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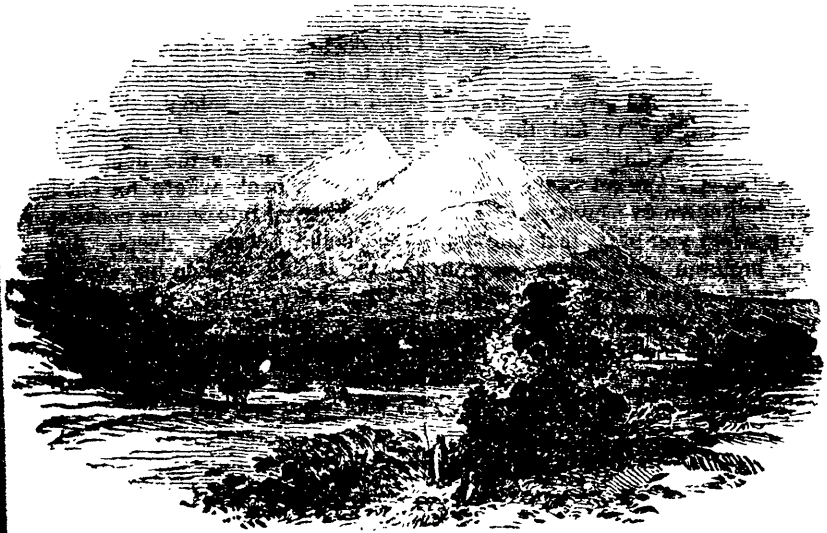
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THE MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

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Ararat.

A district of country lying near the centre of the kingdom of Armenia. It contained several cities, which were the residence of the successive kings and governors of Armenia, and hence the word Ararat is often applied to the whole kingdom. In the north-east part

of Armenia is a range of mountains, on the summit of which the ark rested. It is called *Agridah* by the Turks. There are two peaks about seven miles apart, the highest of which is 15,000 feet (and a late French traveller says 17,000 feet) above the level of the sea, and is perpetually covered with snow. A modern traveller says of it, that when viewed from the plain below, one would think that the highest mountains of the world had been piled upon each other, to form this one sublime immensity of earth, and rocks, and snow; this

awful monument of the antediluvian world; this stupendous link in the history of man before and since the flood. Once the population of the whole wide world was embraced in one small family, and that family inhabited this spot. All the animal tribes were assembled here,—birds, beasts, reptiles, and insects. But one language was then spoken. Here, too, the bow of the covenant was set; and here was erected the first altar, after the dreadful catastrophe of the destruction of the world. The immediate vicinity of the mountain is inhabited by Koords, a savage tribe of Mahomedans. And since the last war between Russia and Persia, the Russian boundaries have been so extended as to embrace Ararat; and now Russia, Persia, and Turkey meet at that mountain.

Heathen British India.

What is India! The region which, of all upon earth, has most affected the history and the habits of every other. . . . The region whence sprang the creeds which even now command the largest number of souls. . . . The region that embraces in her arms a host of human hearts, comprising at least one out of every six that beat, and that, holding them up to the eye of christian pity, tells her they are all open to her approach, and susceptible of her action.

O that God would give his church a heart large enough to feel this call! Think, Christians, think on the state of the world. Dream not of the Gospel as already known everywhere. Feel, oh, feel, when you pray, that one half of your brethren never heard of your Redeemer. Bone are they of your bone, flesh of your flesh, conflicting, sighing, bending to the grave, like you; but crown for their conflicts, comforter in their sighs, hope in their grave, they see none. Think of every land where Satan has his seat, and give to them all a part in your prayers. But, oh, think long on the land where the Queen whose sway you love has heathen subjects outnumbering seventold the Christians of the British isles! Think long, long on the fact, "I belong to an empire where seven to one name not the Name that is life to me!" Think that yonder, under the rule of your own queen, a full sixth of Adam's children dwell! Take a little leisure, and say, of every six infants, one first sees the light there: To what instruction is it born? Of every six brides, one offers her vows there: To what affection is she destined? Of every six families, one spreads its table there: What loves unite their circle? Of every six widows, one is lamenting there: What consolations will soothe her? Of every six orphan girls, one is wandering there: What charities will protect her? Of every six wounded consciences, one is trembling there: What balm, what physician, does it know? Of every six

men that die, one is departing there; What shore is in his eye?—*Arthur's Mission to the Mysore.*

How Boys and Girls may be Missionaries.

Many years ago, two boys, about six or eight years of age, were walking together in a field near the village where they dwelt. Their names were James Brooks and Adam Clarke, and happening to live near each other, and to attend the same school, they became strongly attached to one another. Having walked across the field, they sat down on a bank where no one heard them, entered into serious conversation, and both became deeply affected. Young Brooks said to his companion, "Oh, Addy, Addy, what a dreadful thing is *Eternity!* and, oh, how dreadful to be put into hell-fire, and to be burned there for ever and ever!" Little Adam wept, and so did his friend; and in their own simple way they implored God to forgive their sins. They shed many tears, and promised to each other before God to amend their ways.

We cannot tell our young friends about the future life of James Brooks; but Adam Clarke lived to become an eminent and learned minister of Christ, and a most earnest friend of the missionary cause, wrote a commentary on the Old and New Testaments, with many other works, and died, not many years ago, "rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God." Adam has been heard to say, that immediately after leaving the field where this conversation with his young friend took place, he went home, and told the whole to his mother with a full heart. She was surprised and affected, and prayed earnestly for her child. Many years after, he could say "the impression, though it grew faint did not wear away. It was laid deep in the consideration of eternity, and of my accountableness to God for my conduct, and of the absolute necessity

enjoying his favor, that I might never taste the bitter pains of eternal death."

This example shows that our young friends do not need to go far, in order to become missionaries. They need only go to their companions, and speak seriously to them about the things of eternity. If the children, for whose benefit this is prepared, could all be induced to follow the example of little James Brooks, how happy would be the result! We should then be able to count on the labors of fifty thousand juvenile home missionaries in our church; and the next generation would be able to speak from a happier experience than we, of "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."—*The Teacher's Offering.*

The Power of Prayer.

Some years ago some Moravian missionaries sailed from London to the island of St Thomas, where they were going to labor among the slaves. The name of the ship in which they sailed was the "Britannia." At first the voyage was pleasant and prosperous, and in their hearts, as well as with their voices, the missionaries would often thank God for his goodness to them.

But one day a great danger threatened them. A pirate-ship was distinguished far off, but bearing down towards them. Now pirates are at sea what robbers are on land, but even more terrible, because there is seldom any help near. They cruise about in their light-built, swift-sailing vessels, seldom going on land, but making it their whole business to rob other ships. And on their ill-gotten spoils they live. Generally they murder as well as rob. Sometimes they lay a plank over the ship's side, blindfold the eyes of the unfortunate crew and passengers, and compel them to walk thus along the plank, till, without knowing it, they reach the end, and then they fall into the sea and are drowned. No wonder that the sight of a pirate vessel was a very alarming one to the people in the "Britannia."

It came on, nearer and nearer—and what could those who saw it do—all alone there—in the wide ocean? Each did what he thought wisest and best. The captain judged it best to put the ship into a state of defence; so he arranged his men and prepared to resist as well as he could. The sailors, whatever they thought best, had no choice but to obey the captain. But the missionaries thought it best

to pray, and they went down into the cabin, and there, heedless of what was going on on deck, they poured out their souls in earnest prayer to God, remembering, no doubt, His promises and the words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Rom. viii. 31.—The pirate-ship approached till it came within gun-shot of the "Britannia," and then, from the cannon ranged along its deck, began to pour out a heavy fire. And there were grappling hooks, on board, or strong hooks fixed on long ropes, ready to throw into the "Britannia" and hold her fast, while the pirates should board her and do their work of destruction. It seemed that there was little chance of escape from such an enemy. But the captain, whose heart was sinking at the fearful prospect before him, did not know what powerful helpers he had below, in the few peaceable missionaries whose fervent prayers were then ascending through the noise of the fight to heaven.

The moment the pirates tried to throw their grappling irons across to the other ship, their own was tossed violently, and the men who held the ropes were thrown with force into the sea. Vexed by this disaster, the pirate-captain sent others, who shared the same fate. Seeing he could not succeed in this manner, he resolved to fire at the "Britannia," till she sank with repeated blows. But this effort strangely failed also, for the balls missed their aim and fell into the sea. The smoke of the frequent charges was very dense, and hung about the vessel for some minutes, hiding them from each other's view. At last a sudden gust of wind cleared it away, and to the amazement of the pirate-captain, the "Britannia" was seen at a distance, with all her sail spread to the wind, speeding swiftly away from the attack, and they were forced, in great anger, to abandon their cruel purpose. Thus wonderfully had God appeared and saved the vessel in answer to prayer. The missionaries' prayers had been greatly honoured, but they were to have a further fruit still.

Five years afterwards, during which the missionaries had been diligently preaching the gospel at St Thomas, they and the other missionaries on the island agreed to meet together to celebrate the anniversary of their deliverance from the pirates, and to thank God for his other mercies. As they sat together, word was brought that a stranger wished to speak to them, and at their permission a tall man entered, with fine bold features, and a pleasant expression of face. The missionaries wondered, and one asked what was the stranger's business with them. "First answer me one question," said he, "Are you the men who came to this island five years ago in the English ship 'Britannia?'" "We are," replied the missionary who had spoken—"And you were attacked upon the sea by pirates?" "Exactly; but why are these

questions?" "Because," answered the stranger, "I am the captain who commanded the pirate-vessel which attacked you." Then the missionaries looked at one another in silent wonder as their former enemy continued:—"The miraculous way in which your vessel escaped was the cause of my own salvation from the power of sin, through faith in Christ."

It would be too long to tell you all his words, but you may imagine with what un-speakable joy the missionaries listened to his tale as he went on to tell them how, in his vexation at their strange escape, he had made inquiries of the captain of the "Britannia," and learned that it was through the prayers of the Moravian missionaries of St. Thomas; and how, not understanding how a vessel could be saved from pirates by prayer he resolved to know the Moravian brothers. He sold his vessel and in the United States of America one day visited a Moravian chapel and heard a sermon from the words, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." He sought the preacher, and heard from him the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. "And thus," he concluded, "from a pirate-captain I am become a poor sinner, justified by the grace and mercy of Christ; and my chief hope has been that I might some day be able to seek you and relate to you my miraculous conversion. This joy is granted to me this day." He ceased and you may imagine the feelings of the missionaries. They were met to celebrate their deliverance from the pirates on that day five years ago, through prayer; and there stood before them, the pirate-captain himself, not fierce now, but humble and pious, who traced his own deliverance from the bondage of Satan to the same prayer that rescued them from him!

They all knelt down together before God, and thanked him for his great mercies.—*Juvenile Missionary Annual.*

Juvenile Missionary Meeting.

We learn from the London *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, that a short time ago the Juvenile Missionary Association, at Morden Hall, held their half yearly meeting, and we are sure, says the Editor, that the report they read, and the speeches they delivered, delighted all who heard them. Everything was done in the most serious and orderly way. During the last half-year, these active youths have raised the large sum of £28 6s. 11d. They now support two native teachers and two orphan children, and have, in addition, voted £5 towards the repairs of the Missionary ship. How so many pounds are raised, we have told our readers in former Numbers: it is chiefly in peace. But we now intend to do no more than give our readers two or three of the

speeches addressed by the youths to their schoolfellows, and the friends who met on the occasion.

Master L. B. spoke as follows:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"In obedience to the call of our dear patron in the chair, I rise to propose the following resolution:—

"That the Report (which has been read by the Secretary) be approved and printed; and that this meeting most heartily congratulate the Committee upon the encouraging state of the Association, and renounce its pledge of continued exertion for its welfare."

"It is very pleasing to my feelings to have so excellent a resolution entrusted to my care as that which I have just read. It is, indeed, a cause of thankfulness that the field of missionary labour is so fast increasing in its extent, and that so many doors have been unbarred by Him who has 'the key of David, who openeth and no man shutteth.' I am pleased with the comprehensive spirit of the Report, because it shows that the Association (to which we all have the honor to belong) is not a selfish society. The Report speaks too plainly to be mistaken; it tells us, that the grand object of our Association is, not to confine our minds to the narrow bounds of our two stations—though it seeks to have a little cultivated spot in each—but to encompass the great world; and it longs for the entire human family to know and to love God. I have heard, sir, the expansive spirit of the missionary work compared to a lake; perhaps these gentlemen may have heard it too, but I doubt whether my schoolfellows have, and I think they will not object to my telling it. If a stone is cast into a lake, it will strike the water, and will soon be out of sight; but it sinks lower and lower, and rests not till it reaches the ground, and there it will abide. So Christ in the heart sinks deeper and deeper, till he finds a resting and an abiding place. But the stone on the lake effects more than making a deposit—it causes a circle, and this circle another, and another, and another, till concentric circles are multiplied, and each widening and increasing in extent, till the whole lake feels the effect, and each circle in its turn has reached the most distant shore. But where is the effect felt most, but where the stone fell? and in proportion to the momentum, and the weight, will be the effect. The moving of the water was not the cause, but the effect; and so Christ moves us to move him. He says, 'Pray ye to the Lord of the harvest, that he may send forth labourers into his harvest.' He calls you to roll on the Gospel chariot, in which sits the King of kings and Lord of lords, 'travelling in the greatness of His strength, mighty to save.' In the memory of most of the gentlemen on this platform the field of missionary exertion was so small

that most eyes were turned to the little spots in the Southern Ocean, the islands of the sea, with their few hundreds or few thousands of inhabitants. Vast India was then opened; then China, with her about 400,000,000 of inhabitants; and He who opened the prison gates to let Peter out, because people prayed, will open the gates of Japan, and of every other country, to let the missionaries in, if more people were to pray to Him. I think, sir, it is not so much that we want money, as prayer. God could make one of Thomas Morden White's sermons a blessing to every one of his hearers every time he preached at Nagasaki, and a great deal easier too, as there would be none left to laugh at the others—as there are now. The Report tells us, that God does not despise the widow's mite; and the Bible says, that her prayer and her mite weighed heavier than all those who cast in of their abundance; and I think it would have weighed just as much in his sight, if she had not put anything in but her prayer—if she had not a mite to give. Once a poor little boy who was at a Missionary Meeting—but he had no money—stood and looked earnestly at the people putting their money into the plate. The gentleman who held the plate, looked at him for a long time, and at last said, 'Won't you put anything in, my little boy?' 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'I will put myself in, if you will hold the plate low enough,' and that little boy became a missionary! The great Dr. Morrison was once a very poor boy. So we see that some give their money, some give themselves, and some do both. Perhaps some of us may become missionaries; and if we do not, we must still help them; for there are yet more than 600 millions of heathen; and the Report says that they cannot be saved without the Gospel, and it cannot be preached without it be sent.

'Shall those whose souls are lighten'd
By wisdom from on high,
Shall they to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

'Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful news proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.'

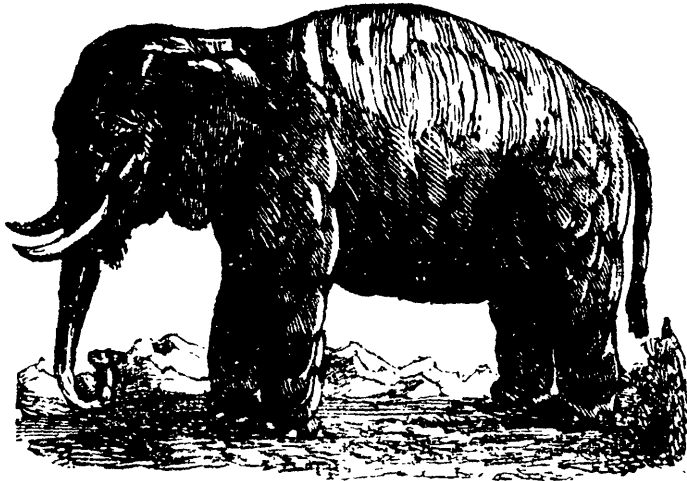
It is very wonderful that so wise a people as the Hindoos should be so very ignorant about the true God. It is easier to make three hundred and fifty millions of different gods, than to find out the one true God; but it is not all dark. The sun will soon rise in the East, Mr. Chairman; there are tinges on many a cloud already. Once the Sattie, for burning the widows upon the funeral piles of their husbands, was fearfully practised; but that iniquity is now done away. Property is no longer sacrificed upon embracing Christianity, and the British Government no longer upholds the horrid festivals in honor of Juggernaut by grants of money; and all re-

marking barriers will soon be broken down; and the great continent of India, with its seeming millions, will have the Gospel of Christ proclaimed to them. May this Association be ever looking forward to this great event, and may it all be accomplished in our lives! I feel ashamed that I have occupied your time and patience to hear me speak, when there are so many Rev. Doctors upon the platform; and while the Rev. Mr. Pount is with us, whom we are all so anxious to hear; but yet I must say a few more words about the Report—not about our own dear stations, because there will be a resolution upon that subject, but upon the money department. Happy am I, sir, that the funds are prospering: the subscriptions have greatly increased. Indeed, last spring we tried all we could to raise the half-year's income to £20, but were not able to accomplish it; and the Committee thought that their Association was at its highest prosperity; but we have, in this Report, more than £28 for half a year. This is a noble effort, but it is not too much. I am inclined to think that we can yet do more. It was a happy idea that was in our Secretary's Address last May: he suggested that Donation Cards should be used, and carried home at Midsummer. Why, his speech was worth £5! I hope that some speaker to-day will give us some bright idea which will bring us in another £5. Subscribers: will you not take home Donation Cards at Christmas? It will be an excellent Christmas-box. I was reading a few days since, in one of the Missionary magazines, about a boy who heard at a meeting that a Missionary-box would be given to any one who would collect for the Society. He went to the minister, and asked for one. The minister requested him to accompany him to his home, when he discovered that all his boxes were gone. So he said, 'I will write to London, and in a few days I hope I shall have a fresh supply; come then, and you shall have one.' This little applicant was full of zeal; and as he saw the trains on the railway passing the town, several times a day, from London, he thought that the boxes would come immediately. So the very next day he comes to the parsonage, and inquires for his box; also on the second, and the third, and on the fourth, and on every successive day, for fourteen days; and at length the boxes came, and John's want was supplied; but scarcely half an hour had passed, when the servant comes in, and says, 'Please, sir, John's come again.' 'What can he want now?' said the minister. 'I am very busy.' (He was preparing for the Sabbath-day.) 'However, I will go and see. Well, John, what now?' 'Please, sir, my missionary-box.' 'But I don't want your missionary box till it's full.' 'Please, sir, 't is full.' 'What! full in half an hour?'—The contents of the box were emptied, and it was found to contain, in half-pence and pence, more than 5s. John is again supplied with another box like the former—

one of those small boxes which that Society furnishes, for John was only a poor boy. But John was back again in three days, with his box full. So the minister said, 'This will never do, I see I shall have John continually coming; I'll search him out the biggest box in my house.' So he gave him one of the largest boxes; still John was back again in a fortnight to have his box emptied again, and two months afterwards he came again to have it emptied. Thus within three months, that poor but earnest boy has had his box filled four times. That is the way to collect for the Missionary Society. Let us use our exertions; and, instead of having nearly £5 upon twenty-seven Donation Cards, like last Midsummer, we must get nearly £10; and let us never be weary of this well-doing. I have great pleasure, sir, in proposing this resolution."

We have no doubt but our readers have

perused this speech with as much pleasure as it has given us, and no doubt regard it as quite a model speech, which would not displease a Professor. What are we doing in Canada to help on "the car of the Gospel" in heathen lands? We have been glad to find from the annual Report of the Canada S. S. Union, that this work is not forgotten; but is it loved and honored as it deserves, and as the professed friends of the Lord Jesus are bound to love and honor it? If so, we are guiltless, but if not, we may be asked the reason why, before we are prepared to answer. Let not the previous season of youth pass away as so many have done, without enlisting on the side of Jesus, aiding what you can to fight his battles.



The Elephant.

Innumerable stories of ludicrous resentment might be collected, which these noble creatures have manifested towards those who have done them injuries. "Mr. Williamson tells an anecdote of an elephant who used to be called the *Pangul*, or fool, but who vindicated his claim to another character in a very singular manner. He had refused to bear a greater weight upon a march than was agreeable to him, by constantly pulling part of the load off his back; and a Quarter-Master of brigade, irritated at his obstinacy, threw a tent-pin at his head." In a few days after, as the animal was going from the

camp to water, he overtook the Quarter-Master, and, seizing him with his trunk, lifted him into a large tamarind-tree which overhung the road, leaving him to cling to the boughs, and get down as well as he could. Lieutenant Shipp, to try this memory of injuries, gave an elephant a large quantity of Cayenne pepper between some bread. The animal was much irritated by the offence; and about six weeks after, when the unsuspecting joker went to fondle him, he endured the caresses very placidly, but finished the affair by drenching his persecutor with dirty water from head to foot."

It is not always, however, in this harmless and jocular manner that the elephant displays his resentment, as the following well-authenticated instances will show:—An elephant that was exhibited in France some years ago, seemed to know when it was mocked by any person, and remembered the affront till an opportunity for revenge occurred. A man deceived it, by pretending to throw something into its mouth: the animal gave him such a blow with its trunk as knocked him down, and broke two of his ribs; after which it trampled upon him, broke one of his legs, and bending down on its knees, endeavoured to push its tusks into his body; but they luckily ran into the ground on each side of his thigh, without doing him any injury. In this case the provocation was certainly not deserving of the punishment; though in many instances the animal is but too justly excited. M. Navarette tells us that at Macassar an elephant-driver had a cocoa-nut given him, which, out of wantonness, he struck twice against his elephant's head to break. The day following, the animal saw some cocoa-nuts exposed in the street for sale, and taking one of them up with its trunk, beat it about the driver's head till the man was completely dead. "This comes," says our authority, "of jesting with elephants."

Recently, at the Liverpool Zoological Gardens, after delighting groups of young holiday folks by his skilful and docile performances, the elephant gave some offence to one of the deputy-keepers, and was by him chastised with a broomstick. No one was by to see what occurred in the next few minutes; but at the expiration of that time, the unfortunate deputy-keeper was found dead at the feet of the insulted beast, having been killed, in all probability, by a single blow of the animal's trunk. The body presented a most appalling spectacle, the arms and legs being fractured in several places, the skull cloven, and the entire body crushed to pieces by the animal, who, it would

appear, in his rage, had repeatedly trampled upon him.—*Chambers's Miscellany.*

The Maid of Israel.

My dear children, you have often heard of the land of Israel. It was a land greatly favored by God. It was a garden enclosed. There were orchards of pomegranates, and pleasant fruits. There the fig tree put forth her green figs; here the apple tree spread its grateful shade, and the slender vine was weighed down by such ponderous clusters of grapes, that two strangers once passing through the vale of Eschol, and wishing to carry back with them some proof of the fertility of the land, cut a single cluster of these giant grapes, and were obliged to fasten it to a stake, and bear it between them. It was indeed a goodly land, flowing with milk and honey. Many living fountains sprung up here; and still waters flowed by green pastures.

Besides the rich and rare beauty of its luxuriant plains and fruitful valleys, there was much of a sacred interest attached to this land.—Within its bounds lay the spot once planted by the Lord God as the garden of Eden. The waters of the Euphrates, that flowed by the coasts of Palestine, nourished the trees and refreshed the verdure of Eden. There Abraham wandered, prayed, and finally rejoiced in faith. There Jacob from his stony pillow gazed within the very gates of heaven. There Joseph passed his childhood; and there, after a period of 400 years, were his bones laid.—Happy people, we are inclined to say, who dwell in such a land. Yea! happy is that people whose God is the Lord: and singularly blessed were its inhabitants so long as they remembered the Lord their God to love and serve Him.—But, alas! they continually turned from him, and served other gods which were no gods.

And as surely as they disobeyed, so surely did the reward of disobedience follow. They became a prey to the neighboring nations; and if their privileges at one time rendered them conspicuous, they were then as remarkable for their suffering and privations. At the time my story speaks of, they were much oppressed by a neighboring people called the Syrians, whose king, Benhadad, a warlike and unscrupulous

prince, was in the habit of sending whole bands of Syrian marauders to invade and lay waste this pleasant land. One of these hostile parties was headed by an able and experienced commander, one who had earned for himself a name and a place among the warriors of his country, and could claim the yet higher title of a deliverer of Syria. Thus rich in honor, high in rank, abounding in wealth, possessing at once the friendship and respect of his sovereign—what lacked he yet? Naaman was a leper!—Striving to forget in the excitement and hurry of conquest his secret grief, he proceeded on his destructive mission, a rod (though he knew it not) in the hand of God, to chasten his people. Returned from his expedition, he presented to his wife a little maid, brought away captive out of the land of Israel, and she waited upon Naaman's wife. Thus was fulfilled the prediction, "Your sons and your daughters shall be carried captives and shall serve another nation and another people." Bitterly must the little maid have mourned being thus severed from her home, her country, and all she loved. Perhaps her tender parents wept in bitterness of spirit, and, like Jacob of old, would not be comforted, because their child was not. Yet childhood soon forgets its sorrows and easily accommodates itself to change. The young Israelite had fallen into no cruel or unkind hands, she began to feel an interest in the concerns of her new home, and soon discovered that amidst all the gorgeous display of the Syrian noble, there was a sorrow at the root, a secret misery, that turned all the means of happiness into gall—Naaman was a leper.

In the land of her captivity the little maid did not forget the God of Israel, or the instructions of her childhood. She had heard of many of the wonders wrought by the Prophets and particularly by Elisha; how he had multiplied the oil, how he cured the sick, and recently had raised from the dead the beloved son of the Shunamite. She reasoned thus—If Elisha can do such miracles, could he not heal my master of his leprosy? One day she said to her mistress, Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy. Hitherto no means had been left untried that influence could command or wealth pro-

cure, but all was unavailing. Yet unwilling to give up hope, the slightest hint that promises relief is eagerly received. The remark of the Israelitish captive is immediately repeated to Naaman, who deems it worth serious consideration. Doubtless he had heard of many of the deeds of the prophet, whose fame must have penetrated to the neighboring countries. Naaman consults with his royal master, who at once takes the matter into his own hands, making a personal request to the king of Israel, and enforcing it with large and valuable presents. But Benhadad was mistaken. It was not to the king but to the prophet of Israel that the request ought to have been made. The king of Israel could see only in this strange demand a pretext upon which a quarrel might be raised, for undoubtedly he could not answer the demand and cure the leper. He is, however, relieved from his perplexity by a message from Elisha, desiring him to send the patient to him. The message was delivered to Naaman—possibly the haughty nobleman did not relish being thus handed over to an obscure prophet, while anticipating all the pomp of a royal reception; but the grievous disease which affected him pressed too heavily, to allow the first difficulty to overcome his resolution. Naaman turned from the palace, and with his horses and his chariots stood at the door of Elisha's house. Anxious expectation was depicted on the countenance of Naaman as he prepared to enter the presence of the far-famed prophet. But no!—He is not even invited to alight; again he receives a message, and a message that sounds strangely in his ears, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again unto thee, and thou shalt be clean."—The deliverer of Syria, the conqueror of Israel, was not used to be so treated—accustomed to the most implicit submission, and the most undeviating respect. He takes the message, so simple in its import and so unceremonious in its delivery, as an insult. He had at least counted upon the attendance of the prophet; had pictured to himself the holy man with due solemnity—after invoking the aid of the Most High—passing his hand over the diseased parts, and curing the leprosy. All these visions are in a moment dissipated. The pro-

phet of Israel does not even pay to the Syrian noble the common courtesy of personally prescribing for him. Naaman turned and went away in a rage. Wounded pride and disappointment filled his heart. Was this to be the end of so much preparation, and such hopeful expectation. He would again return to Syria, where, if he still must carry about with him his loathsome disease, he at least will be safe from insult, and will be treated with the respect due to his rank and station. It was at the suggestion of a servant the journey was undertaken, and but for the entreaties of a servant the object had never been accomplished. Well and wisely did the servant reason. "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it. How much rather then when he saith to thee wash and be clean."

There must have been much that was kind and amiable in the character of Naaman thus to endear him to his servants, and give them such a tender interest in his welfare. If he had afforded to them a protection almost fraternal, he now reaped the benefit in their filial regard.

Wrath soon gave place to reason, and anger to cool reflection. "Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."

Are not Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel? was his exclamation in the heat of irritation. What healing virtue can dwell in the waters of Jordan that they do not possess? And yet, when yielding to better guidance, he followed the simple direction he had received, no sooner had he dipped seven times beneath Jordan's wave, than lo! a sudden and delightful change comes over him. The blood once more flows freely and healthfully through the veins, the skin formerly dry and scaly, becomes moist and soft, the whole aspect is changed—the snowy whiteness of the diseased flesh has given place to the fresh glow of returning health—the leper is cleansed.

To be continued.

Irish Society.

We have had frequent occasions to notice the above effort on the part of British Christians, to instruct their neighbors in Ireland in the truths of the Bible. It is cheering to see that their efforts have been crowned with so much success; but like all other societies for similar purposes, they have had to labor under great disadvantages for want of funds. With the view of doing our share to remove this cause of hindrance to their success, we have taken frequent notice of this society and its work in the *Record*, and we are glad to say that the appeals made in the pages of the *Record* have not been without success. Our attention has again been called to the subject, by a communication from the Secretary of the Edinburgh Committee, enclosing the report of the Committee for the past year, and acknowledging, in the following terms, what has been done in Canada:—

8, Scotland street, Edinburgh,
January 17, 1851.

SIR,—I beg in the name of the Ladies' Association, for the relief of the Irish children attending Scriptural schools, to offer, through you, our grateful thanks for the contribution of £18 9s 2d sterling, kindly sent from Montreal and elsewhere. We feel assured that the information contained in the accompanying documents will be felt to be the most acceptable thanks, as exhibiting the many blessed results attained by this means of dispensing charity. There is in Montreal a depot of the Industrial Society of Dublin, which, however, it is feared, from the little encouragement hitherto given, must be relinquished. The heavy expense incurred for freight and insurance, oblige the articles to be paid considerably higher than in this country; but it would tend much to help forward the various schemes for moral and social improvement, were this depot of Irish manufactures to receive a share of the public patronage and liberality. I cannot, at this moment, give the name of this establishment, but shall ascertain it, in the hope that you may have some opportunity of recommending it to your readers and others.

I remain Sir, your obedient servant,

HELEN CAMPBELL, Sec.

Our limited space will not permit lengthened extracts from this very interesting and satisfactory report, not even enough we fear to do it justice; but our readers may rest assured that their contributions have been faithfully applied to the important work indicated by

them. We can only give the following extracts:—

COUNTY ROSCOMMON.

Deeply interesting intelligence has reached the Committee from many parts of this County, a part of which only will be brought forward here:— Of one spot where two Readers are stationed, the first number of the little Tract called 'The Irish Romanist,' published by this Association, treas, but since the publication of that Tract the following intelligence has been received respecting the state of the work there:—

"I am most happy to say, that everything is flourishing, and the Lord is evidently blessing the work. Miracles and Masses are almost at a discount, so that one of the Priests has been sent off; the Parish not being able or willing to support more than one. My Congregation is generally about 100, all Roman Catholic Converts; on the School-roll 130 children, and the greatest desire amongst the people to have the Bible. The Chapel Congregation, I am now credibly informed, seldom musters 40. How wonderfully has the Lord wrought for his glory, in the midst of the most violent opposition and lawless wickedness." "We had our first Sacrament ever held here last Sunday, when 35 attended the Lord's Table, and received the Sacrament: I trust, worthy partakers. I had a Class, at which many attended twice a week, when I endeavored to explain the nature of a Sacrament, and on the Saturday previous I most earnestly warned all to examine well their motives in coming to the Lord's Table, and explained to them that they were by coming making an open profession of Protestantism. Notwithstanding they all came, and a more solemn and pleasurable scene I never witnessed. Every child that comes to our Day-school, appears to understand it as a matter of course, that it should also attend the Sunday School, and then wait for Church service as a matter of course also. The Readers are going on well, and I am happy to say, the work here never was more prosperous than at present. I trust I have got what is very rare to meet with, three men—two Readers, and a Master, who are truly converted Christians, working together."

In the last letter that has been received the same Minister writes:—

"The average attendance at the day-school here has been about 100, and at the Sunday School 80. The Sunday Congregation (all Converts) generally numbers from 100 to 120. The Readers are welcome to go into any house in the Parish, except a few where the friends of the Priest resort: and a very general feeling of dissatisfaction with Popery is beginning to exhibit itself among the people. It is truly gratifying to witness the rapid improvement the little children are making in the knowledge of God's word, and they are continually

reading it for their parents at home. The most distressing part of my work is, the harassing cases of painful poverty I am continually witnessing. Our Missionary Lodge which a friend of yours so kindly helped us in, is nearly finished, and then we shall have a regular place for holding public worship in."

COUNTY KERRY.

Before closing this Report, it may be well to give a few extracts of letters from Clergy-men and others craving the help of a Reader in their localities. They are given but as specimens of the numerous applications to which the Committee are reluctantly forced from want of funds to give a decided refusal—

"The anxiety of the poor Romanists in this neighborhood to be instructed in the Scriptures induces me to ask you to use your interest to get me a Reader. If your Association would grant me the salary, I could procure the Reader. I assure you I am pressed upon by them with an eagerness I cannot satisfy. Many coming to me from a distance of three miles to hear the glad tidings. There is a district here of more than eight miles in extent totally destitute of any such spiritual advantage, where a Reader would be generally well received, and anxiously wished for by many."

"Nothing can equal the change which has through the grace of God taken place in the minds of the people. Such numbers crowding upon us daily, all anxious to read the Scriptures, and be instructed in them. There are at this instant over 100 Roman Catholics reading the Scriptures in this unimproved neighborhood, all willing to attend our Church, our day and Sunday School, but for want of funds to protect them from persecution, I am partially obliged to restrain them from public demonstration of their principles, and to urge on them the necessity of receiving instruction in private. The labors of a Scripture Reader would be invaluable."

"I am making anxious enquiry for a Bible Reader, but I cannot say a word if you cannot procure me from your Committee £15 a year as half his salary. May I therefore most earnestly hope you will apply for it, and I will try and procure the other half. The poor here are most anxious to have information in the Scriptures; and two Church of England Clergymen were here a few days ago, and had a large number to hear them preach."

"I grieve that your Society can do so little here, and can only afford to give £5 a year to my Reader, who is such a sober-minded, prudent, well conducted, and zealous man, that it is a great pity he cannot give his whole time to the work. This Parish consists of 27,000 acres. B— of 30,000 acres; and there are other adjoining Parishes, all Irish-speaking districts, and little or no work going on in them. W— cannot live on £5 a year and therefore can give but a part of his time to the work. The northern part of my Parish is remote from

Priest as well as Parson, so that a Reader there could instruct the people unrebuked. I fear you will think me tedious, but living amongst an Irish-speaking people, and knowing their willingness to be taught the Scriptures, I own I am earnest in wishing that more could be done for them."

In a later letter respecting this same district, containing a *se* population, almost exclusively Roman Catholic, and one which until the last few months seemed utterly inaccessible as regards God's Holy Word, the same Clergyman writes—

"I fear I shall lose W—, as he cannot stay with me on so small a salary; and he is so pious, so humble, and so discreet, I fear it will be impossible to fill his place. Since November, eight Romanists have been in constant attendance at Church. A man in a Reader's rank will be received by the Roman Catholics, while I would not be heard for a moment. W— is doing good here, and it will be a thousand pities to lose him, and I shall greatly regret, if the work just began here should go back."

The Committee conclude as follows:—

Surely enough has been brought forward to act as a stimulus to increased exertions in the work of this Association, for it proves that very much has been done, while still more remains yet to be accomplished; and the Committee would now leave the cause in that hand which hath "hitherto helped" them, resting on His promise who hath commanded His people to "prove" Him if he will not "open the windows of Heaven, and pour them out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Often have their funds been reduced to the very lowest ebb—often have they met with disappointments and discouragements,—sin has often blighted many a fair promise,—death has frequently withered some of their fairest hopes—often have they felt heavily oppressed by "flictions without, and fears within," but their Covenant God hath "undertaken" for them, and although their hearts have often yearned in listening to the cry for help, when forced to send a refusal, yet never have they been forced to dismiss one Agent for want of funds, and they do trust they shall ever have the same tale to tell, for however weak and wayward they may be, He who is their sure confidence "abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself."

A Devotee of Juggernaut.

In the province of Orissa, to which Mr. Stubbins and his friends are going, stands the temple of the great idol Juggernaut. Thousands of pilgrims, from all parts of India, repair thither to worship that ugly block of wood. Mr. Sutton, an active

missionary, says,—“Returning from visiting a school this evening, my attention was arrested by a poor wretch who was measuring his way to Juggernaut by his own body, or rather by half its length. He never rose upon his feet, but only upon his knees. When on his knees he reached his hands forward, and then drew his body onward a little. Every time he made this advance, he beat his forehead on the ground three times, looking towards the temple, which was in sight.

“When I got sufficient near, I called on him, but he did not appear to hear what I said, and continued on his way without paying the least attention. I therefore came up and succeeded in stopping him: a deep melancholy was visible on his countenance, his lips moving in prayer to his god in a low grumbling tone of voice.

“When I had surveyed him a few moments, he gave over repeating, and I began to converse with him as well as I was able. I first inquired how far he had come in that manner. He answered seven hundred and thirty miles. How long have you been on the way? About eight months. He appeared about twenty-one years of age, and was so emaciated by his austerities, that his voice was nearly gone. I could but just understand him. I asked him what he expected from his visit to Juggernaut? I was told that he expected almost every thing; particularly, that hereby he should get rid of his sins. I endeavoured to persuade him that his hopes were fruitless. I then told him about Jesus Christ dying for our sins. He seemed to hear with some attention and surprise.

“A number of wicked-looking Brahmins now gathered around us, and began to encourage him to proceed. I left them with mingled feelings of indignation and pity. This man will be esteemed holy, and probably be worshipped by the people after his journey.”—*Juv. Mis. Magazine.*

The Soul.

I once heard a minister trying to teach the children that the soul would live after they were all dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand what he said. Then, taking his watch from his pocket, he says, “James, what is this I hold in my hand?”

“A watch, sir;” “a little clock,” says another.

“Do you all see it?”

“Yes, sir.”

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well, can any of you hear it tick? All listen now." After a pause—"Yes, sir, we hear it." He then took off the case, and held the watch in one hand, and the case in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch?—you see there are two which look like watches?"

"The little one—in your right hand, sir."

"Very well, again; now I will lay the case aside, put it away down there in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch tick?"

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat. The watch goes just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case; the soul is inside. The case—the body—may be taken off and buried up in the ground, and the soul will live and think just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off.—*Teacher's Offering.*

The Queen and the Child.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise."—Matt. xxi. 16.

A pious gardener in Berlin, accompanied by his little daughter, a child of five years old, paid a visit to his uncle at Schonhausen, who was at that time a gardener in the service of Queen Elizabeth Christina, consort of Frederick II. The Queen conversed once with the little girl in the garden, and became so fond of her that she could not get her out of her thoughts; and a few weeks afterwards expressly desired that she should be again brought to her.

Her father consequently returned with her to Schonhausen. A lady of the court saw her, and announced her arrival to the Queen as she was sitting down to dinner. She immediately ordered the child to be conducted to the dining-room, who at once recognised the Queen, ran up to her and kissed her robe. By the command of her Majesty, she was placed on a chair near her, in order that she might overlook the whole table.

The Queen was anxious to hear what the innocent child would say about the beautiful decorations and valuables on the table. The little thing quietly surveyed every thing, cast a look at the costly

dresses of the guests, the gold and china ornaments, and was silent for a minute.—Then folding her hands, she exclaimed, "Christ's blood and righteousness—That is my ornament and dress."

Those present were astonished, and were deeply affected; and one of the court ladies said with tears to the Queen, "Oh! how inferior are we to this happy child!" *Childrens Missionary Record.*

The Gospel among Cannibals—Televa, Feejee Islands.

At the opening of Tavulomo chapel, a few months back, there was a good attendance of Christians, and many heathen sat outside, yet so that they could hear. About half the service was over, when the unwelcome *bakolo* shout fell upon our ears; and a party of savages, carrying one cooked and two uncooked bodies, passing soon after, nearly all my outside congregation followed them—it being more congenial for them to do than to listen longer to the truths of the gospel. However, a great change has been effected already on many of the villagers; and bad as the rest are, they are not beyond hope.—*Wesleyan Missionary Notices.*

To Children.

Bright sunbeams now are wandering

Far o'er the azure sky;

And little birds are on the wing

To greet the summer night.

And far away in distant lands,

Still lovelier than ours;

Sweet children with their tiny hands,

Are gathering summer flowers.

They see the rainbow's golden rays

Reposing on the air;

And oft they wonder as they gaze,

Who hung that beauty there.

Ye know who gave the silvery night

To summer's evening hours,

And who hath given the cheering light

Unto your little flowers.

And ye can seek with joyfulness

The smilings of his face,

And pray him for the blessedness

Of sanctifying grace.

Breathe then, O breathe a prayer for them,

That Christ, who loved you,

May shed his spirit over them,

And make them happy 'so.

And pray God that his hidings

May pass like clouds away,

Unveiling holy tidings

Of bliss eternally.

—*Jur. Miss. Mag., U. P. Church.*

Martintown.	J J Kellie.	Raleigh	Rev A M'Coll.
Marshville	L Misener.	Rawdon	W Smiley.
Milton	H E Wilmot.	Russell	W Hamilton.
Melrose	J Forester.	St Andrews	C Wales.
Melbourne	Q M'Gill.	St Bridgide	George Pearson.
Merickvillo	W S Snowdon.	St Catharines	Mr Dulbier.
Meta	W Turriff.	St Enatache	W Stark.
Middleton	D C Swazy.	St George, CW	Mr Turnbull.
Mill Creek	B Clark.	St George, CE	J S Hale, teacher.
Mohawk	A Eadio.	St Johns, CE	W Coot.
Morven	J Strachan.	St Scholastique	Rev F Doudict.
Moss	John Walker.	St Sylvester	Thomas Mackie.
Moulinette	P Tait.	St Vincent	R Burchill.
Napanee	John Gubbard.	St Thomas	W Webb, sen, H Black
Nassagaweya	Rev W Martin.	Seneca	A C Buck.
Nelson, (Cummings-ville)	Mr Mathews.	Seymour East	Thomas Arthur.
New Carlisle.	J Wilkie.	Soyntour West	Mrs Rolts.
Newcastle	S McCoy.	Shannonville	R F Pegan.
New Glasgow	Rev A Lowden.	Sherbrooke	W Brooks.
Newmarket.	R H Smith.	Smith's Falls	R Bartlett.
Niagara	A R Christie	South Hinchinbrooke	Thomas Helm.
North Augusta	A B Pardee.	Simcoe	C B Davis.
North Sherbrooke.	J M'Dougall, teacher.	Stanstead	B F Hubbard.
Norton Creek	A Ross.	Stanbridge East	Moses Gage.
Norwich	John Wildman.	Stoney Creek	Rev G Cheyne.
Norval	Geo M'Lennan.	Stouffville	G Mortimer.
Oakland	Rev W Hay.	Sorel	R Hunt.
Oakville	Mr Duff.	Stratford	Dr Hyde.
Oakwood	John Dix.	Sutton	G C Dyer.
Ormstown	P Shunks.	Streetsville	W Blain.
Oro	D Cameron.	Thorlton	John M'Donald.
Orillia	Mr Dallas.	Three Rivers	W Gunnie.
Osgoode	D M'Laurin.	Toronto	A Christie.
Oshawa	Rev R H Thurston.	Uxbridge	A T Corson.
Osnabruck.	H Braden.	Uxbridge, (Scott)	Richard Hill.
Owen Sound	G Newcombe.	Vankleek Hill	T H Higginson.
Oxford	James Hays.	Victoria	Rev A Duncan.
Packenham	James Dunnet.	Walpole	B Haines.
Paris	James R Hill.	Wardsville, Moss	F Munroe.
Penetanguishene	P Schonten.	Warsaw	T Choat.
Peterboro'	J Edwards.	Warwick	H M Carroll.
" (Dummer)	Alexander Kedd.	Waterdown	W M Lotbridge.
Perth	James Allan.	Waterford	C Merrill, P M.
Petite Nation	Mr Dickson.	Waterloo, CE	J Robinson.
Philipsburg	Rev W Scott.	Waterloo, CW	A Diller.
Pigeon Hill	Jos Rhicard.	Westmeath	C S Bellows, P Mr.
Pictou	C Pier.	Wellington Square	Rev A M'Lean, John Bunton.
Port Credit	W Montgomery.	Weston	John Pirritte.
Port Dover	John J Bradley.	West Flamboro'	John Sanderson.
Port Hope	Morrice Hay.	Whitechurch	Mr. Applebe.
Port Sarnia	A Young.	Whitby	Rev J C Geikie.
Port Stanley	Rev W H Allworth.	Williams	Rev L M'Pherson.
Prescott	W D Dickenson.	Williamston	Jas Cumming.
Preston	W Tilt.	Wilton	E Shibley.
Princeton	George Beam.	Woodstock	Chas Conger.
Peiham	Rev S Kung.	West Woolwich	Jas Sam.
Point a Cavignol	G Staniforth.	Yam-icheche	A Craike.
Quebec	Mr Stanley.	York Mills	Rev T Wightman.
Rainham	Isaac Root.	Zone Mills	W Webster.

THE MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD

Moties received on account of S. S. R.

1849.—Ingersoll, I P, 3e; Cooksville, G M, 1s.

1850.—Niagara, A R C, 15; Embro, D P, 3s; Leeds, J R I, 4s; Barford, Rev J C, 5s; Perth, Rev W B, 12s; Watpole, Miss E W, 1s; Galt, Dr L, 1s; Lachute, W McP, 1s; Vittoria, Rev A D, 15s; Vankleek Hill, P McI, A A C, N C, 1s each; Stauffville, G M, 10; Chingacousy, S W, 1s 6d; Colborne, Mrs K, 3e; Ingersoll, I P, 3s; Waterford, J K, 1s 6d; O G C, Rev Mr R, 1s each; Lachute, J W, 1s; Cowansville, Mr F, 1s 3d; Beckwith, N S, 13s 9d; London R J J, 13s 6d; Napaneo, M E B, H B, 1s each; Belleville, Rev J F W, 1s; Etona, J C, 3s 6d; Vankleek Hill, J D, 1s; Port Sarnia, A McA, 3s; R S, 4s; Vankleek Hill, J McI, 1s; Bytown, Hon T McK, 1s 6d.

1851.—Oakville, J W W, 1s; D A, 2s; J R, M A, H M, 1s each; Lachute, J C, 1s; Glanford, S L S, C G S, S H S, H R, 1s each; Niagara, A R C, 30s; Oakland, A F, W S, S M, D M B, 1s each; West-Zorra, W S, J C, H McK, J W, A McK, 1s each; Embro, Rev Mr McK, 3s; J A, Mrs M A, W S, D M, E R, D G, J L, J F, 1s each; Gananoque, J L McD, 12s; Lachute, S O, J McO, 1s each; Ormestown, A McC, 1s; Huntingdon, W C, 1s; Vienna, G R, 1s; Port Dover, Rev A W, 15s, G P R L, E B, A L, T G, J H B, J D V, M F, A B, E P, 1s each; Kingston, J G, A C, Miss E T, J P, W W, J McG, W L, 1s each; England, J W, 1s; R H, 1s; Kenyon, D C, 4s; Morven, G G, W G, T R, P G, W I, J I, 1s each; Milton, J C, 1s; Bath, J D, 1s; Kingston, J F, P M, J E, 1s each; Napaneo, L L B, W McG, C M, Rev J B, 1s each; Perth, Rev W B, 2s; Abutttsford, Mrs G, 1s; Stratford, Dr H, R M H, J T, J S, 1s each; Rainham, Miss M A R, S W, Miss C O, J O, 1s each; Mohawk, H B, E H, J R, A T, H P, J R E, F F, G B, A E, 1s each; Brantford, J W, 1s; Dumfries, J S, senr, 1s; Waterloo, J C, 1s; Galt, Dr L, 1s 6d, R M, 5s, A H M, 2s, Mr L, 3s; Streetsville, J S, J E, G G, W S, S R, J C, Mrs R S, Mrs M L, Miss McK, Miss A C, Miss C McM, Miss H G, Miss J G, Miss S B, 1s each; St Thomas, Miss M L, Miss M McI, A H, Mrs W, C C C, W S, J H, J S, N S, R K, H P, 1s each; H B, 3s 6d; Fingal, G S, 1s; Pelham, F C, Miss H P, Miss M K, A M, Rev S K, 1s each; St Lukes Mr S, 1s; Lachute, Mr McP, T L, 1s each; Stanbide, J W, H S, Miss F T, Mrs M P, Miss L B, 1s each; Newark, C W B, A B, Miss S C S, Miss E B, Miss R L, E N, Miss J F, J M, J C, 1s each; Streetsville, Miss J F McM, 1s; Cornwall, J C, senr, 4s; Vankleek Hill, P McI, 1s; W M, J H C, J P W, D McK, J H, Miss M McN, 1s each; Toronto, H L, 5s, A C, 1s 6d; Warwick, H H, 1s; Eaton, Dr A, 1s; Etobicoke, A M

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