

Ch. Wood



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The Balance.

At a school, in the village of E.L., in 1849, there were three well-grown boys. Their teacher seeing them often talking to each other in the school, and often engaged in earnest discussion when out of it, became anxious to know what it was about.— Calling up one of them, he asked, ‘Why they three were so often laying their heads together, and talking so much?’ The boy was unwilling to answer; but the master insisted, and found that the talk was about teetotalism. One of them was a zealous abstainer. One was as zealous an opponent of abstinence. The other had not made up his mind on the subject.

The teacher being himself an abstainer, was at once interested in the matter, and said that he would like to hear how the debaters got on; and to give them time to prepare, it was arranged that they should meet in the school, on the evening of that day-week. The four met accordingly; and the discussion began, and was continued for nearly three hours.— The master being asked to decide between the debaters, said, that they had both acquitted themselves well;

but; instead of giving a decision at the time, that he would put the substance of the debate in writing, and give each of them a copy; and then let them read and decide for themselves. This summing up of the debate he called *The Balance*. And here it is, as follows;—

Intemperance is the great evil of our country, and the question is, *how are we to get quit of this evil?* Let abstinence be adopted, and intemperance will cease. Let drinking go on as it has done, and drunkenness will continue to the world’s end. Surely it is more than time that the awful evil were stayed; Who can think of its continuance without horror?— Away with the drinking, and the drinks and the drunkenness will away.

But the *aduse* of a thing does not oblige us to its *entire disuse*. This is true in ordinary cases. But, in the present case, the abuse in so awful, the good supposed to be got so small, and the evil so immense, that the total disuse becomes a great moral duty. Compare the good and the evil which intoxicating drinks have done. Measure them. The evil is a mountain

—the good a molehill. Weigh them. The evil is a millstone—the good a feather.

In abstaining from a thing so dangerous as our strong drinks, I am sure there can be no sin. I am not sure, especially in present circumstances, that there is no sin in using them. In abstaining, I am certain that I am on the safe side; and in a case, where the danger is so great, and the falls so numerous, and the destruction so fearful, to be on the safe side its clearly the path of duty. To be on the other side, is throwing myself 'into temptation, and a snare,' and it may be, into 'many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.'

As to the *self-denial* implied in abstinence, and which many of our opponents regard as such a severe privation, we do not feel it to be a privation at all, but the reverse, being healthier, happier, in all respects better. But, supposing we call for a degree of self-denial, we give you far more in compensation—the assurance of your own greatly increased comfort and safety, and the prospect of doing great good to others. As an abstainer, I exhibit my protest against the dangerous drinks and drinking customs of our country, so that whosoever shall henceforth be injured by them, I shall be blameless. As a drinker, you not only help to perpetuate the system, but in doing so support the evils that flow from it. As an abstainer, I, as it were, advertise out of a company that has for centuries been our country's curse and shame, and is now sinking every day in character and credit, so that lose who may by it, none shall be able to charge his losses on me. As a drinker, you are upholding this mischievous company, and must therefore be held responsible for the consequences. If your example is followed, drunkenness will continue. If mine is followed, it will cease. If the temperance reform prosper, it will

help on all other reforms—not one of them will go on well without it. If the temperance reform is stayed, then I say, Wo, wo, to the land we live in and love!

'But you do not like our way of doing the thing.' Then, I say, give us a better way, and we will take yours. But, if you cannot give us a better way, then, I say, take ours.—And let us *all* at it, and *always* at it, till intemperance is banished from our land. With a good cause and a good conscience, and a good God on our side, we have nothing to fear.—All good men will be also on our side, by and by; and then—

We'll win the day—we'll win the day.'

The Irreligious Man's First Work.

Suppose the case of a profligate and undutiful son. He has often wounded the heart, and set at naught the authority of the tenderest of fathers. He advances in filial depravity, until he determines to break away from all domestic inspection and restraint. The day appointed for the carrying out of his purpose arrives. As the first grey beams of morning steal into his chamber, he rises and prepares for his journey. All within are asleep besides. His father is unconscious of his plans. With clandestine step, and a thousand mingled emotions, he bids adieu to his birthplace and his home. In a few hours he finds himself on board the vessel which is to bear him to a foreign land.—Month after month, through storms and sunshine, he pursues his way.—He reaches his destination, and exults in the thought, that now, without restriction, he can revel in all the pleasures his new home can afford.—The thought of his lost son fills the father with distress. It disturbs him in his dream at night. It scares him in the mornings. It spreads a sadness over him through the day. At length he is informed of the far-distant residence of his son, and of his

wicked ways. He determines to restore him to a sense of filial obligation, and to his home. And what is the plan? He writes a letter—all that is moving in paternal love, is thrown into that letter. Now, on what will its success depend? On its being delivered? On its being read? All this is required; but something more is indispensable, to bring out its full force upon his wicked heart. *He must reflect upon it, as the expression of a tender father, whose heart, which he had well-nigh broken, still glows with warmest love for him.* Young men, in this picture, behold yourselves. You are prodigals. You have violated the love, and forsaken the home, of the Infinite Father. Here is a letter which he has addressed to you. In it he says, 'Come now, and let us reason together.' Oh! what omnipotent reasonings of paternal love are here! Have you ever devoted one day to a concentrated reflection upon the contents of this document, in its relation to You? If not, you have never yet tried the *only* way to repentance. Go and think this, and as you muse, *the fire will burn.* God's complaint of the world is, its religious thoughtlessness. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

The Sailor Boy Seeking Jesus.

A poor sailor boy, a native of the Caucasian Mountains, was some three years ago on board his vessel at Constantinople. It was his duty to go every day on shore to purchase provisions for the crew. One day he called at a baker's shop, to buy some bread; and there met a Jewish missionary, who spoke to him of Jesus, and tried to impress his mind with the need of seeking the salvation of his soul. So greatly did this interest the lad, that for three months he sought out the missionary every day, and got more instruction from him.—

At last the ship had to sail, and the poor boy must part with his kind teacher. The missionary told him, perhaps they might meet again, as he was going to Holland, and the ship might some day or other touch at some of its ports.

Fort two long years the boy sailed from port to port, and wherever he came, he asked the question, "How far is this from Holland?" At last he sailed for London, and asked his usual question, "How far is this from Holland?" He was told that a steamer would soon leave for Holland, and he could go in it if he liked. It was going to Rotterdam, so he paid his fare, and off he set, hoping to meet his much-loved missionary there.— The poor lad had hardly money enough to pay his fare, and he got to Rotterdam almost without a farthing in his pocket, and nearly destitute of clothes. Yet hoping and praying that there he might be led to Christ. On reaching the city, he wandered up and down its streets, till at last he came into its very poorest parts. It so happened, that in these parts several Christian people lived. He went into a barber's shop, and there he saw a Bible. This seemed to give him hope, and he asked the barber at once to tell him something about Jesus. The poor barber, however, knew nothing of Christ, and could tell him nothing, but his wife was a Christian, and she gladly told the sailor boy about the Saviour, and then took him to the Bible Society's agent, Mr. Van Dorp, who found, however, that the lad spoke German, of which he knew so little, that he took him to a German family where he could be better understood. These people were very kind to him. They took him in, gave him food, clothed him, and what was better, taught him all he wished to know.— Van Dorp gave him a New Testament, and the Christian people were very kind in doing all they could to help him.

There he was a few months ago, and

our hope and prayer is, that he may yet become a happy and useful man.

See dear children from this story,

- 1.—How some poor heathen boys will put many here to shame.— You have the Bible in your hand, kind ministers about you, and all you want to instruct you about Christ, without going from your door. Yet, I fear too many of you neglect your souls, and care but little about Christ and Heaven. Oh, does not this little earnest seeking sailor, put such boys and girls to shame?
- 2.—How, surely God will lead us right if we seek his glory and commit our way to him. He that gave the lad the heart to seek him, opened up the way by which he found him. “Commit thy way unto the Lord and he shall direct thy path: trust also in him and he will bring it to pass.” “Seek and you shall find, ask and you shall receive.”

How the Lord Jesus Arose from the Dead.

And so, as I told you, they crucified the dear Saviour.

After he was dead, there came a rich man, who was one of his disciples, to Pilate, and begged leave to take his body and bury it. His name was Joseph of Arimathea.

And his request was granted.—And he took the body, and wrapped it carefully in a clean linen cloth. And he laid it in a new tomb, which he had made for himself, in a garden. It was hewn out of the solid rock.

And he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and went away.

The enemies of Jesus had heard him say, that after three days he would rise again; and they were afraid, that his disciples would come by night and take away his body, and then say, that he was risen from the dead. So, they sealed the stone with the public seal, that it might by plain, if any one should

move it. And they put a band of soldiers, to watch the tomb, both by night and day.

But our Lord did arise on the morning of the third day, as he said he would. The seal, and the stone, and the guard, were as nothing before him.

Indeed, there was a great earthquake,—and there came an Angel from heaven, and he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre and sat upon it. His raiment was whit as the snow, and his countenance like lightning. For fear of him the soldiers shook with terror, and became as dead men.

And the Lord Jesus left the tomb, and he went and sought his disciples, and comforted and blessed them.

We are sure that he rose from the dead. If he had not, his enemies would easily have produced the dead body. This they did not. This they could not do.

His disciples could not have taken him away, whilst his tomb was guarded by a band of soldiers. Indeed, they were so much afraid, that it is evident they would not even have attempted it.

Five hundred brethren saw him at once, and he appeared at several times to different individuals.

They bare testimony that they had seen and conversed with him; they all agreed in their testimony,—they gained nothing by it, but bonds and imprisonment, and suffering of every kind, and oftentimes death in the most terrific form.

O yes,—Christ is risen from the dead. He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. He is the first fruits of them that slept. As he is risen so his people shall arise. Death shall be swallowed up in victory. The Christian may indeed sing the joyful song,—“O death! where is thy sting?—O grave! where is thy victory?—Thanks be to God! who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”



The War.

At the commencement of the war—which has now, we are happy to say, been discontinued by mutual consent of all the parties concerned—we gave a very full account of its origin, but we have been so well pleased to find a similar account from an American Missionary at Constantinople, the Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, that we revert to the subject once more.—The horrors of war are so dreadful that they cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind of the rising generation, if by this means all cause of war may be prevented in future. With this view we head our present

article with one of the scenes common in time of war, or inseparable from war.

Mr. Dwight, after giving some very interesting account of the discipline and general appearance of the Turkish army, says :—

“I wonder if you can tell what the cause of this war was? I will endeavor to explain it in a few words, for those who do not know. In the Turkish empire there are several millions of Greeks, and, it must be confessed, they have not been treated very well by their Turkish masters. Their condition, however, has been gradually improving for some twenty-five years past, chiefly through the

influence of the English and French governments. These governments have been saying to the Turks, "You must not oppress your Christian subjects, (meaning the *Greeks, Armenians,* and others.) You must not suffer your pashas and governors to take from them their money unjustly, nor to imprison them without reason, or maltreat them in any way. You must give them liberty of conscience, and neither allow your own people to persecute them nor allow them to persecute one another." The Turkish government have listened to the ambassadors of England and France, and promised nearly all that has been asked for the Christians. It cannot be denied, however, that more has been promised than has been fulfilled, though there has been a gradual improvement in the condition of the Christian subjects of Turkey, and they are far better treated now than they were about twenty and thirty years ago.

The Russian government has all along declined to act with England and France, in these endeavors to procure a reform, and in regard to some of the points above mentioned, it has been decidedly hostile. Early last year it sent an ambassador here by the name of Menchikoff. He came in great state, and conducted himself in a very haughty manner. He demanded of the Sultan, in behalf of Nicholas, his master, the right of interfering for the protection of the Greek subjects, whenever he should please to do so. He required, very magisterially, that a treaty should be formed between Turkey and Russia, giving to Russia this right; and the only ground on which he claimed it was, that the religion of Russia and the religion of the Greeks is the same! The Sultan and his ministers said, "No." They were willing to issue *firmans*, which are decrees of the Sultan, to secure to the Greeks all that Russia asked; but they said, very

properly, that to make a treaty with a foreign government, as to the manner in which they should govern their own people, would be the same as to give up their right of being a separate kingdom. Then the Russians said, "If you will not do as we wish, we will send soldiers into your territory and take one or two of your provinces, and keep them until you are ready to come to our terms." They *did* send soldiers into Moldavia and Wallachia, and this brought on the present war.

You can all see how unjust the war is from one example. You know there are a great many Roman Catholics in America; and you know that France is a Roman Catholic government. Suppose that the Emperor of France were to send such a message to our government: "If you don't make a treaty with me, giving me the right to dictate to you how you shall govern your Roman Catholic subjects, I will make war upon you." Would not every body say that it was a very unjust thing? I rather think that neither the French Emperor, nor any other emperor or king, will venture to say exactly such a thing to the government of the United States. Nor would Nicholas have said so to the Sultan of Turkey, if he had not known that Turkey is very weak, while he is very strong. The real truth of the matter is, that Nicholas wants very much to get possession of Constantinople, and he therefore made this pretence to pick a quarrel. And, among other things, he wants to drive all the missionaries out of Turkey, and prevent Protestantism from spreading there. The Lord we hope will bring down his pride of heart, and put to confusion all his plans against the truth. War is in itself a very bad thing, but we trust God will bring great good out of the present war, bad as it is, as he has done on former occasions, evidences of which are to be seen in the history of this world.

The Wise Little Wasp.

FROM A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

I have been thinking that you might like to hear a little about a very industrious kind of wasp, which is common here. It has not the bright-yellow and black stripes of the English wasp, but is of a brown colour and larger. This little creature is very industrious, as may be seen in the care with which it makes cells for its young. These it builds on walls or doors, generally preferring wood. Sometimes you will see a row of them under a table, or you will hear the buzz of the little creature behind your chair, for it is building there. When it has selected the place for its nest it flies off, and soon comes back with a little ball of mud, about the size of a small pea, between its two front feet. It has been into the garden and worked up some of the earth there, with a fluid supplied from its own body, into a lump of soft mud fit for use in its building. This it sticks to the chair, or to any spot where it intends to make its cell, and then it spreads it out and shapes it with its feet, so as to lay the foundation for a little wall. This being done, off it flies again to get another ball of mud, which is put upon that which was brought before, and worked on it, and thus it builds till it has made a long oval cell, about an inch long, and half an inch broad: so roof and walls are all built of mud. For a door a little round hole is left at one end.—When the cell is finished thus far, the wasp lays a small egg inside, fastening it to the cell by a fine thread, so that the egg hangs from the top. This done, away it flies again, and gets small green caterpillars, or spiders, with which it fills up the bottom of the cell. These caterpillars the wasp in some way or other stuns, but does not kill, for if they were killed they would be soon unfit for food. These are put into the cell, that when the egg is hatched there may be food for the young grub which comes out of it.—

Now, as the egg will be some days before it is hatched, it is necessary that the caterpillars should be alive.—What a clever wasp to know all this; or rather, how wise that God who teaches it thus to act!

When it has brought seven or eight caterpillars, the wasp closes up the hole with a thin coating of mud, to prevent insects from getting in which might destroy the egg. Then it sets to work to build another cell, adjoining the other, so that the same side wall may do for both. When this is finished, another little egg is put into it, with caterpillars collected as before. In this way the ingenious builder forms the cells in a row, seldom less than three, and often five or six. All the time it is at work it makes a low buzzing noise, as if talking to itself, or singing some little song. As soon as the little grub comes out of the cell it begins to eat up the caterpillars; and it devours them so fast that in a few days they have all disappeared, and the little glutton has become so big as nearly to fill up its cell. Having no more food to eat, the grub turns into a chrysalis, and after a time is changed again into a wasp. And now, being ready to fly about in the open air, it wishes to get out of its prison. And it does this very cleverly, by first wetting the earth by which the cell was closed up with fluid from its own body, and then breaking open the door.

Now you have often heard of the poor heathen here, and that they are very ignorant. This you will easily believe when I will tell you what they think of this wasp and its buzzing. It is so common that most of them have seen it; yet, from not attending much to its movements, they do not know that it lays an egg, and thus they foolishly fancy that it is a kind of charmer. It builds, say they, a cell, collects caterpillars, and then by the buzzing, which they consider to be the saying of *manthrams*, or prayers, they suppose it changes these caterpillars into wasps like itself. This strange notion is

held by all classes of the natives.— Even the poets have introduced it into their poems. We had some difficulty in convincing our Christian boys that this notion is erroneous. It was only done by breaking down a row of cells, and showing them the various stages of the egg hanging in them, then the small grub, and lastly the chrysalis changing into the wasp.

But you know, dear young friend, that most of these people are ignorant on a far more important subject than this. They know indeed little about the works of God, but much less about his word. Ignorance about the former is bad; but this is of little consequence compared with ignorance about Jesus Christ, the great God and the only Saviour. Pray that the Holy Spirit may incline these poor heathen to listen to the instructions of their teachers, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that they may have eternal life.

You are not thus ignorant, you have heard of the redeemer's love. Love him then in return, and strive to please him, by trying to lead others to love him too.

Craft of the Zulus.

The missionaries among the Zulus hire their laborers by the month, but as the natives have no knowledge of months as we reckon them, they almost always come before the time saying, "The moon is dead; give us our money." As this made much trouble, for often they were very clamorous, the rule was adopted of having them keep a cane, in which they should cut a notch daily till thirty were cut, when their month would be out. And does this rule work? With some it does, but others cannot wait so long for pay-day to come, and therefore cut a few extra notches, in order that their time may tally with the "moon's death."

Sometimes too the natives, like workmen in this country, strike for higher wages, and if their demand is refused,

they leave in a body. For they well understand how dependent the missionaries are upon them. "Who," say they, "but natives can drive your wagons, herd your cattle, bring your wood and water, and carry your mails over this hilly country."

Like the Master.

"It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord."—

Very oft the voice of sorrow
Rises from the stricken breast;
Very oft the tossing spirit
Seems as though it could not rest;
Very oft the way seems rugged,
Though it leads to heaven our home;
Oft we search the dim horizon,
Watching for the morn to come.

But if in our silent musing,
We will pause and list awhile,
We shall hear a gentle whisper,
We shall see our Saviour's smile;
While he bids us each remember,
'Tis enough, so says his word,
The disciple, like his Master
Be, the servant like his Lord.

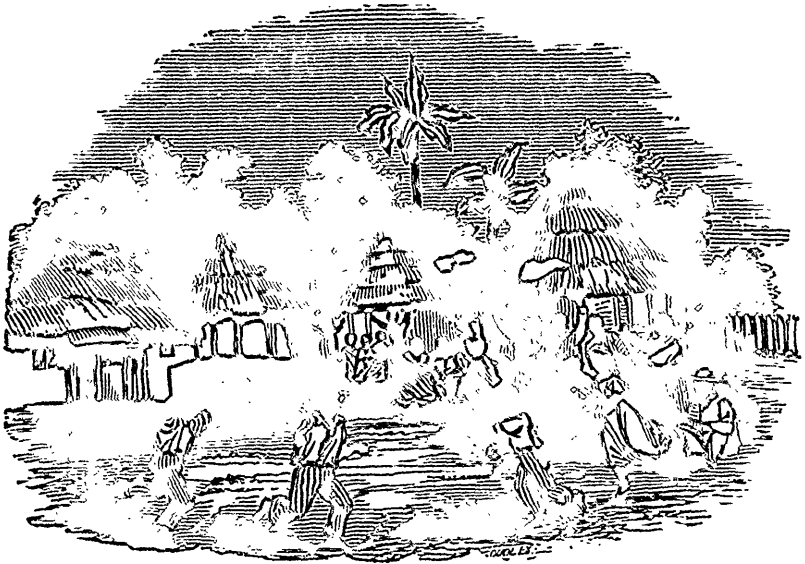
Are we pressed with sore temptation?
He has known the very same!
Do we feel the pangs of sorrow?
"Man of sorrows" was his name!
Does the way seem very rugged?
He has marked each step with blood!
Shall we shrink to go wherever
He the path for us has trod?

If the earthly servant follows
At the calling of his Lord—
If the loving pupil treasures
Eagerly his Master's word—
Shall not we our Master follow,
Satisfied like him to be,
Knowing if we meet with peril,
He can bid the danger flee!

If, like him, awhile in sorrow,
We shall travail here below,
We shall join in his rejoicing,
When from earth to heaven we go;
Like him in humiliation,
If we are content to be,
We shall share his exaltation,
When he makes his people free.

'Tis enough, we are contented
Ever to obey his will—
Soon the journey will be ended,
Soon the throbbing heart be still;
Then the Master we have followed
Will receive us to his rest,
We shall be like him for ever,
Be with him for ever blest.

—Presbyterian.



Negro Superstitions.

The negroes of the West Indies have long been, as my young readers know, an interesting class of people for missionary labours. It was amongst them that the first modern missionaries from the Brethren's church began their labours, and it is there where not only Moravians, but Wesleyans, Baptists, the Church of England, and the London Missionary Societies, have had, and still have, some of their most interesting fields of labour. Thousands of this oppressed and once most degraded and despised race of the human family, have thus been blessed by the gospel of Christ, and multitudes are now to be found in heaven surrounding the throne of God, sent there from the mission churches in those parts.

The condition of these poor negroes, when the missionaries first went to them, was sad in the extreme. They were dreadfully oppressed by their cruel masters; but the worst part of their condition was to be seen in their ignorance of God, their foolish superstitions, and their immoral conduct. You know that the negroes came originally from Africa, where they belonged to different tribes, and prac-

tised different superstitions. Some were Mandingoes and some Foulahs from the banks of the Gambia and the Senegal; others were Whidahs, Eboes, Congoes, Angolas, Coromantees and Mocoer, from Upper and Lower Guinea. Each party had their own heathen practices at home, and brought them with them when they came.— Amongst them were parties who worshipped the devil, and others who worshipped serpents, lizards, yellow snakes, and other reptiles. Connected with these idolatries were many very wicked practices, and all sorts of vices were common amongst the people. Witchcraft was believed in by them, and men and women who pretended to be able to practise it, were very common.

Most of their ceremonies and wicked customs were practised at night, when the work of the day was over; and dances, plays, and religious superstitions, were strangely mixed up together.

On public holidays, such as a Christmas and New-Year's day, they had festivals of most disgusting and foolish character. They would dress themselves up in various fantastic

styles, and form companies to go about the towns and villages—something like the *nummers* in former times in England.

The picture at the head of this paper shows you one of their practices at funerals. On these occasions their practices were very unnatural.—They generally took place at *night* by the light of torches amidst dancing, singing, drinking, &c. Sometimes they would take the corpse in the coffin upon their heads and run round the circle formed of all the neighbours. On their way to the place of burial they practised most strange fancies.—They would sometimes halt all of a sudden—put their ears to the coffin and listen, pretending that the corpse asked for something or was giving some direction. Sometimes they declared that the corpse ordered them all more rum, and refused to go on till they had been supplied.

They would also proceed in the most disorderly way—sometimes running forward with the coffin, and sometimes back—sometimes jirking it on one side, and not unfrequently putting it down and positively refusing to carry it any further till some out-of-the-way demand was complied with. Rude music and wild songs generally accompanied these rites, and sometimes sacrifices of fowls and other animals were made over the grave, and their blood mingled with the earth that covered the corpse.

Besides these superstitions the people were given to lying, swearing, stealing, and other vices, so that they were really sunk to the very lowest depths in the scale of human beings.

Now, however, a very different state of things has been produced.—This cunning, lying, stealing, as well as these foolish and superstitious practices are gradually giving way to all that is moral and religious. Since the Emancipation Act was passed, the people have begun to feel themselves as men, and to try to act and feel,

and think, as civilized men are used to do. By the labours of the missionaries thousands have been converted, and others, not yet converted, improved, reformed, and civilized.—Under the kindly influence of the gospel, these poor negroes are made to show some of the finest dispositions in the world. No people can exhibit greater tenderness, more affection, or sincerer gratitude, than many of these once degraded people do. The affection of parents for their children, and of children for their parents—the practice of all social virtues, and the attachment they show to those who benefit them, is all that could be desired, and indeed, as a rule, far above what is common in our more highly favored land.

The midnight scenes of wickedness above referred to are now scarcely ever known, and even where secretly practised, are becoming more and more unpopular. It is still usual to sing at funerals, but the songs are sacred songs, and all the ceremonies such as are becoming a Christian people.

In this way does the gospel everywhere improve and humanize the people that it visits. Oh; help, young reader, to spread its happy influence through the world, and consecrate your future life to upraise, by its mighty power, every poor and degraded member of the great family of man.

Facing the East Wind.

Last Sunday, on my way to Sabbath school, I noticed a little boy trudging along, whom I recognised as a scholar in the class next to mine. It was a very inclement day; the snow was falling fast, and the ground was already well covered, which rendered the walking difficult; in addition to which, there was a very keen, piercing wind, driving the sleet into your face, and nearly taking you off your feet; my umbrella was several times turned completely inside out. Little

James was toiling on in front of me ; and how he managed to keep up, or how he had the courage to venture out at all, on such a stormy day, I could not imagine. I overtook the little fellow, as we drew near the school-house, and said to him :— “ Well, Jemmy, this is a stormy day to be going to Sunday-school ; I wonder that you were not afraid to come out to-day—a little chap like you ; are you not almost frozen ? ”

“ Oh no, Mr. E. ” said the manly little fellow, looking up to me. “ If this was Monday, I should be out riding down hill on my sled, I shouldn't mind the cold then, and so I oughtn't to mind it now. If it didn't blow so, I shouldn't mind it at all ; but it is pretty hard when you have to face the east wind. Coming up from our house, I had to walk a good way against the wind, and it nearly took the skin off my face. Do you think Mr. R. will be there to-day, Mr. E. ? ”

“ Yes, Jemmy, I think he will. ”

“ I hope he will, ” said my little friend, “ I love to see the minister even when he does not speak to me— if he only smiles at me. When the wind blew so hard, I had a great mind to turn back ; but then I thought I wouldn't, because Mr. R. would be pleased to see that I had come through the storm to Sabbath school. ”

“ Yes, Jemmy, ” said I, “ such mettle as this, tries the mettle of Sabbath school scholars ; and remember, my dear boy, that it is not only your minister, who is pleased with you when you do right, but that God from his throne on high, looks down, even upon a little child like you, and is pleased with you when he sees that you love to come to school to learn his word. ” We were now close by the church ; but as we hurried up the little brick path, leading to the lecture room where the school was held, the east wind came sweeping round the church fiercer than ever ; it really almost took my breath away.

“ Oh, said Jemmy, as he made a spring forward, and pushed open the door, catching his breath and almost gasping, “ Oh, Mr. E., how glad I am, that we don't always have to face the east wind. ”

These words of Jemmy, suggested a train of thought to my mind. How easily we become discouraged, and are ready to give up, when, during our journey through life, trouble and sorrow comes upon us, and we are obliged to “ face the east wind. ” The thought that we shall soon be sheltered from life's storm, the remembrance of the glorious rest which remaineth for the people of God, has scarcely power to animate us, so faithless are we, so easily overcome by the sorrows of earth. We go on our way, with our heads bowed down like bulrushes. This is not as it should be, this is not the spirit of cheerful, thankful submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, which should characterise the Christian. Instead of dwelling upon, and mourning over our trials here, remember that we shall see our Father there. Let us go on our way thankful, yea rejoicing, that during so small a part of our journey through life, we have to “ face the east wind. ”

The Two Ways.

You have often read, in Matthew vii, 13, 14, of the “ broad way ” and the “ narrow way : ” I wish you to understand what our blessed Lord meant to teach us hereby ; I will endeavour to explain it to you as plainly as possible. The *broad way* represents the path of sin ; it appears at first like an open way, *easy, free, and pleasant* ; so sin, through its *deceitfulness*, presents itself to the mind of man. This broad way is also full of company ; for since man fell from God, by far the greater part of the children of Adam walk in the ways of sin. Now, to warn us, our Saviour declared, that this way “ leads to destruction, ” that is, the *final misery*

of the soul beyond the grave, after having brought misery even in this life.

But the *narrow* way represents the way of holiness; that is, the love and practice of every duty, through faith in Christ, for he is *the way*, John xiv. 6. This narrow way may appear difficult of access, and you must strive to enter through the "strait gate" that you may walk in it; that is, you must seek God by earnest prayer, and give up all sin, and ask for grace to assist you. And although the narrow way has but little company, "for few there be that find it;" and there are many painful things to bear on the first entrance, yet it *leadeth unto life*; the ways of wisdom are sure to be found ways of pleasantness, and *all her paths are peace!*

Also, *you must always look at the end.* There is a very beautiful motto attached to the arms of the Earl of Darnley,—*Finen respice*; "*Regard the end.*" If you were walking in a new and strange road, would you not inquire, *Where will this road take me to?* If it were an open, broad, gay, and flowery road, yet, if it led you to danger, how swiftly would you retrace your steps, and get out of it; and, on the other hand, if the road in which you were walking was narrow, disagreeable, thorny, and rugged, yet, if it led you to *your Father's dwelling*; if it led you to your dear friends and relatives; if it led you to *your home*; you would proceed and not regard a little trouble; so the narrow way of duty and holiness leads you to God and heaven, to angels and to glory!

Let each one ask, Am I walking in the "broad road," or the "narrow way?" I must be in the one or the other; there is no middle path. We may learn in which path we are walking by some such questions as these: What do I love to think about most? What company do I love best? Do I love prayer or not? Do I think of Christ or not? Do I love holiness or not? Has heaven much of my heart or not?

Now, in order that these remarks may leave some impression on your mind, I shall add some very beautiful lines, written by a chaplain to Queen Anne, which were first printed in 1701. It will not take you much trouble to learn them, and, by carrying them in your memory, you will often be reminded of the *broad and narrow way*, of which Christ spoke.

"Two paths there are through which all mortals go,
This leads to bliss, and that to endless woe;
The way that leads to misery is broad,
A smooth, a pleasing, and a flowery road;
With company 'tis crowded everywhere,
The rich, the gay, the witty, and the fair:
Ah, fondly blinded! whither will they run?
Why in such headlong haste to be undone?
See, how they press death's ample gate to win!

How heedless of the flames that glare within!
There is another unfrequented way,
Leads to the confines of eternal day:
Thorny and strait, yet, as you further go,
'Twill still more easy, more delightful grow:
To pass this narrow gate no labour spare,
For heaven, and holy souls, and God himself
is there."

How Old Art Thou?

Count not thy days that have idly flown,
The years that were vainly spent,
Nor speak of the hours thou must blush to own,

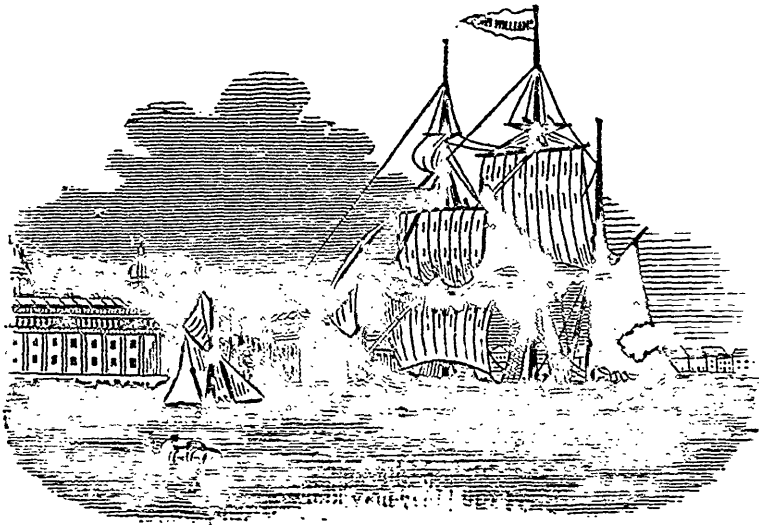
When thy spirit stands before the throne,
To account for the talents lent.

But number the hours redeemed from sin,
The moments employed for Heaven:
O! few and evil thy days have been,
Thy life a toilsome and worthless scene,
For a nobler purpose given.

Will the shade go back on the dial plate?

Will thy sun stand still on his way?
Both hasten on and thy spirit's fate
Rest on the point of life's little date:
Then live while 'tis called to day.

Life's waning hours, like the sibyl's page,
As they lessen, in value rise,
O! arouse thee and live; nor deem the
man's age
Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,
But in days that are truly wise.



Ship "John Williams."

THE CHILDREN'S COLLECTION FOR THE REPAIRS AND OUTFIT OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

We have been cheered and refreshed in perusing the Missionary papers that have reached us by the last mail, especially those of the London Missionary Society, the operations of which we have frequently alluded to. In our May number we copied an appeal that was made by that Society to the young for aid in the repairs and outfit of the "John Williams." It is gratifying to find that that appeal has been so liberally responded to, as we find by the following account, taken from the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* for April, published by the London Missionary Society:—

When the appeal was made to the children of England once more to help the good work of spreading the Gospel amongst the heathen by collecting Three Thousand Pounds for repairing and outfitting the Missionary ship, there were some who shook their heads and expressed a doubt whether they could raise so large a sum; but upon this point the Directors of the London Mis-

ionary Society had no fears. They knew how much interested their young friends were in the ship they had bought, and they believed that all would be done by them that was needed to fit her for another voyage of mercy. Very soon after their appeal was published, this belief became a certainty; for applications for cards came in so fast, and there were so many letters expressing the desire of the young to give and get money towards the object, that it was impossible to doubt their success. Now, according to present appearances, these hopes will be more than realized. Already (March 18th) £2700 have been received, and there is a good deal more coming at the end of the month; so that it seems certain that above £3,000 will be raised. Is not this a cheering fact? Will it not rejoice the hearts of the collectors and their friends, and may we not hope that hundreds who have begun in this way to help forward the great work of sending the Gospel to the heathen will, from this time to the end of their lives, continue to help it?

We might fill many numbers of our Magazine with interesting letters which

have been sent with the money from different places in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. All these letters are written in the same spirit. They describe the readiness and joy with which the young have gone to work. — But it is impossible to publish them all, and it would be unfair to make a selection. We shall not, therefore, print any letters written in this country; but there are three from other parts of the world which must be given to our readers, because they show what an interest is felt in their ship by children thousands of miles away.

The first of these is from a Sunday-school of negro children at one of the Missionary stations in Demerara. The station is called Canal, No. 1; and the letter is written by the Missionary, the Rev. C. Rattray:—

“On the Sabbath before Christmas,” writes Mr. R., “it was proposed to the children of our Sunday-schools, that they should become fellow-workers with the young people in the British Isles, by endeavouring to collect among themselves and their friends something towards the repairs of the Missionary Ship. They appeared delighted with the proposal; and on Christmas morning several boxes and bags were applied for by boys and girls who wished to become collectors. During the holidays, nineteen collectors were employed in collecting what would give the Sunday-school children at Canal, No. 1, Demerara, a right and title to a share, however small, of the good ship “John Williams.” On the afternoon of January 3rd, there was a Juvenile Missionary Meeting held at Lust en Rust Chapel, when the collectors produced their boxes, and bags, and little baskets, which were found to contain 24 dollars 64 cents, (five guineas sterling).”

The next letter is from the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, Montreal, in Canada.

“*Montreal, 11th February, 1856.*”

“MY DEAR SIR,—This will be handed to you by Mr. —, a respected member of my church, a teacher in our Sunday-school and a prosperous merchant.

“The principal design of introducing him to you, however, is to obtain for him, through you, access to the Missionary Ship “John Williams.” We are desirous that he should visit that vessel for the following reason:—

“Just before the middle of December, at a Missionary meeting of our Sunday-school, I took occasion to describe some of the scenes in

the South Seas and some details of the voyage of the ship. It was mentioned that she was now lying in London Docks for repair; that the ordinary funds could not accomplish this; that the children had bought her, and had repaired her once; and that they were depended upon to do so again. The question was asked—Why not this school have some share in so good a work, though nearly 3,000 miles away? Why not Zion Church, S. S. Montreal, have an anchor, or a topmast, or a yard, or something else on board? The young people, under the guidance of superintendent and teachers, took up the matter as a Christian offering, and the result was handed to me on Saturday night in a cheque for \$40 currency, or about £33 sterling. I have some additional money to send you, but cannot give attention to the matter to-day. You shall soon hear from me. But we are anxious that Mr. — should visit the ship, that he may describe it to the scholars on his return; and we are desirous also, if £33 will purchase any specific thing, to have that determined, that they may know they have placed an anchor or a something on board; and that what they have provided is usefully employed in the work of the Lord in the Pacific Ocean.”

The last of these interesting letters for which we can find room, is from an excellent clergyman in the United States. The Rev. Richard Newton, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia. It is addressed to the Directors.

“*Philadelphia, January 22nd, 1856.*”

“GENTLEMEN,—Enclosed you will please find five pounds, or twenty-five dollars, from the Sunday-school children of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, towards the repairs of the Missionary ship “John Williams.” When this noble ship came home for repairs four or five years ago, we had the privilege of sending a similar amount for the purpose of putting a plank in her. Since then we have watched her movements with great interest. We all feel that we have a sort of ownership in her; and when we heard the “Letter from a Missionary of the South Seas to the owners of the “John Williams,” published in your interesting Juvenile Missionary Magazine, we felt that this meant us, as well as the many hundred children in England who bought the ship, and we do not want to forfeit our ownership in so profitable a concern. And though we belong to another branch of the Church of Christ, and the wide ocean rolls between you and us, yet we feel our hearts very near to yours. We desire to love all who love our blessed Saviour, wherever they live, and whatever they are called; and we wish good luck, in the name of the Lord, to every proper effort to spread abroad the tidings of redeeming love in our ruined world.

"And then the name of 'John Williams' is a sort of sacred name to us. We feel that it grows in power and influence as years roll by; and we think that if we are permitted to get to heaven at last, there is hardly any servant of God of modern times, in that bright and blessed world, whom we shall take such delight in greeting as 'The Martyr Missionary of Erromanga.' We have a Missionary class in each of our schools, which bears this honoured name, and we often feel our hearts warmed and quickened by the silent but powerful influence which it exerts.

"We hope our humble offering may be in time to aid in defraying the expenses of repairing the ship; but if it should not, please let it go to purchase something that will be of permanent use on board of her.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, it is our earnest prayer that God may bless you abundantly in your good work; that He may bless the Missionary ship, may preserve her from all danger, and spare her for many years of usefulness in the good work in which she is engaged!"

After reading these letters, we are sure that many of our young friends will rejoice more than ever in the part they have taken, and the money they have raised.

The Pupil.

The above is the title of a monthly publication lately started in Boston, and published by M. L. Dayton, 20 Washington Street. From the prospectus we learn that it is the design of the publisher to "furnish a cheap medium, whereby day schools may obtain new and interesting reading matter; dialogues, songs and pieces for speaking." Having seen but one number of this publication, we cannot speak of its suitableness for the youth of Canada; however, from the specimen before us, we are favorably impressed with its contents, it is well printed, on good paper, and is very cheap. A volume will contain six numbers, equal to 144 pages; making an interesting reading book both for schools and family libraries.

The subscription price will be 25 cents for the six numbers. One copy furnished extra to each School Teacher who sends us a list of four subscribers, or One Dollar.

In our last number we copied a very good piece of poetry, entitled, "My Home," and we give below a short story about a good little boy who taught his little sister a great many things.

The Pleasures of Learning.

There was once a little boy, whom all liked very much. He was only ten years old. He could not play well at ball or hoop, yet he was the first boy in the school. His mother had taught him the hard lessons, and explained all the hard words to him; so that while other boys were at play, or doing mischief, he was learning something useful from his mother.

One day, his father and mother died, and he and a little sister had to go and live with an aunt, a great distance from the school. So the little boy thought, as he could not go to school, he would read all the books he could get, and teach his little sister all that he knew, and all that his good mother had taught him about God and the heavenly country where their father and mother had gone.

And, O, how delighted he was to teach his sister! How joyfully he would get up at six o'clock in the morning, and would tie on her little black bonnet, and white pinafore and shawl! Then he would brush her tiny shoes, until they were very black, and would put on his straw hat, and away they would go over the hills together.

At nine o'clock, he would teach her to read; then he taught her to write and to spell. He showed her how to make figures, and work sums on her slate, and her aunt taught her to sew.

One day, when they were out on the hills, said Joseph to Kate, (for these were their names) "I am going to teach you all that my dear mother taught me from underneath this tree. Here are hundreds of things yet to find out and learn.

"Look at that beautiful sky, and the

long, streaky clouds. We are going to find out where the clouds come from, and what they are made of. Then we want to find out why some clouds are round, and some long, and why they are of such a rosy color in the morning." "Then," said little Kate, "I want to know what the wind, which blows them along, is made of, and where it comes from. We have been noticing, too, the music which the animals make to the sun, when they see him."

"Do you see," said Joseph, "that he is just getting up! Listen, only now! There's the singing of the birds, the buzzing of the insects, the bleating of the lambs in the valley, and the cawing of the rooks a long way off. We mean this summer to count up the different trees and plants here, and, perhaps, the different earths, and rocks, and stones."

"Why," said Kate, "what is there to be learned from this old stump?"

"Ah," said Joseph, "our mother taught me many things from it; we had twelve lessons: 1st. We examined the roots, to see what they are made for. 2d. We learned about the sap. 3d. The trunk. 4th. The branches. 5th. The pith. 6th. The layers of wood. 7th. The bark. 8th. The buds. 9th. The leaves, and what they were made for. 10th. The little insects which live on the leaves and under the bark. 11th. How the tree came here, and what it was made for. 12th. We learned its name, and to what family of trees it belongs. And 13th. I am going to teach *all* this to you."

"But what is the use," said Kate, "of spending so much time in learning these things?"

"Ah, my dear Kate," said Joseph, "we ought to notice and learn every common thing around us. From the *plants* we get food to nourish us, medicine to heal us, and clothing to cover us. The wheat plants gave me the straw for my hat. The crocus

plant grew the yellow color for the ribbon. The indigo plant the dark blue for neckerchiefs. The flax plant the linen for my shirt; and the cotton tree for your gown."

"Yes," said Kate, "and my shoe-strings came from a silkworm, your coat from a sheep, and your shoes from a calf."

"And," resumed Joseph, "the oak trees are made into ships, the hemp plant into sails, and the wind blows them along. The earth gives us iron for our railroads; and water the mighty steam for the engines. These are all very common things, and yet man has found much good by thinking about them."

Thus little Joseph taught his sister every day about all the things they saw, until she was a great girl; and now they both enjoy more happiness than ever; for they are both teaching more than a hundred children how to feel that they are all the works of God, and how beautifully every thing is made to delight the eye and satisfy the soul that thirsts for knowledge.

Life.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night,
The wind blows out; the bubble dies,
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot;
The flight is past—a man forgot.

—Henry King, Bishop of Chichester,

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