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VOL. X.

MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1853.

No. 7.

The Sandwich Islands, or God seen
in History.

(From the Child's Paper)

As long ago as the year 1806, a vessel came into New York, bringing two copper-colored boys from the Sandwich Islands. Little was then known about the Sandwich Islands, except that they were in the Pacific Ocean, on the other side of the globe, inhabited by savages, who killed Captain Cook the great navigator. One of these boys the captain took to New Haven, where his family lived; and when it was known among God's people that the poor lad was a heathen, a great interest was felt, for a missionary spirit was just kindled in New England, and the heathen, perishing without a knowledge of the Saviour, were beginning to excite the sympathies of Christians. They determined to teach this poor Sandwich Islander, and he soon left the captain's house to live in the family of Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College. His native name was Obookiah, and Henry was soon after added for his Christian name.

At first, Obookiah had a dull, heavy countenance; but as soon as he began to learn, his face brightened, and,

"What dis? what dis?" showed how anxious he was to improve. Obookiah soon saw the folly of idol-worship. "Hawaii gods!" he cried; "they wood—burn—they no see, no hear, no any thing; we make them—God make us." After a while he was sent to school at Andover, and the pious instructions which he received were blessed to his soul. Obookiah felt himself a poor sinner, but when he found that Jesus could wash his sins all away, he went to Jesus, and prayed, "Lord, save me, or I perish." Then he said, "The Lord Jesus did appear altogether lovely, and his mercy was welcome to a sinner as I." What a blessed change was this for the poor heathen: once his mind was "all black, very black," his heart "mud, all mud:" when the knowledge of God and his Son Jesus shined into him, what light and comfort did he experience. "When out in the field, I can't help think about heaven," he says. "I go in the meadow—work in the hay—my hands, but my thoughts in heaven, all the time—then I very happy."

Obookiah's first and chief desire now, was to prepare himself to go

back and preach the gospel to his countrymen—"to tell the folks in Hawaii no more to pray to stone gods—to tell them about heaven and hell." All his studies were directed towards the ministry, and he made great improvement not only in his studies, but in true piety. After a while, he used to go on missionary tours with Rev. Samuel J. Mills, one of the first foreign missionary agents, and his presence everywhere kindled an interest, "because," they said, "here is evidence that a heathen can be converted, and become a true Christian man." Just before Obookiah completed his studies at the mission-school in Cornwall, he was taken sick. "Oh, how I want to see Hawaii," he said; "but now I think I never shall. God will do right. He knows what is best." And though he felt sweetly submissive to God's will, the tears ran down his cheeks, for his heart yearned over his poor land. Instead of going to Hawaii, Obookiah went to heaven.

His death was universally felt. Every body who knew him loved him; and when it was remembered how he prayed for his countrymen, and longed to have the precious gospel carried to those dark and distant shores, there were pious men and women who said, "We will go—send us;" and this was the beginning of the Sandwich Islands. The undertaking looked difficult and discouraging: the islands were a great way off; the people were savages, and very cruel; they would be cut off by a great ocean from all civilized and Christian nations; but the path of duty looked plain, and in October, 1819, seven missionaries with their wives, and two or three natives, sailed from Boston for the distant mission.

They did not then know how God was sending them *a great while before-hand* to plant the Bible, and the church, and the Sabbath, and the school, on that great highway of the nations, in order to be ready for the great business movements which are now calling people from every part of the world

to the shores of the North Pacific Ocean.

While these missionaries were on their voyage, a very strange thing took place at the islands. The old king, who was a great bigot, died, and a new king ruled in his stead. The religion of the islanders was very oppressive, as idolatry is always apt to be, and it subjected the people to very foolish and cruel restraints, one of which was the "*tabu*." The *tabu* would not allow this, and it would not allow that; and when any thing was *tabued*, that is, made sacred by the priests, nobody must touch it. The new king Riho-Riho wanted to get rid of the *tabu*, for it would not allow him to eat with his wives, and he determined to do so. So he made a great feast, and invited all the chiefs of the island; and in the midst of it he arose up and went to the table where the women were, and sat down and began to eat with them. Such a thing was never seen before. The people were in a great fright. They expected to see their gods strike him dead. But when they saw no harm come of it, they clapped their hands and cried, "Ai noa, ai noa!" "The eating *tabu* is broken!" and a few days afterwards he issued orders to have the idols thrown down and their cruel rites abolished. So the Lord prepared the way, for the coming of his servants, who, when they arrived, heard the wonderful news that the "*tabus* were broken, the idols burnt. Riho-Riho had heard of the God of the white man, and spoken of him;" and so that prophecy of the Bible was fulfilled, "The isles shall wait for his law."

God had indeed signally prepared the way for the establishment of this mission. And the chief interest in the study of history is to trace his "*ruling hand*," linking together different and distant events, and exhibiting the great chain of his providential care.

The islands, now so important, are about twelve in number, the largest

of which is Hawaii, 97 miles long and 78 broad; Honolulu, the greatest port of the Pacific islands, is on this island. They are 1,800 miles west of California, and once it was a five or six months' voyage to reach them: the mails now come from them by steam in sixty days. By missionary toil they have been redeemed from idolatry and made a Protestant Christian nation; a beacon light in the midst of the great western ocean.

H. C. K.

Wickliffe.

Wickliffe was one of the most remarkable of men. England has scarcely produced a bolder man, or a greater reformer. He seems to have been born for a time of confused elements. He was full of fire and zeal, of faith and good works, of learning and sanctified eloquence. This divine child did not appear to know what fear was, when kings and the great ones of the earth trembled before the power of Rome. Because of his employing his great talents, and the full weight of his unrivalled reputation against the corruptions of the Church of Rome, he has been rightly styled the morning star of the reformation.

Born in 1324, he was upwards of fifty when the rival Popes, Urban and Clement, were waging a war of anathemas, abuse, and excommunications against each other. For about twenty years he had been known for his withering attacks on the mendicant orders, but now he is prepared to improve a larger field. He attacks, with a fearless hand, the conduct of these contending rivals, who, assuming to stand in the place of Jesus Christ, are yet willing to convulse the church and the kingdoms of the world by wars to attain their own self-aggrandizement. He accuses them of copying the spirit of the great deceiver, rather than that of the good Shepherd, who gave His life for His sheep, instead of sacrificing theirs for His ambitious ends.

In 1365 it was the decision of the English Parliament to resist the demand

of Pope Urban, that the old annual payment of \$3000, which had ceased to be paid for thirty-three years, should be paid, and all arrearages for that time. It was not the money alone which the English denied, but the principle, the Papal supremacy, which they also denied. This stand by the King and Parliament of England, was followed by a declaration, on the part of Rome, that the sovereignty of England was forfeited by this act of withholding the demanded tribute. A monk came into the field, and wrote in justification of these papal usurpations, and called upon Wickliffe to prove the fallacy of such opinions. He took up the glove, and entering the arena, did his battling in a masterly manner. Nor did he come off without a large revenue of hatred for his victory.

About this time the great reformer was assailed by sickness. At Oxford he was confined to his bed a short season, during which, reports were circulated that his dissolution was approaching. This was a matter of great joy to his Popish adversaries. They, supposing that the bow of the mighty might be broken before the approach of the pale King, delegated a doctor from each of the mendicant orders to attend and wait upon him, in company with some of the civil authorities of the city. As usual, they assumed the robe of deception; they expressed sympathy, and hoped that he would recover. They suggested the wrongs which the begging orders had suffered from his sermons, other writings, and his open attacks. They desired that he would not conceal his penitency, but recal his sayings against them. He was raised up in his bed by his command, and thundered in their ears, "*I shall not die, but live, and shall again declare the evil deeds of the friars.*" The conference was here hastily broken off, and the discomfited friars hastened from the room to find his prediction accomplished.

The English reformer had excited the deepest hatred among the votaries of Papacy, by his work on the schism of

the Popes; but this was a small blow, compared with his greatest work, the translation of the Scriptures from the Latin into the English tongue, a work which cost him the labour of years. In this one work we recognize one of the greatest benefactions which has ever been conferred upon man—he may read the Bible in his vernacular tongue. At last, by this man's toils, the book of God, brought out of its seclusions, in the closets of the learned, and a dead language, has found its proper home, the hearth of every family circle—that of the poorest cottager as well as that of the richest prince.

On the 13th of December, 1384, Wickliffe laid himself down in the embrace of death. Through the kindness of a protecting providence, though he heard the waves of hatred and persecution surge and beat at a distance, he finally died in peace. Well might it have been thus. For he had not gone out to battle with the giant in his own strength, and had returned having "fought a good fight." No small work had he done for the Christianity of the British Isles, by opening the exhaustless wealth of such a mine as the Scriptures.

After the bones of Wickliffe had slept near a-half of a century, they were violated. A great council of the Romish Church—with many of the magnates of the earth assembled—arraigned the genius, and the bones and the writings of the reformer, and formally condemned them. Martin V. caused the sentence then pronounced against his sleeping members to be executed. They sent to the sacred burial place of Sutterworth, dug up the reformer's bones, burnt them with fire, took the ashes up, and carrying them to the swift brook cast them into the waters. This one act causes yet the cheek of the honest Briton to crimson, and the brow of the Catholic to wear confusion; though many waves of years have rolled over it, the lines of this inhuman deed are not yet obliterated, nor can they be, while time lives.—*Zion's Herald.*

I Cannot Break the Sabbath.

"No, Henry, I cannot break the Sabbath."

"Emily, you know that my time is so much employed during the week that I have no time for pleasure."

"Well, Henry, if you cannot afford to spend your own time in recreation, you certainly should not take the Lord's."

"But, Emily, I think there can be no sin in going to a pleasant boat-ride to-morrow, if it is Sunday."

"You can do as you choose, Henry; but I cannot go, for God has said, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;' and not even for your sake, can I break his command."

"Emily, you know, I have always yielded to your wishes, and you will not even gratify me in this little act."

"It is not a 'little act' to violate God's commandments, and then I never asked you to do what duty forbid, and I did not think you would ever urge me thus to do wrong."

"Well, Emily, if you will not seek to make me happy now, you never will; therefore I wish to be released from our engagement."

"Your wish shall be granted, Henry; and I am sure, if you are thus disposed, I am thankful that I have learned it, ere it was too late."

"I cannot be denied all pleasure, just because it is the Sabbath day, and if your will was not stubborn, you would accompany me to that boat-ride."

"Henry, if my will is stubborn, I will pray for you when we are parted."

"But will you not go?" asked Henry imploringly.

"We can part, Henry, and may the blessings of God rest upon you, and may you repent and turn to God, shall ever be my prayer; but do not ask me again to go, for I cannot break the Sabbath."

"Do as you like," answered the young man, and departed.

That night, dear reader, even at the hour of twelve, was Emily Hudson interceding God to be merciful to the erring Henry Daniels. She thanked

Heaven that she had not been tempted beyond her strength, and there alone, with no eye to see, no ear to listen but God's, she resolved to live more devotedly, to give herself up more unreservedly to his cause than she had ever done.

Reader, you have learned ere this the firmness of purpose that characterized this sweet girl; but I will add a few words more, to give you a better knowledge of her unfeigned piety. She had for some time been a professor of religion, and truly could those around her say, "The world is better for her having had an existence in it." The poor and distressed were sure to receive a visit of noble benevolence from her, and the erring and wayward received a gentle reproof from her lips. Her seat at the prayer meeting and Sabbath-School was never empty, save when she was on an errand of mercy to the suffering.

* * * * *

Years had flown away, and Emily Hudson was an orphan. Twice had the green grass grown over her father's grave, and Emily now stood beside a freshly covered one, where lay her fond mother. No relative was left to care for her now, for she had been an only child. She had been tenderly cared for by her parents, but this made her feel her loneliness still more, now that they were gone. It would be impossible to say she was friendless, for her kindness and goodness won many warm hearts. Long did she weep and pray Heaven to protect her, as she stood beside the new made grave, but her watch at last told her she must be away to the school-room. She was now the beloved village school teacher, and faithfully did she perform her duty.

It was a cold, stormy night in November, and Emily Hudson was in her room. "Well," said she to herself, "it is stormy to be sure; but I believe I can go to prayer meeting, and beside, I have not called to see Mrs. C——'s sick child, and perhaps they are suffering." So saying, she hastily arose and

wrapped a large cloak around her, and having encased her feet in "rubbers," and her head in a hood, she departed.

She walked a short distance, and rapped at the door of a small cottage. Presently she was conducted in by the woman, who was bitterly weeping. The child was very ill, and the family were loth to cherish the dreadful truth that he must soon leave earth. Having assisted them some, Emily hurried on to the prayer meeting; but not until she had promised to watch with the little sufferer during the night. Just before the meeting commenced, a stranger, who was closely muffled in a cloak, entered and took a seat. The meeting had not proceeded far, when he arose, and in clear tones, spoke feelingly upon the subject of religion, and faithfully warned professors to be careful what example they set before the unconverted.

The voice of the speaker sounded strangely familiar to Emily; but she soon became satisfied that she heard Henry Daniels thus speaking. At first she could scarcely believe her own ears; but as soon as the meeting closed he approached her, and his first words were, "O Emily, your last words to me have saved me. Yes, I went to the boat-ride, and broke the holy commandment; but though I was merry I was unhappy. I next went on a voyage to sea, but the words still rang in my ears, "I cannot break the Sabbath." I reflected, and knew there must be a reality in religion, that you resisted temptation so firmly, and then so meekly promised to pray for me. I resolved to repent, which I trust I have done, and I have a bright evidence that I am forgiven."

In a short time Emily Hudson became Mrs. Daniels, and she lived ever an example of piety, and Henry remarried a faithful servant of God. My story is now told, and should it be the means of calling one professor of religion to be careful of his or her influence, then I shall be repaid for writing. Yes, reader, you have seen the effect of

Christian firmness ; you have seen that it is possible for one to do good, and now "Go and do thou likewise."—*Morning Star.*

London Missionary Society.

The *Missionary Magazine and Chronicle* for June having reached us, we are enabled to lay before our Canadian readers, some account of the progress of that noble Institution whose name stands above. The Annual Meeting was held in Exeter Hall, May 12th, and was presided over by the Lord Mayor of London. The preliminary and accompanying services were of a spiritual and profitable character. The Public Meeting, being the fifty-ninth Anniversary, was well attended, and on the platform were seen men of high standing and character. The Report read, was replete with valuable information, and glorious facts, illustrative of the power of the Gospel and the success of the Institution, which seeks to bring to the foot of the Cross the millions of perishing heathens, who do not yet know Christ Jesus the Lord.

It will be refreshing to the Sunday School Teachers of Canada, the friends of Missions, and our young friends, to be presented with a few extracts from the report of this Society ; and we promise that when the authentic documents of other societies come into our hands, we shall have equal pleasure in recording the success attending their Christian labours. *

With commendable brevity and perspicuity, the report glances at the diversified labours of the Missionaries prosecuted in Polynesia, Africa, the West Indies, China, and India. The pastoral and itinerant duties of the Mis-

sionaries are sketched, and their persevering efforts for the advancement of Religious Education. The suitable preparation of a native ministry is considered an important object, and this has been attended to, with vigilance and discretion, zeal and perseverance. The next topic in the report, relates to the translation of the Word of God into the native tongues, and pays a well deserved tribute of commendation to the British and Foreign Bible Society. A full account is given of the aggressions of the French authorities of Tahiti on the liberty and labours of the Society's Missionaries ; a subject most painful to contemplate, but which deserves the attention of all Protestants, as in those aggressions, they only witness the true character of Popery, where its power is supreme.

The lamentable war in South Africa, and its injurious effects are noticed, and then we turn to Western Polynesia. From this part of the report, we make the following extract :—

To afford some just conception of the degradation and cruelty of the natives at that time, the following passage is selected from the letter of Mr. Powell, one of our Missionaries, then associated with Mr. G. :—

"All the heathen customs are still practised here. Eight women, to our knowledge, have been *strangled* during our residence. How many more it is impossible to say. The last I attempted, though in vain, to save. Soon after I came here, there was a native very ill ; the poor creature was reduced to a skeleton. I found him lying outside his hut ; his wife, an interesting young woman, was sitting by his side. I administered a little medicine with the design of abating the severity of his sufferings, but not with any hope of his final recovery. In prospect of his de-

cease, I requested Iata, the chief of the village, to forbid the strangling of the wife, and he faithfully promised to do so; but it resulted as I feared. About noon of the 23rd ultimo, our attention was suddenly arrested by the commencement of the *death wail*. We knew whence it proceeded, and anxiety filled our minds for the safety of the poor widow. I hastened to the spot. The corpse was lying in the open air, surrounded by a number of women, who were rubbing it with finely-broken leaves, and at the same time wailing in the most piteous manner. Tears were pouring down their cheeks; many of them were pulling their hair in seeming excess of grief; while *sodeafening* were their lamentations and their shrieks, that I could not stand near them. I looked anxiously around for the poor widow, but she was not there, and I hastened to a house where I hoped to find her, but the search was vain. I returned to the place of weeping, and there she sat. I said, 'This woman must not be strangled,' and several women joined me, and said, 'Oh no, don't let her be strangled.' I commenced leading her away; but immediately several young men, her relations, seized her, and attempted to lead her in the opposite direction. One of these men pushed me aside, and held up his club in a threatening attitude, and by this time another of her relations, a powerful young man, had seized her by the necklace, and commenced strangling her therewith, as the proper instrument had been taken off the neck. I made an attempt to interrupt the murderer; but he tried to kick me, and pushed me aside with one hand while he held his victim with the other. Meanwhile several were standing around with uplifted clubs, and one especially behind me ready to prevent effectually any interference on my part. I called aloud for the chief to come and forbid it, but in vain; and prudence dictated that I must stand aside, and allow the fearful scene to proceed, the particulars of which are too shocking to describe."

Such was the appalling statement of a witness in the year 1849.

On the 14th May, last year, the *John Williams* visited Aneiteum, and the Rev. Messrs. Murray and Sunderland, our Missionaries from Samoa, thus describe the wonderful and happy change, which during the short interval, had by God's power and mercy been effected:—

"An amazing change has taken place since our last visit. Had there been two or three Missionaries on the island instead of a solitary individual, it would have been very remarkable. As it is, it is pre-eminently so, and appears very conspicuously to be 'the doing of the Lord.' Less than three years ago a very slight impression had been made. Some four or five individuals had begun to discover some signs of awakening interest, some indications that the truth was beginning to take hold of their hearts; but the people, as a body, were scarcely a remove from heathenism of the lowest grade. They were living in all the cruel, degrading, and abominable rites and customs of Paganism, 'hatelul and hating one another,' 'without God and without hope in the world.' Now, in the neighbourhood of all the Mission Stations, four in number, there are a goodly number who have abandoned heathenism, profess themselves Christians, wear such clothing as they can procure, and steadily attend upon the means of grace and instruction. At the principal Station, the Sabbath congregation averages 100. The average attendance at the daily schools is about 80. All are striving with the utmost eagerness to learn to read. About half of those who attend the Schools can read tolerably, and a considerable number fluently. They are all pledged to external conformity to all the requirements of Christianity. *A church has been formed, consisting of 13 members—6 males and 7 females.* These were baptized in the forenoon of the Sabbath we were privileged to spend at the island. In the afternoon they were constituted a Christian Church, and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was ad-

ministered to them. It was an occasion of thrilling interest. A number of the crew of the *John Williams*, with Captain Morgan, and our Samoans and Rarotongans, and one native of Savai, e Island, united with us. It was not only the first time that the sacred ordinance had been administered to the natives of this island, but to the natives of Western Polynesia. Ancyteum and its little Church and its faithful Missionary have thus the honour of leading the way, in the observance of Christian ordinances, among these extended and populous groups of islands. Viewed in this light, the events of that Sabbath appear invested with the deepest interest and importance; and, in the future history of this great division of the Polynesian family, the transactions of the 16th May, 1852, will occupy a memorable place and be regarded with imperishable interest."

After giving a similar gratifying statement of the other Stations, Mr. Murray observes:—

"Mr. Geddie is of opinion that the happy change, now so extensively in progress, is not to be traced *immediately* to his own labors, or those of the Samoan and Rarotongan teachers, but to the influence, example, and efforts of a few of the natives themselves. Of these there are six, who go out as evangelists, and instruct and persuade their fellow-countrymen to be reconciled to God. They have clear views of the plan of salvation; they have warm hearts; they are examples of what they teach, and they give themselves with great zeal to the work of seeking the salvation of their countrymen. Of these Waihit, the principal, has been most extensively useful. He was a distinguished character in former days. He was regarded as Governor of the Sea, and had, as was believed, the stormy element under his control. When the island was last visited, less than three years ago, he was a fierce and cruel savage. How amazing the change! What hath God wrought!

"It was not to be expected that so great a change would be effected with-

out the occurrence of much of a trying and painful character. In this respect the Ancyteum Mission forms no exception to the general history of Missionary undertakings.

"One of the most serious occurrences in its history, was an attempt to burn the Mission premises, and with them Mr. Geddie and family. This took place on the 24th November, 1850. A party of heathen natives proceeded to Mr. G's. house during the night, and set it on fire while himself and all his family were in bed. Providentially Mrs. G. had been unable that night to sleep. Her attention was first aroused by the noise of something burning, and the smell of fire. She alarmed her husband, who on proceeding to the part of the house whence the smell came, found it on fire. Happily there was little or no wind, and the fire had not proceeded far, so it was soon got under by the assistance of the friendly natives. On the following night an attempt was made to burn the Chapel. The Christians, however, were keeping watch, and they gave chase to the incendiaries. The former were greatly excited about the affair. They found out who were the guilty parties, but were prevented by Mr. Geddie from inflicting any punishment upon them. They insisted, however, upon a public meeting being held with the heathen party, that they might, if possible, prevent the recurrence of such deeds. The meeting was held, and was attended with the happiest effects, for the heathen were made thoroughly ashamed, and the respective strength of the two parties was ascertained."

A very encouraging statement is given of the prospects in Madagascar. We had prepared an article respecting this Island, which will appear in our next.

The following eloquent and glowing passages conclude this admirable report.

From the darkest tribes and nations to which the Gospel has been sent, the brightest trophies of power and grace

have been won by the Redeemer. Never did earth behold a spectacle more wonderful, or Heaven look down upon a sight more blessed than the cannibal of Polynesia, breathing the gentle amenities of holy love; the Indian Brahmin and the Chinese philosopher sitting at the feet of Jesus; or the degraded Hottentot and loathsome Kaffir, washed and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

In no solitary instance has the diligent and persevering Missionary lost his reward. Whithersoever he has gone to proclaim salvation by the Cross, the gracious Master whom he sought to honour has gone with him, and before his presence the loftiest mountain has become a plain, and the word of the Lord has had free course and been glorified.

How cheering is the present in contrast with the past! and still more cheering as an earnest of the future!

Our fathers under the discouragement of long-delayed success, nobly sustained their faith by the promises of God, and sought to cheer their friends, on these annual occasions, so they pointed here and there to the fair blooms of hope; but your Directors this day have presented the richest fruits of Polynesia and of Africa, of the East and of the West, reminding you that such fruits contain a reproductive power—a power ever self-extending and never to be circumscribed. The handful of corn on the top of the mountain, the spectacle of former years, already shakes like Lebanon, and what this day is thirty fold shall become hereafter sixty, and sixty shall grow to a hundred, till the harvest of the world shall come.

For all that has been attempted, and for all that has been attained, let us gratefully acknowledge the almighty power and sovereign grace of God; for neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; it is God that giveth the increase.

And to stimulate our efforts, let us wait in faith and agonise in prayer till the Spirit be poured forth from on high.

“For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so THE LORD GOD WILL CAUSE RIGHTEOUSNESS AND PRAISE TO SPRING FORTH BEFORE ALL THE NATIONS.

The total income of the London Missionary Society for the past year was £71,821 1s 6d. The net income for ordinary purposes £62,399 4s 10d. The net expenditure £62,813 3s 2d. Excess of expenditure above income £413 18s 4d.

From the speeches delivered on this anniversary occasion, we can only find room for one. Sincerely do we wish there was room for all. We select that of the Rev. Professor Stowe, of the United States, who spoke as follows:—

Since the advent of Christ on the earth, numberless tribes and nations have risen from a savage state to a state of civilization and refinement; and every one that has been thus elevated has been so by the power of the Gospel of Christ. Since God made a manifestation of himself to man, no nation and no tribe could ever rise to civilization by any other means; for God will honor his own instrumentality. Wherever the question has been raised, “Shall we carry the word of salvation to a particular people?”—there has been unbelieving and questioning. When the Romans held this island of Britain, and when Britons were carried to Rome and exposed for sale in the public market, as Africans have since been exposed for sale in America, it was said by a great many learned men, “The Britons are not capable of civilization,—they were made for slavery.” Worldly-minded men would not undertake or sanction, Christians undertook, in obedience to the command, “Go ye into all the world.” They visited these shores; and what is the result? True, nothing looks more discouraging or more hopeless than an attempt to turn

the naked savage into an angel of light. Yet the triumphs of Christianity among savages have always been comparatively its easiest triumph. The vices of civilization frequently interpose a greater obstacle to the Gospel than the vices of savage life. But, after all, what is great or small, what is strong or weak, when we have the arm of Almighty God on our side, and when he says, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit. Who art thou, O great mountain! Thou shalt become a plain." I once heard a chief of one of the tribes of American Indians give a minute account of the way in which the Gospel was introduced among his own tribe, and of the effect which it had upon his own mind and the minds of the people; and so graphic was the account that it appeared to me to afford quite a poetic illustration of the power of the Gospel in the human heart. He said, "My earliest recollections of life are recollections of suffering." He was the son of a distinguished chief, and himself succeeded to the chieftainship. When he was of the age of twelve or fifteen, he went on a war expedition with his father. The tribe were successful, having scalped and killed numbers of their enemies. They returned, and obtained a keg of whiskey to celebrate their triumph. They sat down on the shore of one of the vast American lakes, under the shadow of a hill which projected for some distance into the lake in the form of a promontory. There they had poured out libations to the evil spirit—the god of war; and they were about to commence drinking, when one of the Indian runners came hastily up to the old chief, and whispered something in his ear. The chief started, and told some of his men to cover the whiskey with a blanket, to prevent it from being seen. Looking around, he then saw two grave and venerable men coming around the shore of the lake. He knew them to be Christian Missionaries. They came to him and addressed him. They told him of the story of Christ, who came from heaven, not to destroy, but to save his enemies—not to kill them, but to

give his life for theirs. The old chief threw his blanket over his head. His son noticed that his frame was all convulsed. "I looked," said he, "under the blanket, to see what was the matter with my father, and there were big tears rolling down his cheek. I never saw a tear on his face before; it filled me with astonishment, and I could not conceive what had brought the tears into his eyes." Oh, it was the idea of the Great Spirit descending to earth in the form of man, not to destroy, but to save his enemies; and the same truth produced the same kind of effect on the whole of the war-party. The Missionaries said to the chief, "will you go to our station, that you may there learn more about the love of this Great Spirit?" The tribe agreed to go. "And now," said the old chief, "take that barrel of whiskey and pour it into the lake." He knew that whiskey and the Gospel could not go together; he knew that such liquor had been the destruction of many of the tribes of that country. The order was obeyed; the whiskey was poured into the lake. It was about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and the sun was rising with beautiful clearness over the surface of the lake, when the old chief, his son, and the two Missionaries, got into the first canoe, and then the whole of the war-party followed in another canoe, forming together a continuous line. As they were rowing over the lake, one of the Missionaries began singing this hymn:—

"Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone,
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been
Because I was not saved from sin.

"The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
'Till late I heard my Saviour say
'Come hither, soul, I am the way!'

"Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
And I will tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found."

The Indians understood enough of the English language to get the import of the whole of this hymn. They had already heard the story of Christ, and so intensely interested were they, that their souls were filled with these new thoughts. No sooner had the Missionary sung the hymn, than they lifted their paddles, and said, "Sing it again." This was done, but even then they were not satisfied, and so the Missionaries, as they crossed the lake, sung repeatedly of what was uppermost in the minds of these savages—

"Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon."

When they came to the other side of the lake, the dealers saw them with the Missionaries. The dealers said to the Indian chief, "Where are you going?" "I am going," he replied, "to hear about Him who came from heaven, to save his enemies." "You fool," said the dealers, "Do you know what these Missionaries mean to do with you? They have a large enclosure at the station, with a stone-wall; you can only enter by a narrow gate, and when they have got you in they will put combustibles round you, set fire to them, and, after burning you, take possession of your territory. That is what they mean to do with you." The Indians had heard that the whites had made aggressions on lands belonging to Indian tribes, and therefore the old chief felt anxious. "At any rate," said the old chief, "I will go and see." They were travelling two days to the Missionary station. When they came to it—to be sure, there was a large enclosure, and there was only one gate by which they could enter; but they had suffered so much previously, that they were somewhat careless about the result. The old chief, taking his son aside, said to him, "Do you and the rest lie down in yonder swamp, and if anything happens to us hasten back to the village, and take care of the women and children: but come here every day, in the afternoon, to see, if you can, what is

going on." The chief entered the Missionary station. The tribe came for two days, as he had directed, but all was quiet. When they returned on the third day, there was a sound of distress. "Oh," said the young chief, "I heard my father's voice as I never heard it before, crying earnestly for mercy,—I thought they were burning him. I rushed in with my companions, and found him on his knees in prayer, praying the Great Spirit to send down converting grace into his heart. As soon as he saw me, he clasped me in his arms, and he began to pray with me to the Great Spirit, and we rejoiced together in the hope of mercy. We then went back to the village; and, oh, what a change was produced! The women and children were all gathered around us, and we told them the story of Him who came down from Heaven to save His enemies. We had the hymn, 'Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone,' translated into our own language; we had portions of the Testament also translated; and all my recollections of life from that time are recollections of joyousness; while the prospect of the future became bright." He added some particulars with regard to his mother's dying of consumption. Previously, he said, when she was sick, there was no care either for her body or her soul; but now she was taken care of, and as long as she had her voice, she was often heard singing, "Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone." (Cheers.) Now this is the Missionary work. Is not this a work in which we shall all rejoice when we come to eternity; rather, is it not the only work in which we shall then rejoice?

POWER OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Next to the ministry of the gospel in the pulpits of the land, I know of no agency in existence so grand, or so capable of great things, as that of Sunday-schools—whether I look to the dissemination of truth, the counteraction of error, or the social improvement of our country.



The Gleaner.

A merciful provision seems to have been made by the express command of God, in order that the poor might obtain some benefit from the plenty which every where presented itself during the season of harvest. The right of the poor in Israel to go into the harvest field, and glean after the reapers, was secured by a positive law, in these words, "And when we reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy land, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest : thou shalt leave them to the poor and to the stranger."—The owners of the land did not, in general, admit the gleaners into the field, till after the reapers had cut down the corn, and bound it into sheaves ; and they usually chose also from among the poor, those whom they thought the most needy, or the most deserving.

The custom of gleaning, after the reapers have cleared the field, generally prevails in this country : and though the poor cannot claim it as a right, yet he would be considered a hard-hearted farmer who did not allow it them as a privilege. A number of women and children spread over a large corn field, each striving to gather

a heap, is a very pleasing sight ; and the cheerfulness with which they carry home their loads by moonlight, must be truly delightful to a humane proprietor.

The history of Ruth, as recorded in the Bible, contains a beautiful illustration of the subject. Here is the story from Mr. Cobbin's Child's Commentator :

In the days of the judges, there was a famine in the land of Israel, and " a certain man of Bethlehem Judah," the place where Christ was afterwards born, " went to sojourn, or live for a time, in the country of Moab, he, and his wife, and his two sons. And the name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife Naomi. There the man died, and his two sons married two Moabitish women, "the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth."

In about ten years the two sons died also, so Naomi was in a strange country with neither husband nor sons.

She, no doubt, longed to return home, for the people, among whom she lived, did not serve God, and she, who was an Israelitish woman, could not feel happy among them.

Having learned that there was bread

enough in her own land, she set out to see it once more ; and her daughters-in-law, that is, her sons' wives, went with her.

On the way, she advised her two daughters-in-law to go back to their own country and friends ; and she kissed them to bid them good bye, and they all wept together. " And Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her." Then Naomi said to Ruth, " Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods : return thou after thy sister-in-law." Then Ruth told her that she had fully made up her mind, and it was of no use to try and persuade her to turn back. " Thy people," said she, shall be my people, and thy God, my God ; I will have no more to do with the heathen in my own country, nor will I serve any more the false Gods of Moab."

So they went together to Bethlehem, " in the beginning of barley harvest."

On Naomi's reaching Bethlehem, many did not know her ; she was so altered by time and sorrow,—for time changes the fine bloom on the face, just as autumn does the colors of the summer flowers,—and the deaths of her husband and sons, had marked her countenance with lines like those of age, for sorrow brings many down near to the grave or sends them there. " And they said, ' Is this Naomi ?'—And she said unto them, ' Call me not Naomi, call me Mara ; for the Almighty had dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty ; I went out with a husband and two sons, and something to buy bread, but now I am a widow, and childless, and poor ; my name Naomi, which means beautiful, does not suit me, call me, therefore, by another name—call me Mara ; which means *bitterness*, for I am now a woman of a *sorrowful spirit*.' "

Well, now they had arrived at home they must have bread. So Ruth proposed to go and work in the field, and

glean some corn with the poor. And Providence so ordered it, that she went into a field which belonged to Boaz, a relation of Naomi's husband, and a very rich man.

And Boaz found that she was there, and having heard about her, how good she was to her mother-in-law, and how sincerely she loved the true God, so as even to forsake everything to serve him ; he ordered that nobody should disturb her, that she might eat and drink with his servants ; and that she might be the better supplied, he commanded the corn even to be dropped, on purpose, by the way, for her to glean it.

You may read in the second chapter, that Ruth's meal was bread dipped in vinegar, and parched corn—You, perhaps, think this an odd sort of meal, but it is still eaten in that part of the world, and, in hot weather it is very refreshing to the mouth, and very nice.

Having finished gleaning, Ruth went home with her load, which " was about an ephah of barley," or a bushel. And so she continued gleaning till the end of barley harvest.

Now, it was a custom in Israel, for the nearest relation of a deceased person to marry his widow, if the husband died and left no sons and daughters.—And Ruth being the widow of one of Elimelech's sons, her mother told her to make known to Boaz who was Elimelech's relation, that he must marry her according to the law. We have no such law and no such custom here, and therefore it would be quite improper among us to do as Ruth did, but Boaz knew that she was acting rightly, and did not condemn her.

There was, however, another relation of her late husband's, who was nearer to him than Boaz ; and Boaz said he would see if he would marry her, and recover the property of the family ; and, if he would not, then he would do as the law commanded.

So the matter was settled before ten of the elders, or aged chief men of the

city, and the kinsman not being inclined to take Ruth, "he drew off his shoe," which was a custom to show that all claim to any one in such a case was given up, and so she became the wife of Boaz, and made Naomi very happy.

This little history will teach us that good people, like Naomi, may be very much afflicted for a time, yet God, in the end, will comfort them; that God can, by his grace, bring the worst sinners to love and serve him, as he did Ruth, a Moabitish woman, and one of the people of that nation whose king tried to curse Israel; and, that none shall ever lose, that give up anything dear to them in order to serve God, as Ruth even did all her family and friends, and became at last the wife of a rich man and a pious Israelite, who loved her. But the greatest event in the story, and the reason why it is told, is, that it contains something of consequence about Jesus Christ. For Ruth had a son, and they called his name Obed; he was the father of Jesse, and Jesse was the father of David, and Jesus Christ was called the Son of David, according to the flesh. So he could be traced back in this history as springing from Ruth—from Ruth who was once a heathen woman, and from Boaz, a pious Jew; shewing us who were then a heathen people, that he is the Saviour of the Gentiles, or heathen as well as the Jews. Thus, by leaving her wicked people, and *not going back with Orpah, and resolving on living with Naomi among the true worshippers of God*, Ruth had the honour of being one of the line, from which should spring that glorious Saviour, in whom all nations should be blessed.

Visit to the Waldenses.

The Rev. Mr. Thompson, of New York, who has been in Europe for some time, thus describes an interesting meeting that he attended among the Waldenses:—

"By far the most interesting incident in our visit to the Vandois, was an

evening prayer-meeting at the house of one of the villagers. About eighty persons were assembled in two connecting rooms, crowding them to their utmost capacity. No one, in particular, seemed to have charge of the meeting; but, as in primitive times, if any one had a psalm, a prayer, a prophecy, he gave utterance to it; yet all things were done decently, and in order. First, some one proposed a hymn, which was sung with that unction which characterizes the devotional singing of the French, then another hymn was proposed, and for a while the simple singing of hymns was made to feed the devotional spirit of the assembly. The hymns were remarkably spiritual.

"After the singing, a young man arose, and offered a most fervent and affecting prayer. The master of the house then asked if any one had a chapter to propose. The first chapter of the Second Epistle of Peter was mentioned. All produced their Bibles, while one read the chapter. There was then opportunity for remark, which was improved—not in the way of general exhortation, but in the way of comment on the chapter read, and the application of it to the assembly.

"First, the young man who had led, commented in a very lucid manner, upon verses 5, 6, and 7, to the effect that a Christian profession, a belief that Christ came into the world to save sinners, &c., was nothing without a development of the Christian graces in the daily life: then an elderly man whom I took to be his father, called attention to the fact that all these graces and attainments were to be *added to faith*, and therefore, it was of the first importance that the faith be right; a third then exhorted to a personal examination as to whether these graces did exist, and turned, with repeated emphasis, the declaration that, 'he that lacketh these things is blind;' a fourth adverted to the fact that 'all is summed up in the knowledge of Christ,' which he described as an infinite abyss.

"Being unexpectedly called upon to make a few remarks, I stammered out in broken French our Christian salutations; told them that we knew their history, honoured their name and their faith, and, in common with all the friends of Christ, felt our obligations to them for having kept the faith in purity; that we rejoice in their spirit, and regarding them as the hope of Italy, and the hope for the truth in Italy, should pray for them, and exhort Christians to pray for them continually. The exercises were concluded with singing and with prayer, in which we, our friends, and our country were most affectionately commended to God. At the close of the meeting they gathered around us and grasped our hands in cordial salutation.—They also presented us with a copy of their hymn-book as a souvenir."

Juvenile Contributions.

We have great pleasure in giving the following a place in the *Record*, and hope it will be the means of inducing others to go and do likewise:—

To the Editor of the *Sabbath School Record*.

SIR,—Enclosed I send you 9s. 4½d., the subscription of my three children, requesting you to send it in aid of the Scriptural Schools in the South of Ireland. This sum they obtained by denying themselves of tea and toast for the last twelve months, that they might save something to assist in carrying out this good institution, where the poor children are receiving a Christian education, and their minds, which have heretofore been held in darkness, ignorance, and superstition, are now enlightened by God's holy word, which is leading their feet into the paths of peace.

And through this glorious light, thousands of children and parents are brought to a knowledge of the truth,—have cast away their idols, and are offering to God a pure and Scriptural worship.

I mention the means by which my children saved the above sum, hoping that other children will adopt the same or some other laudable means to assist in carrying on this glorious work of the Most High. Yours, &c.,

Lachine, Feb., 1853.

M. C.

[FOR THE "S. S. RECORD"]

Obituary Notice and Poetry.

Elizabeth Ann Odelia, the subject of this memoir, was the daughter of Nathaniel and

Ruth Ann Hadley. She was born near Lindsay on the 13th May, 1841, and on the 5th of September, 1848, departed this life, aged 7 years, 3 months, and 23 days. She made herself greatly beloved; although so young she was a sweet singer, and used the harmonium with a natural skill and ease. At the age of five years and ten months, she was taken to see a piano, and as soon as she had ascertained the location of the notes, she could play a tune through, sometimes without a mistake. About two hours before her death, when the disease on her lungs had almost deprived her of the power of speech, she repeated our Lord's Prayer and the verse—"Suffer little children to come unto me," &c., also a metrical verse of praise, which she had lately learned and loved. These and other incidents are referred to in the following verses which may have no other merit than that they commemorate the excellencies of a lovely child:—

Thou'rt sleeping in thy grave, Odelia!

Thy lowly, silent grave;

Though we desired thee long to stay,

Death came and bore thee swift away;

Nor had we power to save.

Alas! we miss thy face, Odelia!

Thy once familiar face;

Thy little chair is empty now

Where worshipping, thou oft didst bow;

There's none can fill thy place.

We miss thee too at noon, Odelia!

We miss thy face at noon;

Thy pleasant voice, no more we hear,

Or meet thy smile, our hearts to cheer;

How could we part so soon?

And, O! at evening's hour, Odelia!

Death's symbol—*evening hour*,

We miss thy music, and thy song,

Which once did flow so sweet along,

With such a pleasing power.

But we shall meet again, Odelia!

We all shall meet again;

And when we meet, O! shall it be

To dwell in happiness with thee,

Or part from thee in pain?

We'll strive to serve the Lord, Odelia!

Our ever-gracious Lord;

Whom thou, until the last, didst seek,

When thou couldst scarce draw breath to

Speak;

O may we keep his word.

Yes, thou art in the grave!

The lonely, silent grave;

In vain we wished thee long to stay,

A blossom doomed to quick decay,

A flower we could not save.

'Till bid thee now adieu, Odelia!

A sorrowful adieu;

Thou hast escaped a world of ill

Where we awhile must suffer still,

And then we'll quit it too.

R. McLEAN PURDY.

COURSE OF SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR 1853.

FIRST SERIES.

- Aug. 7.**—*Scripture to be read*—Mat. xiv. 22, 23. *To be committed*—Is. xliii. 1, 2. *Subject*—The Sea obeys. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Disciples were doing the bidding of their Lord when overtaken by the storm—He prayed for them, and came to them—on the sea—all are his servants—afraid—he comforts them by assurance of his presence—Peter—God's redeigned need not fear—in tribulation he is with them—out of tribulation he will bring them at last.
- Aug. 14.**—*Scripture to be read*—Luke xviii. 35-43. *To be committed*—Rev. iii. 17. *Subject*—Blind eyes opened. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Jericho, what and where—the blind man—his sense of want—his eagerness for relief—discouraged by the people—his faith in the promise—Son of David—the cure—the result, he glorified God, and the people seeing it praised God too. Psalm xl. 3.
- Aug. 21.**—*Scripture to be read*—Luke xix. 1-10. *To be committed*—John vi. 37. *Subject*—Zaccheus. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Pharisees, who they were, and what their character—not satisfied with his riches—would see Jesus—obeyed and received him joyfully—the murmuring—the resolution of Zaccheus—this day salvation come—work as great as any other miracle—save the lost.
- Aug. 28.**—*Scripture to be read*—Luke xix. 28-44. *To be committed*—Isa i. 18. *Subject*—Enters Jerusalem. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Up to Jerusalem for the last time—the honor done to Jesus—the hosannah of the multitude—the Pharisee's envy—he accepts the adoration—the compassion of Jesus—for his worst enemies—to save sinners, the chief.
- Sep. 4.**—*Scripture to be read*—Luke xxii. 1-20. *To be committed*—1 Cor. xi. 28, 29. *Subject*—Institutes the Supper. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Passover—people congregated at that time—Judas tempted on his weak side, (see John xii. 6.) "Give not place to the devil"—preparation for Passover—institution of Supper—benefits from it—the title—and meekness.

SECOND SERIES.

- Aug. 7.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts xi. 19-26. *To be committed*—2 Thes. iii. 1, 3. *Subject*—Progress of the Word. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Effect of persecution—the word spread—note the places—only the "hand of the Lord" can turn (Luke i. 15, 16.)—Sight of grace in its effects made the apostles glad—they exhorted to cleave to the Lord (Ps cxix 25)—people added to the Lord.
- Aug. 14.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts xii. 20-25. *To be committed*—Ps. cxlvi. 3, 5. *Subject*—The Judgment on Herod. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Herod (Agrippa) grandson of Herod the Great—quarrel with Tyre—Herod's pride—the people's idolatry—God's judgment. But the word of God grew—the persecutor fell, but the word was not bound.
- Aug. 21.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts xiv. 7-15. *To be committed*—Rom. i. 21-23. *Subject*—The Idolaters. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—This their work wherever they were led—lights in the world, could not but let their light shine—the miracle—the "vain" thought of the idolaters (Rom. i.) Dan. iii., Isa. 44—turn from what?—to what?
- Aug. 28.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts xx. 13-27. *To be committed*—2 Tim. iv. 1, 2. *Subject*—Paul and the Elders at Miletus. *Prominent Topic of the Lesson*—The voyage—the route—the reason of it—warned on the coast, and sent up to Ephesus—the address—serving the Lord—humility, tears, temptations, kept back nothing, &c.; in short, the whole counsel of God.
- Sep. 4.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts xz. 28-38. *To be committed*—Eph. iv. 31, 32. *Subject*—The parting Word. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Recall who and where—flock—the good Shepherd purchased with blood—watch, warn with tears—explain fully v. 32—blessed to give—the prayer—the weeping, the parting.

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