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THE MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

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THE SHEPHERD.

Little Agnes Douglas was very fond of walking in the country, so her mother one bright morning, told her to put on her bonnet and tippet, and she would take her a nice country walk. Agnes was soon ready, and she and her mother set out. On the way, the little girl gathered some pretty wild flowers, and ran on before her mother, till at last they came to a large field, in which there were a number of pretty little lambs. "Oh," said Agnes,

"how happy the lambs look, playing about and enjoying the cheerful sunshine!" "They look very happy now," replied her mother; but, perhaps at other times, you will see the tender creatures exposed to stormy winds and pinching frosts; and then your little heart would pity them, and you would fear the weather would kill them." "Yes," said Agnes, "I recollect, last year, I saw some nearly dead; but the shepherd came and gathered

them together, and took them to a place of safety and shelter." "How kind of him, was it not; to take the tender and feeble creatures in his arms till they revived?"

"Oh yes," cried Agnes, "and I told him I thought it very good of him to take so much care of them; and he said he liked the little lambs, and there was no one to take care of them, if he did not." "Agnes," said her mother, "you have heard of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who came down from heaven to save sinners; you have heard how great and glorious he was before he came to our world; and you know that Jesus calls himself a shepherd. His people, those who love and serve him, he calls his sheep; and the young and tender, such as you are, he calls his lambs."

"O, mamma," said Agnes, "I know why he calls little children like me lambs; because we are young, ignorant, and feeble, like them, and we go to others to protect us."

"Yes, Agnes dear," said Mrs. Douglas, "you are not only ignorant, but, like the feeble lamb, you are helpless, and can do but little for your own safety and protection. You are exposed to many dangers that you know nothing of; there are many disorders to which your infant years are liable, and a thousand accidents to which your tender frames are exposed. How happy, amidst all the weakness and danger, to reflect that your kind Shepherd has promised to gather you in his arms, and carry you in his bosom! When you go home, my dear child, get your Bible, and read the 11th verse of the 40th of Isaiah, where you will find a sweet text."

"Mamma," said Agnes, "you say that Jesus Christ will protect me from danger; but do not you and papa do that for me and Herbert?"

"We protect you, Agnes," said her mother, "and your dear brother, and do as much as we are able for you; but Jesus, your kind Shepherd, can do every thing for you; he can supply all your need. In sickness, he can save

you; and, in death, deliver you. Yes, dear Agnes, he can make you happy in this world, and happy for ever."

"O mamma, I wish I was a better child, and then Christ would call me one of his lambs."

"You must not only wish to be a better child," replied her mother, "but you must ask our blessed Saviour to create in you a new heart, and renew a right spirit within you. You have daily instruction in the concern of your body and soul; but your compassionate Shepherd has promised that he will feed his flock: he will feed you with the sincere milk of his word, that you may grow thereby."

"That was the text I learned yesterday, dear mamma," said Agnes, "from 1 Pet. ii. 2."

"Yes, my dear; now tell me the text you learned to-day."

"Oh, that was from Matt. vii. 7: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' But, dear mamma, what am I to ask?"

"Ask," said her mother, "above all things, his favor, which is life; and his loving-kindness, which is better than life. Ask him to teach you more of himself, of his greatness and goodness, that you may love him more, and serve him better."

"Dear mamma," said Agnes, "will you give me a little prayer that I may say to the Lord my Shepherd?"

"Yes, my dear, I will," replied her mother, "when we go home, write down a little prayer, that you can learn and say every day. Now, dear, as we have gone far enough for to-day, we will return, and you can run on again, and gather some more of these pretty flowers."

A short time after they arrived at home, Mrs. Douglas gave Agnes the following little prayer to learn.

"Blessed Jesus, I desire to be one of the lambs that thou wilt gather in thy arms, and carry in thy bosom. I am ignorant, but I come to thee that I may be taught; I am weak and helpless, but I flee to thy outstretched arms for safe-

ty and protection. Make me one of thy lambs, in love, in meekness, and humility; let me never wander from thee, or provoke thee to cast me out of thy fold. Let no anger, ill-will, or malice have a place in my heart. Grant that nothing may prevent me from speaking the truth at all times. O Lord, our adorable Redeemer, keep me, a poor sinful child, from every danger in this world, and fit me to dwell with thee for ever in thy heavenly kingdom. Amen."

### A Negro Sermon against Vanity.

No people in the world owe more to the Gospel than many of the negroes in the West Indies, who were the slaves of man, and the servants of sin, but are now the sons of God. This is a wonderful change for them, and they know well that, but for the preaching of the Missionaries and the power of God, they would have lived and died in darkness. And therefore they very much wish all their black brethren to believe the same "good word" that has made them so happy, and to do the will of their Father in heaven. Nor do they wish it merely: but they talk to other negroes about their souls, and some of them, in a simple way, preach the Gospel. Perhaps you would smile sometimes if you heard one of these preachers, for they speak rather oddly, and say things in a way which would not do for an English congregation. But it suits their countrymen, and does them good. Now I am going to give you a part of a negro sermon, which was preached by a good man in Jamaica. Hundreds of the people hear this minister, and some of them have been made wiser and better by what they have heard. The words are spelt just as he spoke them, but they were sounded in such strange tones as made the people attend to what he said, and feel it too.

He thus began—

"Fust Timothy—six chapter, seven-teen verse.

"Charge dem dat be rich in dis world, dat dem be not high-minded."

Then he stopped, and looked about upon the congregation; and after this, in a complaining tone, as if somebody was finding fault with him, he said:—

"What for him say, 'Charge dem dat be rich, dat dem be not high minded?' We no rich. We poor nigger. De buckra\* him rich. Nigger make de sugar; buckra take de money; † what for him say charge dem dat be rich?"

Then changing his voice, he thus answered the supposed objector:—

"You no rich, eh? Make I shew you, you rich. You free nigger now. So you say, 'Me no like round jacket again.' Den you go to one 'tore. ‡ You buy one coat, one tail coat. You put him on. You look yourself in glass. You like him. Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy one black trowser. You ro want wash trowser again. 'Wash trowser,' you say, 'him good for slave nigger. De free nigger him must hab black trowser like buckra man.' Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy one smart shirt. Now you no like check shirt. Him good for de work nigger, but free nigger must hab smart shirt. Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy one black hat. 'De straw hat,' you say, 'no good for free nigger.' Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy one boots. De slave nigger, him go bare foot, De free nigger, him must hab boots like buckra. Den you wait till Sunday come! You put 'em on. You 'tay till de people all come. Den sit quite quiet. No make noise. De minister him come. Him sit down. De people den wait for de minister to begin. Him begin. Den you come! You walkee up de aisle! Creak—creak—creak! What for you make dat noise, eh? Creak—creak—creak!! Dont dat pride? Dont dat say, 'See me new tail coat! See me new black hat! See me fine shirt! See me good trowser! Hear me new boots! Dont me one fine gentleman!

\* White man.

† This was spoken quickly, and in a half angry tone.

‡ The negro pronunciation of store, a word which, in the West Indies, means shop

Dont me rich!' Dont dat pride? 'Charge dem dat be rich, charge dem dat be rich, dat dem be not high mind.'"

Dear young friends, there is something for *you* to learn from this negro sermon. There are too many white children in Canada, who are as fond of fine clothes as the black people of Jamaica, and who suppose, because they think a great deal of themselves, that others think the same. But they are mistaken. The wise will laugh at their folly, and the good will be grieved at their sin. They will please none but the foolish and the wicked, while they will offend God. Dear young friends, do not love gay clothing for the body, but seek for your mind the robe of righteousness, and the garments of salvation. And value money, not because it will buy a new dress for yourselves, but because it will send the book of God and the Missionary of Christ to the heathen.

#### THE IRISH SCHOOLBOY.

The following is an account of one of the pupils of the London Hibernian Society. He commenced reading the Testament the winter before his death. For three months, so great was his dread of the priest, that he dared not bring his Testament home. He had been a wicked boy; but, as he advanced in acquaintance with the Testament, he seemed to be much changed for the better. Though he had often been threatened to be punished by the priest, if he should meddle with the Testament, he applied himself closely to commit it to memory, resolving to abide by it, let what would be the consequence. Some time afterwards he was seized with a violent fit of sickness: his master went to see him, and asked him if he was afraid to die. He said he was not. The master asked him, what banished the fear of death from his mind. He replied "Jesus—I hope to see Jesus," and being in an agony of pain, he added, "The sufferings of this life, are not worthy to be compared

with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Being asked where he had met that text of Scripture, he said it was part of his task in the 8th of the Romans. He continued, as he had strength, to repeat many other texts of Scripture which he had committed to memory.

The conversation was, however, soon stopped by the priest, who entered the house, and demanded seven shillings for anointing him. The parents replied, that they had not the money. He exclaimed, that if not paid, he would go off and leave the departing soul in purgatory, perhaps until the day of judgment. The poor parents, alarmed at this expression, offered to bind themselves by oath, that they would pay him the seven shillings on the next Sunday: and entreated that he would anoint their son. The master, in the hearing of the people, asked him, "Is your ointment, sir, an article of traffic? You say it is a gift of God: how then is it to be purchased with money?" The priest was much enraged, and after much altercation went off, declaring that he would neither answer the question, nor remain in the house.

Next day the master again visited the boy, and perceived that his end was fast approaching. His Testament lay near him, and his parents said that, until prevented by increase of pain, he was constantly reading in it. He said he wished not to be separated from it till death. He then asked the master to read the first Epistle of St. John, in Irish, which his parents best understood. When it was finished, looking up, he cried with great earnestness, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." His mother said, "Do you wish to part with your mother?" He replied, "Jesus has a better right to me than my mother has; he suffered more to redeem me than she did; he suffered much for me, and for all who believe in his name;" and then, with great emphasis, added, "Ho that believeth, entereth into life;

he that believeth not, shall be damned." His father begged of him to pray to the Virgin Mary, the holy apostles, and the saints. "Oh' father," said he, "there is no name given under heaven by which we can be saved, but the name of Jesus; therefore, dear father, be not deceived." In a few hours after he closed his eyes, and departed without a struggle.

### FATAL ACCIDENT.

I wish to give the young readers of the Sunday School Advocate a brief account of a dear little girl, whom I knew very well, and who was accidentally poisoned to death. Her name was Caroline Virginia Gere, and she was the daughter of Rev. John A. Gere, of the Baltimore Conference. During the last summer I stayed a few weeks in her father's house at Milton, Pa., and became very fond of little Caroline, who was one of the best children, I ever saw. She played with my children, and with me, almost every day, and I never saw her out of humor, or heard her utter a cross word. When the time for our departure came, little Caroline stood on the bank as we got on board the boat, and was the very last to bid us good by. She was then perfectly well and cheerful, but in about one week after, she was dead!

Her death was caused in this way: she had a slight chill and fever, and the doctor ordered some quinine for her. Quinine is a very useful medicine, but it has to be carefully used. The druggist, by accident, sent *morphia* instead of quinine. Now *morphia* is nearly like laudanum, only much more poisonous. The doctor ordered ten portions to be given to the little girl, but only five were given, when between nine and ten o'clock, she went to bed. In the afternoon and evening she had been talking about her Sunday school, and spoke with animation of the pleasure of meeting her fellow-scholars, and of joining in the exercises of the school on the

following Sunday. Before she went to bed she knelt down and said her prayers, as she always did, very devoutly. Then she kissed her mother, and said, "Good night, dear mother,"—her last good night! In an hour it was seen that she was very ill. The doctor was sent for—he could do nothing; another came, but it was all in vain. They did not know what was the matter, but they knew that she was dying. The bottle of medicine was examined, and the doctor said, "*This is not quinine!*" It was afterwards analyzed, and found to be *morphia*, so that the cause of poor Caroline's sufferings was explained. Early on Friday morning, August 10, she died, in the eighth year of her age.

I have told you that Caroline was a very good child. She was "trained up in the way she should go," and the Lord blessed the godly admonitions of her parents. She was obedient in all things, which is the first and best fruit of goodness in a child. She loved to read the Bible, she prayed every day, and she was very fond of learning hymns. On the Sunday before her death she recited the hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand:" and had learned also,

"There is a land of pure delight,"

but there was not time for her to say it. The sweet child little knew that she was standing on "Jordan's brink," and that she was so near the "land of pure delight." On the day before her death she selected for the next Sunday the hymn,

"Of Him who did salvation bring," and also,

"God moves in a mysterious way;" and, truly, her death was one of the mysteries of His way.

I trust many of you will, like little Caroline, love God early; and then, if you are called to die early, your parents will be consoled by the knowledge that you have gone to heaven, as hers were.

J. M'CLINTOCK.

January, 1850.

—*Sunday School Advocate*.

## COLD AND CHEERLESS INFIDELITY.

The gay, the witty, the luxurious, the polite and admired Chesterfield, comparing life to a journey, and commenting upon its dull tasteless insipidity, remarks, in writing to a friend:—"As for myself, my course is already more than half passed over, and I mean to sleep in the couch the rest of the journey." Such was the philosophic resolve of one who was distinguished above his fellows as "the man of pleasure."

To the same effect was the declaration of the great, the gifted, the almost worshipped Voltaire, who rose to the most exalted eminence as a man of genius, and by the force of his talents at one time predicted that Christianity herself must be crushed beneath his feet. Loaded with worldly honors, sated with popular applause, what is his estimate of the infidel's life? "Life," said he, "is thickly sown with thorns, and I know of no other remedy than to pass quickly through them. The longer we dwell on our misfortunes, the greater is their power to harm us."

Let the reader compare with this the expression of Paul: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—*Pres. Advocate.*

## AN IRISH BOY.

A mountain herdsman had three sons, who, like their father, had never attended any school, and had married wives as ignorant as themselves. The youngest son, C——, had six children. He one day said to his wife, "How happy should we be if our children could read! I believe I shall send them all to Mr. H——'s free school." "What shall we do for books for them?" said his wife. "Why, I hear," said C——, "that Mr. H—— gives books, and teaches the scholars all free; but I shall go and inquire if it is true." Be-

ing satisfied on this point, he sent five of his children to the London Hibernian Free School. They made rapid progress, and in time had five Testaments given them, which were constantly read in the family with delight. The master by whom the children were taught was a worshipper of God, and prayed with his pupils every evening.

On Sabbath evening, C——'s eldest son said to him, "Dear father, I wish you would pray at night with us." The father readily complied, and said the rosary to the blessed Virgin. The son waited until he had concluded, and then modestly said, "Dear father, I do not mean such prayers as these; do we not require pardon for our sins? This must be obtained through faith, pardon, and mercy." "My dear," answered the astonished father, "I cannot pray that way, I never learnt such prayers." They are not to be learnt out of books," replied the son; "our Lord enables us to pray, and I will try." Then they all knelt down, and the son prayed.—*Anecdotes of the Family.*

## MISSIONARY HYMN.

MATT. xxviii. 19, 20.

Lift up the Gospel banner,  
Wide be its folds unfurled,  
Display the love of Jesus  
Before a guilty world;  
Go forth to every creature  
That dwelleth under heaven,  
Proclaim the wondrous tidings  
Of grace and mercy given.

O stay not—time is hastening—  
Work while 'tis called to-day;  
Thousands of Heathens perish  
Each hour that you delay;  
They die without the knowledge  
Of God's most holy word—  
Without the hopes you cherish  
In Christ our gracious Lord.

Remember your Redeemer;  
Obey his last command;  
And, resting on his promise,  
In faithful service stand.  
Lift up his glorious banner,  
Grace, mercy, peace, proclaim,  
To all repenting sinners,  
In Christ the Saviour's name.

M. A. STODART.



### HISTORY OF MOSES.

After the death of Joseph, the Israelites still continued to flourish. But in course of time a king, who knew not Joseph, ascended the throne of Egypt. This prince oppressed the children of Israel, and, alarmed at their growing power, tried to prevent them from increasing in numbers. For this purpose he reduced them to a state of bondage, imposed heavy taxes upon them, and made a cruel law, that all the male children should be thrown into the river Nile as soon as they were born. It was at this time that Moses was born; and, as he was a goodly child, his mother hid him three months. When she could conceal him no longer, she made an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it over with slime and pitch; and, having placed the child in it, she laid it down on the banks of the river. Soon after, the king's daughter came down to bathe, and, perceiving the ark, desired one of the maids to fetch it. On opening it, she was struck with compassion to see the child in tears. At this moment Miriam, the sister of Moses, who had been set to watch what should become of the child, came up and offered to procure a nurse; and on receiving permission to do so, went and brought her own mother.

Thus the mother of Moses had the pleasure of nursing her own child, and, as he grew up, of seeing him educated, as the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, in all the learning of the Egyptians. But his parents also took care to instruct him in the knowledge and worship of the true God, and in the promises which had been made to the fathers; for we are told by an apostle, that, when he was come to years, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. When he was about forty years of age, he one day saw an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, when he took the part of his countryman, and helped him to kill his oppressor. Next day he saw two Hebrews quarrelling, and, when he tried to make peace between them, was asked, "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us?" wilt thou kill me as thou didst the Egyptian yesterday?" Learning from this that the deed, which he had done, was well known, and, having been told that Pharaoh sought to kill him for it, he fled into the country



of Midian, on the opposite side of the Red Sea. Having been introduced into the family of Jethro, the priest of the country, by helping his daughters to water their flocks, he marries the eldest, whose name was Zipporah. One day, about forty years after his arrival in Midian, while tending his father-in-law's flock in Horeb, he beholds the extraordinary sight of a bush burning but not consumed. He goes near to examine what it could be, when a voice from the midst of the bush calls to him, "Moses, Moses, draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place where thou standest is holy ground. I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." The voice then, after referring to the distressed condition of the children of Israel in Egypt, commands the Hebrew shepherd of Midian to go forth to their deliverance. After many objections on the part of Moses, which were all obviated by the Angel of the Lord, and after having been invested with the power of working miracles, he quits the sheep-fold, bids farewell to his father-in-law, and returns to Egypt on his important mission.

#### THE IDOLATRY OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Nothing is recorded in history concerning Britain, till the landing of Julius Cæsar, about fifty years before the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The religion of Britain at that period was the superstition of the Druids.—The Druids were the priests of the Island. They worshipped Mercury as a chief deity, and had various images in honor of him, as the inventor of all arts, and the guide and protector of their journeys and marches. They worshipped Apollo, as the healer of their diseases. They believed that Minerva laid the foundation of works of art and manufactures. They ascribed to Mars the government of war: and sacrificed to his honor all the cattle which they obtained by their victories, and the spoils of their enemies. Many cities were conspicuously adorned with large heaps

of these trophies, in consecrated places; those were regarded with such superstitious reverence, that they were seldom secreted or pillaged: such a crime subjected the guilty person to torture and the severest punishment.

The Saxons, (who monopolized this country) had a great number of idols, the names of which are perpetuated in the names of our days. They set up an image or *Idol* to the *Sun*, which they worshipped on the day attributed to it, namely, *Sunday*.

They had another *Idol* to represent the *Moon*. This *Idol* claimed peculiar devotions on her day, called *Moon-day*, now *Monday*.

*Tuys* or *Tuisco*, was worshipped, from whence our *Tuesday* is denominated.

*Woden*, this *Idol* was set up in memory of one of their victorious princes. To him they offered human sacrifices. They ascribe to him a day, namely, *Wodensday*, now *Wednesday*.

*Thor*, another of their *Idols*, they worshipped on *Thorsday*, now *Thursday*.

They dedicated to *Friga*, or *Frea*, the sixth, called *Freasday*, now *Friday*.

For the worship of *Seatar*, they appointed the seventh day of the week, calling it *Seatarsday*, now *Saturday*.

They had another *Idol* resembling the image of *Death*: they called him *Flint*. Before his shrine they executed or sacrificed offenders for extraordinary crimes.

An ancient writer, Dr. Playfere, in a sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, in the year 1573, says, "Before the preaching of the gospel of Christ, no church here existed, but the temple of an *Idol*; no priesthood but that of paganism; no God but the *Sun*, the *Moon*, or some hideous image. To the cruel rites of the Druidical worship succeeded the abominations of the Roman idolatry. In Scotland stood the temple of *Mars*; in Cornwall, the temple of *Mercury*; in Bangor, the temple of *Minerva*; at Malden, the temple of *Victoria*; in Bath, the temple of *Apollo*; at Leicester, the temple of *Janus*; at

York, where St. Peter now stands, the temple of Bellona; in London, on the site of St. Paul's Cathedral, the temple of Diana; at Westminster, where the Abbey rears its venerable pile, a temple of Apollo."

Thus it is evident that paganism had deep root in our land, the temples of dumb idols reared their heads, and superstition triumphed over the minds of deluded thousands. Our forefathers were a race of rude barbarians.

"Wild as the untaught Indian race."

How changed is the aspect of things since those days of darkness! Our Island remains; some of the heathen altars are shown as curiosities; but their gods, with their abominations, are vanished.

My dear youths, when we reflect upon the past condition of our land, in contrast with its present state, we are constrained to exclaim, "what hath God wrought?" The bleeding rites of human sacrifices are no more. They have, through the tender mercy of our God, for ever ceased. There remain no sequestered groves devoted to obscure and horrid mysteries—no altars are now raised, on which the innocent as well as the guilty are doomed to bleed—no heathen priests to conduct gloomy processions with youths for slaughter and sacrifice—no victims bound with cords, are dragged to an untimely death—no tortures are inflicted on the unhappy relative who presumes to object to the tyrannic superstition; no writhing agonies are now contemplated with infernal gratification; no bereaved parents are now following their children, led like lambs to the slaughter, and filling the air with shrieks of agony and screams of horror! When those barbarities prevailed, Britain was indeed without hope, and without God; her moral character, like that recorded of other heathens and idolaters, was "filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, without understanding, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful, hateful, and hating one another."

Now Jesus is proclaimed as the Saviour of sinners; the preaching of the gospel is accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost; and of some who once lived regardless of God, and enemies to his truth, it can now be said. "Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

Beloved youths, what would have been the terrors of your feelings, torn from your parents' protection and sympathy? The Druidical executioners would have witnessed the anguish of your souls, but would not have heard your entreaties. No: idolatry knows no pity, the tender mercies of such worshippers are cruel. Turn then and praise your Almighty deliverer. The Lord Jesus invites your early attention to His mercy. He is ready to receive you to the fellowship of his church; and to give you his Holy Spirit, that you may become children of God, and inheritors of his kingdom of glory. AMICUS.

—*Youth's Miscellany.*

#### A WONDERFUL TRACT.

EIGHTEEN years ago, a Missionary in India went to a place called Thengee. There he gave away some tracts. One of these was on "The Ten Commandments," and it was given to a heathen devotee, called *Sundardas*, a poor creature who wandered about the country, and was thought by the people a very good man for doing so. He read the tract, but it did *him* no good. He lived in darkness, and, it is feared, died as he lived. But this man, though he cared very little himself about the tract, shewed it to some of his countrymen, and read it to others. Many who heard it wondered very much. It brought strange things to their ears. Till then they did not know the law of God, and did not suppose that they had broken it. But now they began to feel what the Apostle Paul describes: "When the commandment came, sin revived and I died." Many of them saw and felt that they were transgressors, that they deserved death, and needed mercy. "They were pricked in their hearts."

“They began to cry, what must we do they were converted, and turned unto the Lord; and, most wonderful to relate, *that one tract from the hand of a missionary was the means which God used to bring more than a hundred idolaters to give up their idols, and receive the Gospel.*

### CONVICTION OF SIN.

[FOR THE RECORD.]

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have endeavoured to shew you what conviction of sin is, by directing your attention to two instances recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and to another instance of a little boy employed in an unhallowed trade. I shall now attempt to shew you what conviction of sin is like, that you may deduce inferences for yourselves, as children are very fond of helping themselves. I ask you, then, did you ever see a mother weep—did you ever see an affectionate mother weeping over her dear child struggling in the cold arms of death, and when the soul of her dear child had left its little body and entered the world of spirits—have you seen her lay the dead body of her child in the cradle, where it was used to sleep, see her close those eyes with her gentle finger, on which she had been accustomed to look with maternal joy? But now she weeps, and, in the meantime, refuses to be comforted, because the desire of her eyes has been removed from her by the stroke of death, and, in the course of a few hours, must be conveyed to the grave—the house appointed for all. In looking into a family suffering under such or some other painful bereavement—what is the inference you would draw from the solemn silence which there reigns, broken only at intervals by sighs and short prayers for grace to bear up under the trial? Would you say that such a family was in a happy mood—that they were very joyful; or, would you infer, from the sad looks and the tears fast falling from the eyes in rapid succession, that they were suffering great grief and sorrow? that the mother was very much grieved at the loss of her child? So the grief which a loving mother feels, and the tears she sheds over the lifeless body of her child, is something like the sorrow which a man feels, and

the tears he sheds over his sins, when he has been convinced by the Spirit of all grace, that he is a rebel against God, by breaking his holy law. I shall only call your attention to another instance at present. Perhaps you have heard of a man apprehended by the officers of justice, and shut up in prison, charged with the bloody crime of murdering his neighbour. There he lay in the gloomy prison, till the day came when the court met, before which he was to be tried. Having been placed at the bar of the court and witnesses examined, it was clearly proved that he was guilty of the murder charged against him, and a unanimous verdict of guilty, was given by a jury of his countrymen—and he was sentenced by the presiding judge to die on a day fixed, by being hung by the neck till he was dead. What must be the feelings of a man condemned to die a murderer, when his conscience tells him he is guilty—that the sentence pronounced against him is just. When he thinks on the eternal world he is about to enter, and to appear in the presence of the holy God who is his final judge; whose sentence will fix him in his state through the ages of ages; the ignominy of a public execution, being hung by the neck like a dog, in the view of many thousand spectators—the disgrace he has brought on himself, and the shame and grief he has inflicted on his relatives and friends. When he thinks on these and other solemn realities, no wonder that his heart sinks within him in hopeless despair. Unutterable anguish prostrates his whole soul; he sees himself not only about to be cut off from the land of living men, but that he deserves to suffer the wrath of God forever in hell. I leave you, my young friends, to deduce what lessons you can, from this picture of woe.

In conclusion, I say to you, that the grief, remorse and despair of the condemned murderer, is something like the grief, the sorrow, and the despair, which the convinced sinner feels, after he has been led to see the nature and extent of the fiery law declared at Sinai, and especially when he beholds the Lamb of God, dying instead of the guilty, on Calvary's cross. Having been favoured with these views of the law, and of Christ's satisfaction in the room of the guilty, the sinner is

made to exclaim, "Behold I am vile: God be merciful to me a sinner." I hope, my young friends, that these few hints I have given you respecting this important subject, will lead you to examine it more carefully yourselves, and read and see what the Bible teaches respecting it; for we must all be convinced of sin, before we will value and love the Saviour; and never till we believe and love the Saviour, can we have any sure evidence that we are preparing for the crown and the kingdom of glory. There are many other ideas connected with this subject, with which you should be familiar, and respecting which I would willingly tell you; but I must delay till another opportunity presents itself. Read your Bibles; hang on the lips of your ministers and teachers; and pray and wait for the arrow of conviction to reach your hearts, from the bow of the Holy Spirit. When this good work is begun in a soul, it will be carried on till the soul is not only brought into the kingdom of Christ, but till soul and body are glorified with Christ in eternal day. "He that hath begun the good work in you, will carry it on till the day of Jesus Christ."

R. L.

Ayr, January, 1850.

## THE MUSIC

Is omitted once more—the volume of Sacred Music which we have in press, is about completed; in our next, therefore, we shall resume it in the *Record*, and occupy two pages until we have brought up arrears.

In several of the communications with our Annual Returns, we are requested to send on small parcels of elementary works, helps for teachers, etc. We would inform all such, that we have abundance of both, in great variety; but at this season of the year, cannot forward them, except to some of the front towns, without much uncertainty as to the parcel reaching its destination.

## TEACHER'S CORNER.

## DUTIES OF PREACHERS IN REGARD TO THEIR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The Discipline requires that the preacher hand in a report, in writing, of the state of the Sabbath school at each quarterly-meeting conference.

The preachers, therefore, are all expected to have prepared a *written* Sunday-school report. No preacher should be dependent on the superintendent, or secretary, or any other officer of his Sunday school, but should make himself so familiar with all the details, state, and wants of his Sunday school, as to be able and ready to *give*, and not *ask*, information. He should visit the schools frequently—see that nothing wrong occurs in their management, or the manner of conducting them, and if there should be, see that it is amended—examine the library, and see that no improper books are admitted into it—see if books are not needed to replenish the library; and take measures, by preaching sermons expressly on the subject, and making collections, and using other measures, to supply the school with suitable books; no school can flourish without a good library for the children to read.

In fact, a preacher is supposed, among us, to know all about his Sunday schools, (and everything else connected with his charge), and report quarterly to this quarterly-meeting conference, in writing, and never come to quarterly meeting unprepared, and have to excuse himself that he had forgotten it, or had not seen the officers of the school, or had not time to make out his report. These excuses only expose his carelessness or indifference about his appropriate duties, and lower his standing in the estimation of his people, and, as a necessary consequence, lessen his usefulness among them. It is supposed and expected that preachers know *more*, and are more *punctual*, than other people. A very small thing, in a Methodist preacher, may much lessen, if not even destroy, his usefulness.—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

## Six P's for a Sabbath-School Teacher.

## PRAYER.

Sincere, earnest, believing, and persevering prayer should ever precede every teacher's preparation for his work, since he who does not ask cannot expect a blessing.

## PREPARATION.

How necessary for the sower to be acquainted with the seed he is going to sow, and the best method of sowing it! An unprepared teacher enters upon the enemy's ground unarmed, and commences a campaign without stores or provisions, and hence the "strong man armed keepeth his goods."

## PUNCTUALITY.

Time will soon be over, and eternity

commence; dare we, then, squander or waste not only that which is our own, but that property of others which no application can replace, no diligence can restore?

## PATIENCE.

How long-suffering God has been to us; and we, shall we exercise less forbearance towards our fellow-sinners, seizing them by the throat, and demanding payment instantly, when perhaps our own accounts are still outstanding with a merciful but just Jehovah?

## PERSEVERANCE.

The Israelites journeyed forty years in the wilderness; and it is only patient continuance in well-doing that can obtain success.

## PIETY.

*Example* teaches better than *precept*; and he who would have his scholars keep his precepts, should show them by his own conduct, striving ever to be what the apostle terms a "living epistle, known and read of all men."—*Sunday S. Advocate.*

## THE TEACHER'S PULPIT.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

—Mark x. 4.

There is a country along the east side of a large sea called the Mediterranean, and the people who lived there about two thousand years ago were expecting a strange personage to be born. There were some amongst these people who could tell things beforehand; and these foretellers had said that such an one would come.—The people therefore looked out anxiously for him a long time, expecting a great many blessings from him; but after all, when he did come, the people did not know him, though he was the very one they had been looking for; and though there were a great many marks by which they might tell him. For when he showed them these marks, as signs that he might be known by, they would have nothing to do with him; but wanted a different kind of good things to what he offered.—However, though he felt very much grieved and hurt, he did not at once leave the people entirely, but went about doing good to any body who would let him. At last people began to go to him, and flock round him, to get his blessing, and to receive his favors; but they had got a notion that he was come for grown up persons only, and that he could not be troubled with children: so when some brought young children to him, the people round

were not for letting them come to him; they tried to keep them back, asking them how they thought such a great man could be teased with their children. But He perceived it, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." "Now, I am sure, you can tell me who this wonderful being was?"—"Jesus Christ." "Quite right." "These people then were mistaken in supposing that he did not care for children?"—"Yes."—"Can you tell me why children should come to Christ?"—"Why, for the very same reason as grown-up persons—should they not?"—"What do you think Jesus Christ came into the world for?"—"To save souls." "Just so; and why do souls need saving?"—"Because they are lost through sin—is it not?" "Have not young children souls?"—"Yes." "And do not children sin?"—"Yes." "Then children need a Saviour; do they not?"—"Yes." "Well, now, have you been to Jesus Christ, to get your soul saved and your sin pardoned? How soon will the soul die?"—"Never." "Then it is immortal?"—"Yes." "Will you then think seriously about this—I have an immortal soul, that is lost by sin, but Jesus Christ is willing to save it.

"In forty years, perhaps, every one of us here will be gone from this world; some of us, perhaps, very soon, nobody knows how soon; certainly, in a few years, another set of teachers, and another set of scholars, will have come—but will your soul be dead then?"—"No." "Where should you like it to be?"—"With Jesus." "Can children go to Jesus now, as the Jewish children did, to see him smile upon them, and to receive his embrace?"—"No." "How then can they come?"—"In thought—by thinking about the Saviour, by praying to him; for though his body is not here, his spirit is, and he is watching our thoughts, and waiting to answer our prayers."

"But there is another way of going to Jesus—I mean after death, when we may enter into his real presence: see him, and be like him.

"Now, we are all going somewhere, and shall find ourselves at last either where Jesus is, or for ever banished from Him. Will you then think of this both now, and after you leave the school; asking yourself—am I going to Jesus? And be sure of this, that it is only by going to him in this world, that we shall go to him in the next."

G.

—*Sunday School Magazine.*