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VOL. II.]

[No. 3.

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

MARCH 1, 1845.

Terms : 1s. per Annum, in Advance, exclusive of Postage.



*The profits of this Publication to go to the Funds
of the Canada Sunday School Union.*

MONTREAL:
PRINTED BY J. C. BECKET, SAINT PAUL STREET.

1845.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the notification on the first page, of the terms of the *Record*—payable in advance, and we trust our friends will recollect this, and enable us to adhere to our rule in this matter.

We would also remind them, that by a little exertion they might materially increase our circulation—and that we trust they will endeavour to obtain new subscribers, now, before the year is further advanced, as it will be better for all parties to receive the numbers singly each month, than to delay subscribing, and running the risk of not being able afterwards to obtain the back numbers. The twelve numbers for the past year may be had bound in a very neat little volume price 1s 8d, by application to Mr. BECKET. This book is very suitable for Sabbath School libraries—and for presents to the young.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to request our friends to bear in mind, that we shall be most happy to receive communications stating any local exertion through the country that may be made for the great Missionary cause. Any instance of the power of Divine grace amongst members of our schools, we desire particularly to be acquainted with—and we would deem it a favour were teachers who are acquainted with such instances to communicate with us. It is not necessary that formal communications be written—intelligence, and information with respect to these interesting circumstances, is what we desire.

Monies Received on Account of Record, since Jan. 16.

Volume the First.

T. C. Allis, Danville	£0 10 0
James Anderson, Toronto	0 8 0
Robert Walker, "	1 15 0
A. Christie, Niagara	0 7 0
John Calder, Chatham	0 10 0
Archibald Young, Port Sarnia, per J. Dougall	0 6 0
J. Harvey, Eaton	0 1 0
R. Williams	0 1 0
W. Ferguson, Kingston	4 0 0
Hugh Warnock	0 6 0



AFRICANER, IN THE DRESS WHICH HE WORE WHEN
HE WENT WITH MR. MOFFAT TO CAPE TOWN.

(See Page 44.)

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. II.]

MARCH 3, 1845.

[No. 3.]

The Prayer of the Little Negro Boy.

SEE WOOD-CUT ON THE COVER.

Our readers will see on the outside cover of this number, for the second time, the figure of a little boy praying. He is a little black boy, a negro, who was born in that large portion of the world, which is called Africa. As his history is very interesting we shall try and tell our readers something about him. He was born in a little hut in a poor village near the west coast of Africa, and close by the shore of the great Atlantic Ocean, which washes Africa and Europe on the one side, and America on the other. His father and mother, all his friends, and he, himself, were heathens—they knew nothing of the true God. The people there were divided into a great many little tribes, and they were all stealing and fighting among themselves, and often they sold one another to those wicked white men, who bought these poor negroes, carried them away from Africa in ships, and sold them for slaves.

One night when this little boy was fast asleep, with his father and mother, he was awoken by a great noise, and dreadful screams; the village was in a blaze, and the people were running about in the greatest dis-

truss. Fierce white men, such as he had never seen before, rushed into his father's hut; they did not mind his prayers and tears, or his mother's agony, but they seized and carried him away, and he saw his home no more. They dragged and flogged him along for a great way, till he was almost dead, and then took him on board what seemed to him a great floating house, which was a ship. He and many more poor blacks were laid down in the lower part of the ship, called "the hold," packed close, like bales of goods, and chained to one another that they might not move or get away. The place was low and dark, and what with little food and less air, and sea-sickness and sorrow of heart, it was wonderful that any of them lived. Many died; and when this poor boy thought of his father and mother pining for him, and saw his companions die by his side, and felt the lash of the cruel men, no doubt he often wished that he could die too; but many weary weeks passed by, and the ship had reached the distant land to which she was bound, and still he lived. It was a sunny land, where sugar-canes and spices grew.

When the little boy was brought upon deck he was so sick and faint, and stiff, that he could hardly stand; and the light of the sun, after being in that dark place so long, almost blinded him; his legs were fastened with fetters, and sometimes he could not help falling down; but the slave-dealers had no pity, and he was whipped and dragged on shore. Then he and the rest of the black boys and girls were to be sold to other strange people. These new people came and felt them, and pulled them about, just as if they had been so many sheep. Some were bought by one person, and some by another; and then the little boy was bought and driven home before his cruel master. He had never had any work to do in his own country, and therefore found it the more trying to work hard all day in the burning sun. He was not allowed to talk to the other slaves: if he wept, or was ill and could not eat, he

was whipped. There was a cruel man, called the slave-driver, always at hand, to lash his back with the whip. In the West India Islands, for it was there the little boy was brought to, there are no slaves now, for the people of Britain have set them all free, but there are very many both boys and girls in slavery, amongst other nations, even now, and children are stolen away from Africa in almost as great numbers as ever.

But we must go back to the poor little negro. You will think how miserable he must have been, without one friend to comfort him in the world. It might be one night after his work was done, and he was going to his hut, that he heard a white man talking to some of the slaves. This seemed strange, for the white men never spoke to the slaves, except to scold or curse them: and what was more strange, the white man looked kind, and spoke kindly to the poor slaves, more kindly than any one whom he had ever seen; even his own dear father and mother could not have spoken in a kinder tone, and the poor little black boy's heart melted at these gentle words.

The white man was a missionary. He was talking to the slaves about One whom they had never heard of before, even a Father and a Friend in heaven. He was telling them how that Heavenly Friend looked down on them with pity and tender love, and heard their sighs, and would answer their prayers. He told them of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, and how he had suffered and died for them, and how he was gone to prepare for them a place, where they would be for ever free, for ever happy,—where “neither the heat nor the sun should smite them,” and where all would be holiness and love.

This was joyful news for the poor little negro boy, and from that time he became quite another creature. He often heard the missionary preach, and treasured up in his heart the sweet invitations and promises of Jesus. He did not mind all he had suffered, for he had

found his Saviour, and that far more than made amends for all.

There was yet one trouble that weighed down his spirit. It was about his dear father and mother, who had never heard these glad tidings. He could not get away from his master, or cross the wide sea to go and tell them. If he had tried to run away perhaps he would have been killed, and though there were many ships to bring poor slaves to those islands, there were none to take them back. Even if he could have written a letter no one could have been found to take it for a poor slave. There was but one thing he could do. What was that? "Pray?" Yes, he prayed and this was his prayer:—

"O Lord, I thank thee for sending big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me and bring me here that I might know and love thee. And now Lord Jesus I have one great favour to ask. I pray thee to send wicked men with another big ship and let them catch my father and mother, and bring them to this country, that they too may hear of Thee!"

Now the little negro boy was quite sure that his Heavenly Father would hear his prayer some day, though he did not know when; and every morning he repeated his prayer, and every morning he went to the sea-shore to see if "a big ship" was coming. How long do you think he kept on praying? How long would you have prayed? A month, six months, a year? Perhaps you would have thought a year a very long time; but this little boy kept on praying and looking out for two long years. At the end of that time he went one morning as usual to look out on the sea, and he saw a ship coming. By and by the ship came into port; it was a slave ship; the boats were let down, the slaves were brought on shore, and then, Oh, joy for the little negro boy! God had granted his request. His father and mother were there!

Dear children, do you pray? Then God will hear

and answer your prayers. Pray for your fathers and mothers; Oh! pray for the heathen children, and for the poor slaves.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet
When, bending from above,
He bids us gather round his feet,
And calls us by his love.

He leads to heaven, where angels dwell,
He saves from endless woe;
Our *lips*, our *lives*, can never tell
How much to Christ we owe.

But while our youthful hearts rejoice,
That thus he bids us come,
"Jesus," we cry, with pleading voice,
"Bring heathen wanderers home."

They never heard the Saviour's name,
They have not learned his way;
They do not know His grace who came
To take their sins away.

Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound
In distant lands be heard;
And oh! wherever sin is found,
Send forth thy pardoning word.

And if our lips may breathe a prayer,
Though raised in trembling fear,
Oh! let thy grace our hearts prepare,
And choose some heralds *here*.

Sketches of Missions.

We defer the conclusion of our notice of the American Board of Missions, until next number.

WHAT ARE WE DOING AT HOME?

TO ALL OUR READERS.

This is surely an interesting question. You know something now of what is doing in other countries, you know a little of what Christians old and young are doing for the spread of the Gospel, and you know something of the success with which God has blessed them. Look at the picture of Africaner in this number—is he not a wonderful instance of God's grace? The wild savage become meek and lowly as a lamb.

But again we ask, what are *we* doing? There are some of our Sabbath Schools who have begun the good work of collecting money to help Missions. We think more might do so—and shall just mention the names of a few Sabbath Schools in Montreal with which we happen to be acquainted, and state what they have done during the past year.

The Wesleyan Methodist Sabbath Schools in Montreal, have raised £66 during the year, which they have given to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. In our November and December numbers of last year, we told you something of the efforts of this great Society—and Mr. FREEMAN, of whose interesting Mission to Dahomi, you find an account in our Missionary Intelligence in this number, is one of their Missionaries in Western Africa.

In the St. Maurice Street Congregational Sabbath school, the scholars and teachers resolved last year to try and raise the sum of £50 before the end of the year and thus support a "Colporteur" or Bible reader of the French Canadian Missionary Society. They fulfilled their promise, and have collected in the school and from the church and congregation the large sum of £51 7s 1d.

These children have the pleasure of knowing that by their exertions, a servant of God will be able to spend a whole year, reading, explaining and circulating God's

holy word among our neighbours the French Canadians, who are now living and dying around us, with very obscure views of Christ and his salvation, and believing the fearful error, that their Priests or their prayers and penances can save them.

The American Presbyterian Sabbath School, has contributed £24 3s 5d to the French Canadian Missionary Society during the past year.

The St. Gabriel Street Presbyterian Sabbath Schools have contributed £10 Cy. to the Home Mission of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. This will help in sending Missionaries and teachers to poor settlements in Canada itself, where the Gospel is not now regularly preached, and where the children are growing up in ignorance.

Thus amongst the Montreal Sabbath Schools which we have now named, there was raised the sum of £157 10s 6d for the cause of Christ during the past year.

There are several other Sabbath Schools in Montreal, and there are many we hope in other places where we have readers, who also contribute to Missions, but we must defer mentioning their names till another number. We have published the names of a few, that by God's grace, we may stir you all up, both teachers and scholars, to do something. We have not space at present to tell you about the different and the best ways of working; this we hope to do soon again.

Some of our young readers who live in the country, —for we are glad to say that the *Record* has found its way into the country districts of Canada—may say when they read of the large sums that these Sabbath Schools in Montreal have raised, “Oh, rich people in towns can give money, but we are poor and cannot do anything.” It is not always rich people who give most to Christ's cause. Those who give most to Christ are they who give him

their hearts ; but we must give of our means also as God has prospered us. Nor are the people who give the largest sum of money always the most pleasing to God. We can not raise too much, and we cannot be too active in this good cause, but read in the 12th chapter of Mark's Gospel what Christ said about offerings of this kind. He saw rich people coming up to the great temple and throwing into the treasury much money. After them came another person who had no gold or silver to give, but she put in "two mites which made a farthing ;" and what did Christ say about her :—" Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than all they who have cast into the treasury ; for all they did cast in of their abundance : but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

She did what she could—she gave from a sincere desire to serve God ; and if we do so, even though the collections should be very small, God will accept and bless our offering. God knows our wants, and he knows too, whether when we collect money for Missions—we do so, to get praise to ourselves, as being very good, and very active—or whether we do it—because we believe in Christ as *our* Saviour, because we believe that no person can be saved in the world except in one way, trusting in Christ ; and therefore we wish to tell perishing sinners of salvation.

Is there not encouragement to you all then ? Those of you who have done something already, *do more* ; and those who have done nothing yet, *begin now*. We hope to continue this interesting subject next month. Meanwhile we ask you all to let us know what you are doing. This will keep up our interest in the work.

Above all let us commit the Work to God in prayer—that he may send his Holy Spirit, to bless his servants the Missionaries, throughout the world and their converts,—and especially that we and all who have the Bible, may be much more active than we have ever yet been.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY."

Did you ever see a tract called "the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain?" It tells how the children of this shepherd used to go and gather all the wool that the sheep left on the furze bushes, and keep it very carefully till they had a great deal, and then sell it to get some money for their father and mother.

There was a Missionary meeting at a country place in England, and some little boys and girls were there. A clergyman spoke to them, and told them how the other children had got money by the sheeps' wool, and asked them whether they could not find out a way to get some money for the Missionary Society. The children went away, and talked to each other about it. They said, "We have no sheep on our common, and we cannot get any wool; but there are plenty of geese. We will look about every day for goose quills." So every day they picked up all they could find, and put them into a bag; and before the Missionary meeting came again, they sold the goose quills, and took 6s. 6d. to the meeting as their gift to the Missionary Society.

A gentleman told all this to some more children at another Missionary meeting in London. A poor little girl was there who thought to herself, "I am very poor: I have no money, and there are no sheep—no geese here: what can *I* do?" At length she thought of a way to get some money. What could it be? Guess. It was with *old bones*? So every morning she got up very early, before other people were up, and went about the squares, and the cold, lonely, dirty streets to pick up bones. It was not a pleasant thing to do; and when she passed the bakers' shops as she went home, and smelt the nice hot rolls, perhaps she often wished for one, for she was very poor and very hungry. But she loved the Lord Jesus, and felt pleased to deny herself for his sake, and she wished the poor heathen children to be taught to love him

too. So when she sold the bones, she never spent the money, but kept it in a bag till she had 13s. 4d.

The time for the Missionary meeting came round, but the little girl was not there. She was at a larger and happier meeting than any in this world. When she was very ill, and on her death-bed, she sent for her Sabbath school teacher, and said, "Please to give this money for me to the Secretary of the Missionary Society, and tell Mr. Thompson that I did not forget what he said at the meeting." So after her death the little bag was taken from under her pillow; and it was shown at the Missionary meeting, and perhaps the children there would remember it better than if the little girl had lived to take it herself.

This dear child is now in heaven: she sees her Redeemer face to face: perhaps she has met some little black children there also. Do you think she is sorry now that she took so much pains to please her Saviour?

Missionary Intelligence.

AFRICANER.

(SEE WOOD-CUT.)

Our readers have not we hope, forgotten the account of AFRICANER which we gave last year. At page 130 of our first volume, in the September number, you heard that he had been a wild Savage, and in the October number you read of the great change that had taken place. AFRICANER was no longer a Savage, but a real Christian. If our young friends have forgotten, we ask them to read over again that interesting account, and then they will understand our picture. Mr. MOFFAT when he took AFRICANER to Cape Town, gave him the best clothes he could but he had not many to spare. He gave him one of the only two good shirts he had left—a pair of leather trowsers

a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear and an old hat, neither black nor white. Such was his dress, as you see, in the world AFRICANER was poor, but he had found the pearl of great price—and he is now, no doubt in heaven, one of the children of Africa, who, through the means of Christian Missionaries, will by God's grace, remain at his right hand for evermore.

MISSION TO DAHOMI.

In the February number you had a little account of Mr. Freeman's visit to the King of Understone, and his return to Badagry.

After Mr. Freeman had rested a few days at Badagry, he set sail for Whydah, a town where the King of Dahomi generally lives. He was, however, at that time at war, and so Mr. Freeman had to go many miles into the country, to a place called Kanna, before he could have a meeting with him. As he approached the town, the King sent different messengers to him telling him of his happiness to meet with him, and at last a company of soldiers to bring him in with all honour. The captain of these soldiers was a singular looking man. He rode upon a mule, was dressed in the most fantastic style, and had a large umbrella carried over his head to shade him from the sun. When he came near to Mr. Freeman he made the soldiers form a circle round him and his friends, and begin singing a sort of welcome, while he got off his mule and danced before the Missionaries, to shew how glad he was to see them. As they entered the town, the people assembled in large crowds to look at them, and so many companies of soldiers were sent to meet them, that they were surrounded by them on every side. As he passed the gates of the palace, the people knelt down, threw dust in the air, and touched their chins and foreheads out of respect to the King, whom they think the greatest Prince in Africa.

Mr. Freeman did not see the King that day, but was allowed to see him the following morning. His name is Guzza, and when the Missionary was brought to him he was seated in a verandah, on a splendid chair, covered with English cloth, and surrounded by many ladies, and some hundreds of *female* soldiers. Mr. Freeman explained to him his wish to form a Mission at Whydah, and Guzza was so pleased with the proposal, that he promised to protect and help the Missionaries that should come.

Mr. Freeman saw him several times after this, and on his leaving him. Guzza gave him the charge of two little boys and two little girls, to take to Cape Coast Castle, and educate in the English way. At first they wept much to leave their homes, but in a day or two were as happy and playful as ever.

We are all very thankful for this opening to central Africa. Hitherto the people have had no one to teach them about Jesus. They have been living in all sorts of sin, and committing the greatest cruelties. But now God has sent them Missionaries, and we believe, before long, we shall hear of many casting away their follies, and rejoicing in the faith of Christ.

A CHILD'S REBUKE.

"Mamma," said a little child. My Sabbath School teacher tells me this world is only a place where God lets us live a little while, that we may prepare for a better world. But, Mamma, I don't see any body preparing for eternity. I see you preparing to go to the country, and Aunt Eliza, is preparing to come here. But I do not see any one preparing to go to heaven. If any body wants to go there, *why don't they try to get ready?*

Reader! are you making any preparation? If not, when will you begin? To-day, why not? "Now is the accepted time; and now is the day of salvation."

A HEATHEN MOTHER.

In this 'country we often have rain, and we never know when the rain will come; but in the great country far over the seas, called India, it is not so. There it does not rain for many months together, and the burning sun scorches the ground. When the rain comes, it pours so hard that in a little time the low lands are covered with water. Then it keeps on raining more gently for nearly four months. This rain comes every year. It begins in June and ends in October.

There is a plant which grows in India, called Indigo. The blue dye which is used for colouring men's coats, and little boy's dresses, is made from this plant. It is ready to be cut about the time that the heavy rains begin.

One day a gentleman in India was riding over his grounds. The rains had begun, and the waters were rising, and his men were cutting the Indigo plant as fast as they could, for fear it should be spoiled by the floods. The gentleman saw two of his men a little way from him; they had left off cutting the plant, and they were stooping down over something, and seemed to be pitying it very much. The gentleman went up to them, and he found that they had picked up a poor little baby. Its cruel mother or father had left it there on purpose to die. It must very soon have died; the jackals or vultures would have eaten it, or it would have been drowned in the water. It was very nearly dead; its lips were blue, its eyes were fixed, and its little fingers were clenched together. The gentleman was very sorry for the poor little baby, and he told his men to make haste, and to carry it as quickly as they could to his house. Then he galloped home, and begged his wife to get a warm bath ready for the poor baby. As soon as it was brought in, it was put in the bath, and then it was rubbed with warm flannels. Presently it began to get warm, and the colour came to its lips, and it opened its eyes. How pleased its kind friends must have been that they were in time to save it from death. They could not find its cruel mother. We should

think they would not have trusted it with her again. They found a kinder nurse for it, and a few days after they sent it to the Missionary Orphan Asylum at Berhampore. This baby is now growing up into a great boy, and he helps to teach the other little boys in the orphan school. His name is Moses, because, like Moses of whom we read in the bible, he was drawn out of the water.

There are many poor children in India who have nobody to care for them ; no kind parents, and no Christian friends to show them the way to heaven. Let us pray for them, and try to think what we can do for them.

Poetry.

BY MRS. GILBERT.

Lord ! while the little heathens bend
And call some wooden god their friend ;
Or stand and see, with bitter cries,
Their mothers burnt before their eyes ;

While many a dear and tender child
Is thrown to bears and tigers wild,
Or left upon the river's brink,
To suffer more than heart can think.

Behold, what mercies we possess !
How far beyond our thankfulness !
By happy thousands here we stand,
To serve thee in a Christian land.

Oh ! when that awful day shall rise,
When Christ shall come in yonder skies,
And we must answer one by one
For every deed our hands have done :

Lord, let it not be said of us,
That heathens could not have been worse,
But may we now that pardon crave,
Which can the guiltiest sinner save.

With all the bright and happy crowd,
We then would praise thee long and loud ;
And oh ! to little heathens send
The news of Christ the sinner's friend.

William Muir, Montreal	2	0	10
William Orr, St. Sylvester	0	1	0
Samuel Orr, "	0	1	0
John Anderson, "	0	1	0
James M'Kie, "	0	1	0
Rev. R. H. Thornton, Oshawa	0	5	0
Rev. John Clugston, Quebec	0	1	0
Capt. Lloyd, Sherbrooke	0	1	0

Volume the Second.

R. D. Wadsworth, Montreal	£0.	1	0
Murdoch M'Donald, Perth	0	10	0
W. Hickock, Phillipsburgh	1	5	0
John Lloyd, New Glasgow	0	2	0
P. Hubbard, Stanstead	0	15	0
Mervin Cody, Zorra	0	2	0
Onesimus Larwell, Buckingham	0	1	0
— Fearnis, "	0	1	0
O. Cole, "	0	1	0
W. Burrows, "	0	1	0
Rev. George Bell, "	0	10	0
Rev. George M'Donnell, Bathurst	0	13	9
Edmund West, Raleigh	0	2	6
George Hoggard	0	1	0
Mr. Kedey, for Amherstburgh	0	5	0
W. H. Colt, Montreal	0	1	6
D. Kennedy, Bytown	1	5	0
Rev. John Clugston, Quebec	3	14	0
James Draper, Argenteuil	0	1	3
J. P. Wells, Vankleeck's Hill	0	10	0
Mylo Barber, Lachute	0	1	0
James Wilson, "	0	1	0
Rev. Mr. Neil, Seymour (East,) per J. R. Orr	0	15	0
Mrs. Rollo, " (West,) per do.	0	5	0
Joshua Foss, Eaton	0	1	0
S. A. Hurd, "	0	1	0
W. Cantwell, Manningville	0	1	0
Mr. D. Cattenech, Lochiel	0	4	6
John Campbell, "	0	1	6
Mr. M'Arthur, Chatham	0	1	0
A. Young, Port Sarnia, per J. Dougall	0	4	0
E. Alger, Eaton	0	1	0
Rev. W. Bell, Perth	0	15	0
W. Ferguson, Kingston	1	9	1
Rev. George Bell, Buckingham	0	10	0
Mr. Rea, Hereford	0	1	0
W. Dickson, Prescott	1	1	0
John Short, Darlington	1	0	0
A. Jeffrey, Cobourg	2	0	0
Robert Kennedy, Bytown	0	6	0
James Mackie, St. Sylvester	0	1	0

Nancy Lough, Hawkesbury	0	1	0
Susanna Pengally, "	0	1	0
S. A. & E. C. Hersey, "	0	1	0
Elizabeth Lamb, "	0	1	0
Samuel Potter, "	0	1	0
John M'Gibbon, "	0	1	0
Thomas White, "	0	1	0
Robert M'Nee, St. Laurent	0	5	4
James Walker, Hamilton	2	10	0
William Walker, P. M. Brantford	0	15	0
D. M'Culloch, St. Andrews	0	1	0
Miss Young, "	0	1	0

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Anherstburgh.....	Rev. R. Peden.
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Ayr.....	Robert Wyllie, P. M.
Brantford.....	E. Roy,
Brighton.....	J. Lockwood, P. M.
Brockville.....	H. Freeland,
Bytown.....	D. Kennedy,
Clarendon.....	Robt. Creasor,
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Merrickville.....	J. T. Graffe,
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