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THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

VOL. I.]

MARCH 1, 1844.

[No. 3.

A Word to the Young on the Claims of the Heathen.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I am sure that all good children will regard it as a very happy thing to be fellow-workers with God, in sending the Gospel to the poor perishing heathen of distant lands. Do not suppose that the money which you have earned by labour, or received as a present, is your own. This is an error into which, alas! many old, as well as many young people too often fall. It is God's. God gave it to you, and therefore God has a right to require that you should lay it out for advancing his kingdom, and spreading abroad the knowledge of his Son. I will try to explain your duty in this matter by a simple example. Suppose that a little boy gets five shillings from his father to buy bread for a poor starving family, what would you think if he was to go and spend it on toys and sweetmeats? You would say, what a naughty boy! What a hard heart he must have. How cruel to glut himself with that which was given him for the good of others.

Now, my dear young friends, you have a Father in heaven, who has given to you a sum of money, to some a greater, and to others a smaller sum. And for what purpose has he dealt so bountifully with you? To

enable you to shew kindness to others. God has lent you money that you might set apart a portion of it to send the bread of life to those who are actually perishing for want of it. Now, are there any boys or girls who, when they get a shilling or half-a-dollar, are ready to say, "Well, what a fine sum this is? How fortunate we are! We will now be able to get plenty of toys and sweetmeats." And so these young people spend all that they have in order to get some trifle which is pleasing to the eye, and sweet to the taste.

Surely you must admit that these are naughty, very naughty children. They are guilty of disobedience to the kindest of parents. God has given them money to spend in his service, and for his glory; and they squander it away on their own vile lusts. O what hard and stony hearts such children must have! How sad to die in such a state! If they do not get new hearts, they are altogether unfit to stand before the Great White Throne on which the Judge of the World shall sit. Justly may God say to them, "You are bad children, and have no right to call me Father. I gave to you the means of doing good to others, and yet you were selfish,—you kept your gold and silver to yourselves instead of employing it to send the Gospel to the ignorant and the perishing,—you have no love to your brethren, and how then can you say that you have love for Me. Depart from me, I know you not."

I am sure that none of the children who read the *Missionary Record* would like to hear words like these. None of you would like to see an angry frown on the face of your Judge. Beware, then, of a selfish spirit. Beware of thinking that you were sent into this world merely to amuse yourselves. Beware of spending your time and money on trifles, which can do no good either to yourselves or to others. However poor you may be, fix in your hearts that you *will lay by a part of the little which you have* for blessing the ignorant heathen and the unbelieving Jews with the glad-tidings of that eternal life which was purchased by the groans,

and tears and griefs, and blood of Jesus. He who accepted the widow's two mites will not reject the children's penny. Blessed are those children who "have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way." They shew that love to God dwelleth in their breasts,—they shew that they belong to the holy family of our Father in heaven. He whose children they are, will guide and guard them under all the trials and troubles of time, till they reach that better world where

"Tongues shall cease and prophets fail,
And every gift, but love."

Children, fly to Christ without Delay.

BY THE LATE REV. R. M'CHEYNE, OF DUNDEE.

"O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."—Psalm xc. 14.

(Continued from page 19.)

III. *Because most that are saved fly to Christ when young.*—It was so in the days of our blessed Saviour. Those that were come to years were too wise and prudent to be saved by the blood of the Son of God, and he revealed it to those who were younger and had less wisdom. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." "He gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom." So it has been in almost all times of the revival of religion. If you ask aged Christians, the most of them will tell you that they were made anxious about their souls when young.

Oh, what a reason is here for seeking an early inbringing to Christ. If you are not saved in youth, it is likely you never will. There is a tide in the affairs of souls. There are times which may be called converting times. All holy times are peculiarly convert-

ing times. The Sabbath is the great day for gathering in souls—it is Christ's market-day. It is the great harvest-day of souls, I know there is a generation rising up that would fain trample the Sabbath beneath their feet; but prize you the Sabbath-day. The time of affliction is converting time. When God takes away those you love best, and you say, "This is the finger of God," remember it is Christ wanting to get in to save you: Open the door and let him in. The time of the striving of the Holy Spirit is converting time. If you feel your heart pricked in reading the Bible, or in hearing your teacher, "Quench not the Spirit;" "Resist not the Holy Ghost;" "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." Youth is converting time: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Oh, you that are lambs seek to be gathered with the arm of the Saviour, and carried in his gentle bosom. Come to trust under the Saviour's wings. "Yet there is room."

IV. *Because it is happier to be in Christ than out of Christ.*—Many that read these words, are saying in their heart, It is a dull thing to be religious. Youth is the time for pleasure—the time to eat, drink, and be merry—to rise up to play. Now, I know that youth is the time for pleasure: the foot is more elastic then, the eye more full of life, the heart more full of gladness. But that is the very reason why I say youth is the time to fly to Christ. It is far happier to be in Christ than to be out of Christ.

1. *It satisfies the heart.*—I never will deny that there are pleasures to be found out of Christ. The song and the dance, and the exciting game, are most engaging to young hearts. But, ah I think a moment: Is it not an awful thing to be happy when you are unsaved? Would it not be dreadful to see a man sleeping in a house all on fire? And is it not enough to make one shudder to see you dancing and making merry when God is angry with you every day?

Think again. Are there not infinitely sweeter plea-

asures to be had in Christ? "Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." To be forgiven—to be at peace with God—to have Him for a Father—to have Him loving us and smiling on us—to have the Holy Spirit coming into our hearts, and making us holy: This is worth a whole eternity of your pleasures. "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." Oh, to be "satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord." "Your daily bread becomes sweeter. You "eat your meat with gladness, and singleness of heart, praising God." Your foot is more light and bounding, for it bears a ransomed body. Your sleep is sweeter at night, for "so he giveth his beloved sleep." The sun shines more lovingly; and the earth wears a pleasanter smile, because you can say, "My Father made them all."

2. *It makes you glad all your days.*—The pleasures of sin are only "for a season;" they do not last. But to be brought to Christ is like the dawning of an eternal day: it spreads the serenity of heaven over all the days of our pilgrimage. In suffering days, what will the world do for you? "Like vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart." Believe me, there are days at hand when you will "say of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doth it?" But if you fly to Jesus Christ now, he will cheer you in the days of darkness. When the winds are contrary, and the waves are high, Jesus will draw near, and say, "Be not afraid; it is I." That voice stills the heart in the stormiest hour. When the world reproach you, and cast out your name as evil—when the doors are shut—Jesus will come in, and say, "Peace be unto you." Who can tell the sweetness and the peace which Jesus gives in such an hour? One little girl that was early brought to Christ felt this when long confined to a sick bed: "I am not weary of my bed," she said, "for

my bed is green, and all that I meet with is perfumed with love to me. The time, night and day, is made sweet to me by the Lord. When it is evening, it is pleasant; and when it is morning, I am refreshed."

Last of all, in a dying day, what will the world do for you? The dance, and the song, and the merry companion will then lose all their power to cheer you. Not one jest more. Not one smile more. "Oh that you were wise, that you would understand this and consider your latter end." But that is the very time when the soul of one in Christ rejoices with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. "Jesus can make a dying bed softer than downy pillows are." You remember when Stephen came to die, they battered his gentle breast with cruel stones—but he knelt down and said, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." John Newton tells us of a Christian girl who, on her dying day, said, "If this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die." Another little Christian of eight years of age, came home ill of the malady of which he died. His mother asked him if he were afraid to die. "No," said he, "I wish to die if it be God's will: these sweet words, 'Sleep in Jesus,' make me happy when I think of the grave."

"My little children, of whom I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you,"—if you would live happy and die happy, come now to a Saviour. The door of the ark is wide open: Enter now, or it may be never.

THE MISSIONARY'S DEATH.

Weep not for the saint that ascends
 To partake of the joys of the sky;
 Weep not for the seraph that bends
 With the worshipping chorus on high.
 Weep not for the spirit now crowned
 With the garland to martyrdom given,
 But weep not for him, he has found
 His reward and his refuge in heaven.

Oh weep for their sorrows, who stand
 And lament o'er the dead by his grave,—

Who sigh when they muse on the land
 Of their home, far away o'er the wave :—
 Who sigh when they think that the strife,
 And the toil, and the perils before them,
 Must fill up the moments of life,
 Till the anguish of death shall come o'er them.

And weep for the nations that dwell
 Where the light of the truth never shone,
 Where anthems of praise never swell,
 And the love of the Lamb is unknown.
 O weep!—for the herald that came
 To proclaim in their dwelling the story
 Of Jesus, and life through his name,
 Has been summoned away to his glory.

Weep not for the saint that ascends
 To partake of the joys of the sky ;
 Weep not for the seraph that bends
 With the worshipping chorus on high :
 But weep for the mourners who stand
 By the grave of their brother in sadness ;
 And weep for the heathen whose land
 Still must wait for the day-spring of gladness.

BARTON.

SKETCHES OF MISSIONS.

Under the above head, we intend giving our young readers, a short account of the different Missionary Societies, labouring at the present day, in the important work of "spreading abroad the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus." We will do so in the order of time, in which these Societies were established. In our last number we finished our sketch of the Moravian Missions, and in the present number we commence our notice of the

Baptist Missionary Society.

In 1793, about fifty years ago, several pious Ministers, who belonged to the Baptist Church, used to hold occasional meetings for religious conversation and mutual instruction, in Northampton in England: and at these meetings it was customary for the Ministers to propose questions to be discussed. One day the

Clergyman who presided turned to some of the young Ministers and asked one of them to propose a question. There was a long silence, at last, one rose and proposed, as a subject, "The duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the Gospel among heathen nations." This subject does not sound very strange to you, we hope, for you are privileged to live in a time when accounts of Missionaries and their work are familiar to you—and it is a subject dear to the heart of every Christian child. It was very different fifty years ago. When William Carey proposed this question, every one was surprised. What could he mean? Nobody had ever thought of this duty of Christians. The young Minister who had advanced so bold a proposition was called by many an enthusiast. And yet this was the grain of mustard seed which was in a few years to become a mighty tree, under whose shade many of the poor heathen were to sit and learn of Jesus. The subject of Missions rose, but did not rest here. A little society was formed, a small fund was contributed, which amounted to £13 2s 6d, and then Mr. Carey offered himself as the first Missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society. It will interest you to hear something about this Missionary, who was such a useful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord. He was born in Northamptonshire in England—his father was a country school-master—William was his eldest son, and was always remarkable for being fond of reading and study. When about fifteen or sixteen he first began to think seriously, and got very anxious about his soul: he determined then to attend church three times a day, to go to prayer meetings, &c., thinking that this would change his heart, but he found all would not do, and not till he came like the poor publican to Jesus Christ did he find happiness. At this time he was apprenticed to a shoemaker to learn that trade, afterwards he used to teach a little school in addition to his employment. How unlikely was it that this poor shoemaker who had to labour so

hard to support himself, should ever become the celebrated Dr. Carey, through whose means the whole Bible was translated into six different languages, and the New Testament into twenty-three. From the little church he planted in India he lived to see twenty-six Mission churches, and still more blessed, to witness thousands of poor heathen forsake their idols and become the followers of Jesus, the only Saviour of mankind. But God seeth not as man seeth, and he was preparing him by early trials for still greater suffering in his service. The first thing that made Carey think about going to the heathen, was this; in his little school, he used to teach his scholars geography, and when he was pointing out first one foreign country and then another, he began to think about the people who lived in them—what was their condition, how they lived, what was their religion, and other things, and these thoughts worked in his mind until he could not but devote himself to the work of carrying to them the glad news of salvation. When he first arrived in India, he had a great deal to discourage him—often he was so poor he knew not where to get food for his family,—he could not speak or preach to the people till he had learnt their language, which is very difficult,—the Hindoos were wholly given over to idolatry, and would not for a long time even listen to the story of peace. Here is a description of one of their goddesses:—Kally, is the goddess of destruction, “she is the most dreadful looking figure you can imagine, she stands upon a dead man, round her waist is a kind of girdle strung with small figures of human skulls, just as you string beads upon a bracelet, she has four arms, and her tongue hangs out of her mouth below her chin.” To this figure the poor people bring offerings before they are going to begin any work; before their harvest, for instance, thinking that she has power to give them success in their labour. Sometimes the Missionary would say to them, “What is your God made of, is it a wooden one or a stone one?”

they would answer, "Who can tell what God is made of?" *Missionary*.—"What is the thing you worship made of?" *People*.—"Stone." *Missionary*.—"Well, if it is God I cannot injure it. Now, if you will agree to it, I will try whether he is God or not; I will bring a large hammer, and if I cannot break him to pieces, you are right; if I can, your god is gone, and you are undeceived." Does not this put you something in mind of Elijah and the priests of Baal, when Elijah proved Baal to be no God, only an image that could neither see nor hear. Some time after Mr. Carey's arrival in India, other Missionaries were sent out to labour in that immense country. For seven years however the Missionaries had been sowing in hope, and often watering the seed with many tears, when God showed them that their labour was not in vain. At first the harvest was very small, yet it rejoiced their hearts.

(*To be Continued.*)

SABBATH SCHOOL ANECDOTES.

The benefit of Sabbath School Teaching.—Some years ago, there was a widow in Staffordshire, England, whose son attended the Sabbath school, but he did not at first regard the religious instructions he had received. He became wild and profligate; he enlisted as a soldier, and was several years on the Continent. Another young man, from the same town, was proceeding to join his regiment, and called on the poor widow to ask her if she had any thing to send to her son. She said she was very poor, she had no money to send, and, if she had, it might do him no good, but that she could send him a Bible; and she added. "Give my love to him, and tell him that it is my earnest wish that he would read this book; and, beginning at Matthew, that he would read one chapter every day." The young man took the Bible, and when he joined the regiment he found

out his townsman who asked him. Well, have you seen the old woman, and how is she?" "She is well, has sent you this present, a Bible; and she desired me to say that it was her request, and perhaps her last request, that you would read a chapter in it every day." "Well," replied he. "I will comply with her request, on condition that you will join with me in reading this chapter." The engagement was made, and they read to the third chapter of John, with which they were much struck; they requested and obtained an explanation of it from a pious sergeant; the Holy Spirit applied the subject to their minds, both of them became the subjects of godly sorrow, and attained that peace which passeth all understanding. Soon after they were called into an engagement, the son of the widow was wounded, and carried into the rear by his comrade. When the battle was over, he went to look for his wounded comrade, he found him with that Bible open which had been the means of his conversion; it was covered with his blood, his spirit had fled. He took up the Bible, and on his return waited on the widowed mother, and presented her with it. Now of what use would the Bible have been to this young man had he not been taught, by means of the Sabbath school, to read it?

Sabbath School Teachers.—The Rev. Richard Knill, an eminent Missionary, wrote from St. Petersburg, in 1819, as follows:—As an individual, I feel particularly indebted to such institutions, and to the glory of God I record it, that all the blessings which have been given to others, through my instrumentality, may be traced up to a Sabbath school. It was my privilege to be a teacher in a Sabbath school at Bideford; hearing a sermon preached in behalf of the institution led me first to think of being a missionary; most of my fellow-students at Axminster had been Sabbath school teachers; and out of twenty missionaries, who were my colleagues at Gosport, three-fourths of them had been engaged in the same way.

Missionary Intelligence.

ASSAM.

The field of Missions is a wide one—it is the world; the whole world needs to be filled with the knowledge of Christ, though as yet the greater part of it is in darkness. The Christian Missionaries are placed in so many corners of the earth, that we think it right, in giving our readers some Missionary News, or Intelligence, as we call it in our heading, not to stay long at any one point, but run as it were from station to station, pick up a little good news as to how the work is prospering, and then lay it before them in every successive number of the *Record*. And we have all reason to bless God that news of this kind are not scarce. God is blessing the work of his servants. We will now give a short account of the conversion of a young boy named Nidhi, who was born in Assam. Assam is a large country in Asia, adjoining Burmah, of which we said something in our last number. Nidhi was about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and was a very clever boy. In 1837, about six years ago, his father bound him an apprentice as a printer, to a Missionary, and shortly after his father and mother died. One of the great ways the Missionaries have of doing good is by printing the Bible, and good tracts and books in the language of the people amongst whom they settle; and very often they are obliged to act as printers, and print them themselves, for the poor savages cannot assist them. With them Nidhi lived and learned his trade, and at the same time that they taught him carefully for some years what was needful for this life, they taught him that he was an immortal being; they told him of God, and of Christ, whom he has sent. Nidhi appeared to feel an interest in these things, he prayed and read the parts of the Bible which the Missionaries had translated into his native language with seeming delight. But this good feeling did not

long continue, Nidhi became careless about his soul, he thought little of God, and religion he thought a weariness. The Missionaries observed it with pain and sorrow, but God had mercy in store for the poor heathen boy.

One of the missionaries thus writes:—"One night when we returned from our prayer-meeting, I found Nidhi looking very grave and thoughtful, but I did not suspect that it arose from any religious feeling, as for some weeks he had appeared very careless. I sat reading until about twelve o'clock at night, and had several times told Nidhi that he might retire, but he remained until I rose to go away, when he said that he wished to speak with me. I sat down again, and told him to say what he wished. He then told me that in reading a short prayer from the Lessons for Infant Schools, he suddenly felt that he was a lost and ruined sinner, and he earnestly asked of me 'What must I do to be saved.' I asked him whether he had any particular sin, that made him feel thus; he said, 'No, but I have sinned against God since I was a child, every day of my life, and deserve to be sent to hell for ever.' He sobbed aloud, and his tears fell fast. After conversing with him, I asked if he would like me to pray with him. We knelt down, and after I had prayed that the Holy Spirit would enlighten and teach this poor young boy, he began, and in a few earnest petitions, prayed that 'God would give him light, and for Jesus' sake blot out his sin, and give him a new heart.'" How glad was that good missionary, to go to his room, and thank God in prayer that evening for his mercy to this young Assamese. Next day was spent by Nidhi in prayer and reading his Bible. He felt his sins to be so great, that he could get no rest; they could not get him so much as to eat, and if spoken to about religion he wept, though he was never known to weep before for that reason.

Let the boy or girl who reads this, pause for a moment to ask him or herself the question, have I ever

felt my sins as heavy as poor Nidhi did his? If you have not, remember it is not because you are more holy than he,—you have sinned as much, perhaps more than he, and the reason why you do not feel it is, that you are careless about the interests of your precious soul. Dear reader, faithfulness bids us tell you, if this is your state, that you are in danger, great danger; for you are not only strangers but enemies to God, and if you die in your present character, must be for ever banished from the joys of heaven—the presence of God and His holy angels. Be instructed by this Assamese boy. Your concern should be no less than his: turn to his prayer, and see if it would not be as suitable for you.

From the journal of the missionary we find that a few days after the above conversation, Nidhi still devoted himself to reading his Bible and prayer. “To-day,” the Missionary says, “while Nidhi was returning after conversation with another of the Missionaries, light suddenly broke in upon his mind, and with joy beaming on his countenance, he told me that he felt his burden removed! Oh what cause for devout gratitude and praise! He really seems an altered child. This evening he appeared calm and happy, and delighted to speak of the love of his Saviour. I asked him how he felt towards his young companions? He replied, that he loved and pitied them, and wished to talk to them very much, and tell them of the Saviour he had found. I told him his friends and associates might laugh at him and ridicule him. He replied, that he would not feel angry, but truly sorry for them, because they knew no better.”

Such is one instance of what the Gospel of Christ—the good news of His salvation, is effecting in heathen lands. Nidhi is now a professing Christian, in that far distant land. True there are not very many more in Assam, but when God’s people here and elsewhere, in what is called the Christian world, pray more earnestly for God’s Spirit, He will come, “and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose,” and dark Assam will

yet be full of light. God's promises are sure, and the prayer of faith he will hear and answer.

To our readers among the children of Canada, we would say, you ought to pray for the souls of the heathen that they may be brought to Christ and saved for all eternity. Do not put off this work—time is flying past, and soon the place that knows even the youngest of you, shall know you no more—"Work while it is called to day."

Heathen's Cruelty to their Children.

It is extremely painful to record how cruelly the heathens treat their children, and especially their little girls. Before missionaries were sent to the South Sea Islands, three out of four of the children were supposed to have been killed. In India in one tribe of twelve thousand, there were at one time only thirty women, *all the rest had been killed.* And this was only in one tribe, how many must there be all over India? In China it is much the same. In Peking, the greatest city in China, many little infants are thrown out into the streets every night. The police go round in the morning, and pick them up, and throw them altogether into a hole. Sometimes the poor little things are only half killed with the fall, and must have been lingering in agony till picked up by the police. In Africa they are sometimes buried or burned alive.

In India they are sometimes thrown into the river, and sometimes a mother will take her little babe, and wait on the brink of the river till she sees an alligator coming, and then she throws her babe into its mouth; it will not eat her, because it likes the baby better. If the babe smiles, she thinks her god is pleased.

Children are sometimes left in the woods, to be starved to death, or for the jackals and vultures to eat. We were told the other day about a poor woman in India, who took her little babe into the woods, and left it there to die. After three days she thought she

would go and see if her little girl was living; the poor babe just opened its eyes, and looked at its cruel mother, then closed them in death. Some time after, the missionaries came, and the mother heard them preach, and she became a Christian; and then she thought of her poor baby, and its last sad look went to her heart.—*From the Well-spring.*

Poetry.

A Prayer for Sabbath School Children.

Jesus, Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee,
I've a very naughty heart
Full of sin in every part:
I can never make it good,—
Wilt thou wash me in thy blood?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee.

Short has been my pilgrim way,
Yet I am sinning every day;
Though I'm so young and weak—
Lately taught to run and speak,
Yet in evil I am strong,
Far from thee I've lived too long!
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee.

When I try to do thy will,
Sin is in my bosom still;
And I soon do something bad,
That makes me sorrowful and sad:
Who could help or comfort give,
If thou didst not bid me live?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee.

Tho' I cannot cease from guilt,
Thou canst cleanse me, and thou wilt;
Since thy blood for me was shed—
Crowned with thorns thy blessed head
Thou, who loved and suffered so,
Ne'er will bid me from thee go:
Jesus, thou will pity me!
Save me when I cry to thee.