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West Street



VOL. XI.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1854.

No. 3.

Too Late!

BY REV. J. T. BARR.

"Lorenzo—O, for yesterdays to come!"—
YOUNG.

"*Exclusa spes omnis.*"—*Plaut.*

Too late! What indescribable anguish is often conveyed to the mind by this brief, but touching sentence! What latent sighs and bursting groans has its bare repetition wrung from desolate or broken hearts! And in what innumerable instances has it poisoned the cup of anticipated enjoyment! How many thousands are at this hour mourning in hopeless grief over the retrospect of neglected opportunities—opportunities which, had they been duly improved, might have secured many personal and domestic comforts, many temporal and spiritual blessings! Now it is too late. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended!" O, how gladly would they recall those by-gone seasons, those golden hours! Alas, they are gone forever! How thankfully would they grasp at "yesterdays to come," and resuscitate their withered hopes! But conscience points to the hand-writing that is against them, and every passing breeze wafts to their ears the chilling sentence, "It is too late!"

A disposition to procrastinate, even in matters of the greatest moment, is too prevalent among men generally, and by cherishing this unhappy propensity, thousands have involved themselves in misery and wretchedness. Even the most benevolent intentions toward a suffering fellow-creature, if not immediately carried into effect, may be forever defeated by the removal of the object who excited our pity to another world, where he will no longer need the tear of human sympathy, nor the benefit of human aid.

An eminent minister in the Methodist connection, who recently exchanged mortality for life, and who, previous to his departure, had filled the presidential chair in the conference, related to me the following incident, which occurred in his own history, and which will furnish a striking illustration of the sad effects of protracted and unnecessary delays. While relating the circumstance he said with tears in his eyes, that the remembrance of that event would not be effaced from his mind, till the hand of death should wipe it away.

In the early period of his ministerial life he was one evening importuned by an aged woman to visit her ungodly

son, who was at that time, to all human appearance, at the point of death. He had for many years led an idle and dissolute life, and had necessarily occasioned much heartfelt grief to his widowed mother. Indeed, his present affliction was induced by his profligate and intemperate habits. Of this fact he was himself too deeply sensible. Finding that there was no hope of his recovery, and dreading the approach of the last enemy, he had expressed a wish to see a Christian minister, who might talk to him, and pray with him. When the pious woman communicated these particulars, the minister was in his study, employed in writing a work which was shortly afterward published, and which has subsequently passed through several editions; but he promised to call on the sick man during the evening. He continued in his study, however, till a late hour; and so deeply was he absorbed in the subject which occupied his pen, that the request of the poor widow was forgotten. When it recurred to his recollection, he instantly rose from his seat. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. He looked out from the window of his study. The night was dark and tempestuous. "Surely," he thought within himself, "it cannot be of much importance if I defer my visit till to-morrow morning."

On the following morning, at an early hour, he bent his steps to the dwelling of the afflicted man. "How is your son?" said he to the widow, on his entrance into the cottage.

"O, sir," was the bitter reply, "you have come *too late!* My son is dead—you can do him no good now. I told him you were coming to talk to him about his soul, and to direct him to Jesus, the Friend of sinners. At this intelligence his eyes glistened with delight. But when mid-night came, he said in a faint voice, "Mother, I fear Mr. — will not come, and I must die without seeing him. Perhaps he thinks me unworthy of a visit, and he is right; for I am one of the vilest

of sinners. Mother, you pray for me. No one else cares for me!" He continued to get worse. His end was drawing near; and while I was wrestling with God for my poor child, he heaved a deep, deep sigh, and soon afterward ceased to breathe."

The aged woman wrung her hands in hopeless anguish; but the feelings of Mr. —, while listening to this distressing account, may be easily imagined. Every word uttered by the afflicted widow was as "iron, entering into his soul."

And how often have the benevolent efforts of the most charitable persons been rendered abortive, because those efforts have been made too late! It is true, their sympathies have been awakened while listening to the tale of suffering, and they have resolved to minister effectual relief. Alas, they have delayed to tender that relief till the famishing objects, who had a natural claim upon their compassion, have been mercifully relieved from their sufferings by the friendly hand of death, and removed to a kingdom where they shall "hunger no more, neither thirst any more;" and where the "Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and wipe all tears from their eyes."

I have somewhere read of a wealthy merchant, who, on returning home one dark and stormy night, was accosted by a poor, sickly girl, craving alms. "O give, if it's only a penny. My mother is sick and dying. We have had nothing to eat to-day."

The merchant looked at the girl. Her face was pale, very pale, and her garments tattered. He put his hand towards his pocket, intending to give her a shilling. She saw the act, and a momentary lustre glistened in her previously lustreless eye. But the merchant's overcoat buttoned tightly over his pocket.

"It is too much trouble," he whispered to himself, "and the wind is very keen. Besides, these beggars are often cheats." Then speaking

harshly to the girl, he said, "I have nothing for you."

Without uttering a word, the disappointed girl shrank back, and drew her tattered garments closer round her shivering frame. But the merchant, as he passed on, saw a tear glistening on her pale cheek, in the dim light of a street lamp.

* * * * *

The next morning dawned bright and clear, but the snow was deep on the ground, here and there lying in huge drifts. The merchant was on his way to his counting-house. He turned down the same street up which he had come on the preceding evening. A crowd had gathered round the open cellar-door of a ruined tenement. The merchant inquired what was the matter.

"A woman has been found dead in that cellar," said one of the spectators; "she was starved to death, they say, and the coroner has just been sent for. Her daughter has come home after being out all night. She was begging, I believe, but has obtained no assistance. That is her you hear moaning."

A pang went through the heart of the merchant, as he remembered the occurrence of the preceding night. He pushed through the crowd, and descended into the cellar. A girl hung over an emaciated corpse which lay on a heap of straw in one corner of the deep apartment. It was the same girl whom he had refused to relieve.

"My poor child!" he said, "you must be taken care of. God forgive me for refusing to help you. But here, take this;" and he put a large sum of money into her hand.

The girl looked up, and gazed vacantly; then she put back the proffered money.

"It is too late, now," she cried, "my poor mother is dead, and does not need it;" and she burst into hysterical fits.

The merchant, at that moment, would have given half his fortune to have recalled her to life.

But the most affecting case of all, in connection with this subject, is that of a careless sinner, who, by trifling with his convictions, and putting off, day after day, the necessary work of repentance, is at length driven away in his wickedness," and finds himself in a world where there is "no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for of judgment." O, the horror that will seize upon his tortured spirit, when he remembers the golden opportunities he has neglected, and the means of salvation, once graciously vouchsafed to him, now irretrievably lost. "Too late, too late!" will again and again, and forever, fall upon his ear, like the knell of his departed hopes. In the day of his probation conscience would, ever and anon, lift its warning voice, and urge him to flee from the wrath to come; but its warnings and pleadings were alike disregarded, under the specious pretext, "When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." That season has passed away, and conscience now speaks in thunders louder than the crash of falling worlds, and more dreadful than the blast of the archangel's trumpet. While viewing beyond the confines of the impassable gulf, the company of the blessed, already in "Abraham's bosom"—and while listening to the minstrelsy of the angels—again will the voice of his sleepless conscience proclaim, "You might have been there, but you would not; you might have joined that blood-bought throng, in singing the hallelujahs of heaven, but you would not. Now it is too late—the sentence is irrevocably fixed, and the door is shut forever!"

This unhappy propensity to put off the thoughts of dying till a future period, is very pathetically portrayed by Mrs. Norton, in a poem entitled "The Child of Earth." From the truthfulness of the sentiments contained in the poem, and their appropriate bearing upon the subject of this paper, I cannot resist the temptation of quoting some of the stanzas:—

'Fainter her slow step falls from day to day,
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow.
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
 'I am content to die—but, O! not now!
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe--
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing--
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps
 wreath.

Spare me, great God, lift up my drooping brow--
 I am content to die—but O! not now!

The spring hath ripened into summer-time;
 The season's viewless boundary is past;
 The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime;
 O! must this glimpse of beauty be the last!

'Let me not perish while o'er land and sea,
 With silent steps the Lord of light moves on,
 Not while the murmur of the mountain-bee
 Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
 Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow--
 I am content to die—but O! not now!

Summer is gone; and autumn's soberer hues
 Tint the ripe fruit, and gild the waving corn;
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
 Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.

'Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
 On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
 To watch in silence while the evening rays
 Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
 Cooler the breezes play around my brow--
 I am content to die—but O! not now!

The bleak wind whistles! snow-showers far and
 near

Drift without echo to the whitening ground,
 Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
 Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound;
 Yet still that prayer ascends. 'O! laughingly

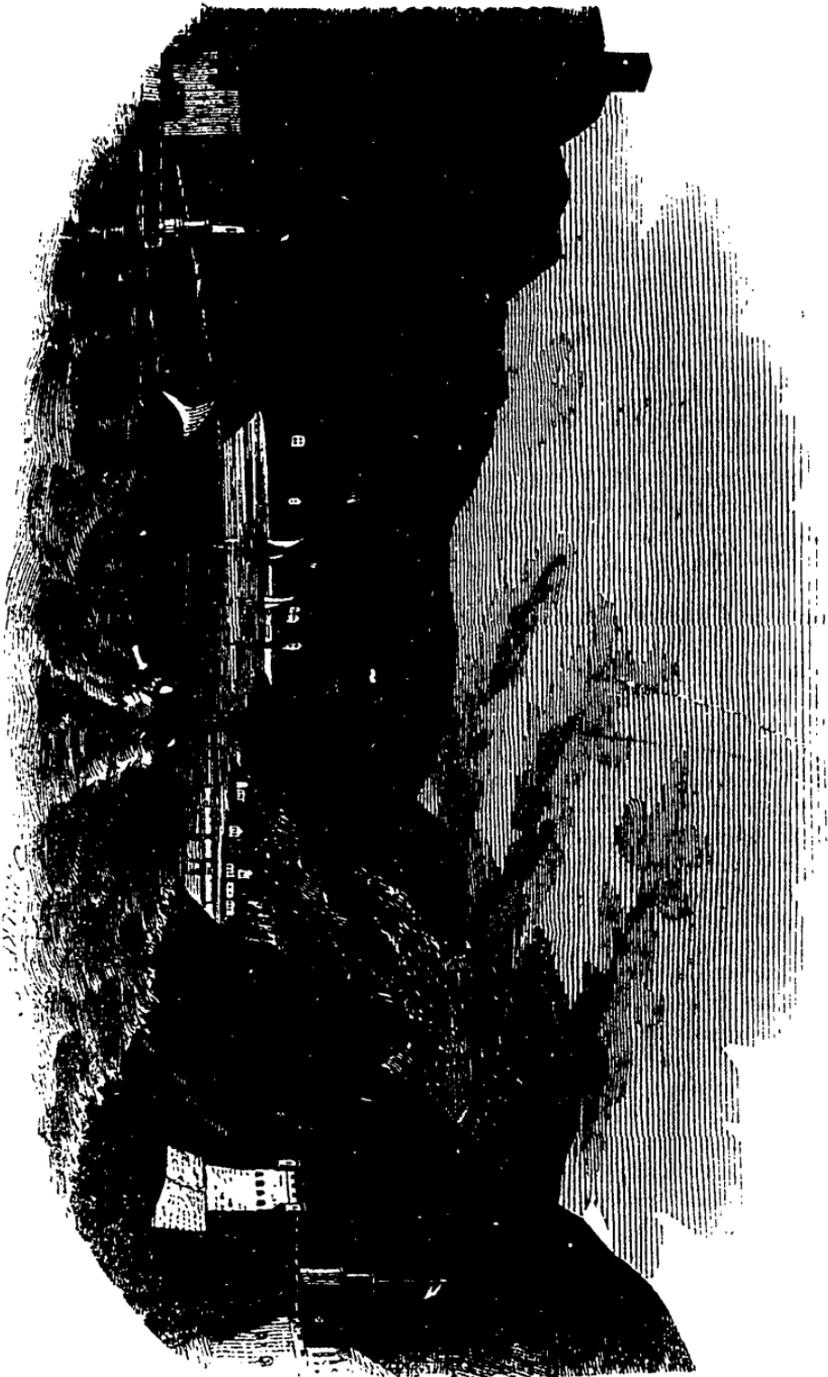
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
 Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
 And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
 Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
 I am content to die—but O! not now!"

O, sinner! It is high time to awake
 out of sleep. The night is far spent,
 and the day is at hand. Time is hasten-
 ing toward its close, and the day
 of eternity will soon dawn upon the
 world. Yet a little while. He that
 shall come will come, and will not
 tarry. Prepare to meet him at his
 coming. "Work while it is day; for
 the night cometh, when no man can
 work." This is your day of probation.
 Here heaven is to be won or lost for-
 ever. Whatever grace you have to
 get, you must get it now. Whatever
 work you have to do, you must do it
 now. Whatever preparation you have
 to make, you must make it now; for
 "there is no work, nor device, nor
 knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave,
 whither thou goest." Pardon of sin,
 peace with God, holiness of heart and
 life—these are blessings which you
 must secure now, or never; for "now
 is the accepted time: behold, now is
 the day of salvation." Another day
 may be too late!

The Bosphorus.

The conflicts now existing between
 the Turks and Russians must be familiar
 to most readers of this periodical. The
 locality, therefore, of which a very
 distinct and correct representation is
 here given, is necessarily invested with
 peculiar and painful interest. The obtuse
 point of the angle of an unequal triangle,
 which forms the figure of the imperial
 city of Constantinople, and which ad-
 vances toward the East and the shores
 of Asia, meets and repels the waves of
 the Thracian Bosphorus. The Bos-
 phorus itself, as a great writer further
 observes, is the winding channel through
 which the waters of the Euxine flow
 with a rapid and incessant course to-
 wards the Mediterranean. The Straits
 of the Bosphorus are terminated by the
 Cyanean Rocks, which, according to
 the description of the poets, had once
 floated on the face of the waters, and
 were destined by the gods to protect the
 entrance of the Euxine against the eye
 of profane curiosity. We reject the fables
 which attach to much of the scenery
 of this neighborhood, and reject the
 dismal superstition which has for ages
 enveloped the inhabitants generally;
 but we must admire the taste and talent,
 though rude comparatively, which has
 been displayed along the banks of the
 Bosphorus. We are told that from the
 Cyanean Rocks to the point and har-
 bor of Byzantium (Constantinople,) the
 winding length of the Bosphorus extends
 about sixteen miles, and its most ordi-
 nary breadth may be computed at about
 one mile and a half, being, however,
 much narrower in many places. An-
 thon, in his Classical Dictionary, says,
 "Various reasons have been assigned
 for the name. The best is that which
 makes the appellation refer to the early
 passage of *agricultural knowledge* from
 East to West (*Bovs*, an Ox, and *ποπος*,
 a Passage.") Nymphius tells us, on the
 authority of Accarion, that the Phry-
 gians, desiring to pass the Thracian
 Strait, built a vessel on whose prow was
 the figure of an ox, calling the strait
 over which it carried them, Bosphorus,

ENTRANCE TO THE PHOSPHATES.



or the Ox's Passage. The origin of the name may not be very certain, but if you will look at the beautiful engraving, you will agree that it is a great pity that any other than the arts of peace and civilization should be cultivated there. All must contemplate with sorrow the probabilities of the waters of the Bosphorus being stained with human blood, and made terrible with the storms of war,—devastating and destructive war. Many interesting Christian Missions have been established among the Turks, and have been very successful. It may be hoped that nothing will arise to blast the prospects of these missions. We hope the Bosphorus will be a free and unrestricted channel, through which the Word of God and a true civilization will pass to thousands and millions of the human race.

How God saved a Man that trusted Him.

J—R— was a wicked fisherman; and his constant companions were the workmen at a neighboring colliery, who were notorious for their dissipated habits, and brutal conduct. In the year 1805, the late Rev. Robert Miller was appointed to the Chester Circuit, of which Neston then formed a part. The colliers being informed that, before his conversion, Mr. Miller was a noted "bruiser," numbers of them went to hear him, and, in a short time, many of them became the subjects of the saving grace of God.

Through the persuasion of one of his old associates, J. R. was induced to go also; and the word was made the power of God unto him. A visible change took place in his conduct. He could neither forget his own sins, nor what he had heard of the Saviour's sufferings. He abandoned at once his Sabbath-days' amusements, and directed his way to the house of prayer. As divine light increased in his mind, he had clearer views of his state as a sinner; but the way of salvation by faith he had not yet found. While in this state, he one day told his wife, that

he must either pay less attention to religion, or he must give over fishing. "For," said he, "before I thought so much about religion I was never afraid, however rough the water was; but now, I am in constant fear of being drowned and going to hell."

His wife, who at that time was a stranger to experimental religion, yet urged him not to give up attending the means of grace; for she had already found the good effects of his change of conduct.

In that part of the river Dee between Fint and Neston, on the Cheshire side, there is a large sand-bank, which, when the tide is out, is bare for several miles. On this bank, J. R. and his partner had posts erected, to which they fixed their nets, and which always required their attendance before the return of the tide. Early one morning, in the winter of 1805-6, J. R.'s partner called on him to go and visit the nets. The night was extremely dark and hazy, with little or no wind; so little, that they did not observe from what quarter of the heavens it was blowing. Being accustomed to traverse the bank at all hours of the night, they set out, expecting to have gone direct to the nets; but, to their utter astonishment, they wandered about for upwards of two hours, and could neither find posts, nor nets, nor any thing by which to form the most distant idea on what part of the bank they were. To heighten their distress, and complete the horror of their situation, they heard the roaring of the flood-tide, and knew that the bank would be fathoms deep in water before daylight.

They were alive to the dangers of their situation, and knew that every moment rendered their case more desperate. With much persuasion, J. R. prevailed upon his partner to remain where he was, and let him go alone to see if he could discover any thing that might serve as a guide to direct them off the bank. No sooner had he got out of the hearing of his

partner, than he fell on his knees to implore the divine mercy, and protection. What were the sensations of his mind at this moment, we may imagine, but it is impossible to describe. But he directed his prayer unto Him who hath said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;" and while pleading with God in importunate prayer for mercy and salvation, the Lord manifested his pardoning mercy to his mind with such a clear and satisfactory evidence, that he could not refrain from praising God aloud, under the assurance which he felt that if his body should be washed into the sea, the Lord would receive his soul to eternal rest.

Whilst on his knees praising the Lord for the happy change he felt, it was powerfully impressed on his mind to leave the place, and he should find his way off the bank. He believed the impression to be from God, and immediately obeyed. He called to his partner, and told him that they had not a moment to spare, but if they delayed not they should be saved. His partner, who was a stranger both to the faith and feeling by which J. R. was actuated, kept starting objections at every step. J. R. had neither posts, wind, nor any visible object to refer him to, to calm his fears and assure him they were in the right way, but kept urging him on, until at last the waves broke at their feet. He then exclaimed:

"All is over now; we shall both be lost for ever."

To prevent him turning back, J. R. seized him by the hand, and dragged him into the water, saying:

"Trust in the Lord, and he will save us."

They had not gone far before the water was breast high, but the channel there being narrow, they soon found themselves on rising ground, and in a little time beyond the reach of the tide. Their deliverance was so wonderful and unexpected, that they could

hardly believe it real; especially, as they found themselves at a considerable distance from the place they would have aimed at, had they known where they were; but, when examined by daylight, it appeared they had crossed at the only place then fordable, and neither of them could swim. Thus did the Lord deliver his servant, first from spiritual bondage and the fear of death, and then from a watery grave, and that by a way which clearly shows that it was "the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes."

In the following winter a circumstance occurred which affected him very much. The winter was very severe; and very little fish could be caught; his family was large, and their wants numerous. One day, after toiling hard, and having caught little, when returning with his boat, his hands were so swollen with the cold, that he could with difficulty handle the oar. The enemy took advantage of this, and suggested, that, as his family was large, and fishing so bad, and, by the rules of the society, he was not to contract debts without the probability of paying, he had better leave the society at once. At the same time he was powerfully tempted to believe that the ways of the Lord, in the distributions of his providence, are not equal; that there were many he knew who could provide for their families, without being exposed to such toils and dangers as attended his occupation. Whilst these thoughts were passing through his mind, a murmur of dissatisfaction arose, his confidence in God was shaken, and he found he had lost that peace with God he before enjoyed. At that moment a large salmon leaped into the boat to him, and lay as if stupefied at his feet. When he saw the fish in the boat, it so affected him that it was with difficulty he could muster resolution to kill it. Overwhelmed with shame at his own murmuring unbelief, and the goodness of God to such an unworthy sinner as he saw himself to be, he fell prostrate

before the Lord in the boat, and with tears implored forgiveness. From the above period to the time when he related the circumstance to me, (which is several years ago,) he had never been tempted either to murmur at his lot, or to doubt the wisdom and goodness of Providence. He had been enabled to provide well for his family; and the blessing of the Lord, which maketh rich, rested upon him.

The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1854.

The Religious Anniversaries—Canada Sunday School Union.

The Annual Meetings held in Montreal for the purpose of hearing the reports of certain Societies, established for the religious benefit of our countrymen, were this year well attended, and the statements made highly encouraging. The Bible Meeting and the French Canadian Missionary Meeting were the largest in point of numbers, and there was evidently created an unusual interest in the affairs of these Societies. The Anniversary of the Sunday School Union was a delightful assemblage, and to that we must devote what of space we can afford. It was held on the evening of the 25th January, and was the Seventeenth Anniversary. The Chair was taken by Colonel Maitland. After prayer by the Rev. Mr. Scott, the Chairman made some remarks on the great benefits, of which Sunday Schools were productive, and stated that seventeen years ago, he was present at the first formation of the Society, of which they were now commemorating the anniversary. He then called on Mr. T. A. Gibson, Secretary, to read the report, which will shortly be published as usual.

After congratulating the Society on the great progress made during last year, the Committee state that they opened a correspondence with the American Sunday School Union, respecting the employment of Agents, and were informed, that that Society intended to send agents into Canada, particularly along the frontier, and solicited the co-operation of the Canada Society. At a conference with Messrs. Boardman and Hoyt of the American Union, a mode of proceeding was arranged for visiting the different districts. Much very interesting information was given, and the balance sheets read, all of which will appear in the printed report. The principal speakers on this occasion were the Rev. Dr. Taylor, the Rev. Mr. Fraser, and the Rev. F. H. Marling. Omitting the resolutions, we shall give short abstracts from the speeches. Dr. Taylor congratulated the Society on so much having been done last year, as appeared from the report. Those children were taught from the Scriptures the same as Timothy, and the ultimate influence of that teaching no man could tell. In many sections of the country the teaching in the Sunday School was all that was to be got. Without it the childrer would grow up in ignorance. The Schools not only did good to the scholars, but also to the teachers, who would be brought under a deeper sense of religious truth. They were the greatest enemies of infidelity, which had as many phases as the moon, and was in fact a species of lunacy, whether as free thinking rationalism, materialism, or the tom-foolery of spirit-rapping. They did good also to parents by making them feel the necessity of seconding the efforts of the teacher, and by

children many parents had themselves been converted to the truth. By the report it appeared that 8700 children were taught, and received the benefit of libraries for £550. This shewed great economy. Why the common schools of the Government cost about £25,000, and he might even say that the scholars, sent forth by the unpaid teachers of the Sunday Schools, were better instructed than many of those by the teachers paid by the public money. In many of the destitute districts too, the Sunday School was the only church. Mr. M'Nally stated that in some places he visited, the Gospel had never been preached until he went there, and there are many such in Lower Canada. He would call upon the opulent merchants of Montreal for aid, and pointed out to them the excellence and profitableness of this investment. There was nothing in it to risk, nothing to mourn over. Their money would be faithfully expended, and the return incalculable. He honored the enterprise of Canada, and the men of railroads, but were he a man of wealth, he would rather found a circle of Sunday Schools in the country than be President of the Grand Trunk Railway.

The Rev. D. Fraser, on moving the second resolution, said, that it was the impression of some of the old officers of the Society, that its claims were not fully understood among the community, and, notwithstanding all that had been said, he feared that its claims were not sufficiently acknowledged. Its object was, not to foster a few pet Schools in the city, but to give to the children in remote parts of the land the benefits of Scriptural instruction. And did not its Report prove its management

to be good? It was unsectarian in its principles as the Bible Society itself, aiming only at the evangelical training of the young, claiming no control over any School, but stimulating the energies of all. He liked the plan of the Society, and the Report had shewn its effects. The work was one of the foremost things, whether in its principles or in its results; there was not a nobler in which to live or die. Every one could observe the development of knowledge in the young, and the efforts of an opening mind to grasp at sacred truth. What was instilled into the young soul bore ample fruit in future life. Men and women of adult age, who had not before thought of serious subjects, seldom attained to a clear conception of eternal things; but lessons early imprinted seldom tailed of their influence. He (Mr. F.) complained that in this country and in the United States there was a lack of reverence. It was the first thing that struck the new-comer. There was enough of activity, of inquisitiveness, of energy,—but there was a great want of deference to parents, to superiors for the time being, and to God. Where was the remedy? In the Sunday School. In Canada, so many doors to independence were open, that young people had no difficulty in supporting themselves; but with wealth came the danger to themselves, unless fixed principles had been planted within their breasts. How manifest, therefore, that the young soldiers of Christ should be duly trained in all the science of their warfare, and to use all the tact and skill that will be requisite to bring them safely out of the contest.

The Rev. Mr. Marling in speaking

on popular morality said, an Act of Parliament could not render the people moral, but it was to be done by sowing on each youthful soul, broad and deep the principles of religion. This was to be done by Sunday Schools. The resolution spoke of improving the Sunday Schools; he was aware that the schools in the city might compare favorably with any schools; yet none would say, that even they had arrived at the highest point of excellence. The object of Sunday schools, when begun in England, was to provide for the children of the poor, the means of being made able to read, and so far it was a kind of charitable organisation. But here and in the United States the idea was, that the children of the rich were as open to be benefitted as the poor. The Sunday school was the children's church, a step between the family and the church, and we ought to take Christ's example in training them for it. He had often stated, that a national feeling ought to be fostered in this country. There was too much feeling for old associations, the Englishman wished to remain English, the Scotchman Scotch, and so on; but as a man must forsake father and mother and cleave to his wife, so we should cleave to Canada. Not that we might love England, Ireland, or Scotland less, but Canada more. It was a glorious country in its soil, its forests, its lakes, and even amidst the present intense frost, he would say its climate, for none was more healthy and bracing. It was fortunate too in its population. We had the vivacity and clearness of intellect of the French, with the toughness, energy and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon. We had also the blessing of Free Institutions, and if there

were occasional ebullitions of spirit, he would ten times rather see them than the torpor of a crushing despotism. Again, its people were allied politically with Great Britain, and otherwise with the United States; so that it would be difficult to say with which we have the stronger interest. But neither country present the appearance of Canada in a moral point of view. Before we came here, the darkness of the middle ages had settled down upon the land; a power with all the prestige of wealth, and the impress of long possession had taken hold of the country and the minds of a vast proportion of its people. And here a battle was to be fought, a deadly struggle, which like the battle of Armageddon was to be one of mastery or death. Let them, then, take their young and rear them for the great fight, training them in Sunday Schools in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, properly impressed with the perils and trials before them, but looking for victory with their standards bearing the motto—*Canada for freedom, Canada for the Bible, Canada for Christ.*

It was then moved and resolved, that the following individuals be the Office-bearers and Committee for the present year, with power to add to their number:—

President—Hon. James Ferrier; Vice-Presidents—J. H. Maitland, John Redpath, John Dougall, Joseph Wenham, Esqs.; James Court, Esq., Treasurer; T. A. Gibson, Esq., Cor. Secy.; J. C. Becket, Esq., Rec. do.; James Milne, Esq., Depository; Committee—The Resident Ministers of the Gospel and Superintendents of Sabbath Schools; George Hagar, N. S. Frost, John Brodie, George Rogers, Chas. P. Watson, J. W. Howes, A. F. Sabine, S. D. Childs, E. T. Taylor, R. Birks, A. McDonald, H. A. Nelson, W. C. Evans, W. Muir, R. McDougall, D. D. McKenzie, W. Ross, A. Adams, Wm. Hutchinsou, T. D. Hall, Benjamin Lyman, S. J. Lyman, George Selkirk. — Rowan

This being carried, the Doxology was sung, and the meeting closed.

Address of a Departed Friend.

My young friend, I was recently with you, but have passed away, and shall never visit you again. When present, I brought you many blessings, and it cannot surprise you that I am somewhat concerned about the use you have made of them: for though I am gracious to those who esteem my favours, I am clothed with terror against all who dare abuse them. This concern must be my apology for addressing you; and if the sayings of dying friends are valued and remembered, treat not with indifference the admonitions and counsels of one who has ceased to exist among you. During my being, it was a prevailing custom in your world, for persons to introduce themselves by announcing their names; you must, however, excuse me from imitating their example. Yet, should I for a season remain concealed, do not think it is because I am ashamed of being known; for though the period of my existence was brief, it was honourable; and few were equal to me in deeds of greatness, or surpassed me in extent of dominion. You may have some conception of my importance and respectability, when I inform you that I was the intimate companion of all the kings and mighty men of the earth; I was with them in public, when they appeared in all the splendour and majesty of station and office; and in private, when they became as other men; and that in all places, at the same moment, however distant they were from each other. But lest you should conclude I was so elated with the company of my noble associates, that I neglected those who were of meaner birth, it is a duty I owe to myself to declare, I despised no one, however poor or wretched. I attended on all ranks of society, and was found in all circumstances; and as I did not respect the persons of any, neither was there any variation in my friendship. I existed for the good of mortals; to promote their interest was the

principal end of my being; and though that being was not so protracted as the life of many who are very young, yet a history of all I witnessed and all I did would fill immense volumes. Such a history must not be expected from me: it must suffice to observe, that, during my short life, I visited every land and every sea; I was present at every action of every creature, whether it was done by night or by day. I attended every council that was held, every battle that was fought, every marriage that was celebrated, and every death which occurred; and various, it may be supposed, were the opinions of my subjects respecting my character and worth. Some complained that I was a very dull companion, and rested upon them with a weight, too heavy to be endured; and all their ingenuity was exerted to find out means of driving me from them; nay, to employ their own language, they would deliberately endeavour to kill me; while others complained that I passed from them with a swiftness impossible to be increased. In health and strength many accounted me of no value; but even they set a price upon me above all they possessed, when I was withdrawing myself from them; and would gladly have parted with all their titles and property to prevail on me to continue with them a few weeks or months longer. And here I must be allowed to observe, that those who died were miserable or happy, according as they abused or esteemed my favours. Young people, it is said are very unwilling to hear of death; but though I never was old, yet I was very familiar with this mortal foe of man; for many thousands expired during my short existence; and I attended the closing scene of them all.

I witnessed the approach of death into the princely palace and the lowly cottage; to the downy couch of the lordly rich, and straw bed of the abject poor; to those who lived ready for his appearing, and those who had spent their days regardless of all preparation for him. I have seen the wicked die,

who had lived in worldly pomp and dignity, and who sacrificed my benign influence to obtain riches, pursue pleasure, and adorn their persons; and had you heard at that solemn moment their bitter lamentations for their past folly, you must have been deeply affected. Then they were convinced of the vanity of their conduct, acknowledged it with apparent regret, and prayed that I would afford them an opportunity of showing their sincerity by their reformation; and when they found that I would not help them any longer, stung with remorse for the past, and terrified with the thought of the future, they remained and expired. Some of them, yourselves, were young, and they charged me with cruelty for leaving them so soon; though frequently, when I have been seeking to befriend them, they have told me to depart. I have also seen the righteous die; and can set my seal to the truth of that book which asserts, their end is peace. They were assisted to reflect on their days of piety with pleasure, and thankfulness to God, who had granted them grace to live in his fear and walk in his will; and they could anticipate, with confidence, a blessed eternity through the good hope they possessed in Christ. I have likewise seen the last days and final hour of many who were young in years; and that you may be warned of the folly of neglecting religion, and instructed respecting its inestimable worth in early life, you shall have the history of one from the many whom I saw dismissed from your state of being.

I was present when Dilator expired. He was a youth of gentle manners, and of great gravity. He was blessed with pious parents, and was a child of many prayers. At a considerable expense, he was educated for an honourable profession; and had passed through the period of his apprenticeship with credit to himself, and with the approbation of his master. So far as morality of conduct, application to study, and fair promise of excelling in his profes-

sion, could yield satisfaction, he was every thing his aged father could wish him to be. Nor was he an opposer of religion; he admitted its worth; he admired its beauty; he was sensible of its necessity; and if he felt no peculiar delight in its ordinances, he expressed no reluctance to attend them. But there he rested: familiar with certain duties, assenting to Christian doctrines, a mere hearer of the Gospel of God. In this state of mind, he left his father's house to prosecute his studies at the University. There he entered upon them with all the intenseness of youthful ardour, and full of laudable hope and desire respecting future eminence. But uncertain are the expectations of mortals. Scarcely had he commenced his beloved pursuits, when he became a subject of a disease which baffled all the remedies prescribed by the most eminent physicians. He returned to his paternal abode, and for a season remained the same approving, yet indifferent observer of religion. It lived before him; it was pressed on his attention; but whether he trusted, as too many do, to the prayers of his pious relations and Christian friends, or concluded, that not being profanely immoral, he stood in no need of repentance, or hoped that he might regain health and live many days, he seemed careless about his everlasting welfare. His friends saw with deep concern the rapid progress of the last enemy, and sought to impress his mind with the importance of personal salvation. They finally succeeded. His eyes were opened to a discovery of his state and danger; he became sensible of neglected advantages, of undervalued privileges; and in bitterness of spirit he mourned before God. Prayer was made for him, and by him; and a few moments before he ceased to breathe, mercy was manifested to his guilty spirit. Were the young who, like him, are blessed with religious friends and opportunities, seriously to reflect on the feelings of his closing scene, and the narrow escape he had from the yawn-

ing pit of destruction, surely they would avoid that indifference which so nearly proved fatal to Dilator.

During my time I put you in possession of many valuable favours. I brought the fruitful shower, the maturing sun, and appointed harvest. But for me, the flocks would not have been shorn, nor the labours of the husbandman have met with their merited reward. I brought you morning mercies, and evening comforts; refreshing sleep, and all the seasons of your innocent pleasure. Were you afflicted? I continued with you through all your sufferings; to my being, and to my presence, you owe your recovery. Had I taken my departure, neither the tears of your friends, nor the prayers of your pastors, nor all the skill and attention of your medical attendants, could have prevented you from being numbered with the dead. I was with you when you so anxiously inquired, "Shall I die?" I was with you when you so fervently prayed to be spared, and raised up to health; and when you promised, if God would continue you in the world, you would consecrate to him your future days: and permit me to remind you, that it is your interest to pay that which you have vowed. With opportunities of doing so, I frequently favoured you before I left you; for to me you were indebted for many holy sabbaths, gracious ordinances of religion, and the numerous Gospel sermons which you heard,—sermons which strongly recommended to your regard the salvation bought with the Saviour's blood, and urged upon you an immediate reception of his light and easy yoke. Such, indeed, were the number and nature of my gifts, that had you rightly valued them, and diligently improved them, you would have found the advantage of so doing through the ages of eternity. Some of you were wise to discern my worth, and sought to profit by my being; but against others of you, I have serious charges. I might take up the language

of complaint, and reproach you with cold indifference, with base ingratitude, and with the perversion of my mercies into sources of misery. I could upbraid you with consuming my hours in unnecessary sleep, in disgraceful idleness, in vain mirth, and even in wanton mischief.

But I forbear; and as you will never see me again in the world in which you live, this address closes by making one more and final request of you. If you will comply with it, you may, in a great measure, redeem the loss you have sustained by neglecting a proper use of my favours. The request has every thing connected with it that is great and good, to invite your compliance is reasonable. It will prove your interest, it will be applauded by all wise men, and must meet with the approbation of your gracious God. To a compliance you are called by all that is lovely in holiness, desirable in happiness, consoling in death, terrible in hell, and inviting in heaven.—*Treat my Successor graciously.*

YOUR DEPARTED FRIEND, A FRAGMENT OF TIME, THE PAST YEAR.

A GATHERER OF FRAGMENTS.

The Sabbath Scholars' Home!

Jane was a very intelligent child: she was perhaps, about eight years old when she entered the class, and continued in it till she was fourteen. Her father was a mechanic, and might have earned enough to keep his family in great comfort, but he was a sad drunkard, and would often spend in one day the earnings of a week. The consequence was, that the family were always in want, sometimes in distitution. When in liquor, too, he was violent and abusive. Poor Jane often bore the marks of his ill usage about her; and her sickly appearance and scanty clothing proclaimed the parent's baseness. The mother, I believe, was a well-disposed woman, who, under more favourable circumstances, would have made a very good mother; but her spirits were broken, and she did little

besides mending the rags, and bemoaning the misery of her family. When Jane first came to school, it was evidently looked upon as a refuge from a wretched home, and valued as such. It was affecting to see her luxuriating in the warmth of the school-room fire on a cold winter's day. Poor thing! it was the only time she could calculate on such an enjoyment.

I could go on, extensively quoting from the experience of others, or relating from my own observation, such instances as these, in which the comfort, respectability, present welfare, and future prospects of our school children and their parents have been sacrificed to the indulgence of intemperate habits. But what need for this, when so many living, though possibly silent, witnesses to the desolating influence of drunkenness, crowd the streets and lanes of our towns and cities, and the highways and bye-ways of our villages? What need of it, when not a reader, probably, into whose hands these letters may come, but could point out many a ruined home, or many a suffering family victimized by strong drink.

Is it possible that any of my readers may feel convicted of fault in this respect? If so, be entreated, at once and for ever, to abandon the destructive, though seductive, habit of intemperance. Think of the personal inconveniences it brings upon you. Is it not worth your while to get rid of these? Think of the helpless and hopeless poverty a course of drunkenness entails upon your family. Is it not worthy of a struggle on your part, by a resolute and final departure from that course, to redeem them from this present misery? Think of the domestic quarrels in which habitual temperance continually involves you. Is not peace at home worth obtaining at almost any price? Think of your children, shoeless, shivering, ragged, hungry, when the sacrifice of your wretched vice would clothe them, warm them, feed them, and make them happy! Can you barter away their daily

comfort for the maddening excitement of beer drinking or spirit drinking? Think of your children taking pattern from you, and becoming, before many years have passed away, more degraded perhaps, and more sottish than yourself, and pleading your example as an excuse for their conduct;—think of them as ruined in health and prosperity by your and their destructive course;—or think of them as cursing your memory as that of a cruel, self-indulgent parent, who for the gratification of one base passion, could doom them to want and contempt.—Think, I say, of these things as the natural consequences of your intemperate habits, and say whether a present privation—aye, *privation* if such it must be—ought not to be endured, to avert such a train of dire calamities.

Bear with me a little longer:—I cannot leave off here. We are too apt to look at the things that are seen and temporal, and forget those which are not seen and eternal. Bear with me therefore, when I say that the intemperance to which, in your conscience, you plead guilty, is a soul-destroying crime. “Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor DRUNKARDS, shall inherit the kingdom of God.”—1 Cor. vi. 9, 10. Your children, through the infinite mercy of God, and by means of instruction which you care not to give, may be rescued from influence of your example, and, believing and trusting in Christ, obeying his commands, and having his love shed abroad in their hearts, may have a “right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city” (Rev. xxii. 14); but as sure as death finds you a slave to the sin of intemperance, so surely will you yourself be “shut out.”

Be implored, then, by the love you bear to your children; by the regard you have to their present respectability and comfort, and to their future character and destiny; and by the hope you sometimes entertain of being

saved from hell,—“father, mother! give up drinking.”

But intemperance is not your habit. You never become intoxicated with strong drink; you have a comfortable, peaceful home, so far as that is concerned, and these remarks do not apply to you.

I am heartily glad of it, dear friend: and I rejoice that, among the parents of our scholars are so many whose sobriety and temperance is worthy of being held up to persons in higher or more affluent circumstances. To such let me offer sincere congratulations that, in spite, doubtless, of many temptations, you have in this respect maintained a character void of offence towards God and towards men. There is hope for your children, that they, copying your example, may add to the ranks of the lovers of temperance, when your course in this world shall have ended,—nevertheless, one word or two to you.

Among the families of which our scholars form parts, are very many which though not justly chargeable with insobriety, do certainly consume no inconsiderable proportion of small incomes in beverages which are, to say the least of them, unnecessary for health and comfort.

Well, as I have just observed, and to speak out plainly, I believe that many of the parents of our scholars, though not intemperate, in the common meaning of the term, spend far too much money in beer, and other exciting drinks;—too much for their own health; too much for their circumstances; too much for their children's benefit.

I will take the case—no uncommon one—of a man whose weekly earnings may be twenty shillings, all the year round; and who thinks himself justified in spending six-pence a day, one day with another, in beer, either for himself alone, or for himself and his wife. This, I repeat, is no extreme case; but one which may be met with in the families of hundreds of working men, whose children are to be found

among our scholars, and I fear that, very frequently, the same amount of expenditure would be found connected with a much lower rate of wages.

But let us look at the matter in as good a light as may be: in the case supposed, or stated, there is rather more than a sixth part of the man's earnings made off with in a needless indulgence—yes, needless—for leniently as we would judge, there is not the shadow of a reason to suppose that beer-drinking is absolutely necessary to health and strength.

Now, were I talking with such a one, I would say,—Your whole income is fifty-two pounds a year: your beer alone costs you nine pounds; is it not a pity that so large a sum should be spent, I will not say upon a sinful indulgence, but on a luxury, which, by a little self-denial, might be cut off? Think what a number of real comforts of life, nine pounds a year would procure—not selfish, but social family enjoyments. Why, this sum, wisely and economically expended, would go far towards a constant supply of fresh meat at your table; and surely beef and mutton are better than beer.

Or, if you and your children have already as much strengthening food as you require, nine pounds thus saved, year after year, in the course of two or three years, would furnish every room in your house with useful furniture—good beds, bedsteads, chairs, tables, carpets, and many other articles which you may call to mind as easily as I could enumerate.

Or, if you have the blessing of a well-furnished house, nine pounds a year would be far more than perhaps you would think of spending on books; but books against beer at all events; and such a sum, or the half of it, would procure a valuable library for yourself and your children. And, rely upon it, this is not a matter to be overlooked. In being taught to read, your children have a valuable talent entrusted to them, which it becomes you to see that they improve.

Supposing, however, that your library is already as you deem sufficiently extensive—well then, nine pounds a year would probably clothe your family, warmly and comfortably, from head to foot. For my own guidance in writing this letter I have made a rough calculation, which puts it beyond a doubt that five children—say three girls and two boys—varying in age from two to twelve years, may be luxuriously clothed for nine pounds a year. How many families, alas! there are, in which as many pounds are squandered in intoxicating liquors as there are shillings spent in comfortable garments.

I do not see any reason why you, my reader, should not have the benefit of my calculation, such as it is; and though I make no pretensions to deep knowledge in such affairs, I think I shall not be convicted of any very glaring mistakes. Thus then my account stands:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| 10 Pairs Shoes, averaging 4s. a pair. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| 15 " Stockings " 9d. " | 0 | 11 | 3 |
| 15 Shirts or Shifts " 15d. each | 0 | 18 | 9 |
| 6 Girls' Petticoats " 2s. " | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| 2 Suits boys' clothes,, 20s. " | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| 2 girls' " 10s. " | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| 3 Girls' frocks " 5s. " | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| 3 " " 3s. " | 0 | 9 | 0 |
| 3 Bonnets and trimmings 3s. " | 0 | 9 | 0 |
| 2 Hats or Caps for boys 2s. 6d. " | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| | £9 | 0 | 0 |

Set against this list the following:—

| | |
|--|----------|
| Beer, 365 days, averaging 6d. | } £9 2 6 |
| a day for my own personal gratification..... | |

I do not ask you which of these two tables looks best; but I do ask you to decide which really is best?

But, it may be your children are well clothed as it is; and you have nothing to desire in the way of family comfort or convenience that you do not already possess. This truly is a happy state of things, and I can but wish that the parents of all our scholars were thus pleasantly circumstanced. Still, I cannot give up my position, for I think something better might be done with

the odd six-pence a day, than is done with it by him who spends it on beer or porter.

Wishing.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all the amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There is not one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish, indeed—
My purse was something fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it!

I wish that Sympathy and Love
And every human passion,
That has its origin above,
Would come, and keep, in fashion;
That Scorn, and Jealousy, and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of Ocean!

I wish that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching.
I wish that practicing was not
So different from preaching!

I wish that most worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers.

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good Ideal,
May come, ere while, thro'out the earth,
To be the glorious Real!
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing!

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