Missionaries have all such monuments. Dr. Coke, and John Baxter, and Mr. Hyde, and Mr. Whitehouse, and many others now in heaven with their Master, have left noble monuments behind them, all hung round with trophies from the enemies' camp.

I am going to show you a trophy to-day, from a lady's monument. She was a Missionary's wife; and O, what different inscriptions are on her monument! We need not stop to read them; but, one thing I know, many trophies are hung there which shall deck the Saviour's brow in the day when He maketh up His jewels. But for my story, which I had again and again, from the lips of its subject. Mrs. G— was a lady who had moved in the highest circles of West-Indian society, married in early life to a rich merchant in Antigua. She spent her life in a constant whirl of folly and gaiety. She thought as little of her soul, as if she had not had one. Admired and loved, she was satisfied with present enjoyment, and thought not of the future. The dark day came; her husband, after years of affliction, was cut off in the prime of life; but though she watched with him all through his dark night of pain and suffering, she was still a thoughtless sinner, without God, and almost without anxiety about eternity. She removed to another island, and accepted an offer of marriage from a Roman Catholic gentleman. They occupied a large handsome house on the side of a sloping hill, with a verandah in front, and a large garden at the back of the house. It was some-

years after her marriage to this gentleman, that Mr. and Mrs. French, a Missionary and his wife, were returning from an afternoon's walk: they were nearly opposite Mr. G.'s house, when they were overtaken by a heavy shower. Now, in England when it rains, we have first the cloud, then the drizzle, and before the big drops come, we can get to a friend's house to borrow an umbrella. But, in the West Indies, the sun will be shining in an unclouded sky, and in less time than I can write it, a cloud appears, and down come the teeming shower, as if poured from a watering pan, and woe's me for you, if you are not close to a house. Mr. and Mrs. French took shelter on the verandah, and were very politely asked in by Mr. G. Mrs. G—was reclining on a sofa, and Mrs. French seated herself beside her. While the gentlemen were engaged in conversation at the other side of the room, she said in a low earnest tone, "My friend, you seem delicate: have you ever thought of the judgment-day? Are you making any preparation for eternity? Is your soul safe? Do you know Jesus Christ as your Saviour? Do you read your Bible? Do you pray?" Mrs. G—had never been accustomed to such questions: she thought Mrs. French a very impudent woman; yet there was something in her manner so earnest and so loving, that she could not resent it. She said, "Yes, I read my bible sometimes." "But I fear, my dear, you are not in earnest when you read it: are you? Don't be offended with me. You have a precious soul which must be happy or miserable to all eternity. Jesus died to redeem it, and He waits to save it. O my friend, it is high time you began to care for it: promise me that you will begin to-night, that you will earnestly pray to God to show you its value; will you promise?" With a faltering voice, half to get rid of her importunity, Mrs. G—said, "Yes." "Well, remember you have promised, God has heard you."

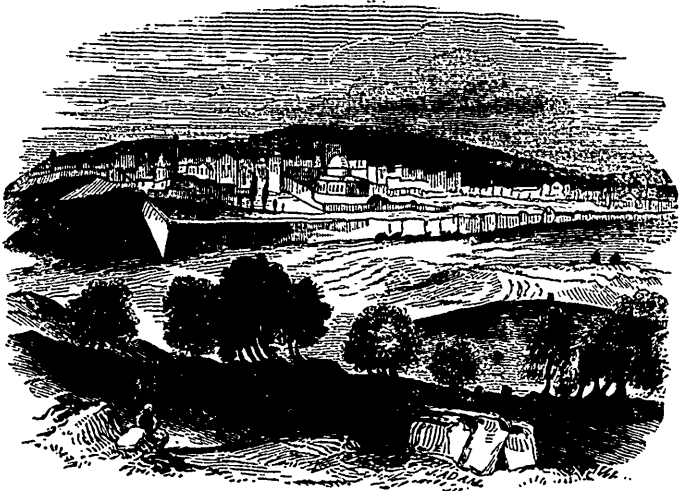
The rain was soon over; but Mrs. French's interest once awakened, was not easily hushed. She remembered the promise too, and went home to wrestle in earnest prayer for her who was that night to begin to pray for herself. Every body said, when Mrs. French got her foot into a house, she never left it till she gained a soul from it, or was driven away. So it was with Mrs. G—. She went almost daily, had the happiness of seeing her deeply convinced of sin, weeping at the foot of the cross, and then led to see in Him a Saviour, able to save to the uttermost. Mr. G—did all he could to drive Mrs. French from his house, but in vain. She would smile and say, "O Mr. G. I cannot keep away; you need not try to affront me, for I won't be affronted. I have a pair of large pockets, and I'll put all your insults in them." Mrs. G—endured much persecution; but she kept on her way, and before her husband's death, she had reason to hope, that he, too, was a believer in Jesus. For many years she was a bright consistent Christian, and died in the full triumph of faith.

MARGARET.

Seek and ye Shall Find.

Seek, you tell me, but tell me where?
I've searched the Earth and found nothing there!
Then "Search the Scriptures," they're designed
To be the field where you shall find.
What shall I seek? To be forgiven,
And washed in blood, and brought to Heaven,
Where everlasting joys are twined
Round Jesus' promise, "Seek and find."
How shall I seek? With cries and tears,
Upheld by faith, unmoved by fears,—
Knowing how closely Jesus binds
The soul which seeks and that which finds.
Then children, without ceasing, pray,
For grace on each returning day;
His blessed promise bear in mind,
"Who seek me early they shall find."
Jesus unseen, but who all hearts can see,
Still sits and overlooks the treasury!
Cast in your offerings when his cause invites,
Ye rich your talents, and ye poor your mites;
Render to God the things that are His due;
He gave His Son, who gave Himself for you.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives.

Of all the cities you ever heard or read of, young reader, I imagine the city of Jerusalem seems to you the most interesting and important. It is so on many accounts. There it was that Jehovah chose to fix his earthly court, and dwell in visible splendour within its holy temple. There alone, of old, was offered the acceptable sacrifices for sin, and there alone did God condescend to give forth the revelations of his will. Thither the tribes of Israel went up, and there stood the earth's one sanctuary. What gives to Jerusalem, however, its chief glory and interest, is its connection with the great matters of our redemption: as the scene where the Son of God acted out the great plan of Jehovah for the salvation of man, and made atonement for sin. To Jerusalem God looks whenever he forgives and saves a sinner, and to Jerusalem all saints and angels will ever look as the only really consecrated ground on earth.

About Jerusalem, too, many predictions have yet to be fulfilled; and good men are looking for the time to come when it shall again become a

beauty in the earth, and make an important figure in the incoming of the glory of the latter day.

I have thought that some particulars about this interesting city would not be either uninteresting or unimportant to you, and hence begin this month a series of little papers about it, which will run through the year, and give you twelve views of this chief of cities.

The present Jerusalem is that which will occupy our thoughts in these descriptions, and gives subjects for our cuts. That Jerusalem of which you read in the Bible has been long swept from the earth. Eighteen hundred years ago the place where it had stood was ploughed over as a field, and not a building of it left unthrown down. Its guilty inhabitants had rejected the Messiah, and put to death the Lord of Glory; and so, in just judgment upon them, their beautiful city was taken from them, their splendid temple destroyed, and themselves scattered through the world, a nation of outcasts, and poor and persecuted men.

Ancient Jerusalem was a very splendid city, but modern Jerusalem is a poor, dirty, and miserable place.

“Beautiful for situation” it must ever be, and so it strikes all who approach it; but when you enter it, its glory seems to depart at once, and you are struck with the evident poverty and wretchedness of its inhabitants. The modern city occupies a part of the site of the old one, but is a much less place. It stands on three hills, the two chief of which are Mount Zion and Mount Moriah; and it is surrounded on every side with hills much higher than itself from which it is separated on the east by the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, and on the south by that of Hinnom.

The ancient city is thought by some to owe its origin to Melchisedec, who met Abram returning from his victory over the kings, and who is called the King of Salem. If so, it must have been one of the oldest cities in the world, and been founded two thousand years before Christ was born. However that may be, we have no certain knowledge of it till Joshua leads up the twelve tribes to the promised land—some four hundred years after—when we find it in the possession of the Jebusites, who had built a strong fortress on Mount Zion. Joshua only conquered the lower parts of the town, all his efforts against the fortress being vain, and which was allowed to remain in the hands of the Jebusites (see Joshua xv. 63; xviii. 28; Judges i. 8). The place was then called Jebus, and the conquered part was inhabited by the tribes of Benjamin and Judah. In this state it remained till King David’s time, the Jebusites still keeping their stronghold, and often coming down and greatly harrassing the poor Benjaminites and Judahites in the town below (see Judges i. 25). The brave and earnest David could bear this annoyance no longer, and, having resolved to make Jerusalem the capital of his kingdom, he laid determined siege to the fortress, and by the help of Joab scaled the walls, and expelled the Jebusites. Mount Zion now became his chosen residence, and

he spent much labour and skill in fortifying it, and making it the chief stronghold of the city. Here he fixed his palace, to this height he brought the tabernacle, and here he at last was buried. Mount Zion was, accordingly, appropriately called in after years “the city of David.”

Solomon, who followed David, greatly extended the city, and beautified it much. He erected also the magnificent temple on Mount Moriah, and made the city so great, rich, and splendid, that it became celebrated throughout the then known world, and was not exceeded by any of the cities of its day. These were Jerusalem’s great days. Then all the nation used to go up to worship at its temple, and it stood out the beautiful capital of the entire land.

Scarcely was Solomon in his grave, however, when its decline began. His successor was a weak, tyrannical prince, and ten of the tribes revolted from under him, building for themselves another city on Mount Gerizim—the city of Samaria—erecting another temple to which they might go up to worship, and setting up another kingdom—the kingdom of Israel—in opposition to that of Judah, of which only Jerusalem now became the capital. During this reign the place was stormed and plundered by Shishak, king of Egypt (2 Chron. xii. 9); and a century and a half after, it was again taken by Joash, king of Israel (2 Kings xiv. 13, 26). In the days of Manasseh it was besieged and taken by the Assyrians, and Manasseh carried captive to Babylon, as a punishment for his sins. Various misfortunes followed this, till in the reign of Zedekiah—just 100 years after Manasseh—Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, laid siege to it, and, after three years, hard struggling, forced the people to surrender. In a spirit of wicked revenge, the conquerors set fire to the temple, razed the walls destroyed all the chief and beautiful edifices, and carried many of the Jews captive to Babylon (see 2 Kings xxv. 2; 2 Chron. xxxvi.; Jer. xxxix.).

For seventy years the city lay in ruins, as the prophets had predicted it should, when Cyrus, king of Babylon, made a decree allowing the Jews to return to build their temple and city (see Isa. xlv. 28; Jer. liii. 2, 7, 8; xxiii. 10; xxv. 9-12; Neh. i. 8, 9; Ezra i. 2, 3). Cyrus also restored all the sacred vessels of gold and silver which Nebuchadnezzar had taken from the temple. The people contributed to their utmost, of money, time, and labour, and in a few years the city and the temple once more rose to be a praise in the earth. So inferior, however, were they, and especially the temple, that when the old Jews who had seen the former, looked at it, they could not refrain from tears (see the books of *Ezra and Nehemiah, and the prophecies of Zechariah, Haggai, and Malachi, all written at this time*).

After this restoration, Jerusalem passed through many changes. When Alexander the Great became the conqueror of Persia, he marched against Jerusalem, to punish it for aiding the Persians in opposing him. The people were greatly alarmed when they heard of his approach, and Jaddna, the high priest, with a long procession of the other priests, went out in their robes to meet him; and such was the effect of their appearance upon him, that he treated them with respect, and spared the city. After Alexander's death, which occurred at Jerusalem in 324 B. C., Ptolemy, of whom you have read, marched against the place, took it, and carried several of the Jews prisoners to Egypt. After him Antiochus Epiphanes plundered the city, and profaned the temple by placing an image of Jupiter in it, which was so grievous to the Jews, that it ultimately led to a famous revolt, called the revolt of the Maccabees, in which it was rescued from the hands of the heathen. Sixty-three years before Christ it was taken by the Romans, under Pompey, and twelve thousand of the Jews massacred in the temple courts. It was still under the Roman

power when Christ was born, and remained so for seventy years after, when in consequence of a rebellion of the Jews, Titus was sent against it with a great army, cast up a trench about it, laid siege to it, and after a long and fearful struggle, completely destroyed it. Ninety-seven thousand persons were taken prisoners; and a hundred and ten thousand perished (see Isa. li, 17; Jer. xxv. 15; Matthew xxiv.; Mark xiii.; Luke xxi)

My next paper will trace the history of the modern city, a view of which stands at the head of this.

MOTHER.—Round the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first deep thought stamped upon our infant hearts when soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in that comparison. I do not know but that even in our old age we look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels, or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues which we doubt not that she possessed.

— Let another's passion be a lecture to thy reason, and let the shipwreck of his understanding be a sea-mark to thy passion.

SCHEME OF LESSONS FOR 1855.

No. 4.

DATE.	SUBJECT.	READ.	REPEAT.	PSALM.	SUBJECT FOR PROOF.
Jan. 7	The Barren Fig-Tree.....	Luke xiii. 1-10...	Matt. xxi. 19.....	i, 3, 4.....	God's Patience.
14	Joseph's Discipline towards His Brethren.	Gen. xlii. xliii.	Heb. xii. 11.....	lxxxix. 30, 31..	Affliction fitted to recall Sin.
21	Christ's Testimony to John.....	Matt. xi. 1-19....	Mal. iii. 1.....	xxiv. 3, 4.....	Old Testament References to John.
28	Joseph Revealed to His Brethren.....	Gen. xlii. xliii.	Acts vii. 13.....	cxviii.....	The Brotherly Love.
Feb. 4	Christ's Second Miracle in Cana.....	John iv. 43-54..	John i. 11.....	lxxii. 12, 13..	Christ's Compassion.
11	Joseph Meeting His Father.....	Gen. xvi.....	Eph. vi. 2, 3...	xxxvii. 23, 24.	Duty of Children to Parents.
18	The True Disciples.....	Gen. xvii. 15-29.	Jam. i. 27.....	cxii. 5, 6.....	A Godly Man Described.
25	Jacob and Pharaoh.....	Gen. xlvii.....	Prov. xvi. 31..	xlii. 13, 14..	God is Faithful.
Mar. 4	Christ Still the Tempest.....	Matt. viii. 18-27.	Ps. cxliii. 7, 8..	lxxxix. 8, 9..	Christ's Power.
11	Jacob Blesses Joseph's Sons.....	Gen. xlviii.....	Heb. xi. 21.....	ciii. 17, 18..	Spiritual Blessings the most Valuable.
18	Christ Calls Matthew.....	Matt. ix. 9-17...	2 Tim. i. 9.....	cx. 2, 3.....	The Work of the Publicans.
25	Jacob Blessing Joseph's Tribe.....	Gen. xlix. 16-53.	1 Pet. i. 21.....	xxii. 5, 6.....	Christ's Cause will Prosper.

No. 2.

DATE.	FOR REPETITION.	THE BIBLE.	SUBJECTS.	FOR READING.
Feb. 4	1 Timothy ii. 1-4.....	NARRATIVE.	The state of the world without the Bible..	2 Corinthians iv.
11	Acts xvii. 22, 23.....	DOCTRINE.	How to hear the Gospel profitably.....	Deut. xi.
18	Matthew xlii. 4-8.....	BIOGRAPHY.	The duty of Jesus Christ.....	John i. 1-28.
25	Colossians i. 14-17.....		Jacob's early life.....	1 Peter ii.

No. 3.

DATE.	SUBJECT.	READ.	COMMENT.	DOCTRINES.
Feb. 4	Christ's Death.....	John xix. 28-37.	James i. 22.	1. Christ's death should be the great theme.
11	The Burial.....	John xix. 38-42.	Jer. x. 10.	2. Disciples should unite to honor Christ.
18	The Resurrection.....	Matt. xxviii. 1-10.	Jer. xxxii. 27.	3. A risen Saviour the Christian's strength.
25	The Bride.....	Matt. xxviii. 11-15.	Heb. iv. 13.	4. The danger and sin of denying Christ