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THE

MISSIONARY

AND

SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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VOL. VII.—1850.

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MONTREAL:

PRINTED FOR THE CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,  
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MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

A.

A Beautiful Little Story—a Child of Prayer .....	104
A Blessed Fever .....	127
Abstain from all appearance of Evil .....	129
A Chinese School—(cut) .....	89
A Glasgow Sabbath School Story ..	41
An Infant's Prayer in Africa.. ..	45
An Irish Boy .. .. .	30
A Missionary Story .. .. .	40
Amoy .. .. .	18
Anecdotes .. .. .	73
A Negro Sermon against Vanity .....	27
Anniversary Meetings .. .. .	22
An Old Negro's Religion .. .. .	116
An Unusual Occurrence .. .. .	10
A Praying Father .. .. .	39
A Scene at Old Calabar in former times .. .. .	37
A True History .. .. .	86
A Walk with Father.. .. .	15
A Wonderful Tract .. .. .	33

B.

Be Kind .. .. .	74
Be not Weary .. .. .	93

C.

Caffe Dance—(cuts) .. .. .	95
Catabar Fables .. .. .	138
Canada Sunday School Union—Thirteenth Annual Report .. .. .	46
Cast thy Bread upon the Waters—(cut) ..	71
Children's Mistakes of Religion .. .. .	68
Child Stealing in South Africa .. .. .	139
Cities of Refuge—(cut) .. .. .	137
Close of the Year .. .. .	144
Cold and Cheerless Infidelity .. .. .	30
Conviction of Sin .. .. .	23, 34
Coral Islands .. .. .	4
Cruelties in Feejee .. .. .	121

D.

Death of White Men on the Niger—(cut) .. .. .	102
Don't Hurt It .. .. .	75
Duties of Preachers in regard to the Sabbath School .. .. .	35
Dwellings—Eastern Towns—(cut) ..	7
Dying Words of Wilberforce .. .. .	109

F.

Fatal Accident .. .. .	29
Farewell Letter from Mr. Goldie .....	114
Finish what you Begin .. .. .	121
Flying Fish—(cut) .. .. .	83
Former Practices at Calabar .. .. .	108
Fruits of a Faithful Ministry .. .. .	131

G.

Girl's Working Society .. .. .	56
Great Sabbath School Meeting in New-York .. .. .	97
Greenland—(cut) .. .. .	131

H.

Heathen Exorcists .. .. .	66
Heathen Parents .. .. .	45
History of Moses—(cut) .. .. .	31
Horrible Customs in Nigritia .. .. .	57
How to Read Tracts .. .. .	129

I. J.

Illustrations of Caste among the Hindus .. .. .	107
Jane L .. .. .	72
John Smith, the Farmer .. .. .	44
Ju-ju House at Bonny—(cut) .. .. .	77

L.

Laura Bridgman .. .. .	11
Letters to Children, by T. Osgood .....	76, 122 136
Letters to Editor .. .. .	24, 76, 100
Little Lessons .. .. .	69
Look at the Foundation and Persevere ..	141
Love of the Bible .. .. .	75

M.

Madagascar .. .. .	92
Mangaia, Harvey Islands, South Seas ..	128
Memoirs of John Adam .. .. .	134
Mothers—Monsters .. .. .	90
Missionary Lectures to the Young ..	16
Missionary Ship John Williams .....	136

N. O.

New Year—The Jubilee .. .. .	1
Obedience and Disobedience .. .. .	99
Obituary .. .. .	12
Only one Brick on another .. .. .	8
Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings .. .. .	141

<b>P.</b>			
Painful yet Happy Death . . . . .	58	The Old Box-Maker, or never put off till to-morrow . . . . .	13
Parents . . . . .	15	“ “ Outs” and the “ Ins” . . . . .	108
Peculiarities in Sunday School Man- agement . . . . .	132	“ Palm Tree . . . . .	115
Pleasing Incident . . . . .	80	“ Persecuted Hindoo Mother . . . . .	133
Presentation of a Bible to Eyamba— (cut) . . . . .	65	“ Physician of Souls—(cut) . . . . .	125
<b>S.</b>		“ River Niger—(cut) . . . . .	101
Sabbath School Funds . . . . .	60	“ Sabbath in Germany . . . . .	117
Samoan Punishments . . . . .	68	“ Sailor’s Dying Mother . . . . .	79
Sandwich Islands—(cut) . . . . .	18	“ Shepherd—(cut) . . . . .	25
Siberian Missions—Buriat Notions of a Future State . . . . .	140	“ Sunday Scholar . . . . .	5
South Africa . . . . .	17	“ Tree that never fades . . . . .	9
<b>T.</b>		“ Useful Scholar . . . . .	80
Teacher’s Corner . . 35, 76, 87, 100,	110	“ Value of a Penny . . . . .	21
An Address . . . . .	147	“ Weekly Prayer Meeting and Lecture . . . . .	120
How are Existing Evils to be Cor- rected? . . . . .	110	“ White or Polar Bear—(cut) . . . . .	2
London Sabbath School Teachers’ Conference . . . . .	112	“ Youth who loved Earth more than Heaven . . . . .	91
Teacher, Six P’s for a Sabbath School . . . . .	35	<b>V.</b>	
Sabbath Schools . . . . .	87	Voyage of the <i>John Williams</i> to the Hebrides and New Caledonia Groups . . . . .	83
To a Sunday School Teacher . . . . .	111	<b>W.</b>	
To Sunday School Teachers . 76,	122	Western Africa . . . . .	17
The Improving Teacher . . . . .	123	Wild Beasts in South Africa—(cut) .	119
“ Teacher’s Lament and Prayer . . . . .	124	<b>MUSIC.</b>	
“ Teacher’s Pulpit . . . . .	36	Catechism of Music . . . . .	42, 49
Tahiti . . . . .	109	Hymn of the Twelfth Century . . . . .	130
The Accuracy of the Bible . . . . .	9	Meet Again . . . . .	118
“ Conversion of Kajarnak . . . . .	78	Missionary or White Pilgrim . . . . .	106
“ Church of the Holy Sepulchre —(cut) . . . . .	39	O Come let us Sing . . . . .	82
“ Dove—(cut) . . . . .	53	Streng . . . . .	70
“ Dying Girl . . . . .	81	Webbe’s Doxology . . . . .	94
“ End of the Seventh Volume . . . . .	145	When down to the Garden . . . . .	6
“ First Siberian that Loved Jesus . . . . .	97	When the Spark of Life is Waning .	142
“ Hindu Widow . . . . .	14	<b>POETRY.</b>	
“ Idle School Boy—(cut) . . . . .	143	Hymn . . . . .	69
“ Idolatry of our Ancestors . . . . .	32	Meet Again . . . . .	117
“ Idol of the Sun—(cut) . . . . .	113	My Father’s at the Helm . . . . .	15
“ Irish School Boy . . . . .	28	Speak no Ill . . . . .	81
“ Light Ship . . . . .	146	Temptation to leave Sunday School .	41
“ Little Captive Maid . . . . .	48	The Happy Man . . . . .	105
“ Little Missionary’s First At- tempt . . . . .	54	“ White Pilgrim . . . . .	105

# THE MISSIONARY

AND

## SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

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[No. 1.]

### NEW YEAR—THE JUBILEE.

Among the various institutions of the Jews, on their establishment in the land of Canaan, there is none more remarkable, or more expressive of a God who delighteth in mercy, than the institution of the year of Jubilee. This occurred every fifty years, twice every century; yet its benign influence was felt through all the intervening period.

When the long looked for day arrived, how joyfully was it hailed! When the early morning dawned, and the first glad notes of the trumpet sounded throughout the land, many a heart awoke to joy and thankfulness, while the voice of exaltation and the hymn of praise blended with the hallowed strains, for this was the acceptable year of the Lord, peace and goodwill was proclaimed to men. Now the banished was restored, and the lost found. Then might be seen the Jewish mother-watching, in eager expectation, the return of some loved one who had wandered from the paternal roof, and dwelt a stranger in a strange land, but who might now, with safety and confidence, return to his father's house. How sweet to the poverty-stricken child of Abraham, the sound of that trumpet, which was to restore him to independence and the home of his fathers.

It was a gathering for all who claimed one parentage and one heritage—a centre point for all that was hallowed by association, or endeared by early affection. Then it was a time which peculiarly invited to acts of kindness and consideration for the poor; when the heart was open to the entrance of every warm affection, alive to every tender sympathy, and the hand ready for every liberal and generous deed.

But all this joy and gladness was not like that compared to the crackling of thorns, which blaze

but for a little, and are replaced by a deeper darkness. It was to be mingled with feelings not sad but serious. It was when met at the great solemnity of the day of atonement, that the first sound of the jubilee trumpet broke upon their ears, while they were continually reminded of their relation to God by these words, "Thou shalt fear thy God, for I am the Lord thy God." If there is any period among ourselves, my dear children, which is anticipated with more than usual pleasure, and entered upon with somewhat of a kindred joy, it is the beginning of a new year. To youth, peculiarly, it is a time of holidays and happy days. Set free from the usual restraints; the ordinary routine of duties it is a time peculiarly devoted to enjoyment, sacred to the warmest intercourse of family affections, to the union of the scattered members of a family, and to the revival of all that is valued from early association. The very salutations with which we are greeted, awaken new feelings of joy, and seem like echoes from the trumpet of the jubilee. Again the season of the opening year speaks loudly to our feelings of kindness and care for others, especially the poor; those who are destitute of the comforts that surround us.

It would, indeed, dear young readers, be a happy new year to you, if, joined to every enjoyment of this season, was some plan for good to others. If every pleasure, every indulgence, carried along with it some act of tenderness; if every kindness received from those who love you produced some benefit towards those who can look for no token of a parent's love. Oh, think, while surrounded by those who watch for your welfare and delight to give you pleasure, of the many homeless children for whom the new year brings no happiness; whose wants are daily unsupplied; whose prospects are dark and hopeless. If you can dry the tears of some poor child, and send a

smile to the wasted countenance, your own joy will be doubled, and you will know something of the feeling of the rejoicing Israelite, when, in the year of jubilee, he fed the poor of the land.

The year of jubilee was not to be passed in idle and careless glee; in loud acclamations of joy. It was to be a time of thought and reflection. "I am the Lord thy God, who hath brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." It was to be a time of self-examination and resolution. "If thou wilt keep my statutes, then thou shalt dwell in the land in safety." And ought not this season to awaken similar reflections on the way by which the Lord hath led us? Can we say, the Lord hath really brought us out of Egypt, out of bondage to Sin and Satan, and are we made free by the blood of Christ? Have we truly ceased to serve sin, and taken on us the service of Jesus, "whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light?" If so, you have much cause to bless the name of the Lord, who hath done great things for you.

Take good heed, then, to walk in the ways of the Lord; it is in his paths alone there is safety. Pray for new grace for a new year, that in newness of life ye may serve the Lord your God. Your next New Year's Day may be kept in heaven; and, if an entrance is granted you there, it will be your unspeakable gain.

But there are many, very many, who cannot say they have ceased to serve sin, but still find their pleasure and delight in its service.

Dear children, stop and think? Each New Year's Day is a stopping place for you to think; but another may not be granted you. Many young ones, who last New Year's Day looked as bright and glad some as you now do, have gone to their account. Another year! and your place may know you no more. Turn, then, to Jesus; seek him with your whole heart: he is ready, waiting to receive you and make you his own. And oh! how sweet it is to be a child of Jesus! No joy can compare with this—this is the jubilee of the soul.



The White or Polar Bear.

As the lion may be said to be the lord of the desert, in the torrid zone, so may the white bear be called the monarch of the North, prowling along the ice-bound shores of Europe and Asia.

The white bear is a very powerful animal, and, under certain circumstances, exhibits great ferocity; but in this latter quality, it is behind the grisly bear, which is more dreaded by the North American Indians, than any other animal of the country; it is as large as the Polar bear, and so power-

ful, that it will drag away the carcass of a buffalo weighing a thousand pounds.

Most of the bear tribe in the North seek some retreat during the winter, and remain in a half torpid state until the return of fine weather; to this rule, however, the male white bear is an exception, the female alone burying herself in some snowdrift. About March she leaves her winter-house, and leads forth her two young ones, which have been born during the time of her retreat. The cubs are then as large as a shop-

heid's dog. If perchance her offspring are tired, they ascend the back of the dam, where they ride secure either in water or on shore.

The bears of Kamtschatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the rivers. A few years since, the fish became scarce. Emboldened by famine and consequent hunger, the bears, instead of retiring to their dens, wandered about and sometimes entered villages.

On a certain occasion, one of them finding the outer gate of a house open, entered in; and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea kettle full of boiling water in the court. Bruin smelt of it, but it burnt his nose. Provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the tea kettle. He folded his arms round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it; but this, of course, only burnt him the more. The horrible growling, which the rage and pain forced from the poor beast, now brought the neighbours to the spot; and Bruin, by a few shots, was put out of his misery. To this day, however, when any body injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village call him, like "the bear with the tea kettle."

While the Carcase frigate, which went out some years ago to make discoveries toward the North Pole, was locked in the ice, the man at the mast-head gave notice, early one morning, that three bears were directing their course toward the ship. They had no doubt been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse that the crew had killed a few days before, which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out of the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew threw great lumps

of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still remaining, on the ice. These the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and, dividing it, gave to each a share, reserving for herself but a small portion. As she was fetching away the last piece, the sailors levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but the most unfeeling, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast, in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was herself dreadfully wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavored to raise them up, all the while moaning most piteously. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and, when she had got to some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before; and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round pawing them and moaning. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship and uttered a growl of despair, which the crew returned in a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

The absence of parental affection degrades a man or woman below the brutes. This, however, is happily but seldom manifested. The love of parents to their children is commonly strong and ardent, or children, the most needy and helpless of creatures, would perish

in multitudes. How obedient and affectionate, then, ought children to be to those who love them so tenderly and constantly!

### CORAL ISLANDS.

Many of our young friends have read that some of the islands in the South Seas have coral reefs round them, and that some of the islands themselves are composed of coral. Several writers have described them. Dr. Mantell, in his "Wonders of Geology," gives the following beautiful abstract of their observations:—

• The coral banks are everywhere seen in different stages of progress; some are become islands, but not yet habitable; others are above high water-mark, but destitute of vegetation, while many are overflowed with every returning tide. When the polypi (the little living animals) of the corals at the bottom of the ocean cease to live, their skeletons still adhere to each other, and the interstices being gradually filled up with sand and broken pieces of coral and shell, washed in by the sea, a mass of rock is at length formed. Future races of these animalcules spread out upon the rising bank, and in their turn die, increase, and elevate this wonderful monument of their existence.

• The reefs which raise themselves above the level of the sea are usually of a circular or oval form, and surrounded by a deep and oftentimes unfathomable ocean. In the centre of each there is generally a shallow lagoon, with still water, where the smaller and more delicate kinds of zoophytes find a tranquil abode, where the stronger species live on the outer margin of the isle, where the surf dashes on them. When the reef is dry at low water, the coral animals cease to increase. A continuous mass of solid stone is then seen, which is composed of shells and echini with fragments of corals, united by calcareous sand, produced by the pulverisation of the shells of friable polyparia. Fragments of coral limestone are thrown up by the waves, these are cracked by the heat of the sun,

washed to pieces by the surge, and drifted on the reef. After this the calcareous mass is undisturbed, and offers to the seeds of the creva, pandanas, and other trees and plants, floated thither by the waves, a soil on which they rapidly grow, and overshadow the white dazzling surface. Trunks of trees, drifted by currents from other countries, find here at length a resting-place, and bring with them some small animals, as lizard and insects. Even before the trees form groves or forests, sea-birds nestle there; strayed land birds find refuge in the bushes; and at a still later period, man takes possession of the newly-created country. It is in this manner that the Polynesian Archipelago has been formed. The immediate foundations of the islands are ancient coral reefs, and these in all probability are based on the cones or craters of submarine volcanoes long since extinct."

On the south-west coast of Malabar there is a chain of reefs and islets 480 miles in length. On the east coast of New Holland an unbroken reef of 350 miles long; between that and New Guinea a coral formation that extends upwards of 700 miles. How vast! how wonderful!

There is so much of the marvellous and sublime in the idea of the creation of islands and continents by the ceaseless labors of numberless myriads of living instruments, that we cannot be surprised that this subject has attracted the attention of one of the most elegant of our modern poets. The following beautiful extract is from the "Pelican Island" of James Montgomery:—

"I saw the living pile ascend;  
The mausoleum of its architects,  
Still dying upwards as their labors closed;  
Slime the materials, but the slime was turned  
To adamant by their petrific touch.  
Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,  
Their masonry imperishable. All  
Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,  
By nice economy of Providence,  
Were overruled to carry on the process,  
Which out of water brought forth solid rock.  
Atom by atom, thus the mountain grew  
A coral island, stretching east and west;  
Steep were the flanks, with precipices sharp,  
Descending to their base in ocean gloom.

Chasms few and narrow and irregular  
 Formed harbors, safe at once and perilous—  
 Safe for defence, but perilous to enter.  
 A sea lake shone amidst the fossil isle,  
 Reflecting in a ring its cliffs and caverns,  
 With heaven itself seen like a lake below.  
 Compared with this amazing edifice,  
 Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,  
 What are the works of intellectual man,  
 His temples, palaces, and sepulchres!  
 Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale  
 Compared with these achievements in the  
 deep:  
 Were all the monuments of olden time,  
 Egypt's grey piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,  
 That have survived the language which they  
 speak,  
 Preserving its dead emblems to the eye  
 Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal;  
 Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,  
 Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of  
 granite,  
 But puny ornaments for such a pile  
 As this stupendous mound of catacombs,  
 Filled with dry mummies of the boulder  
 worms."

### THE SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

A gentleman jumping from an omnibus in the City of New York, dropped his pocket book, and had gone some distance before he discovered its loss, then hastily returning, inquired of every passenger whom he met, if a pocket book had been seen; finally meeting a little girl of ten years old, to whom he made the same inquiry, she asked—

"What kind of a pocket book?"

He described it—then unfolding her apron, she said "is this it?"

"Yes, that is mine, come into this store with me."

They entered; he opened the book, counted the notes and examined the papers.

"They are all right," said he, "fifteen notes of a thousand dollars each; I might never have seen them again; take, then, my little girl, this note of a thousand dollars, as a reward for your honesty, and a lesson to me to be more careful for the future."

"No," said the girl, "I cannot take it; I have been taught at Sunday School not to keep what is not mine, and my parents would not be pleased if I took the note home; they might suppose I had stolen it." "Well, then, show me where your parents live."

The girl took him to an humble tenement in an obscure street, rude but cleanly; he informed the parents of the case; they told him their child had acted correctly; they were "poor, it was true; but their pastors had always told them not to set their hearts on rich gifts."—The gentleman told them they must take it, and he was convinced they would make a good use of it, from the principle they had professed.

The pious parents then blessed their benefactor, for such he proved; they paid debts which had disturbed their peace, and the benevolent giver gave him employment in his occupation as a carpenter, enabling him to rear an industrious family in comparative happiness. This little girl is now the wife of a respectable tradesman in New-York, and has reason to rejoice that she was born of pious parents, who had secured their daughter's happiness by sending her to Sunday School.—*Banner of the Cross.*

### WHEN DOWN TO THE GARDEN.

When down to the garden where rivulets flow,  
 'Mong the roses and lilies I cheerfully go,  
 'Tis to talk with my Saviour whose footsteps  
 I hear,  
 And he waits to receive me, and welcome me  
 there.

O, well I remember his wonderful love,  
 And the rich wedding garment his tenderness  
 wove;  
 He has cover'd my soul, and I never will fear  
 In his heart-cheering presence with joy to  
 appear.

He has spread me a banquet of fruits from  
 above,  
 And unsull'd me a banner, the banner of love!  
 I have open'd my spikenard and sweet smel-  
 ling myrrh  
 And the fragrance he loveth perfumes all the  
 air.

When under his shadow his fair one abides,  
 How kindly he feeds her, how gently he  
 chides!  
 And, tenderly sweet as the music above,  
 How freely he whispers of pardoning love!

This is my beloved, and this is my friend!  
 Ye daughters of Zion, he loves to the end;  
 When he comes to his garden his steps you  
 may hear  
 And he waits to receive you and welcome you  
 there.

# WHEN DOWN TO THE GARDEN.

When down to the

gar-den Where ri - vu - lets

flow, 'Mong the

ros - es and li - lics I cheer - ful . . . ly

go 'Tis to talk with my

Sa - viour whose foot - steps I

hear, And he waits to re - ceive me, And wel - come me there.

And he waits to re - ceive me, And wel - come me there.

And he waits to re - ceive me, And wel - come me there.

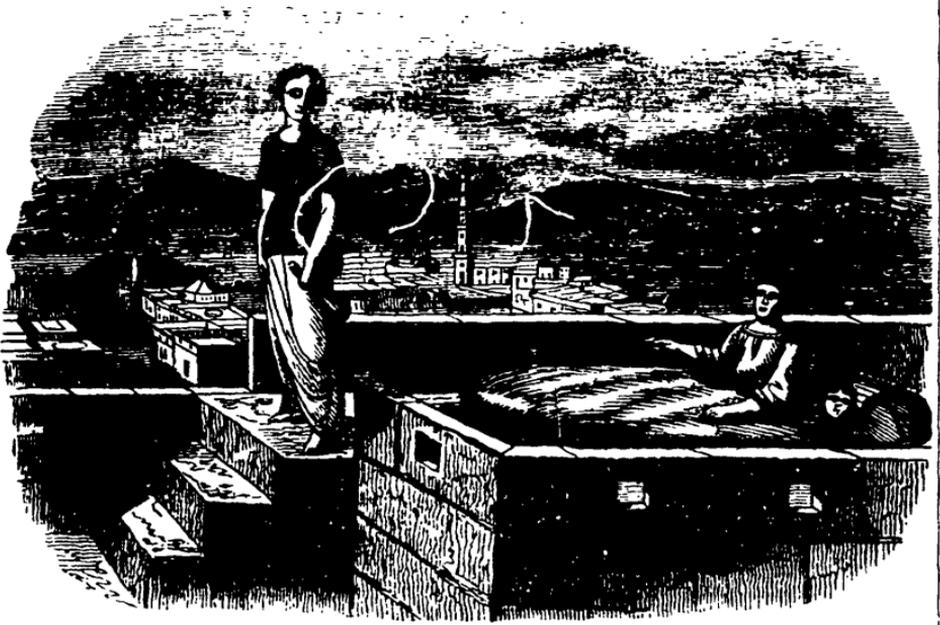
And he waits to re - ceive me, And wel - come me there.

And he waits to re - ceive me, And wel - come me there.

And he waits to re - ceive me, And wel - come me there.

[For Hymn, see preceding page.]

## D W E L L I N G S .



" Eastern Town. "

The most common dwellings in the earlier ages of the world were tents. The simple habits of life which were then more prevalent, and the climate of the first settled portions of the globe, made these the most convenient and comfortable dwellings; and tents of various sizes and shapes were formed by setting poles in the ground, and stretching over them a covering of cloth or skin, which was fastened to stakes by means of cords.

When the habits of mankind changed, and their pursuits fixed them to one spot, their dwellings were built with a view to permanency, and we may suppose that the science of building was well understood at a very early period. The skill required to build the ark, independently of inspired directions, must have been considerable. The attempt to build the tower of Babel would not have been made by those who had only a mere elementary knowledge of architectural principles.

To most of the eastern houses a structure is attached called *oleah*. It is sometimes built over the porch or gate-

way, and has two or three apartments; and, in other instances, it consists only of one or two rooms, and often rises one story above the main house. The *oleah* is used to entertain strangers; also, for wardrobes and magazines, or for places of retirement, repose, and meditation. There is an entrance to it from the street, without going into the house; but there is also a communication with the gallery of the house, when it is needed. It is observed that the terrace of the *oleah* afforded a much more retired place for devotional exercises than the roof of the main house, which was liable to be occupied at all times, and for various purposes, by the whole family.

The upper room, called the upper chamber, is supposed by Jowett to have resembled the upper room in modern houses of the east. He minutely describes a house in which he resided. The first or ground floor was appropriated entirely to storing oil and other articles; the second floor was occupied by the family for common daily use, and the third floor or loft was fitted up for social meetings, &c.

But the roof is one of the most important parts of an eastern house. We ascend to it by a flight of steps, as already mentioned, which are entirely unconnected with the interior of the house. It is made nearly flat, allowing only sufficient elevation to carry off the water, and is surrounded by a parapet, battlement, or balustrade, lest one should heedlessly or unwittingly fall from it. This was a matter of divine command. A wall on the roof designates the limits of contiguous houses, but it is so low, that a whole range of buildings, and even a street, may be passed over without coming down. The roof is covered with a kind of cement, which hardens by exposure to weather, and forms a clean, smooth, and very agreeable floor or terrace. Sometimes clay, or earth of some kind, sufficient for vegetation, was used, and hence the frequent allusion to grass upon the housetops; and sometimes tiles or broad bricks were used. The roof was a place of repose, and of resort. It was also used for drying linen and flax. Sometimes a tent was spread to protect the sleeper from the cold and damp of the night. It was a place of conference and worship.

*Chimneys* were probably unknown, though the word occurs, Hos. xiii. 3. What we call chimneys were not invented till the fourteenth century. The smoke of ancient houses escaped through apertures in the wall.

The *hearth* was a furnace or portable furnace, such as is still used in eastern countries.

The materials for building were abundant. Stone and brick, and the best species of timber, for the strong and heavy as well as the light and ornamental work, were easily obtained. Hewn stone was often used, and marble of the richest vein and polish. Cedar was used for wainscots and ceilings, which were of carved panel-work, with mouldings of gold, silver, or ivory. Perhaps the profusion of ivory in them may account for the expressions, 1 Kings xxii. 39. Ps. xlv. 8. Amos iii. 15.

Many eastern houses are built with mud walls, reeds, and rushes, and sometimes only stakes plastered with clay. Hence they were very insecure, and afforded a place for serpents and vermin. Such a house, built even on a rock above the reach of the periodical torrents of rain, is strikingly emblematical of weakness, fragility, and decay, but when placed on the sand, and exposed on every side to the rain, and wind, and floods, the folly of the builder is almost incredible.

In addition to what we have before said in treating of the *oleah*, it may be remarked that the winter and summer houses or *parlours* were constructed with particular reference to the season. The summer houses were built partly under ground, and paved with marble. The fountains which gush out in their courts, and the various contrivances to exclude heat and secure a current of fresh air, render them exceedingly refreshing amid the torrid heats of summer. The winter houses might have had accommodations corresponding to the season.

We are told that it was customary among the Hebrews to dedicate the house when it was finished and ready to be inhabited. The event was celebrated with joy, and the divine blessing and protection implored.—*Bible Dictionary*.

#### ONLY ONE BRICK ON ANOTHER.

Edwin was looking at a large building which they were putting up, just opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him; "my son, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers, pray what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No sir," said Edwin, smiling; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick on another."

"Very true, my son. Never forget it. Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

"Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labors. The greatest labor becomes easy, if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of yonder edifice is only one brick on another."

#### THE TREE THAT NEVER FADES.

"Mary," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary bird, and it died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it? My bird did not live as long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see we can love anything. Little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird, or tree, or flower. Oh, I wish we could have something to love that wouldn't die."

"George, let us go into the house. I don't want to look at our tree any longer."

The day passed. During the school hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting and began to arrange the seeds they had been from day to day gathering, the remembrance of the tree came upon them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John; I never want another garden."

"Yes," added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them, toward his mother, "you may give them all away. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should love to have a garden. I wonder if there ever was such a garden, mother?"

"Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A real garden, mother?"

"Yes, my son. In the middle of the garden, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as crystal, and on each side of the river is the *tree of life*,—a tree that never fades. That garden is *heaven*. There you may love and love forever. There will be no death—no fading there. Let your treasure be in the tree of life, and you will have something to which your young hearts can cling, without fear, without disappointment. Love the Saviour here, and he will prepare you to dwell in those green pastures, and beside those still waters."

#### THE ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE.

An astonishing feature of the word of God is, that notwithstanding the time at which its compositions were written, and the multitudes of topics to which it alludes, there is not one physical error, not one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science. None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovered in the books of the preceding age; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates, in such great numbers, in the writings of the ancients, in their sacred codes, in their philosophy, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the Church; not one of these errors is to be found in any part of the Bible. Nothing there will ever contradict that which, after so many ages, the investigations of the learned world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or on that of the heavens.

Peruse the Scriptures from one end to the other with care, and no such error

will be discovered ; and, while conducting this examination, let it be remembered that it is a book which speaks of everything ; which describes nature ; which recites its creation ; which tells us of the waters, of the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches the first revolutions of the world, and which also foretells its last. It recounts them in the circumstantial language of history ; it extols them in the sublimest strains of poetry ; and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of oriental rapture, elevation, variety and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world, while it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers, of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition, and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have contributed to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, and in the deserts of Judea ; in the court of the temple of the Jews, in the music schools of the prophets of Bethel and Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Chebar ; and, finally, in the centre of the western civilization, in the midst of the Jews and their ignorance, in the midst of polytheism and its idols, in the bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, who maintained the doctrine that the sun, the stars, and the elements, were endowed with intelligence ; that they reacted on the elements, and governed the world by an influence ever going forth from them. It is a book whose first writer preceded by more than nine hundred years the most ancient philosophers of Greece and Asia ; who lived long before Thales, and Pythagoras, and Zaleucus, and Xenophon, and Confucius. It is a book which carries its narratives even to the hierarchies of angels, even to the most distant epochs of the future, and the glorious scenes of the last day. Search

among its fifty authors, its sixty-six books, its nearly twelve hundred chapters, its almost thirty-two thousand verses, search for only one of the thousand errors which the ancients or the moderns committed when they speak of the heavens or of the earth, of their revolutions, or of their elements ; search, but you will find none.—*From the German of Gaussens.*

#### AN UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.

A friend has stated to us the following circumstances, which will doubtless be read with attention :—

A boy, eleven years old, recently died in this city from the bite of a mad cat. For a whole year after being bitten, he suffered little or no pain from the wound. At the end of a year it began to inflame, and he became very sick. He suffered exceedingly, and as is usual in such cases, could not bear the pouring of any water or coffee in the room where he was.

He was a Sunday-school scholar, and in his affliction many pious friends called to see him. Our informant was among the number. He found the lad much resigned to the will of God. He asked, "Is there pain in heaven?" On being told "No," he said, "I am glad of it, for I am going there. Jesus appeared to me last night, and told me he should take me to heaven, and that I should die at five o'clock to-morrow, P. M." He lamented that he had done two very wrong things—he had once wronged another boy out of a cent, and he had sworn or used profane language ; but he trusted that the Saviour had forgiven him.

He then seemed much concerned for his brother Jacob. He said, "What must I do for J., he is a bad boy?" He then rose and went to Jacob's bed, awoke him out of sleep, and talked to him about his sins, entreating him to be good, to honor his parents, to go to Sunday school, and to repent and seek the Lord. He then kneeled down and prayed fervently for his brother.

Although his friends feared that he

would linger in bodily agony several days longer, yet at the very time he had mentioned he exclaimed, "Jesus and the bright angels are coming again to take me." He then calmly folded his hands, and fell asleep in death.—*S. S. Advocate.*

### Laura Bridgman.

Laura Bridgman is a blind girl, who lives at Boston, Mass. Poor little girl—quite blind! She has never seen the beautiful sun, nor the sea, nor anything in the world. How then does she know anything about it? Did her kind mother tell her about it all? No,—for the girl is deaf, she cannot hear a sound. No word has ever reached her ear. And as she is blind and deaf, she is dumb too.—Deaf, dumb, and blind! And her sense of smell is so imperfect, that the sweet scent of flowers gives her no pleasure. Poor Laura Bridgman! did ever any one receive fewer gifts from God than she! And yet the one sense that she has left her, the sense of feeling, was a precious gift, and that sense was exercised and trained, and she was taught to read from a wooden alphabet, representing pictures of things in the raised wood, which she felt at her finger's ends, and understood, just as you would understand colored pictures when you saw them. Thus Laura Bridgman, though deaf, dumb, and blind, was not left to grow up as one of the lower animals, without feeling, or understanding or thought. She had a soul within her, and that soul was educated, and she comprehended that it was God who made her, and that he loved her, and took care of her, and made her happy; and her heart loved God, and she was happy in him.

Now, among other things that she learned by the aid of those wooden pictures, was this: that the poor Irish children were starving; she learned the history of their extreme misery—how they wandered about crying for bread, and at last, weary and heart-broken, lay down to die. The sightless eyes of the blind girl were filled with tears for the

Irish children. But what could she do to help them? Perhaps some of my young readers, with all their gifts and abilities, with their clear-sighted eyes, and their quick-hearing ears, and their little talkative tongues, never stopped to ask, "What can I do for such poor children?" Perhaps they were asked to help them, and they said, "I cannot do anything." Did Laura Bridgman—blind, deaf, and dumb Laura Bridgman—say she could not do anything? No; she said, "I can do something, and I will do it." And she sat down to work, and day after night, and night after day, she plied her needle, and at last she had finished a beautiful piece of embroidery, which was sold to the merchants, and the money that was paid for it procured a barrel of flour, and the barrel of flour was sent to the starving Irish, as Laura Bridgman's offering to their poverty and woe.

Dear children, how much better off you are than the poor blind girl! How many talents have you received from God! Are you using your five talents as well as she used her solitary one? Never—never turn away from the distress that calls upon you for help. When you are tempted to say, idly and carelessly, "I can do nothing," think of Laura Bridgman and her barrel of flour.—*Missionary Repository.*

### THERE'S BEAUTY EVERY WHERE.

There's beauty in the washing wave,

When the storm is raging high—

There's beauty in the quiet stream

As it gently glideth by.

There's beauty in the cloudless night

When stars are shining clear,

Or darkness shuts them from the sight—

There's beauty every where.

There's beauty when the morning dawns

And gives to earth her light,

And when the fading sun proclaims

The slow approach of night.

There's beauty in the verdant lawn

When buds their blushes wear,

And when the ice-king holds his court,

There's beauty every where.

There's beauty when the Christian kneels

In humble prayer to heaven—

When o'er his soul hope sweetly steals,

And tells of sins forgiven

## OBITUARY.

Sarah Ann Cowan, who died in October last, aged thirteen years, had been a member of the Second Presbyterian Church Sabbath School, Huntingdon, for several years. She was naturally a very quiet girl, and ever since about the month of February last, her conduct became more marked and exemplary. About the date above given, she manifested great concern for the salvation of her soul, and has since given good evidence that she "had passed from death unto life," that a work of grace was indeed begun in her heart. She united with the people of God in church-fellowship, a short time since, and acted the part of one far advanced in the Divine life. She loved the Sabbath School, and the house of God; and when at home, she would take her little sisters away by themselves, and kneel down with, and pray for them, and exhort them to give their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ. What a delightful example is this of the power and love of the truth, and how like the true disciple of Jesus; he is not content with the enjoyment of the sweets which it yields in his own bosom, but goes out to seek to bring in others also.

Sarah Ann Cowan enjoyed good health till within four days of her death; sudden call this to one so young, who, of all others, might reasonably hope for a continuance of days, and one so useful, and who followed so closely in the footsteps of her Divine master—but God does all things well, and though clouds and darkness may surround him now, because of our ignorance of him, and distance from him, yet the time is at hand when all his faithful followers will see him "face to face." Thus served the Lord, until the day of her death, her whose short history we now sketch. During her short sickness she suffered great pain, but no murmur or complaint escaped her lips. A short time previous to her death, she was asked, if she was afraid to die; or, if she thought it hard to be so afflicted? she answered, "No; I would like to be with Jesus—he has prepared a mansion for me in heaven; and though I am much pained now, yet I deserve it all."

On the morning of the day upon which she breathed her last, she seemed a little better, but the hope of her recovery, then awakened on the part of her friends, was soon to be disappointed—for, like the morning cloud, and the early dew, it soon passed away; and the last enemy advanced with terrible rapidity, and at ten o'clock, her happy spirit winged its way to Him whom she loved.

Teachers, is there no lesson here for you? Do you, in the discharge of your important duties, rightly estimate the shortness of time, and the certainty of death? Scholars, do you reflect as, Sabbath after Sabbath, you listen to the appeals of your faithful teacher, that each may be the last, and that you may not have

another opportunity of saying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" you may be suddenly called away to give your account of the deeds done in the body. And should not parents learn from this also, that no time is to be lost in preparing the minds of their little ones for that better country, where they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, and where the sun shall not light on them, nor any heat.

## A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

In our last we inclosed a memorandum of the amounts due the *Record*; but it has since occurred to us that some might, from the wording of the memorandum, regard it as a discharge for the accounts instead of an intimation of the amount due, as we intended it.

The following acknowledgements were crowded out of our last number. It has not hitherto been our practice to acknowledge in the *Record* the donations to the London Religious Tract Society, except those that might come shortly after the conclusion of the Annual Report; we intend in future, however, to do so in each number of the *Record*, as well as all other monies coming into our hands for Sabbath School purposes, or any other object set forth in this publication:—

## Donations for London Religious Tract Society:—

Sabbath School Chatham, 1s 1d; Oak Creek Sabbath School, per Mr Eddie, 3s 9d; Beauharnois Presbyterian Sabbath School, per Mr Ross, 3s; Mr. Sickles, per Mr R D Wadsworth, 2s 6d.

Monies received on account of *S. S. Record* since last acknowledgment:—

Cobourg, A Jeffrey, Esq, £4; Durham, Rachel Reed, Geo Elliott, Jno Wadleigh, Lewmon Cross, Ezra Cross, Sarah Reed, Jas Reed, Philip Lyster, 1s each; Ben Cross, 2s; Russell, Henry Kitchman, David Harrison, Jas Keays, David M'Harry, 1s each; Carleton Place, A Stevenson, 8s; Dummer, A Kidd, jr, 2s; St. Vincent, Wm Dyer, 1s; St. Andrews, A Loynachan, 1s; Merrickville, J C Lumsdale, Thos Woods, Alex Woods, Ruth Stone, Mrs Holden, Miss Porteous, Miss Jane Welton, Wm Crowther, Mrs A Merrick, 1s each; Easton's Corners, H Brown, 1s; Montreal, W R Hibbard, 1s; John Master, 23rd Regt, 1s; A Dow, 1s; Buckingham, G Eaton, O Larwell, sen, O Larwell, jr, Jas Larwell, 1s each; Embro, M Cody, 2s; Miss Trenck, Miss L Tate, 1s each; Princeton, G Beamer, 5s; Lachute, T Lockie, 1s; Kilmarnock, J Telford, 8s; Guelph, R Thompson, 14s; W Cowan, 1848-50, 2s 6d.

Mr. Wadsworth's remittances in our next.