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THE MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD

FOR
AUGUST,
1851.

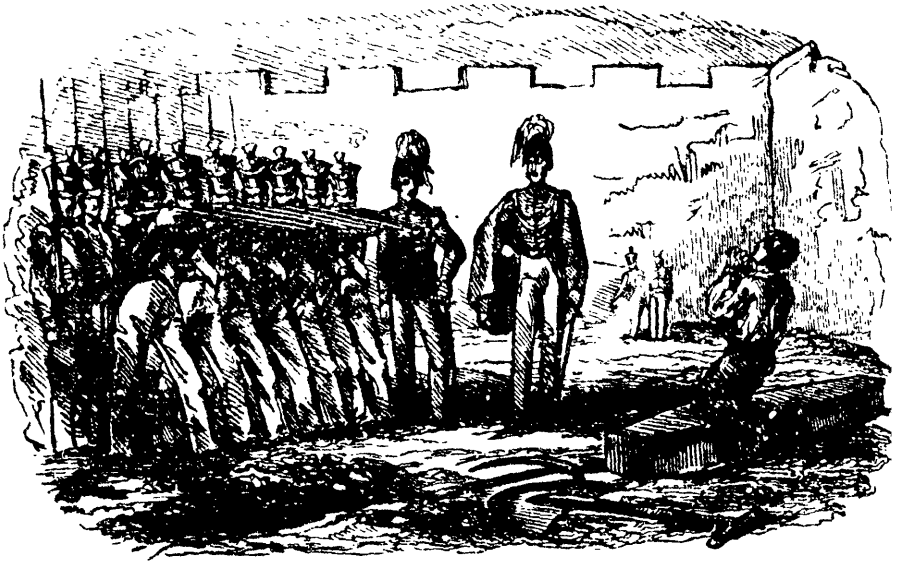


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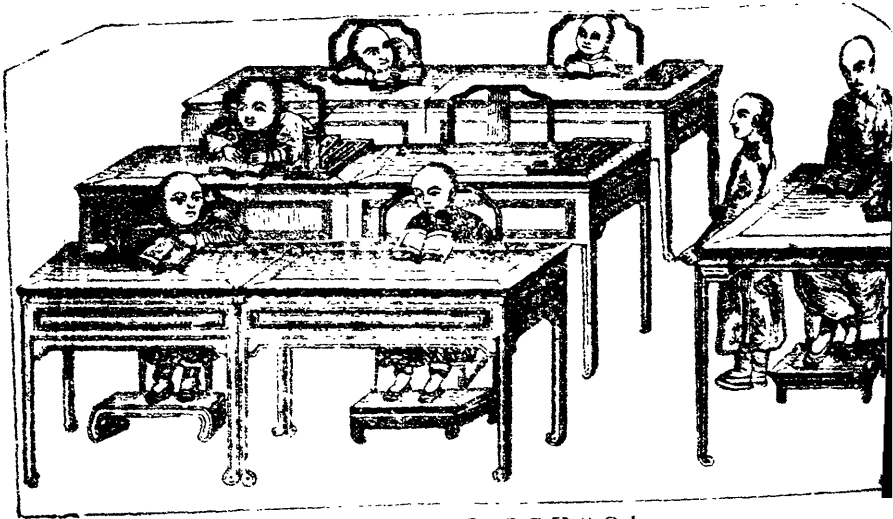
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THE PENITENT SOLDIER.



CHINESE SCHOOL.

THE MISSIONARY
AND
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Vol. VIII.

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No. 8.



SCRIPTURE MOUNTAINS.

MOUNT CARMEL.

Carmel is a ridge of mountains, about six miles long, on the western borders of Canaan, near the sea-coast; the highest part of which lifts its head 1200 feet above the sea, and is distinguished as Mount Carmel. At the base of this latter mount the river Kishon falls into the Great or Mediterranean Sea. The north end forms a bold promontory on the sea-side; hence it is called, "Carmel by the sea," Jer. 46 : 18.

Carmel signifies "the vineyard," or "the garden;" and here, in ancient times, the vine was carefully cultivated. King Uzziah had here his vine-dressers. The name is also said to mean "bushy plantations," which may refer to the fruit-trees that abounded on its sides. "After dinner," says Dr. Wilson, "we left our tents for the ascent of Mount Carmel. We passed through some very fertile fields and olive groves lying

above the town. As we advanced we found a lateral gash in the hill, running in the direction of the promontory, which is of some magnitude. It is here that the best cultivated fields occur. Long before we got to the summits of the mount, we were in a thick jungle of brushwood, principally of prickly oak, mountain juniper, thorns, and grasses, intermixed with many beautiful sweet-smelling plants and flowers, growing most luxuriantly, and well calculated to remind us of the ancient 'excellency of Carmel,' Isaiah 35 : 2. This jungle extends over the higher flanks and the summit of the hill, as far as we could see, and forms good shelter for the leopards which are here occasionally seen. The Hebrew word Carmel means 'a garden;' and the allusions to the mount in Scripture lead us to believe that probably the whole hill was formerly laid out in the finest

orchards, groves, and pastures. As the season advances, much of the verdure of the hill passes away; and, comparing it throughout the year with what it once was, it may be said of it, that it is now stripped of its glory, even more than when exposed to the scorching blast of Sennacherib the 'plunderer.'

'The earth mourneth and languisheth:
Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down:
Sharon is like a wilderness;
And Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits.'
Isaiah 33 : 9.

"The view from it is exceedingly grand and beautiful, embracing the coasts of the Mediterranean between the White Promontory and Joppa, and inland the mountainous ranges of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and the hills of Galilee, Samaria, Bashan, and Judah."

Mr. Carne gives a glowing description of this mount:—"No part of the promised land creates a deeper interest in the traveller than the rich and extensive bosom of Mount Carmel. While barrenness spreads on every side, and the curse of the withered soil is felt on hill, valley, and shore, this beautiful mountain seems to retain its ancient 'excellency' of flowers, trees, and a perpetual verdure. The scenes in its interior are often bold and romantic in the highest degree: deep and verdant precipices descending into lonely glens, through which a rivulet is seen dashing wildly; the shepherd and his flock on the long grassy slopes, that afford at present as rich pasture-ground as in the days when Nabal fed his numerous herds in Carmel. There is, indeed, a character peculiarly pastoral about the scenery; few grey and naked rocks, or sublime but useless cliffs, are here, as in the mountain of the Temptation, or on Pisgah. And this fertility and vivid verdure on so sultry a soil, is deeply welcome and refreshing: more especially so, the woods that wave over the summit and sides. It is beautiful to stand beneath their shelter on the

brink of the mount, and look far on every side, where nought but a forsaken and shadowless land meets the eye."

Lamartine was here overtaken by a storm. He says:—"I have witnessed few so terrible. The clouds rose perpendicularly, like towers, above Mount Carmel, and soon covered all the length of the summit of this chain of hills. The mountain, just now so brilliant and serene, was plunged, by degrees, in rolling waves of darkness, split here and there by trains of fire. The horizon seemed to close around us; the thunder did not burst in claps—it threw out one single majestic rolling, continual and deafening. The lightning might be truly said to rush like torrents of fire from the heavens, on the black flanks of Carmel. The oaks on the mount, and on the hill on which we were journeying, bent like young plants. The winds, which rushed from the caverns, and from between the hills, must have swept us from our horses if we had not speedily alighted, and found a little shelter behind a fragment of a rock in the then dry bed of a torrent. The withered leaves, upraised in masses by the storm, were carried above our heads like clouds; and the slender, broken branches of the trees showered around us. I remembered the Bible, and the prodigies of Elijah. * * * * The storm abated in about half an hour. We continued our route along the foot of Mount Carmel, which we traced in this way during the march of about four hours. It presented everywhere the same severe and solemn aspect. It is a gigantic rock rising almost perpendicularly, and everywhere covered by a bed of shrubs and odoriferous herbs. The rock is seldom entirely naked."

In Leviticus 26 : 22, we read that wild beasts were to be sent among the people of that land for their iniquities; even that seems well nigh accomplished. "The monks

Mount Carmel reported that, in consequence of the disarming of the people, and the great decrease of their numbers, wild beasts were increasing on Mount Carmel to an alarming degree."

Mount Carmel still overlooks the verdant plains of Sharon; but where is the Israel of God! There is no Elijah now to assert the authority of Jehovah, or to plead on behalf of the people. A Turkish mosque is erected where once was the altar of God, and the cries of the Mohammedan are heard where the prayers of the prophet ascended on high.

"We may stand at the top of Carmel," observes Mr. Hardy, "as did Gehazi, and look towards the sea; but, alas! there is no 'little cloud like a man's hand;' still there is the promise of a shower, and in due time the streams of Divine mercy will again fall upon this thirsty land, and men shall liken themselves in their prosperity to 'the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.'" — *From "Scripture Mountains," just published by the Religious Tract Society.*

The Poor Disciple.

"Dear mother," murmured a sick girl, as she awoke from a troubled sleep. "I am so glad that you have come."

"I am glad, too, dearest," said a pale-faced, weary-looking woman, as she bent over the hard couch where her only child was lying apparently in the last stage of consumption. The woman was a seamstress. She had just returned from her daily task, having been unable, for several weeks, to procure work which she could take home, except at compensation so low as would have deprived her of her present means of procuring a few delicacies to tempt the appetite of her invalid daughter. She had, therefore, engaged to sew in a family whose residence was about a mile distant from her humble home.

She was obliged to leave her daughter early in the morning, and to be ab-

sent from her until evening. The suffering invalid counted the long hours of the day in which she seldom saw "human face divine," and longed most earnestly for her mother's return. Yet she never complained. She had been taught by the Great Teacher, whose own life on earth was one of constant self-denial, to bear patiently, and she endured, "as seeing him who is invisible." The past day, had, however, been of much suffering, and she had even more than usual missed her mother's gentle ministry.

The poor woman went hastily to work to prepare some nourishment for her sick child.

"You will feel better, dear Fanny, when you have taken something," she said. "You have not tasted your dinner."

"I drank the cup of milk, dear mother in the morning."

"I will get you some more milk to-morrow, dear. Mrs. Lee paid me for my last week's work to-day. You shall have as much as you want."

"How hard you have to work for me."

"That is a pleasure, my child. If I could only do Mrs. Lee's work at home, with you! But she says it would not be convenient for her to have it done from home. She seems very kind, but she does not consider how hard it is for a mother to leave a sick child alone, so many long hours."

"I am not *all* alone, dear mother. My Saviour does not leave me. O, He gave me much comfort in the midst of my pain and loneliness. And I know He will comfort you, dear mother when I am gone."

Fanny now began to cough, and her mother, with tears in her eyes, begged her not to try to speak again.

The oat-meal gruel, which the poor woman had been busy about, was now prepared, but Fanny could only take a few spoonfuls. And that was her last bodily nourishment. She had a very sick night, and in the morning was apparently very near death. She could not speak much, but what she did say

was expressive of confidence in her Redeemer.

She breathed her last before the sun went down that evening, and her spirit ascended to Him who receives benefits conferred upon His poor as benefits conferred upon Himself. Will she witness against none of his stewards at the day of final account?—*Boston Olive Branch.*

GO AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

"But Jane says that the poor woman has not warm clothes on, and that she seems sick."

"I don't want to be troubled with Jane's observations. I wish servants would learn to know their places. I have no money to give the woman.—Jane may give her some broken bread and meat."

"But she wants money, mother, to buy some medicine for her little boy. She says she is afraid that he will die, if he don't have the medicine. The Doctor told her to give it to him this morning, and now it is almost night."

"You can't tell anything by what the woman says. Very likely she has made this story, to get money to buy drink with."

"O, mother you would not think so, if you had seen her. The tears were in her eyes when she told us about her little boy. How I wished I had not spent all my pocket money. But, mother, your purse is almost full of money," and as he spoke, the boy lifted a reticule which lay on the table, and in which the purse was deposited. "I saw father put in notes and silver last night. The poor woman only wants one quarter of a dollar. Do let me carry it to her. It will make her so glad, and perhaps the medicine will make the little boy well."

"Well, well, I will give you the money. But the woman's story is very likely a false one."

"She told me where she lived, mother. I wish you would go there and

see for yourself, for I know she told the truth."

"Go there, indeed! I am sure I shan't take any such trouble. But here's the quarter of a dollar. Take it, and don't trouble me any more about the woman."

Edward took the money, and eagerly sought the poor woman. She received the gift with few words, but with a grateful heart, and was soon in the apothecary's shop, showing the physician's recipe for her sick child.

Edward's words, "I wish you would go and see for yourself," are full of meaning. Hundreds reject the prayer of the suffering mendicant, lest they should be imposed upon, who never take the pains to visit the place named as the abode of poverty and suffering. Let the wealthy go and see for themselves, and many a scene of wretchedness will open before them, which heretofore their imagination has never conceived.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

The Child and the Angel.

A child reclined on a bank of flowers; a joyful, happy child, and his fair, sunny curls streamed over his brow, as he laughingly looked up and said, "would I had somebody to play with."

Suddenly an angel stood by his side, "will you come with me?" he said to the child; "will you come where the bright stars twinkle, where the brightest verdure covers the ground, and the rivers roll merrily by, and where everything is bright and happy?"

"I should not like to leave this earth, with all its pretty things," said the child sorrowfully; "the pretty banks of flowers, the green moss, the pleasant landscape, are all so dear to me. Oh no! I cannot leave this beautiful earth."

"But heaven is far lovelier than earth," said the angel; "there the flowers and the moss bloom in one eternal season, and the landscape is beautiful to behold; the green grass never withers, and the lofty trees are never bowed with age; the mountains are

the quiet lakes, the peaceful vales, and the noble forests, shall remain forever; there the angels reside, and wreaths of flowers are twined by happy children."

"Oh yes, I will go with you where the bright heaven is," said the child joyfully.

Then the angel took him by the hand, and they ascended far up where the little stars twinkle, and where everything is joyful and happy.—*Olive Branch.*

A Mother's Love.

The other day I was listening to the words of a mother, who was talking to me with much affection about her children. She had three sons, who were then in different parts of the world, all of them doing well.

But though at that time they were doing well, and she was rejoicing on their account, in former years they had given her much trouble, and caused her to shed many a bitter tear. She advised them, prayed for them, bore with them, and sorrowed in secret; and though sadly and sorely tried, her love for them never failed. At last her affection prevailed, and they became all that she could desire.

While I was talking with her she took a letter from her pocket, written by her eldest son, which breathed the very spirit of filial affection. Her eye, while she read the letter, beamed brightly, and her face lighted up with a smile of delight.

"It was well," said I, "that you were enabled to bear with them, or they might never have seen the evil of their ways."

Her reply to me was, "The love of a mother is never exhausted; it never charges, never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers may become bitter enemies; but a mother's love endures through all, in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's reproach, a mother still loves on; still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with delight, the merry laugh,

the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy."

While she thus spoke, I could not help thinking, that if such was the love of a mother for a child, what ought to be the love of a child for a mother!

Have you a mother, and can you read this account without feeling that you love her more! Has she borne with you, and will you not bear with her! Has she striven for your welfare, and will you not try to make her happy? O, put a smile on her face by your love! Light up her eye, and fill her heart with pleasure by your affection.

Among the things that are most valued in this world by a mother, are the happiness and affection of her children; and among the bitterest pangs that reach her heart is the bad conduct of an undutiful child.

By and by there may be a tombstone in the churchyard with your mother's name graven upon it, and should this be the case, the remembrance that you have dearly loved her, and added to her happiness, will afford you much consolation; but should it be, though I trust it never will, that you have thoughtlessly caused her sorrow, the knowledge of this will prove as a thorn in your side, and an arrow in your heart.

Be to your mother what she is to you—a comfort, a joy, and a blessing. Say to yourself, "I will do what my mother desires me to do; I will be what she wishes me to be."

'Tis sweet, 'tis very sweet to prove
A joy to one another;
I know my mother loveth me,
And I will love my mother.

—*Sunday School Advocate.*

Missionary News.—The May Meetings.

In the month of May, in Exeter Hall, London, the yearly meetings are held of the great English Societies for advancing the cause of Christ in the world. Most of these meetings we have this year had the happiness of attending. It was gladdening to turn aside from

the bustle and roar of the streets of "mighty London," where "all seek their own, and not the things which are Jesus Christ's," and to find thus gathered, day after day, so many who care for "the things which concern the King." And it was well fitted, too, to enlarge our hearts toward the "other sheep which are not of this fold." Israel of old was one nation, but the tribes were twelve. So Israel after the Spirit are one in heart, though called by too many names. Let us remember the words of the Hebrew apostle to the Galatian believers—"In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God" (Gal. vi. 15, 16).

As it may be interesting to our readers to know something of the extent of the operations of these Societies, we subjoin a few notices in the place of our usual missionary extracts:—

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

This meeting was held on the 7th day. The number of Bibles and Testaments circulated throughout the world during the last year, in above 130 languages, is one million, one hundred and thirty-seven thousand, six hundred and seventeen; and the sum spent by the Society during the year is £103,513, 10s. 10d.

LONDON CITY MISSION.

Meeting held on the 8th May. The income of this Society during the past year is £23,053, 19s. 4d., being an increase over the former year of £2733, 1s. 9d. The number of missionaries supported by the Society, who now labor among the heathen of London, is 245. Many most cheering proofs have been met with of the blessing of God upon the work of the missionaries.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

Meeting held on Thursday evening, 8th May. Judging from the largeness of the attendance, this is one of the Societies in which the deepest interest is felt. It was truly delightful, in the midst of that great city, when in so many different ways all are a-king. "Who will shew us any good?" to see the faces and hear the voices of four thousand Sabbath-school teachers, all of them, doubtless, more or less earnestly bent on winning souls to Christ.

LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

Meeting held on the 9th May. The Hebrew children from the Society's schools were present; and before the meeting began, they sang "Hanna to the Son of David." The number of missionaries employed by the Society of England, Ireland, and foreign lands, is eighty-four. Forty-seven of these have

themselves been gathered from the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

This Society during the past year has sent forth about twenty-four millions of books and tracts. These silent missionaries, in one hundred and ten different languages, are preaching Christ and him crucified in almost every nation under heaven.—*Free Church Misc. Record.*

The Ziczac and the Crocodile.

On one occasion, I saw a long way off, a large crocodile twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank, about ten feet high, on the margin of a river. I stopped the boat at some distance, and noting the place sufficiently, I took a circuit inland, and came down to the top of the bank, whence, with a heavy rifle, I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head, in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank: there he was within ten feet of my rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye when I observed that he was attended by a bird called the ziczac.—It is of the plover species, of a grayish color, and as large as a small pigeon. The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, it jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed 'ziczac! ziczac!' with all the powers of his voice, and dashed itself against the crocodile's face two or three times.—The great beast started up, and immediately spying his danger, made a jump into the air, and dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived into the river and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud, apparently, of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing on the tips of his toes, in a conceited manner, which made me very angry, and justly, with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of dirt at the ziczac, and came back to the boat feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance, the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.—*Curzon's visit to the Levant.*



The Ostrich,

The ostrich may be regarded as the connecting link between the bird and the quadruped classes. Among the Arabs it is called the "camel bird," because, like that animal, it lives in the desert, and can exist a long time without water; and, probably, also, because of the general appearance of its neck, body, and legs. The top of the head and the neck are covered with hair, instead of feathers. Each foot is divided into two toes, which may be compared to the hoof of a camel; and like it, too, the under part is provided with a soft pad, or cushion, well suited to its movements over the sandy deserts it inhabits.— Besides which, its voice is more like the lowing of an animal than the note of one of the feathered race. The ostrich often measures eight feet in height.

There is a beautiful description of the ostrich in the thirty-ninth chapter of the book of Job:—

Garrest thou wings and feathers unto the ostrich?
Which leaveth her eggs in the earth,
And warmeth them in the dust,
And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
Or that the wild beast may break them.
Ver. 12-15.

The hen ostrich usually sits upon her

eggs as other birds do; but, as the heat of the sun aids in hatching her brood, she often leaves her nest for some time. She frequently wanders far in search of food, or is easily driven away; and it is said, if she meets with another nest with eggs, she will sit upon them, forgetful of her own.

She is hardened against her young ones,

As though they were not hers,

Her labor is in vain without fear. Ver. 16.

"On the least noise, or most trivial occasion," says Dr. Shaw, "she forsakes her eggs or her young ones, to which perhaps she never returns; or, if she does, it may be too late either to restore life to the one or preserve the lives of the others. The Arabs often meet with a few of the little ones no bigger than well-grown pollets, half starved, straggling and moaning about like so many distressed orphans for their mother. In this manner the ostrich may be said to be 'hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers,' 'her labor,' in hatching and attending them, so far being 'vain without fear,' or the least concern of what becomes of them afterwards."

Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,
Neither hath he imparted to her understanding. Ver. 17.

Many of the habits of this bird appear to show great dulness and want of understanding. For instance, it sometimes hides its head when closely pursued, as though it thereby quite concealed its whole body. Its senseless choice of food is also very remarkable: it greedily swallows anything that comes in its way, as pieces of wood, stone, rope, leather, iron, and glass.—Too great a quantity of iron thus taken into the stomach has caused the death of a bird. One was killed by eating from a heap of burning lime; and another, kept in the gardens of the Zoological Society of London, died from swallowing a part of a lady's parasol. It, however, lives chiefly on vegetable substances, as seed and grain, and is often found a most unwelcome visitor to the African farmer.

What time she lifteth up herself on high,
She scorneth the horse and his rider. Ver. 18.

Though the wings of the ostrich are of no service in flying, they are very useful for increasing its speed. It flaps them to the wind, using them as sails and paddles, and thus urges its way along with great force. In its rapid flight, its long toes cast the sand and stones behind it, like shot, against its pursuers.

The cry of this bird, when heard in the desert at night, is said to be hoarse, loud, and dismal, and at times like the groans or cries of a child in distress.—To this the prophet Micah, i. 8, alludes when afflicted with the ruin that was coming on his people: "I will wail and howl: I will make a mourning as the ostriches," or "owls," as the word is in the English translation of the Bible.

When M. Adamson was at Podar, a French factory on the southern bank of the river Niger, two young but well-grown ostriches, belonging to the factory, afforded him a very amusing sight. They were so tame that two little black boys mounted together on the back of the largest. No sooner did it feel their weight than it set off running as fast as possible, carrying them several times

round the village. M. Adamson then asked an adult negro to mount the smaller, and two others the larger of the birds. At first the ostriches moved at a sharp trot; but when they became a little heated, they stretched out their wings to catch the wind, and ran with the fleetness of a race horse.

The most valuable part of the bird is the feathers of the wings and tail, which are used as ornaments of dress, and in their unprepared state often sell for £16 per pound weight. The young reader may remember that the crest of the Prince of Wales is three ostrich feathers, with the motto, *Ich dien*, or "I serve." The origin of this is said to be as follows:—The king of Bohemia, who was slain at the battle of Cressy, in the year 1346, wore this crest and the motto. These were assumed by his conqueror, Edward, the Prince of Wales, and have been worn ever since by the heir to the British crown.

Mr. Moffat, in his work on "Missionary labors in South Africa," describes the method of the Bushmen in hunting ostriches. A native dressed with the skin and feathers of a bird, makes a good representation of a living ostrich. His legs being whitened, he approaches a flock of ostriches. The "human bird" mimics the real bird by picking on the ground and shaking his feathers: he now trots, and then walks, until he gets within bow shot, when he discharges a poisoned arrow, which he has concealed, and mostly succeeds in taking his prey.—*Child's Companion*.

The John Williams.

In a recent number of the *Record* we called the attention of our readers to a call that had been made by the friends of missions to the Sabbath School scholars of England, to contribute for the repair of the missionary ship, John Williams. We hope that call was not without some good results, although we have to acknowledge but one amount. It will, no doubt, be gratifying to find that the call made to the Sabbath School scholars of England, has been nobly responded to, as we find from

the following article from the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* ;—

THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

Many of our young readers, who have done so much for the repairs and outfit of the missionary Ship, and done it so well, will want to know, How much money has been collected?—When the ship may be seen? About what time will she sail for the South Seas!

Now, we are delighted to answer the first question, by telling you that the handsome sum of £3200 has been raised for this object. It is a noble offering to the missionary cause; a delightful proof that the young are interested in the good work of teaching and saving the heathen; a fine instance of the value of juvenile efforts and liberality; and an earnest that those who have labored and given so well while young, will love and promote the same great object in after years. Many thanks to the collectors and subscribers to the Missionary Ship. They have done a great work for others—we trust that in each of their hearts, God will do a still greater work for them.

Very naturally, and very properly, many who have helped to repair the ship, will wish to see her when that work is done. And they have a right to this privilege. Now, the Directors have determined that, in the West India Docks, she shall be open to visitors, from Monday, May 19, to the end of that month, from 10 o'clock till 4. All collectors and subscribers, therefore, may see her during that time; but they must apply to the Missionary House, Blomfield-street, for a card of admission.

A VISIT TO THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

Not far from the entrance of the West India Docks at Blackwall (on the River Thames), we descried a few days ago a flag on the top of a mast, bearing a well-known name. In a few minutes we were on board the *Missionary Ship, John Williams*.

We were welcomed by the mate, a kind Christian man. We told him how

deeply we felt interested in his vessel, and all the more because some of our own Sabbath-scholars in Scotland helped with money to build it. "Yes, sir," he replied, "there are not many ships have so many owners as ours has." And he might have added that there is no ship oftener thought of by the people of God, when she is "doing business in the great waters."

The ship has been thoroughly repaired and painted in every part. £3,306, 10s. was lately collected by the children of Britain for fitting her out for another voyage. She was to sail about the end of June. Part of her precious cargo will consist of 5000 Bibles in the language of Raratonga. In the cabin there are two portraits, one of the martyr-missionary Williams, and the other of Robert Moffat. There is a nice library, in which, among many other books, we recognised some companions of our childhood, far-back volumes of the *Evangelical Magazine*.

She had four flags flying: at her main-mast, one with her name, "*John Williams*;" at her mizen-mast, one with the letters "L. M. S.," for "London Missionary Society," and over them an olive branch; at her bowsprit the "Union Jack" was flying, telling she belonged to Britain; at her stern a long flag, which told that she belonged to the King of kings. It bore the words "Messenger of Peace." At one end there was a dove, at the other a star. Our readers know what those emblems mean.

May He who "measurcth the waters in the hollow of his hand" make her the bearer of glad tidings to many of the distant islands of the sea!—*Free Church Missionary Record*.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of £1 1s 10½d, per Mr. H. Mathewson, being the amount of a collection taken up at the close of a missionary sermon for the young, preached by the Rev. W. F. Clarke, in the Congregational Chapel, London, C. W., to be applied towards the repairs of the *John Williams, Missionary Ship for the South Sea Islands*.

Free Church.

We copy from the *Free Church Missionary Record*, published at Edinburgh, Scotland, the following items of intelligence, in connection with the operations of that body. —

INDIA AND JEWISH MISSIONS.

There were interesting reports read about the Jews, and about India and Africa. There are seventeen Jewish converts at Constantinople, who meet for prayer every week, and who are regularly contributing what they can afford for our mission to India; so that you see the Christian Gentiles helping the poor Jews, and then the converted Jew helping the poor Hindoo. You will hear yet, from time to time, some of the important facts that were in these reports. An elder who spoke, Mr. Hawkins, reminded us that there were 150 millions of heathen in India—that is, one-sixth of the whole human family; so that of every six children born into the world, one is born in India; and of every six persons that die, one dies there.

THE HIGHLANDS.

The Highlands were not forgotten. The case of fifty congregations, destitute of pastors able to "tell them in their own tongue the wondrous words of God," was brought before the Assembly. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest" (Matt. ix. 38). But, besides their spiritual wants, there was much said to move our compassion for large districts, such as the Isles of Skye and Ulst, where the horrors of famine are fast coming upon the people.

CONCLUSION.

Dr. Duff, the Moderator, gave a concluding address, full of most excellent and weighty advice to ministers, elders, and people. Though he had come from a distant country, yet he felt the great importance of our testifying in our practice, as well as in our confession, that Christ is the Church's Head, and no one is to come between us and Him. He then dismissed, or dissolved, the Assembly, "in the name and by the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, the alone King and Head of the Church"—all present (and there were about 3000 persons present) rising up as he said this; and having joined in singing together Psalm cxvii. 69, the Moderator prayed, and pronounced the blessing. O that all who were then present may meet in the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven! —(Hebrews xii. 23.)—

The Curse of Ireland.

There was a poor man in Ireland who lived in a wretched-looking hut, or cabin. In this same cabin lived his wife and children, and two or three pigs. They were so poor that they could not afford to send

the eldest boy to school, although he was old enough to go. When he was about ten, a Bible school was opened near their dwelling, where poor children were taught to read for nothing; and there they sent him, although they were Roman Catholics.

Young Pat was clever, and learned to read very fast. As soon as he was able, he used to read some chapters of the Bible to his father and mother every night, after the little ones and the pigs had gone to bed, and all was quiet.

By and by the priest heard that young Pat had been sent to the Bible school, so he came to the cabin and said to his parents, "Is it true that you have sent your child to the heretics' school?" Heretic means a person who is of a wrong religion; and Roman Catholics call everybody heretics but themselves. "Yes," says the father. "How dared you do so?" said the priest. *Father*—"Because I am ignorant myself, and I did not wish my boy to grow up like myself, with no more learning than the pigs." *Priest*—"Why did you not send him to our school, then?" *Father*—"Because I had no money to pay for him, and they will not take scholars into your school without money." Upon hearing this, the priest stamped his foot, and said, "You must take away your child directly from that school, whatever becomes of him." *Father*—"An' please yir reverence, but I won't though. He is learning well." "You wont!" cried the priest; "then I will excommunicate you, and you shall go to hell." The poor man continued firm, however, for he was beginning to learn from what his boy had read to him out of the Bible, that there was another way to heaven than through the Roman Catholic priest, and perhaps that was not the right way at all; so he refused to withdraw his child from the school, and, in consequence, on the following Sabbath he was excommunicated by the priest—that is, cursed from the altar, put out of communion with the Church of Rome, and, by way of, given over to the devil. The priest's curses did not do the man and his family any harm, however; on the contrary, they went on reading the Bible, and growing in the knowledge of God's truth.

Some months after, the man and his boy were seized with a fever. As the father was very ill, some of the neighbors who were Roman Catholics, went to tell the priest, and to see if he would come and receive him into the Church again, that

he might receive absolution—this is what they call the forgiveness of sins, which they suppose the priests can give them—and the holy anointing oil before he died. The priest went as requested.

As soon as he appeared in the sick man's cabin, he looked up from his couch, and said, "Who sent for you, sir? Arrah! it wasn't I." "No," said the priest, "it was your kind-hearted neighbors asked me to come and receive you into the Church again, as they did not wish to see you die and go to hell. Now, although you have been a rebellious son of the Church, yet, if you will confess your sins to me, I am willing to absolve and anoint you." "Jesus Christ is my Priest, sir," said the dying man; "I don't need you." "Oh! if you refuse to receive the holy sacrament, then I have nothing more to say to you but—that you will be damned everlastingly." So saying, the priest turned, and went out of the cabin in great wrath.

Scarcely was he gone, when, with his eyes and hands uplifted to his Great High Priest in heaven, the dying man expired. The neighbors ran after the priest to inform him of the death, and to beg that he would come back and administer the sacrament to the boy, who also appeared at the point of death. When he returned, he said to the child, who was lying behind his father's dead body on the bed, "You see the wretched condition in which your miserable father expired. He is now in hell. Do you wish to be saved? If you do, confess your sins to me, and I will grant you pardon and anoint you." "My father's Priest is my Priest: I don't want you," said the child. Priest—"If that is the case, and you die, you will go to hell beside your father; if you live, you will be starved, for nobody will give any work to a heretic." Boy—"If I die, Jesus will take me to be with Himself; if I live, I am not afraid of being starved. God will take care of me." The boy recovered—God took care of him. When he was better, and able for work, God put it into the heart of a Protestant nobleman to take him into his family, and afterwards to place him as an assistant teacher in one of the Bible schools on his property.—*Free Church Missionary Record.*

Such instances as the above should stimulate all true Christians, to do what they can to enable those who have undertaken the Godlike work of teaching the youth of Ireland to read for themselves, and of supplying them

with the Word of God, which is able, through the Divine Spirit, to make them wise unto salvation. The following sums have been sent us since our last acknowledgment:—

Received for Irish Scripture School Fund.
—Miss Ball, Niagara, 10s; Miss W Marshall, Terrebonne, 15s; Anonymous Correspondent, 4s.

A Child's Morning Prayer.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

Almighty Father! at whose word
This breathing world arose,
By whom the simplest prayer is heard
That happy childhood knows.

Forbid that I should dare to raise
My little hands to sin;
Teach me, O Lord, that prayer and praise
Must all be felt within.

The shades of night have pass'd away,
And thou hast guarded me;
Incline me through another day
To give my soul to thee.

Oh, may thy mercy be my song,
Thy service my delight!
Lead me away from what is wrong,
And teach me what is right.

For Jesus' sake thy love bestow—
Be all my sins forgiven;
In wisdom may I daily grow,
And thus prepare for heaven.

—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

Teacher's Corner.

On Senior Classes.

This is rather an indefinite and general form of expression. Sometimes it is used with reference to classes which receive special religious instruction, in a separate apartment, during school hours; sometimes it is employed in relation to what are more commonly called Bible classes. But the classes to which we now allude slightly differ from either of those just named. By senior classes we mean, classes composed of the older scholars, who are brought under particular tuition, with a view to their being inducted into the office of teachers at a future day; so that, to adopt the language of the Committee of Council on Education, they are classes of pupil teachers; that is, of persons who are being instructed in order that they may instruct others.

The teachers of senior classes should be persons of special and pre-eminent qualifications. They should be persons of intelligence. "The lips of the wise dispense knowledge."

Even "learned" dullness" is to be preferred to brutish ignorance. Teachers of senior classes should make themselves intimately acquainted with the faculties, capabilities, tendencies, and requirements of the human mind. They should study the best methods of engaging its attention, developing its energies, directing its inquiries, and securing its usefulness and happiness. They should ponder its vast powers, its weighty responsibilities, and its immortal destinies. They should diligently apply themselves to the study of the Scriptures. Unless this be done, it will be impossible for them to understand the sublime principles of the figurative allusions of the sacred volume. And if they do not understand, how can they explain?

They should be persons of *considerable tact*. They will have to study, and to adapt their instructions to various mental temperaments and tastes. They will have to subdue the turbulent, to restrain the volatile, to stimulate the sluggish, and to encourage the timid. These exercises will require all the energy and ingenuity they can command.

They should be persons of *great kindness*. There is no eloquence like that of affection; it comes from the heart, and it reaches the heart. Kindness should mark the countenances, govern the tongues, and give grace to the actions of teachers.

They should be persons of *genuine piety*. How can they teach truth, righteousness, and religion, who have not the fear of God before their eyes, or the love of God within their hearts?

Piety gives birth to comprehensive views, ardent affections, and vigorous exertions. It impels men to live and labor for others.

They should be persons of *extensive experience*. Such individuals are ordinarily most competent to point out the dangers to be shunned, the duties to be discharged, the motives to be cherished, and the encouragements to be imbibed.

We have entered into these details because we have a strong conviction that the efficiency of senior classes will mainly depend upon the mental and moral qualities of those who conduct them.

The method of imparting instruction may be diversified:—

It may be *preceptive*. Germs of thought, or rules of life, may be wrapped in short silken sentences. By this means a vast amount of knowledge may be brought into a small compass, and may be more easily remembered and reduced to practice. "Look before you leap." "Delays are dangerous." Proverbs like these fasten themselves in the mind.

It may be *explicative*. Terms may be defined, parallel passages may be adduced, paraphrases may be employed, eastern customs may be cited, brief discourses may be delivered.

It may be *interrogative*. This is a mode

of communicating instruction to which we attach great importance. It arrests attention, awakens interest, elicits inquiry, and gives impulse to the intellect.

It may be *pictorial*. This may be applied to maps, engravings, &c., but we refer more especially to what may be called mental or descriptive painting. This may be used with great interest and effect when the scenes and transactions of sacred history have to come under review. But it requires considerable acquaintance with Bible geography, a lively imagination, and a sound judgment.

It may be *experimental*. We use the word in an accommodated sense. We mean that the teacher should, occasionally, request one and then another scholar, to state how he would explain such a chapter or such a lesson; in other words, that he should teach them teaching, by letting them try their hand under his inspection and direction. This would give them confidence and skill. Important advantages will result from properly conducted senior classes.

They will quicken and invigorate the powers of teachers.

The reflection, the reading, the circumspection, and the devotion which they will demand, will all conduce to this end. Thus, "he that soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully."

Paradoxical as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, that knowledge increases by diffusion. Dr. Johnson knew this, when he repeated his readings to an old woman.

They will give greater accuracy, depth, and compass to the knowledge of scholars. Erroneous notions will be detected and exploded; faded impressions of truth will be revived and deepened; fresh views of things will fire the fancy or fix the faith; the class will become an intellectual joint-stock company.

They will attach scholars to their teachers and schools.

The majority of the scholars will not easily forget, will not readily forsake, those persons who have conferred such incalculable benefits upon them, or those places where such benefits have been received. Their tenderest, strongest, holiest associations will cling around those persons and places.

They will enable them more efficiently to discharge the duties of teachers. Persons thus carefully, systematically, and perseveringly instructed, must be better fitted to impart instruction to others, than those who have not passed through such a disciplinary process. Knowledge, skill, interest, associations, are theirs already.

They will make them more useful members of civil and religious society. Such training tends to make individuals intelligent, orderly, sober, industrious, patriotic, and pious. And such individuals are the bulwarks of their country, and the benefactors of their kind.—S. & Union Mag.

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