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THE
MISSIONARY
(AND)
BIRTH AND SCHOOLS
RECORD.

VOL. X.

MONTREAL, JUNE 1, 1853.

No. 6.

"Whither Goest Thou?"

DEAR YOUNG READERS,—You will very easily see that I wish to call your attention to a most important question. Do you know that each one of you has entered upon a journey—the journey of life. Now it is most important that you should know whither you are going. Were I to meet any of you on the street and ask—"Whither goest thou?" how very awkward it would seem were you to reply—"I don't know!" Would I not be apt to suppose that you had either forgotten, or were a foolish child? However, it is not in regard to your *bodies*, but your souls, that I wish to apply that question.

Dear children, are you going to glory? Have you entered upon the "narrow way" that leads to life everlasting? Are you washed clean and white in the blood of the Lamb, and thus fully fitted for walking with Jesus in white in the New Jerusalem? Well, if such indeed be your case, you cannot but *know* and *rejoice* that you are bound for the better land—the land of everlasting day. Were I to ask—"Do you know where you are going, dear child?" would you not immediately reply—"To heaven?" Were I to in-

quire further, and say—"But who told you that?—how do you know?" what would be your answer? Would it be because you appear to be better than some of your companions—that you never cheat in play, tell an untruth, or disobey your parents? No, no; if you understand the gospel, you will never speak of *SELF*, but give all the glory to the Lord Jesus, and say, "He loved me and gave himself for me." His broken body and shed blood will be the great ground of your trust. You will know from the undoubted authority of Him who cannot lie, that heaven is your home. Hath He not said—"I go to prepare a place for you?" John xiv. 2.

It may be, dear young readers that the above may not apply to you. O, is there one little girl or boy reading these lines, without the knowledge of the truth which is fitted to save their souls? O remember that you must, and cannot but *know* whither you are going. There are only *two* ways, and if you are not on the one, you must necessarily be upon the other. If you cannot say you are on the way to heaven, O do not, I entreat you, *conceal* from your minds the fact, that you are on the road to everlasting woe!

O how dangerous is the path you are pursuing! It leads down, down to eternal death. Do your young hearts not ache when you think of such a doom being yours? O, does such an idea not rouse you to turn to Him who so graciously says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me"? Sure am I, that you would like to be on the way to glory. You cannot be more desirous on this point than the meek, lowly Jesus himself. He longs to receive the little ones, for "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Rejoice, then, my dear young readers, that the blessed Redeemer is more willing to bless you, than you are to be blessed by him. You need not remain another hour—another minute, as a wanderer on the "broad road" which leads to destruction. Another way has been opened for you. Come with me, in thought, to Gethsemane's garden. See the "Man of Sorrows" suffering excruciating agony. Listen to the prayer which swells up from the depths of his agonised spirit—"O my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

"While down from his forehead rolled sweat, blood, and tears,"

and know that all this suffering was meekly and patiently endured to open a door for your deliverance from woe. Gaze also at Calvary. See Jesus on the cross "lifted up" for you. Think of the cruel mockings and torture he is undergoing. At length he exclaims, "It is finished!"—atonement is made for the sins of the *whole world*? O, what a blessed truth is this! Dear young readers, Jesus died for you. This is the gospel which brings salvation within your reach. This is the glorious and glorifying reason why you may instantly return unto your gracious Father's bosom of infinite love. Hear him saying, on the ground of a Saviour's atonement, "Return unto me." Think if you can say *no* to such an entreaty, coming, as it does, from the heart of Him who bore your sins in his own body on the tree. Surely not.

Now, I trust you see your way clearly in this important matter, because unless you can understand the way to glory, you can never expect to walk in it. Perhaps you are wishing to know how you can get into this pathway. Many are most anxious to get on the way to heaven, but, alas! they are ignorant of how this is to be accomplished. God tells us in his Word (John iii. 16) that he so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life. Now you see, my young friends, that it is by believing in the Lord Jesus—in other words, receiving into your minds the testimony of his love toward you, and his work for you. When you are led to understand that he died to save you, and hear him say that *whosoever* believes or receives as a truth this fact, and rests their soul's salvation upon it, "*shall be saved*," you can have no difficulty whatever in knowing how you are to come to the Saviour, and you will have as little difficulty in knowing that you are journeying to the heavenly Canaan, so that should the question, "Whither goest thou?" be ever put to you, you shall be able intelligently to reply—To heaven.

May this be the happy state of all our young readers, for Jesus sake!

The Mockers of Elisha.

In the first place, we are to take the children not as mere thoughtless boys, scarcely knowing what they were about, but as young men, acting from a strong animus against the Prophet for his work's sake, and with a full meaning to insult and discourage him at the commencement of his career. The Hebrew word here employed to describe them no doubt does denote even an infant, and a mere child: but also does us frequently denote grown-up lads, youths, and young men; and is often used irrespective of age, in application to servants and soldiers. In fact, its use is more extensive than ours of the term "boy," though that is very

wide; and more nearly corresponds to the Irish use of the same word "boy," or "gorscon," or the French of "garçon." We need only to point out a few passages to show this. The term is applied to Ishmael, when he was about fourteen years old; to Isaac, when he was grown up to be a young man; to Hamor of Shechem, when of marriageable age, and probably no more than twenty years old; to Joseph when he was seventeen; to Gideon's son Jether, when old enough to be ordered to slay two Kings; to Solomon, after he had become King; to the four hundred Amalekites who escaped on camels; to Elisha's servant Gehazi; to the son of the Prophets who anointed Jehu; to the two hundred and thirty-two attendants, of the Princes of the provinces who went out against Benhadad; to the soldiers of the Assyrian King; and in other places too numerous to cite. In all these cases, though differently translated according to the apparent meaning of the sacred writer,—by child, lad, young man, man, servant,—the word is but one in the original, and is the same which is here employed to express "children."

But it will be said those designated here are not only children, but "little children." Even so; but in one of the instances just cited, Solomon calls himself "a little child," when certainly a young man; and we wish to point attention to the fact, which we have never seen noticed, that, although those who came out against the Prophet are called "little children" the "little" is dropped where the forty-two who are slain are mentioned. Even the word for "children" is then changed to another; and although that word is of nearly synonymous use and application with the other, the change with the dropping of the word "little," is probably intended to mark the distinction. Wherever there is a mob of idle young men, there is sure to be a number of mischievous urchins, who shout and bawl, as they do, without knowing much of the matter. Although, there-

fore, there were no doubt little children among this rabble of young Bethelites, there is every reason to suppose that the forty-two of them who were destroyed were the oldest ones, the ring-leaders of the set, and who very well knew what they were about. It is worthy of note here, that the Jews have long considered a father responsible for the sins of his sons while they are under thirteen years of age, after which they become accountable for themselves. There is a ceremony, wherein the father publicly in the congregation transfers to his son, when he attains that age, the responsibility he has hitherto borne for him. This notion is old. We trace it in John ix. 23, where the parents decline to answer for their son, on the ground that he has reached the age of personal responsibility, and can answer for himself. If this idea was as old as the time of Elisha,—and it probably was, though the age may then have been later,—it supplies a fresh argument to show that the *youngest* of those destroyed was not under the age to which personal responsibility was fixed by the Jews themselves, the Bethelites among the rest.

Observe, further, that these youths were not accidentally encountered: they did not happen to be at their sports outside the town when the Prophet passed; but they "came out," of *malice prepense* "to meet" and insult him. Such a purpose against the Prophet must have been the result of their ungodly training in that evil place, and must have had its root in the sneers and sarcasms which they had all their lives heard levelled at the name and acts of Elijah. Him, surrounded as he was with terrors, they would not have dared thus to insult and abuse; but from his comparatively meek and gentle successor, whom they had never hitherto seen in any position of authority, they thought there was nothing to apprehend, and that they could with impunity pour out the blackness of their hearts upon him.

They had heard that El jub had been taken up to heaven, and they believed it; but, instead of being suitably impressed by it, they regarded it as a fine new subject of derision, telling the disciple to "go up" after his master, and then they should be well rid of both. To this they added the ignominious term of "bald-head," which was one of great indignity with the Israelites. It was a term of contempt, equivalent to calling him a mean and unworthy fellow,—a social outcast. In this sense it is still used as a term of abuse in the further East, (India, &c.) and often applied as such to men who have ample heads of hair. In western Asia, where men shave their heads, the term is not now known as one of reproach.

Missionary Incidents.

A heathen mother.—One day Mr. Geddie, at Adenteum, on going out into his yard, saw a woman standing with a large club in her hands. She was the mother of a young man and a young woman who had come to him to be instructed in the way of salvation, and were living with his domestics. "What do you want?" he asked; but she made no answer. Her son said that she had come for them to go back and engage in some of their dark customs. She was greatly excited; and when she found they would not go with her, she went away, threatening to kill her daughter, when she could get her in her power.

The Young Prince of Madagascar.—The Queen of Madagascar hates Christianity, and has done all she could to destroy it out of the island. She has not succeeded. The more she has persecuted them that believe on Christ, the more they have multiplied. Among their number is her own son, the heir to the throne. He has lately been called to share in the government with his mother; and one of the first acts was to hinder his poor suffering brethren from being any longer hunt-

ed by those who had been sent out to destroy them.

Human Sacrifices.—It used to be the custom at Old Calabar, West Africa, to sacrifice a human victim every year, because they thought this would help to bring ships to trade. It is said that a man was sacrificed in this way, only last year. Near the mouth of the river, where the people live by fishing, they every year fasten a man to a stake at low water, where the tide, as it rises, will come over him, and he will be devoured by sharks. They think C. J. likes to have them do so, and will reward them for it, by giving them success in catching fish.

Conclusive Reasoning of an African Boy.—A *juju* is a charm which the superstitious Africans use to keep away evil and secure good. A chief man at Creek Town had a great *juju* prepared, to keep his house and yard; but one day the lightning struck his house. "If that *juju* were the same as god to keep man safe," said one of the boys in the mission school, "why did it not say to the lightning, 'Go back, I keep this house?'"

A cruel Father.—In a city in Turkey where the gospel has been preached with great success, a boy has become interested in the truth. His father is a bitter opposer, and treated his son with such severity that he has been obliged to flee from his home and hide himself. Do you remember who it is that says, "If any man love father or mother more than me, he is not worthy of me;" and also, "a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

An unnatural Son.—In Amoy, China, a woman about 70 years old has begun to love the Saviour. Is her son, on whom she was dependent, glad that she has found such a friend, who will take her to be with him in heaven when she dies? No; it enraged him, and she has had to endure cruel blows, and more cruel mockings; and now she is obliged to go out from her home

in her old age, and earn her bread by daily labor.

Schools among the Zulus. Eight of the children in Mr. A. Grout's school at Unvoti, read and spell with as much fluency as white children of their age. Many also, of a class of thirty, have learned to "write a fair hand." In teaching them to read, Mr. Grout appoints two to read, and the rest act as critics with him. Thus all, in turn, both read and criticise; and in this way learn very fast.

Children receiving Instruction.— There are seventy-five schools connected with the Madura mission. In these schools are 1,313 scholars. Sixty-one of the schools have teachers who love the Saviour, and who want to have their scholars love him.

The Missionary Meeting.

No. 2.

And now they entered the place in which the meeting was to be held. How bright, and cheerful it looked! There were the lighted chandeliers, and the raised platform, with green-baize hangings, and the seats for the speakers, and one, larger than the rest, for the chairman; and in front of this stood a table, on which were some *small boxes*; but, above all, there were happy young faces, here and there, which were well known to each other, and smiles and nois passed freely between them. "I wish Henry were here, and not so far off at school," said Lucy. "Hush!" whispered her mamma; "the chair is about to be taken, and then the meeting will begin."

A pleasant-looking gentleman was now invited to occupy the great chair, and, having done so, he again rose, and expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing so large a number present, especially so many *young persons*; "for they," said he, "must work in this good cause when we can do so no longer; and, even in their early years, it is impossible to say how much *they can do* for it."

He then proposed that they should unite in singing:

"From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
In every land, by every tongue."

After which, the Rev. Mr. B. offered up a short prayer, in which he especially entreated the Divine blessing on Missions, and on all engaged in them, mingling therewith thanksgivings on behalf of happy England, and praying that all present might have the privilege of aiding to send the Bible to the ends of the earth.

"I wish I could help to send it," thought Lucy.

Then the Chairman called on the Secretary to read the report.

A tall brave gentleman, with a roll of papers in his hand, then rose, and having bowed to the Chairman and the Meeting, read the following Report of the Society:—

"Most persons present have seen some of those maps which, I believe, are called Missionary maps, and which are intended to show us the state of the nations as it respects their religious advantages and necessities. You will remember that in those maps, the regions of the earth where pagan idolatry still prevails are traced in *black*; those that are under the domination of Mahomedanism are marked out *yellow*; where the blood stained papacy rules, *red* is seen; and here and there a few *white* spaces point out the favoured spots illuminated by the light of Gospel truth.

"But what Christian has ever looked upon one of these maps without having his heart affected and saddened by the sight? Truly, darkness still covers the earth, and gross darkness the people. Still, had those maps been published little more than fifty years ago, before this and other Missionary Societies were formed, many a little sunny spot must have appeared dark as night. Then Tahiti, and the other South Sea Islands, India, China, Southern and Western Africa, Madagascar, Birmah,

New Zealand, and Australia, were sunk in apparently hopeless ignorance, sin, and misery. In some of these lands they openly worshipped the Evil One; and feasted on the flesh of their fellow-men. And in one of the most enlightened of them, namely, India, they at that time committed their widows to the flames, and murdered multitudes of their innocent babes; while they thought the female sex unworthy to share in the smallest amount of mental instruction. But at this time, through the Divine blessing on the labours of Missionaries, a blessed change has been wrought! Tahiti, Rarotonga, and many of the South Sea Islands, have utterly destroyed their idols, given up infanticide, and other dreadful practices, and professed themselves to be Christians. In Africa the Hottentots, who were sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and vice, have become decent, industrious, and many of them pious. In New Zealand some of the people are becoming quite civilized, and the worship of Satan is giving place to the knowledge of the true God, and to holiness and peace. In British India, and in some other parts of that vast territory, the burning of women and the murder of babes are forbidden; and schools have been opened for female children as well as for boys. In Madagascar, there have not only been converts to Christianity, but many who willingly suffered rather than deny Him who died for them. Australia and Birnieh, have also seen the messengers who have brought unto them the glad tidings of salvation. And in China, great things have been done, and are still doing. The Scriptures have been translated, and a New Testament can be purchased in the Chinese tongue for 4d. Christian tracts are widely circulated. Persecution has ceased; schools and hospitals have been opened and Chinese converts sent forth to preach to their countrymen; and zealous European Missionaries and their wives are labouring and praying for the same good cause. So now, when we look at our missionary maps, shall we not 'thank God and take courage?' Yes, truly! For as we sorrowfully glance at the *black*, and *yellow* and *red* which still remain, we may be partly consoled by the thought, that the Word of God is now translated into most of the languages of the Earth; and that this Society alone has, during the past year, collected about sixty thousand pounds for missions to the heathen; employing as its agents nearly two hundred Missionaries, with their devoted wives, besides a much more numerous band of native teachers, through whose labors God is bringing many out of the kingdom of darkness into that of his dear Son. In these Missions there are numerous schools, in which above thirty thousand children of both sexes are taught the vanity of idolatry, and made acquainted with all that is most important to well-being, both in time and eternity. But it was sad to be obliged to state that this Society had for some time been spending more every year than it had received; so that, far from being able to send forth more Missionaries, there was a fear of their being obliged to call back some whom they had already sent forth, for want of money to sustain them. Their own little Branch Society, also, was not as helpful as it ought to be. It wanted more collectors and subscribers. It was not a few rich people giving their guineas that would do; it was the *poor* and the *young* giving their pence; and those who were somewhat better off, their shillings,—that was also wanted. Indeed, their contributions to the Parent Society would have been much smaller, had it not been for the contents of those Missionary Boxes on the table. One of them had been brought by a little boy, and in it was £1 1s. 2d. Another by a farm servant, and in it was 11s. 2d. Another by a servant-maid, which was almost overflowing with the pence that had been dropped into it, as was the case with one or two others." And as there were more Missionary Boxes ready to be given

to any who would take charge of them, the Report closed by the expression of a hope, "that they would all be distributed that night, and standing beside the Missionary map in every family, plead the cause of the heathen in each."

"I will have a Missionary Box," thought both the sisters.

In the mean time, the chairman proposed, that those who wished this report to be printed, should signify their wish by holding up their hands. Lucy held up both hers, and whispered to Susan, "I hope mamma will have the Report when it is printed." Her sister pointed to the platform, on which their own minister had just risen to speak; but they were rather disappointed to see him sit down again, after saying, "That as there were two gentlemen who had come as a deputation from the Parent Society to address them, he should confine himself to making two observations on the Report they had just heard. First, to express the joy and thankfulness which, he was sure, must fill the hearts of all present at the success wherewith God had crowned their past labours. And in the next place, to entreat them to make increased efforts on behalf of this Society, in order that, far from having to call home any of their Missionaries for want of money to sustain them, they might, on the contrary, be able to send out a still greater number."

(To be Continued)

The Lamb gathered unto the Fold.

The following account is sent by Mrs. Lechler, from Salem, and will be read with pleasure, and we hope with profit, by many of the young.

"The child whose short course I wish to tell you about, was named Kirupie (Grace) by her parents, in gratitude for the grace which had saved them. Her father came to the orphan-school about ten years ago, and has been for four years a deacon of the

church, and a most useful Scripture reader. Her mother was for four years supported in the girls' school by Mrs. Buck and friends at Ipswich. Little Kirupie early showed a decided love for divine things, and before she could walk she knew the prayer-bell and was not happy if she was not taken by her parents to the house of God. As soon as she could speak, she would beg to hear some Bible stories, and when unable to sleep, would always express this desire. Her parents, seeing her quickness, began early to teach her, and her father has since told me he fondly looked forward to her rapidly acquiring all the learning necessary for a Christian female, and then becoming a teacher of her degraded sex in one of the dark villages around us. But God had higher work for her and soon called her away. Often when she came to the school I have watched her, and thought how likely she was to become a snare to her mother, who, leading her by the hand, would turn again and again, and look at the little creature as she was waiting upon the steps of the mission house, till Mr. Lechler came out, in order to present him a flower, or early vegetables from their garden, or a lime. Her fondness for school was remarkable. She would reprove those who would induce her to stay at home, saying, 'I am the Lord's child; I must learn.' Not only would she not tell an untruth herself, but would reprove others who sinned in this way, and would not play with them. Her love of order, too, was remarkable. She was indeed a lovely flower. But I must hasten to the close of her short life. On the 9th of January, her father came for medicine, saying Kirupie had cholera. I sent it, and saw her about two hours afterwards, when she seemed easier, and said, 'That is enough; go home, teacher.' I, however, could not go, and scarcely left her till she died, at three o'clock the next day. Her sufferings were very great; but she was very patient. Only once or twice she begged

for more water, which, as it aggravated her sufferings, we dared not give her. About ten o'clock on the day of her death, severe convulsions set in. At this time she seemed sensible, and I think heard her mother say, "Kirupie, do you know your verse now, 'I will lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety?'"—for, it seems, the dear child would never lie down till she had repeated this verse on her knees. The convulsions continuing, her mother laid her down upon her lap, and, with a voice and look I shall not soon forget, said, 'Go, my child, go to your father's house in peace! There is neither pain nor sorrow there; and we will soon follow you.' From that moment the convulsions and pain ceased, and she breathed gently for about two hours and then died. Her mother knelt for some time beside the little body, but uttered no murmur. The father raised his eyes and hands, and said, 'My Kirupie (Grace), in grace you were given, in grace you were taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!'—and he went away 'to tell Jesus.' Oh! how I wished our dear friends, and especially the kind supporters of our school could have been there. The next morning, at eight o'clock, we put the lifeless body in its little coffin, and bore it away to our little graveyard. All the children followed, singing a Tamil hymn, commencing,—

'Awai, va'n world, away!
Thou art no place for me,' &c.

A neat little tomb stands over her remains."—*Juv. Miss. Magazine.*

Spirit of a Converted Kaffir.

Let us take an illustration of the value of Christian Missions, founded in the Christian character and temper of their converts. I select one resident at the station of Mr. Hood; and I take that man the rather, because he is a Kaffir, one of a race that seems doomed, I fear, unless the voice of British justice and benevolence interfere, to

extermination by British bayonets, as "irreclaimable and treacherous savages." I now speak of a man who had heard a missionary speak of *the wrath to come*, though he did not understand the meaning of it. He came to the colony, was brought to the missionary, explained his anguish, and asked what he must do. Mr. Hood preached to him the Saviour. He listened with eagerness, and stood trembling, and said, "Sir I am old and-tupid; tell me again." And, being told again, the tears rolled down the sabb'o cheek of this man of noble and athletic frame, and he confessed his astonishment at the love of God and the commission of the Saviour. He resolved to come and live near the missionary, that he might hear again and again the glad tidings. The little space in the village was, however, already occupied; and as he had acquired property, and that property was cattle, there would be no room to graze them. He told his difficulty to the missionary, and added, "I am a Kaffir, and I love my cattle; but I'll part with the last one I have, if that stands in the way of coming to hear the Word!" Noble decision! He had found the pearl of great price, and he would part with all he had to procure it. The missionary arranged matters for him, and he now resides on the spot, a consistent, devoted Christian, fervent in prayer, useful to many.

Warned and Cut Off.

One sabbath afternoon, a missionary in one of the large mercantile cities of England was on his way to a Sabbath class. He passed a place where some twenty or thirty lads of seventeen to twenty years of age were amusing themselves, and cursing and swearing, in an open space of ground. He went up to them, warned them of their sin, and asked if any among them could repeat the fourth commandment. Not one of them knew it.

He then asked them to go with him to a school-room under the church, as he

had a message for them. They abused him; but he at last persuaded the ringleader to go with him, and the rest followed.

The missionary's heart sank within him, when, after shutting himself in to the room with them, they burst in to a wild outcry, mocking and deriding him. But he lifted up his heart to God, and the hearer of prayer heard that cry and strengthened him.

He began to speak to them of Sodom, and the children playing in its streets, while the vengeance of an angry God was hanging over them. Three times he was interrupted by yells and curses; but the last two times they were checked by the lad who at first had been the most ferocious in wickedness. The missionary at length gained the attention of the whole, and a most solemn hour was past, while he shewed them that the doom of Sodom would be theirs, unless they fled for refuge to Jesus, the covert from the storm.

The lad referred to now listened with earnest attention. He was deeply affected when the missionary said,—“God works in many ways; he may not overwhelm you all at once as he did the children of Sodom; yet He can summon any one of you before Him at any time. Perhaps before this time to-morrow one of you may be standing in his presence.”

When all was over, one stayed behind, to say that he was sorry for what he had done, and that he would come back to hear more.

Next morning the missionary saw a crowd round a house in a low, dirty court. He was told that a boy had been killed in a moment, by a cart having gone over him. The woman who told him said he had been a very wicked boy; but she heard he had been at a Sabbath-school the night before. On returning to the place in the afternoon, the mother, who was in deep distress, asked the missionary to look at the dead body; and he felt awe-struck indeed, when, on beholding it, he recognised the mangled remains of the poor

lad who had listened to him with such fixed earnestness the night before. His tongue, with which in his lifetime he used to swear so fearfully, had protruded from his mouth in his last agony; and his teeth had gone so completely through, that they had to cut out the tongue before they could close the mouth of the corpse.

The mother afterwards told him that neither she nor her husband had been in a place of worship for thirty years, and she believed the lad himself had never been in a church at all; that his father drank all the Sabbath, and that she and the children spent the day in amusement. She said that the evening before, her son came in and sat down in a corner without speaking. She offered him supper, but he refused; and on her asking him if he were ill, he started up and said, “No, mother, but I have heard such things to-night!” He then repeated, almost word for word, the address about Sodom, and ended by saying, “I will go back, mother; I *must* go back; I will go next Sunday, and every Sunday.”

Reader, that poor boy appears only once to have heard the gospel; the *first* seems to have been the last, and yet is there not some hope that he did not hear it in vain? How often have you heard it? And are you *trifling* with it? How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?

The Bible.

At the coronation of the youthful King Edward VI. of England, three swords were brought to him, in token of his being king of three kingdoms. “There is one sword wanting,” he remarked, “and that is the Bible. That book is the word of the Spirit, to be preferred before all others. Without that sword, we are nothing; we can do nothing; we have no power. From that, we are what we are at this day. From that alone we obtain all power, and virtue and salvation, and whatsoever we have of divine strength.”

Legendary Anecdotes of Trees.

(From Dr. K. *the Daily Bible Illustrations*, vol. 7, p. 151-155.)

About midway on the road between Jerusalem and Bethlehem stood formerly an old terebinth tree, which travellers, who saw it standing three hundred years ago and upwards, declare to have been the noblest and loftiest tree of the kind they ever beheld. A tree like this, in such a place, could not fail to have some tradition connected with it. Indeed, we should not have been surprised had we been told that David had rested under its shade, with his bread-and-cheese-laden ass, on his way to the camp of Saul. All that was affirmed, however, was, that beneath the spreading branches of this very tree, the virgin mother and her Divine child rested on the way between Jerusalem and Bethlehem; and in this belief the tree was highly revered by pilgrims for many ages. Not content with this simple statement, which had probability enough in its favour on the supposition (itself untenable), that the tree had been equally conspicuous and magnificent at an era so remote,—the tradition goes on to spoil all by informing us, that the tree bent down its branches as if in adoration of, or as if more effectually to shade, its creator, whom it recognised in that infant child nestled in his mother's arms. Nor was this the only marvel related of the tree; for we are assured by Romish travellers that it was avouched by a Moslem shepherd, that he had seen it covered with flames, but they speedily disappeared; and when he proceeded to examine it, he found it not only uninjured, but the foliage more freshly green than it had been before. This tree is not to be seen now; for what the fire of heaven had respected, the fire of earth had not. Some mischievous shepherds had kindled a fire around the trunk, whereby the tree was killed, and in great part consumed. The remainder was manufactured by the monks into crosses and chaplets, and distributed as articles of great

worth and value. The prime mover in the profanation died on the night after, as if by the judgment of heaven. It is added, that many attempts to plant another terebinth tree upon the spot had been made without effect, as the young plants would not take root; but an olive tree had sprung up of its own accord, and had at length been accepted as a substitute. We owe this curious information to persons who travelled towards the close of the seventeenth century, in the early part of which the tree seems to have been destroyed.

Another local memorial, like to the first of these, was found at Matarieh, on the border of Egypt, in a tree, beneath which the holy family reposed upon their arrival in that country, and which, like the terebinth, bent down its branches in homage to them. This tree, which is a sycamore, still exists, and we have succeeded in finding a representation of it, being, we apprehend, the only one extant, in Dr. William Holt Yates' work on Egypt, from which this figure we give is copied. Near this a celebrated well, called Ain Shems, or Fountain of the Sun, concerning which there is a superstitious legend of the Latins, that it suddenly appeared to meet the wants of the holy family in the retreat they had chosen. "In order to visit this well," says Dr. Yates, "we turned a little out of the beaten track, and entered a tolerably thick plantation on the right, where, in the midst of date trees, citrons, etc, we reclined beneath a venerable sycamore, supposed to be the identical tree whose wide-spreading branches afforded shelter to the holy fugitives from the parching rays of the sun. It is cut in all directions, and has been denominated 'the tree of the Madonna.' Its shape is singular; it is very large, and the upper part of it has been blown down or struck by lightning; a number of young branches grow out from the top of that which remains. It is, beyond all doubt, *very aged*, and there is nothing inconsistent

in the idea, that the *Virgin did seek an asylum beneath its branches. She was as likely to choose this tree as any other; and we know very well that the sycamore sometimes lives to a most astonishing age.*"

On this we have to remark only that a tree may be of "great age," without being 1850 years old, which is an utterly improbable duration for such a tree as the sycamore. Besides, although of great age now, and, consequently, of great size, it must, if it existed at all, have been young at the time of the flight into Egypt, and there must then have been older and larger trees, long since perished, more likely to be chosen for the purpose of shade and shelter. But it is useless to examine critically questions respecting which no real evidence exists. It may be added, however, the local legend merely assume this to be the same tree which is mentioned in the Apocryphal gospel of the Infancy, which, with other spurious productions of the same class, is known to have existed in the early ages of Christianity.

The Star of the Household.

Though helpless and dependent, a little child has enough brightness in his eyes, and guety in his prattle, to fill a household with joy. When he awakes at 'peep of day,' and imprints kisses on his parents' lips, their fragrance is sweeter than that of the morn. The music of his voice is like the song of birds at the approach of light; his smile more sunny than the first entrance of sunbeams into the room. His little arm-chair on high stilts, is scrupulously placed when the fast is broken, and he is no unimportant member of the family board. During the day, how pleasant the pattering of his feet on the staircase, his voice in the court-yard, his frequent bursting into the room with some new tale! at night he kneels down whitely clad, as before some holy altar, at his mother's knees, and his little prayer goes

straight to heaven from a child's heart. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, Thou hast ordained praise." Not unfrequent, when he sleeps, are the mother's pilgrimages to his couch, while under his long lashes and sealed-up lids, the spirit of a cherub seems to dwell. But O, if God, in His wise providence, should charge that repose into the sleep of death, and the white flowers are placed upon his breast, in his little clasped hands, the tears which sparkle on his brow are bright, but the bitterest ever shed. Dear little C. is dead! I remember the last time I saw him was on a beautiful evening in autumn. We all sat in the summer-house. The moon arose, and the stars twinkled, and were reflected in the waves which beat below the cliffs. The child looked up to the brightest star of all, and said:

'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

His seemed like a prophetic voice. But a few moons have waned, and little C. is now a star in heaven. Before he died, he sang the very strains which had delighted him, and he now sleeps in peace near the river's brink, where in spring-time the flowers shall bloom above him which he so much loved, and where they will not cease to be watered by a parent's tears." How many a bereaved heart will be touched by this!

Spring.

How magnificent are the scenes of spring! How charming the spectacle of the few weeks that have just glided by; of the days when nature is renewed; when life, succeeding death, penetrates every where; when the breath of God, which quickens all things, is felt in the fields and on the hills, in the retreats of the forests, in the depths of the valleys, and even on the summits of the mountains; when, every moment, millions of living creatures come to

light, in the air, on the earth, and in "the waters under the earth;" when, in all places, delicate plants, enriched with the brilliant colors of life, and springing from the lately frozen ground, seem to open it by the simple attraction of their freshness and beauty! What a privilege is yours, happy occupants of the country, who live, and walk, and labor under that beautiful arch of heaven, on these carpets of flower-, in the midst of these fields and hills, of these orchards and foliage, in which are displayed, with such grace and magnificence, the wisdom, power and goodness of a creating God!

Oh! what an intelligent soul would not be moved with a spectacle so beautiful, and raise itself to Him *who giveth life to all things, and before whom the hosts of Heaven fall prostrate!*

"Beholding all thy wondrous works, O Lord!
The nations bow before thy glorious throne;
With admiration struck at home, abroad,
And eyes in the far off climes unknown.
In regions of the rising sun, where morn
Brings back from night the ruddy light of day,
Thy climes in which it ends its daily course,
All things unite to celebrate thy love.
Nay, more, upon the desert plain 't is seen,
It gladdens, Lo, the lofty mountain's brow;
The hills, with all their green declivities,
Appear to smile beneath its quickening ray!"

A Word to Boys.

You were made to be kind, generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him to some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If a larger or a stronger boy has injured you, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances, how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

The Perils of Falsehood.

In the beautiful language of an eminent writer: "When once a concealment of deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum, which you have once pressed in your hand." How true is this, and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind!

Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is certain to lead to many serious crimes. With partners in trade—with partners in life—with friends—how important is confidence! How essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against in the intercourse between such parties! How much misery would have been avoided in the history of many lives, had truth and sincerity been controlling motives, instead of prevarications and deceit!

"Any vice," said a parent, "any vice, at least among the frailties of a milder character, but falsehood. Far better that my child should commit an error, or do a wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled or deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what unprepared hour a crushing blow, an overwhelming exposure, may come."

A Friendly Hint to Sunday School Teachers.

Walking along, one very rainy Sunday afternoon, a few weeks ago on my way to church, I came up to a little girl who, with a shawl thrown over her head to protect her from the falling drops, was going home from Sabbath School. As she was pursuing the same road with myself, I took her under the shelter of my umbrella, and

finding her disposed to be communicative, we soon fell into a conversation nearly to this effect :

‘Have you been to Sunday School this afternoon?’

‘Yes, ma’am, I go to ———st., and my teacher’s name is Miss ———.’

‘I hope you like to go to Sunday School, where you can learn about the Saviour. Can you tell me who the Saviour is?’

‘No, ma’am.’

‘Don’t you know who Jesus is?’

‘No, ma’am.’

The child answered as though she had never even heard the name of the Saviour or Jesus.

‘Has your teacher never taught you about the Saviour?’

‘No, Ma’am, she teaches us other things.’

We could talk no longer for our path now separated; but, before we parted, she promised me she would ask her teacher to tell her about the Saviour.

Here was a child of at least seven or eight years old, intelligent in appearance, who knew not even the name of the Saviour! Had her teacher any just idea of the responsibility resting upon her when she could allow a child under her care to remain for a single day so ignorant? When she could teach her other things, but not Christ?

Reader, was this little girl in your class?

Is there one of your pupils who can go out into the street, and tell any stranger she meets, the name of her Sunday School and of her teacher, and tell too that her teacher has taught her other things, but not taught her about the Saviour?

See it at once, my friend, that such a stigma rests not upon your name! Take your children to the Cross, point them to a bleeding Saviour, and tell them of the love that caused Him to suffer and to die. Tell them of His

childhood, so pure and ho’y,—of His own love for the little ones, how he took them in his arms and blessed them—and you will find your own soul, as well as theirs, glowing with the theme.

The earlier a child is instructed in the simple, fundamental truths of the Gospel, the more effectually is he armed against subsequent temptations, and the less liable is the after man to be disturbed by the sophistical arguments of infidelity, which are chiefly founded on a total ignorance of the word of God.

We have many accounts too of the labors of faithful Sabbath School teachers being blessed to the conversion even of the very young; and to win one immortal from the grasp of Satan is worthy of a life-time of labor.

Let us be patient, then, fellow-teachers, in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not, and let us resolve that no child under our care shall remain ignorant for a single day of that Saviour who died to redeem us from sin.

A Father's Dying Advice to his Son.

The time draws nigh, dear John, that I must go the way from which none returns. Therefore, I give thee this advice, the result of my experience. Attach not thy heart to any transitory thing. The truth comes not to us, we must seek for it. That which you see, scrutinize carefully, and with regard to things unseen and eternal, rely on the Word of God. Search no one so closely as thyself. Within us dwells the judge who never deceives, and whose voice is more to us than the applause of the world. Resolve, my son, to do nothing to which this voice is opposed. When you think and project, strike on your forehead, and ask for his counsel. Do that which is worthy of recompense, but ask for none. Reflect daily on death, and with cheerful courage seek the better life that is beyond.

The Wise Boy—Who is He?

His wisdom is shown in various ways. Instead of choosing for his companions the rough and the ill-behaved, he selects the well-bred and civil. In his games, you never see him swinging behind a carriage, or climbing over a wall or engaged in any gambling practices; he is too wise to act in such a manner. A walk or run with a suitable companion, or a peaceful and innocent game with a few orderly school-fellows, he is pleased with. Another proof of his wisdom is his desire to get knowledge. At home, he loves to read all the good books he can get; but makes the Bible—that book of wisdom—his daily guide. At school, he listens attentively to the instructions of his kind teacher. While prayer is being offered, this lad's behaviour is most becoming; he joins heartily in seeking the favour and blessing of God. In public worship, he is serious and attentive. The ignorant and thoughtless boys do not know what to make of him: they call him a *methodist*, and other names which they do not know the meaning of; but he is too wise to be moved by them; he only smiles, and passes on. On one occasion, a few careless boys surrounded him, and inquired why he began to be religious so soon? He replied, "I have heard of thousands who have bitterly lamented having put off religion too long; but I never heard of a single one who ever felt sorry that he began to seek the Lord too soon." He then seriously asked them which would be wisest, to suffer afflictions with the people of God for a little while, and then go to heaven; or to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, and then be shut out from heaven and shut up in the place of torment for ever? Choose which you please," said he; "but, as for me, I am determined to seek first the kingdom of God; and my prayer is for myself and all my companions, that we may in youth become wise unto salvation."

To be wise for a time is good; but

to be wise for eternity is the highest wisdom, for it conducts to heaven, where there is a fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

The Inquiring Girl—Who is She?

She delights in seeking information. When walking in the streets, or in the fields, her eyes are open and her mind is awake. "Please to tell me the name of that great building." "Why do the leaves fall off the trees as soon as summer is gone?" When at home she is pleased to be informed what the various articles of furniture are made from, and to be shown how the puddings and pies are made. But it is at school that she is most inquiring: her teacher is pleased with her, because she never asks foolish questions; she inquires with a view to learn. When she heard of the hateful nature of sin, and the punishment which the wicked will suffer, she earnestly asked, "Is there any way to escape it?" When told of God's great love to mankind in sending Jesus Christ to suffer and die for sinners, and that now, all who repent, seek pardon, and believe in Jesus, will be numbered with the righteous, she inquired, "But perhaps I'm too young; will Jesus forgive my sins and make me happy?" She was quite delighted when her teacher pointed her to this encouraging promise, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." It is believed that this little girl is truly inquiring the way of salvation.

If Papa was Here,

"As soon as the shrieks of the drowning persons were hushed, the voice of a little boy was heard, and it was then first discovered that a child, about eight years old, was also clinging to a rope a short distance off. The little fellow, talking to himself, was saying, 'Oh, I can't hold on much longer. If papa was here he would hold me up.'"

We find the above incident related

in connection with the account of the loss of 220 lives by the collision of the Atlantic with another vessel on Lake Erie. How touching is the little fellow's confidence, in immediate prospect of drowning, that if his papa could only be at hand he would hold him up.

But alas! how many tender children on the great ocean of life are sinking daily and hourly, unblessed by the consolation that if papa was at hand he would hold them up. On the contrary, the bitterness of their perishing state, is that their father is the only cause of their sinking. He is at hand only to pull them down into fathomless depths with himself.

See the wretched slave of appetite and victim of the bowl. What is he doing but dragging to the depths of misery and shame the innocent ones who call him father, and whose very instincts prompt them to look to him for support and happiness. Who can guess the blank dismay and horror which an innocent child must feel when it first comprehends the truth that its own father is its foe, and not its friend; its destroyer and not its preserver.

Too Old to Bend.

Some years ago, a gentleman in one of the southern states had a wild, reckless son. He had long passed the age when the rod is deemed necessary to insure obedience; but one day, after some great offence, the father resolved to whip him. The youth submitted, but after receiving the chastisement, quietly turned to the parent, and pointing to a tree near the door, said, "Father, I wish you would bend that tree for me." Surprised, the father answered, "Why, what do you mean?" "Can't you do it?" said the son. "No, of course not." "You could have done it once, father,—and so it is with me; there was a time when you could bend me to your will; it is too late now."

A Word to the Young.

BY A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND.

Children there's a path before you,
Steadily pursue the track;
'Tis the way of God's Commandments,
Stand not, turn not, look not back.

Do not dread the scorn of others;
Shrink not from the smile, the sneer;
Children, be ye free men,—never
Hide your principles through fear.

In whatsoever pathway
Your Saviour King you view,
Count it your highest honour
To plant your footsteps too.

Oh walk alone with Jesus,
And follow him to death;
And never be ashamed
Of your most holy faith.

Children's Reply.

Yes, we have not forgotten
This glorious truth we know;
We bear the name of Christians—
The cross is on our brow.

A mighty King hath armed us
And sent us to the field;
We'll fight beneath his banners,
For only cowards yield.

This—this shall be our war-cry,
"Victory or Death;"
We will never be ashamed
Of our most holy faith.

Little Children.

BY M. A. BIGELOW.

Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.—LUKE xviii, 16.

Let them come, those little ones,
With playful feet,
And the merry laugh of joy,
So wild and sweet.

Let them come, while yet their hearts
And minds are tender;
Teach those little lambs of mine
Praises to render.

Hearts of innocence are theirs,
Believing, kind;
Bring them early to my fold,
Leave none behind.

Lead them gently in the way
To life and heaven,
For it is to such as they
That crowns are given!

CARTHAGE, N. Y.

COURSE OF SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR 1853.

FIRST SERIES.

- July 3.**—*Scripture to be read*—Mat. v. 1-12. *To be committed*—James i. 17, 18. *Subject*—The Beatitudes. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Illustrate the beatitudes in whole or in part.
- July 10.**—*Scripture to be read*—Mat. v. 13-16. *To be committed*—Eph. v. 8, 9. *Subject*—What believers should be to the world. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Employ the two analogies, salt and light, to illustrate the position, and duty, and responsibility of Christians toward them that are without. How God is glorified.
- July 17.**—*Scripture to be read*—Mat. xviii. 21-35. *To be committed*—Eph. iv. 32. *Subject*—Servant in duty. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—The day of business and others—and the motive, Eph. i. 32.
- July 24.**—*Scripture to be read*—Mat. xxii. 1-14. *To be committed*—Luk. xviii. 13. *Subject*—Worship heart. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Those who lay up their treasure on earth are deaf to the offers of the Gospel—ven persecute its messengers—joined to their idols, they are let alone—Gospel to the poor—came to help the sick—not having our own righte usness—accepted in the beloved—the spirit of the publican's prayer.
- July 31.**—*Scripture to be read*—Luk. xii. 13-21. *To be committed*—Mat. vi. 19-21. *Subject*—The Treasure on Earth. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Permeating worldliness—the man was one of an assembly hearing Jesus speak of heavenly things, but his heart was on the world, and at the first pause put it in—this sin rebuked in the parable—the corruptible treasure.

SECOND SERIES.

- July 3.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts iii. 19-26. *To be committed*—Heb. iii. 4-6. *Subject*—Moses a servant,—Christ the Son. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Christ in suffering has fulfilled the covenant, therefore reject—there is hope—how sin blotted out—refreshing—drops on way, but a river makes glad the city of God—the presence of the Lord is enough.—The prophet like Moses, Deut. xviii. 18, 19—Samuel—the promise to Abraham—the blessing is a turning away, &c.
- July 10.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts iv. 23-31. *To be committed*—Mat. xxvii. 18-20. *Subject*—Praise to God for deliverance. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Let go, they went to their own instinct of the new nature to be among the children of the family—thanks to God for deliverance—the King of Zion, Ps. ii—prophecy fulfilled—the prayer, not for punishment to enemies, but for boldness to themselves—got what they asked, boldness.
- July 17.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts v. 1-11. *To be committed*—Ps. v. 4-5. *Subject*—Ananias and Sapphira. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Ex. l in from preceding—where sin lay, not in keeping part of price, but in pretending they gave the whole—lying—danger of gliding on with a religious revival, and among the hypocrite—the narrative—the judgment of God—the fear of the people.
- July 24.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts v. 17-33. *To be committed*—John xv. 26, 27. *Subject*—Prince and Saviour. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Indignation of Sadducees—Apostles preach the resurrection—imprisonment—deliverance—God brings them out by an angel—and defends them when out by the people (v. 26), the shields of the earth are his—blood upon us—it is on the Jews in this sense (Mat. xxvii. 25)—Peter's preaching—a Prince and Saviour—the Spirit given.
- July 31.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts viii. 26-40. *To be committed*—Zeph. iii. 10. *Subject*—Philip and the Ethiopian. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—From Samaria, go to the desert—a work for him there—the Ethiopian—pr selyte—worshiper at the passover—had heard of Christ, and was searching the Word for proof (ch. xvii. 11)—read Isa. liii—Philip preached Jesus—the belief—the baptism—the gladness.

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