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R. Brock



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No. 2

The Waldensian Martyr.

A Waldensian pedler, named Romeyer, having occasion to pass through Draguignan, in France, was arrested on the charge of being a "Lutheran," in 1558. After various private interrogatories, in which he made no secret whatever of his religious faith, the tribunal of Draguignan assembled for his trial. An Observantine monk on the preceding day celebrated a mass to the Holy Ghost, "in order," as he said, "that the Holy Ghost might inspire the judges to condemn the cursed Lutheran to the flames." But his mass did not produce the effect he desired; for a young advocate, addressing the tribunal, pointed out that Romeyer had been guilty of no legal offence; that he had neither preached nor dogmatized in France; that he was a foreigner; was only occupied in Provence with his trade; and that justice, instead of condemning, ought to protect him. The whole bar supported this argument. The judges were half of them for an acquittal, half for condemnation, and the prisoner was relegated to his dungeon.

Upon the decision of the judges being made known, the Observantine monk, who had made a sort of personal

matter of the case, and who saw the credit of his masses and his prayers singularly compromised in public opinion by this result of the trial, had the bells of his monastery rung, harangued the mob who assembled at the sound, and insisted that good Catholics should not permit an infamous heretic, a Lutheran, an accursed soul, to pollute with impunity the devout town of Draguignan with his presence. Having thus excited the populace, the worthy monk proceeded to the official and consuls of the town, representing that their honor was concerned in preserving intact the excellent reputation of their dear city; and then, all together, followed by the infuriated mob, went to the magistrates, vociferating that unless they condemned the heretic to be burnt alive, they themselves would denounce them to the parliament, the king, the pope, and to all the powers of the earth, to procure their destruction. Such is the religious fervor of Popery!

The lieutenant of the king, who at this time was the representative, in each district, of the administration, invoked the respect due to judicial forms, which ought not to be set aside, even against a heretic. "Kill him! kill him!" cried the people. "Burn him!

burn him!" cried the people. The magistrate, unable to appease the tumult, promised to proceed to Aix, and lay the matter before Parliament. In consequence, an order was issued that the court at Draguignan should not try the prisoner; but fanaticism was not to be haulted of its prey. Barberi, the Attorney-General, repairing to Aix, procured the withdrawal of the prohibition, and permission for the judges at Draguignan to try the prisoner; or, in other words, judicially to assassinate him.

He was condemned to be first racked, then broken on the wheel, and lastly burned to death by a slow fire. He might have relieved himself from all these tortures by abjuration; but the monk, who was sent to make this proposition to him, returned with the announcement that he had found him *pertinax*, infallibly accursed. Forthwith, from all the pulpits round about, it was announced, that on the 16th of May, there would take place the public execution of an atrocious Lutheran; and in the town of Draguignan itself, proclamation was made by sound of trumpet, that every good Catholic should bring a billet of wood to form the funeral pyre.

On the appointed morning, the deputy-lieutenant, several judges, lay and ecclesiastic, and the consuls of the town, proceeded to the dungeon of the prisoner, to apply the torture. They displayed before him the rack, the cords, the wedges, the iron bars, all the instruments of torture invented by the successors of the martyr-apostle.

"Denounce your accomplices, abjure your errors, and save yourself these torments," said the deputy-lieutenant.

"I have no accomplices," replied Rome; "and I have nothing to abjure, for I profess only the law of Christ. You call my profession perverse and erroneous; but, in the day of judgment, God will proclaim it, against its transgressors, just and holy." Thereupon, relates Crispin, he was put on the rack, and cruelly stretched by

the cords. In his anguish, he called unto God to have pity on him, for the love of Jesus. "Implore the Virgin," cried the idolaters. "There is but one Mediator," replied the sufferer, "even Jesus: oh, God, mercy!" and he fainted; for, upon his refusal to invoke the Virgin, the tormentors had wrested his limbs more cruelly than before. Fearing that he might die before he was burned, the monks and priests disengaged his mangled frame from the wheel; the bones of his legs and arms were broken, and their fractured points came through his flesh. Some cordial was given to him to restore animation, and he was then carried to the place of final execution, and fastened by a chain to the post which rose amid the pyre.

"Invoke the Virgin and the saints," thundered a monk. The poor pedler could only reply by a faint movement of the head in the negative. The executioner thereupon set fire to the pile. At first, being chiefly composed of branches and brushwood, it flamed furiously; but soon subsiding into a mass, the martyr hung suspended from the stake over the devouring heap; his lower limbs were scorched, his entrails came forth, and his poor frame was already consumed below, when his lips were still seen moving, emitting, indeed, no sound, but testifying, within, a last invocation of the martyr to his God, a last appeal to that Christ who had died for him.

Julundur School.

The following slip from the *Lahore Chronicle*, will show how the School at Julundur and the missionary work in India is regarded by the English residents of the country.

JULUNDUR, Jan. 31.—An interesting examination of the American Mission School at Julundur took place at noon on the 29th of January. As a most striking sign of the times, it may be mentioned that the Kapoortullah Rajah and natives of rank attended in great numbers, and therefore had an opportunity of hearing the Christian

religion described in all its beauties, and idolatry exposed in all its deformity.

The examination included the first book of Euclid, English Grammar, reading, geography and the maps, after which several scholars came forward with much spirit, and read essays of their own composition in the native language. The subjects were—the evils of keeping their females behind the purdahs—on education as desirable for the India female—the effects of good government—on the evils of monopoly—on division of labour, &c. It was gratifying to witness among the visitors Mr. McLeod, the Commissioner, Mrs. Colonel Penny, Dr. and Mrs. Corbyn, Major and Mrs. Edwardes, Colonel and Mrs. Boileau, Major Holmes, &c., &c. After the distribution of the prizes, Mr. McLeod expressed himself highly gratified, and urged the youths to persevere in the studies they had so well begun. The Rajah in like manner said, that he and his friends had been much delighted and surprised at the success of the scholars, and, as a proof, made the Institution a handsome present.

The most remarkable feature in this establishment is, that it is conducted entirely by native Christians, whose consistent conduct, abilities, and conciliatory manners have secured not only the esteem and confidence, but support of all classes of the inhabitants of the city of Julundur. They have found that by sending their children to this school, they have learned to become obedient, preferring truth to falsehood, and no longer clinging to the vices and obscene language which distinguish their uneducated and immoral countrymen. It is to be hoped this Institution may become a model, which commissioners and deputy commissioners throughout the Punjab will copy; thus connecting education with Christian principles, they will be training up a religious and industrious population, securing the affections of the people, and consolidating the British Empire in the Punjab more effectually than by any of those means

which have not the revealed will as a rule for the governed.

The Colporteur not a Pedler.

A colporteur in North Carolina expresses the following judicious views of his calling:—

“I go into the mountains, and take my horse and vehicle to some point and leave them, and put my bag of books on my back, and travel round the mountain paths from cabin to hut; sometimes lying on a dirt floor without any supper or covering, except what I have on; and when I ask the families to kneel down to pray before lying down to rest, they do not know what I mean; consequently I have to take a new start in talking and explaining how important it is to ask our heavenly Father to pardon our sins, and watch over us during our sleeping hours. True, these cases are not very common, but such have taken place, in my wanderings from place to place. Believe me, I was truly rejoiced when I read your letter, to know that you thought well of my last report; especially that part relative to praying for God's blessing on my efforts in doing good to those who are in ignorance in regard to the soul's salvation. And farther, that you consider talking and praying in families was the great secret of success, and means by which true dignity was to be conferred upon the great employment of the colporteur, to raise him far above the pedler of merchandise. I believe that through the blessing of God, the efforts of his people in sending the words of truth and soberness to hovel and hut, by prudent and judicious men, are one strong arm the Church has employed for the evangelization of the world. And what a great blessing it is to be a co-worker in this great and glorious enterprise! Although we may have difficulties, troubles, and disappointments, yet if we can be a means in the hands of the Master in doing good to our fellow-travellers to eternity, we should be willing to be any thing for Christ and his cause.”



The Dropping Well.

Spring-water, even that which is the most transparent, generally contains certain mineral substances, gathered from the soil through which the water flows. The substances are often so completely dissolved as to leave the water clear and sparkling, while they add to its wholesome qualities, and also render it agreeable to the taste.

It is owing to these mineral substances that many springs have the property of petrifying objects,—that is, covering them entirely with a stony crust, which makes them appear as if changed into stone. Such springs are seen in several parts of our own country; but far more strikingly in foreign lands, in the neighborhood of volcanos. The Dropping Well at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, is one of our most noted petrifying springs. It rises at the foot of a limestone rock on the south-west bank of the river Nidd, opposite to the ruins of Knaresborough Castle. After running about twenty yards towards the river, it spreads itself over the top of a cliff, from whence it trickles down in a number of places, dropping very fast, and making a tinkling sound in

its fall. The spring is supposed to send forth twenty gallons of water every minute, and while in rapid motion, the fine particles in which it abounds are carried forward, or very slightly deposited; but as it approaches the cliff, or rocky elevation above named, it meets with a gentle ascent, becomes languid in its pace, and then deposits abundantly on grass, twigs, stones, &c., a petrifying substance which renders them exceedingly beautiful. The cliff is about thirty feet high, forty-five feet long, and from thirty to forty broad, having started from the main bank, upwards of a century ago, leaving a chasm of two or three yards wide. The water is carried over this chasm by an aqueduct; but there is sufficient waste to form beautiful petrifications in the hollow. Small branches of trees, roots of grass and other objects, are incrustated with spar, and, together with pillars of the same substance, like stalactites, fringing the banks, form an interesting sight. The top of the cliff is covered with plants, flowers, and shrubs, such as ash, elder, ivy, geranium, wood-anemone, lady's mantle, cowslips, wild angelica, meadow-

sweet, &c., Pieces of moss, birds' nests, containing eggs, and a variety of other objects, are exhibited to visitors, as proofs of the petrifying qualities of the water. The weight of the water is twenty-four grains in a pint heavier than that of common water. The top of the cliff projects considerably beyond the bottom, and the water is thus thrown to some distance from the side of the cliff, which is of a concave form.

The Gospel, Good Tidings of Great Joy.

The facts below given by missionaries of the London Missionary Society in India, are a striking illustration of the truth that the gospel is good tidings of great joy to lost men. They were forwarded by Mr. Hunt of the Madras mission.

August 5.—Reached Pearanpakum bungalow, at about ten o'clock, in a small village containing about sixty houses, within five minutes walk. Soon after my arrival, upwards of forty of the most respectable people of the village visited me at the bungalow, and heard me with peculiar attention and pleasure for upwards of three hours. The gospel was a new theme to many here; on this occasion I preached on the nature and perfections of God, on the nature of the true worship pleasing to God, and on the character and necessity of a Mediator between God and man, even Jesus Christ, and confess I never met with a congregation more apparently attentive than the present; not a few constantly nodded their heads, and were overheard to say, "How true, how sweet are these good words: who can object to them?" The following are a few of the many sentiments given expression to by some of my hearers, while the truths of God's word were unfolded to them;—one man said, "How happy are we to be privileged to hear on this blessed day such good words; this is nothing less than our good fortune." A second said, "Truly our idols are no

gods: they are dolls, the Brahamis have deceived us." A third said, "Truly, that was love in your Jesus Christ, to become surety for sinners, and to give his life for our lives." A fourth said, "I have never before this heard such excellent words, they are sweeter to me than honey." Among my hearers were a few Mahomedans, who took offence on my announcing that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, but became incarnate, and died to save a lost world; and desired me to reconcile what I had a few minutes ago asserted, that God was a spirit and eternally blessed, and now asserted, that he was born of a woman, and died on our account. Ere I could answer them, one of my hearers, whom I observed to have heard me all the while, with the greatest attention, came forward and replied to them thus, "You do not seem to understand what this gentleman has asserted; he did not say that God was born, or that God had died, but simply that God took upon himself our human nature, and died in that nature." This answer not only stopped the mouths of the Mahomedans, but gave us all much satisfaction. We could not have answered the questions of the Mahomedans better, and more to the purpose. However another Mahomedan turned to him and inquired, "Where was the necessity of Christ suffering and dying to save sinners? Could not God, who was almighty, save sinners without undergoing such a degradation?" The answer given to this question by the aforesaid Soodra, was both precise and concise; he answered, "God did this to display his justice. Christ died as man's surety." This gave me full scope to preach to all present the gospel scheme of salvation. After this, the Mahomedans manifested more willingness to hear, and thankfully accepted Hindoostanee Scriptures and tracts. In conclusion, both my catechists preached to them another hour, and they were very attentive all the while.

October 25.—At Kadumbathoor,

preached to upwards of eighty persons, and put into circulation about four complete new Testaments, twelve parts of the Old Testament, fifty-five single Gospels, and about seventy tracts. The people were very desirous to obtain our books, and promised to read carefully those given to them. One man said, "This is a lucky day; we this day heard sweet and good words; and received these beautiful large books." After I had gone to bed, a respectable man, accompanying my schoolmaster, called on me and expressed his desire of obtaining some private conversation with me, and with much apparent feeling, expressed himself nearly thus:—"Sir, your sermon this night has powerfully worked in me. I feel I am condemned. I am now fully convinced of the absurdity and sinfulness of idolatry; and cannot act against my conscience. I have a son who is dumb, and I have avowed to the god of Tripathee, that I would offer to him a silver tongue, in order to obtain his favor on behalf of my poor son; but after what I have heard you say to-night, I cannot reconcile my mind to do such a foolish act. I am at a loss to do, please direct me." He listened with much apparent attention to all my admonitions, and on my conclusion said, "I will make over to your mission the value of that silver tongue, and for the future shall worship the true God and him alone. I have not courage yet to make an open profession of Christianity."

27.—From seven to eleven o'clock we were fully engaged in preaching to upwards of sixty adults and thirty-five children, who had come to us at the bungalow from this and another village about a mile distant. The nature and attributes of God, the nature of true worship, and the way of reconciliation to God through Jesus Christ, were fully illustrated and applied, and the attention of our hearers was remarkably good. The truths of the gospel were new to many here. Not a few nodded their heads by way of ap-

probation, and said, "True, very true, all that this gentleman says. Who can deny them? these truths are like noon-day light." One man, after hearing me for a good while, expressed himself nearly thus,— "These are really good instructions; but why did not God before this reveal them to us? We were all this while ignorant of them, and remained as it were in darkness. We consider ourselves blessed people for having heard these blessed truths on this blessed day." A second said, "Our gods cannot be called the true gods, for they were more wicked than ourselves." A third said, "We now see that to worship images is the greatest of folly." A fourth said, "Truly the Brahamis have blinded our eyes, and we are kept in ignorance." A fifth said, "Sir, in order to keep a lamp burning, we must constantly be pouring in oil, so in order to keep us in remembrance of your true light, you must establish a mission school here, and be constantly coming and instructing us and our children."

The Mission Schools in British Guiana

In the early part of the present year the Government Inspector of schools in British Guiana visited the different stations for the purpose of reporting on the state of education among the labouring classes throughout the Colony. Our attention has been drawn to some passages of the Inspector's Report, which, as bearing impartial and decisive testimony to the character and comparative efficiency of the schools under the superintendence of our Missionaries, will be gratifying to the friends of the Society, more especially when it is borne in mind that these schools are entirely sustained without the aid of grants from the local Government.

"In very many schools," observes the inspector, "the only books used are the Bible, and Fleming's Universal Spelling book, and many more have only the First and Second Class Books of the Sunday School Union in addi-

tion. Among the schools best supplied with books are those of the London Missionary Society, who procure from England the excellent series of the British and Foreign School Society, and have little difficulty in persuading the parents of the scholars to purchase them.....

"The teachers who have had any sort of educational training are chiefly in connexion with the Wesleyan and London Missionary bodies. The former being most anxious to increase the efficiency of their teachers, have of late years sent several to study at the Mico Training Institution at Antigua. The teachers in connexion with the London Missionaries have not in general, I believe, studied at any Normal Institution, but many have had the advantage of a careful training under these gentlemen, who, with an earnest desire for the extension and improvement of education, spare no labour in the personal supervision and direction of their schools.....

"There are general and bitter complaints of the difficulty of collecting the fees..... The schools where most difficulty is experienced in obtaining fees are those of the churches of England and Scotland. It is the same tale over and over again, 'The parents will not pay, and we cannot make them.' Many schools, owing to this cause, have become free. There is much less difficulty in the schools of the Wesleyan and London Missionaries, especially the latter, where complaints of the parents' remissness in this particular are comparatively seldom heard or where heard, are greatly modified in tone. The secret of the comparative success of the free system in the schools of these bodies lies in the attention and supervision of the ministers."

The Fable of the Rain-Drop.

There was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he ploughed it and planted the corn, and harrowed it and weeded it with great care; and on this field he depended for the support of

his family. But after he had worked so hard, he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for want of rain, and he thought he should lose his crop. He felt very sad, and went out every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

One day, as he stood there looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little rain-drops up in the clouds over his head saw him, and one said to the other, "Look at that poor farmer; I feel sorry for him; he has taken such pains with his field of corn, and now it is all drying up. I wish I could do him some good."

"Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little rain-drop; what can you do? You can't wet even one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "to be sure I can't do much; but I can cheer the farmer a little, at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best. I'll try; I'll go to the field to show my good will, if I can do no more; so here I go." And down went the rain-drop, and came pat on the farmer's nose, and then fell on one stalk of corn, "Dear me," said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, "what's that? A rain-drop. Where did that drop come from? I do believe we shall have a shower!"

The first rain-drop had no sooner started for the field than the second said, "Well, if you go, I believe I will go too; so here I come;" and down dropped the rain-drop on another stalk. By this time a great many rain-drops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about; and when they heard them, and saw them going to cheer the farmer and water the corn, one of them said, "If you're going on such a good errand, I'll go too; and down he came. "And I," said another; "and I," "and I," "and I," and so on, till a whole shower of them came; and the corn was all watered, and it grew and ripened, all because the first little rain-drop determined to do what it could.

Never be discouraged, children, because you can't do much. Do what you can. Angels can do no more.

The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1854.

The Anniversaries in Montreal.

The week in which is held the annual meetings of the various general religious associations of this city, is, and ought to be, considered one of great importance. Facts are given to the public on the beneficial effects of the several institutions, and the churches are stimulated to exertion and cooperation in the "good works" which are demanded as the fruit of a true faith in the "Glorious Gospel." One among these generous and benevolent undertakings, whose anniversary will have been held when this reaches most of our readers, is the "Canada Sunday School Union." At the time of our writing, we are only made aware of the preparations for the meetings, and for our own anniversary; but we know enough to be assured, and to assure our friends that the anniversary reports will be found most cheering, and if we are not mistaken, the speaking will be of a high order, useful and profitable, and we hope the collections will be first rate. Our young friends have an interest in this Sunday School anniversary, and in our next, you may look for a pretty full account of what is done in Montreal during the Anniversary Week, and especially of what is the present condition of the "Union" and its Sabbath School and Missionary operations. May the whole earth be speedily filled with the Glory of the Lord.

Origin of Sabbath Schools.

In the 16th and 17th centuries, instruction was imparted on Sabbath afternoons, by certain Roman Catholic ecclesiastics on the continent of Europe, to the youth within their respective dioceses. Their instructions, however, differed very slightly from those which would be given in a week-day school, or were confined to an instilling of the peculiar dogmas of their Church. They were either secular or sectarian, in the worst sense. They never dreamed of teaching the story of the cross, and sowing the seed of the word.

In Scotland, in connexion with the admirable Parochial economy, established by Knox, the principles of the gospel were communicated to the young, to a greater or less extent, ever since the period of the reformation. But the Sabbath School proper, as it now exists, and as known amongst us, found its birth-place in England, and dates from the close of last century.

In the town of Gloucester, lived a man of sincere piety and ardent philanthropy. In the outskirts of the town stood a factory for the manufacture of pins. The neighborhood was most desolate—the youth especially being abandoned to every species of excess. This benevolent gentleman happened, in the course of an afternoon walk, to visit this quarter. He was deeply pained with what he saw and heard. Boys and girls playing in the streets—youth in years, but old in crime. His heart bled; his sympathies were excited. A woman, whom he chanced to meet, told him that, if it was bad then, it was tenfold worse on Sabbath. The appeal from the woman's lips gave additional force to the convictions produced by that which he had seen. His mind was set in a train from which nothing could divert it. He pondered deeply what could be done for the benefit of these "Arabs of the city," who, clad in rags and steeped in wretchedness, proved a public pest. The little word "try," forced itself upon him with resistless energy. The Sabbath School

Institution was the offspring of this working in the mind of Robert Raikes—a name which claims a niche in the Temple of Fame, alongside of John Howard and William Wilberforce, as the most illustrious patriots and philanthropists of any age or country. An humble apartment in the district is selected. The services of four intelligent and pious females are secured. Through their simple and self-denying labors a remarkable change is wrought on the entire aspect of the population. After an experience of three years, Raikes thus writes—"The numbers who have learned to read and to say their catechism, are so great, that I am astonished at it. I cannot express to you the pleasure I often receive in discovering genius, and innate good disposition among this little multitude. It is botanising in human nature."

It was towards the close of 1780 that this good work was begun. Within five years there were few parishes in the South of England without a Sabbath School, and upwards of a quarter of a million young immortals ranked as pupils. Testimonies flowed in to the benevolent founder from all quarters, as to the utility of his system. The highest in Church and state pronounced glowing eulogiums upon it. Even the cool, calculating, matter-of-fact, Adam Smith, declared it to be a plan than which none "promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity, since the days of the Apostles."

For nearly twenty years it was customary to hire the teachers, and pay them. This, however, was found to be expensive, and did not work well. It laid the motives of those embarking in the work, open to suspicion; nor was the same affectionate interest excited amongst parents and children, when it was looked upon as a mere mercenary transaction, rather than a labor of love. Since 1800, the tuition has been gratuitous. In process of time, schools multiplied so rapidly, that it was deemed expedient to unite them under one grand general organization.

"Sunday School Unions" date from 1803. They have been found useful in planting new schools in needy localities, in systematising the matter and mode of instruction—in helping the infirmities, and developing the gifts of junior teachers—in circulating suitable publications, and in securing that combination of effort, which is so essential to the healthful working of the entire machinery.

There is hardly a spot in the civilized world in which the Sabbath School is not. The religious temperature of that congregation would be considered low indeed, in which it found not a place. Even amid the wilds of heathenism, these unostentatious seminaries shed their benign radiance, like light-houses rising along an iron-bound coast. Eternity alone will fully disclose how many weary wanderers have been led by them into the haven of rest. Who, that has the welfare of his fellow mortal at heart, does not survey, with sincere delight, the goodly sign of that splendid edifice—the corner stone of which was laid by Robert Raikes—whose foundations, broad and deep, were laid by other hands—whose walls have been reared with perseverance and care, till its lofty pinnacles have reached the clouds of heaven—the simple majesty of whose structure, and the sacred usefulness of whose destination are unsurpassed by any fabric of human erection—over whose massive and ample gateway may be read in letters of gold, the simple but touching inscription—"Feed my lambs," and within whose walls is heard the undying echo of that voice, which, with mingled tones of tenderness and majesty, says, "take heed, that ye despise not one of these little ones."

The Reclaimed One.

I was standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie's Church, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn a corner and walk towards the Church.

They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door, they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me and said, "Follow those two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear; the other paused and pondered; he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away; but he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face and said, "When I was a boy like you I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a Church for three years. *I don't feel right.* I believe I will go with you." I seized his hand and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. An excellent sermon was preached from Eccles. xi. 1, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." The young man was attentive, but downcast.

At the conclusion of the service, my mother kindly said to him, "Have you a Bible, young man?" "No, ma'am, but I can get one," was his reply. "You can read, of course?" she said. "Yes, ma'am." "Well, take my son's Bible until you procure one of your own, and come to meeting again next Lord's day. I will always be happy to accommodate you with a seat."

On the third Sabbath morning, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from very recent sickness. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid my Bible on the desk, and left the church, without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired, of conversing

with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed "W. C." He asked to be remembered in my mother's prayers."

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her heavenly rest; I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten.

In the autumn of 18—, the ship *St. George*, of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table Bay.

Next day, being Sabbath, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan Chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman, seated behind me, asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at the "*George*," and was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible laid his hand on my shoulder, and begged to have a few minutes conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently labouring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions—my name, age, occupation, birth-place, &c. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie's church? I was astonished; the subject of my mother's anxiety and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life.

He was born in the town of Leeds, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age, his father died, and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from School, and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner

of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers, and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and a son worshipping God together, recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday school, and when he also had a mother—a mother whose latter days he had embittered, and whose gray hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and on being ordained, he entered the missionary field, and had been labouring for several years in Southern Africa.

"The moment I saw your Bible this morning," he said, "I recognized it. And now, do you know who was my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterwards for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember the text, on the day of my salvation, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

Is it Well with the Child.

THERE is sorrow there!

Crape is fluttering from the bell-knob, the blinds are closed, and around the house is hushed and still. We hear not a footfall within. Not a note of childish laughter comes to the ear.

For two years past, we have met upon the sidewalk while passing to and from our office, a iight-hearted child, or turned to his greeting from the yard. In his childish, gentle tones, the accustomed "Good morning," or "How'd ye do?" fell from his lips. He was a fair, sunny faced boy! His curly hair and laughing eye; his plump, ruddy cheek and elastic step, were good to look upon.—There was something catching in his smile and gushing mirth. Both were full of the sunshine and the melody of generous, confiding childhood. We had learned to think more of his friendship than of much which we find among those of maturer years. We looked for his coming as we passed, or listened to the pleasant salutation. He was a lovely picture of happiness and health. He would win upon the interest of those who saw him.

But there is sorrow there now. The sun shines still and with a tinge of dreamy melancholy in the little yard. There is not a bird in the leafless branch overhead, or a voice of mirth on the walk. There is no welcome, or pattering of feet to give us greeting. There is no gush of childish voices to make us forget our cares. There is one chair vacant at the hearth and the board. The family circle is broken. Even the firelight glimmers sadly as the swimming eye in its hot and watery fulness, watches it until long beams of brightness tremble back from the waning embers. The foot treads softly upon the carpet, and those left, look not in each other's faces. When they do, the throat swells quickly, and the flood of sorrow rushes down upon the heart in all its bitterness.

There is sorrow there. Through the blinds, we can see the raised window. Sweet and beautiful, little Horace is slumbering there. White as the driven snow, the shroud is folded around the sleeper. The hands are folded across the breast. He has gone to rest from all his play. The curtains, all through the long night, sway lone-

somely in the wind. We heard them once as we knelt alone with the carly dead. They yet have a voice of sadness whenever heard.

There is sorrow there. Our own heart has felt the shadow which now lingers at that hearth. The link there broken, was hooked deeply into loving hearts. Even now the torn ones cling closely to the faded form. Down into the dark, damp dwelling, a thousand kisses will go warm from the tremulous lips of the living. Hands convulsive with agony, clung to the chilly palm until the dim eye looked its last upon the stricken band and the spirit turned away to thread the "dark valley." And there were those waiting to guide the child into the eternal summer of the better land. There is sorrow there. The playthings are to be put away. They are sacred with sad associations. The dust will gather upon the little garments. He who wore them, comes not again to fill a gap in the family group. The mother'll weep as the wind wails by at night and the snow falls upon the earth. She will feel that it will lie chilly upon the sod above the boy. But there is no winter where the spirits of children gather! All is bright, beautiful, eternal.

There is sorrow at the hearth, but happiness in Heaven.

—*It is well with the child.*

Mind the Door.

Did you ever observe how strong a street door is? How thick the wood is, how heavy the chain is, what large bolts it has, and what a lock? If there were nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be needed; but as there are precious things within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong, and we must mind the door.

We have a house. Our heart and mind is that house. Bad things are forever trying to come in and go out of your mind and heart. I will describe some of these bad things to you.

Who is that at the door? Ah, I know him, it is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce he looks! I will hold the door, and not let him in, or he will do me harm, and perhaps some one else.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as it were too mean for his notice. Ah, wicked Pride. I will hold the door fast, and try to keep him out.

Here is some one else. I am sure from his sour look, his name is Ill-Temper. It will never do to let him in, for as soon as he enters the house, he makes every one unhappy, and it will be hard to get him out again. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go away.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, my fine fellow; we have too much to do to attend to folks like you. Mind the door.

Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look, and slow pace, I think I know him. It is Sloth. He would like nothing better than to live in my house, sleep or yawn the hours away, and bring me to rags and ruin. No, no, you idle drone, work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile, what a kind face? She looks like an angel. How happy she will make us if we ask her in. Come in, we must open the door for you.

Others are coming. Good and Bad are crowding up. O, if men kept the door of their heart, bad thoughts and bad words would not come in and go out as they do. Welcome to all things good, war with all things bad. We must mark well who comes in, we must be watchful and in earnest. Keep the guard! Mind the door! Mind the door!

God Help the Poor.

Aye ! keep it alive in your hearts—help the poor. Leave your fireside, and your Brussels carpet, and your easy chair, and your crowd of other comforts and luxury, to thrust your nose out in the night air for a moment ; let the blustering wind and drenching shower come rushing on and beating against you, to chill your blood and force you back with a shudder, and “God help the poor” on your lips. Fasten the shutter, draw closer the curtains, keep out the thought of the black night and the north wind, and the pattering rain, bring nearer your chairs to the cheerful bright glare of coal fire, form a happy ring of home hearts and home feelings on the hearth, and as you look around, soul-glad and thankful at the picture, turn your thoughts for an instant to the poor. To the miserable hovels let them travel on such a night, into which there comes bullying wind unobstructed ; where the bitter air forces through a thousand crannies in roof, and wall, and broken window, to freeze the blood of young children, there in that corner, huddled together in a pile of rags, and clinging to their mother for the warmth her feeble frame cannot impart. They have no fire in their small stove—not a stick with which to thaw their rigid limbs, and raise a flame by which to show each other’s starveling features, Crouch down full in the heat of your grate, stir up a fierce light in the chimney, and keep “help the poor” alive in your hearts.

Wrap around you your warm cloak, and put on your winter bonnet, and hurry with me on an errand of mercy into a crazy garret, with its crazied furniture—the little there is—and pinched cold look of neat poverty.—Here lives—lives ! here starves a widow, who spent her last five cents this morning to give bread to her children. Where shall the next come from ? They are asking for more, and she has none to give them. She has applied for relief, but it is slow in coming, for the dispensers of city alms—easy, sluggish

souls—are not hungry and shivering and ill clad, and they take their time to make inquiries. The widow’s heart is breaking, and presses the youngest to the well-nigh milkless breast—praying to Him who feedeth the ravens to have mercy on these little ones—she whispers to the others that the good man is coming soon. Look on this picture, on your table’s luxuries and plentiness at home, on your children, and keep alive in your hearts—“help the poor.”

Think of them always with a thoughtful prayer that you are not of them, but with a firm will to do what you may for their help. Think of them in your warm chamber by night, when your head sinks on the pillow, and you pull more covering over you ; think of them—old age and infants, and what should be the pride of youth—lying and shivering for the lack of that you are now enjoying at home. Think of the poor, as your fastidious eyes run over the rich viands on your table ; think of the starving thousands that such over-abundance would nourish, and save, and make sturdy again to battle with the world. Think, as you muffle your form in costly wrappings, of those that are nigh nude of such as will keep the mad wind and rain from playing on their flesh ; think on their desolate homes ; hope deferred, sinking hearts, palsied bodies, misery, death, unmarked graves, which winter ever brings as its tokens on its pitiless mission. Think, out of your abundance of sufficiency, what you can well spare for your suffering kind ; think, and give. Do not let “God help the poor !” find its death as its echo dies on your lips, the instant after its birth in your hearts. God’s help comes through us, his almoners to his other children, and we but speak his promptings. Oh ! keep green in your thought, at this season, “Help the Poor !”

A Fragment.

Hark, the bell tolls ! How sadly that solemn tone falls upon the ear. It speaks a mournful tale, an impressive truth.

I hear it, yes, that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of the soul.

Death has again visited earth, and wrapped another form of life and beauty in his dreary mantle. The sweet voice is hushed; the brilliant eye has lost its dazzling hue; the cold pale hands lie motionless on the pulseless bosom; and on that fair brow is set the signet of the king of the land of shadows. An infant—one just entering upon the threshold of existence, full of loveliness, purity and beauty, has passed away from this earthly sphere to the spirit-land—to mingle with angels and adoring seraphs, around the throne of the Omnipotent. Oh, why should *such* loved ones die? Why must they depart almost ere they are known and loved! Ah, this question cannot be answered,—Heaven only can tell why ties like these, so sacred, pure and strong, are thus quickly severed. Earth has many mysteries we seek in vain to know.

And yet we should mourn when a cherub child bids this dark earth adieu. Oh, no, it escapes so much of sin and pain, of sorrow and care, that we should rather rejoice at its being free from the vicissitudes of this changing life. The angel one but just sips of the cup of existence, and then enters upon a new and endless field of joy and happiness, to taste the bliss and rapture of heaven. Flowers are withering and fading now—fit time for the pure and beautiful to pass to the spirit-land. That was a tender, beautiful thought of Willis, when he was laying the fond idol of his affectionate heart—his lovely and only child—in the cold dark tomb: "Room, gentle flowers, my child would pass to heaven." How much touching beauty and simplicity is expressed in these few simple words.

The fair bright blossoms of earth soon fade and die; but spring, with its genial warmth and enlivening influence will again restore them to life and beauty, and scatter their fragrance upon the air; they shall bud and bloom

again as lovely as before. Thus will it be with the blossoms of youth and beauty, that so quickly fade from our vision and are summoned to the tomb. They linger a little while upon the shores of time, just sip its sorrows and joys, and then pass away to a fairer and more congenial clime to unfold their petals and display their loveliness in immortal bloom—in eternal youth. They, too, shall be revived again, and stand arrayed in the glorious robes of immortality, with crowns of glory upon each brow and palms of victory in their hands. Then why should the tear of sorrow fall for departed loved ones, when we have the sweet assurance that they rest in peace in that haven of eternal rest, where the storms of this world can reach them no more. Oh, no; rather should we rejoice at the blissful exchange they have made, and lull our emotions by the belief of their happiness, and live so that when death shall call us hence we may pass triumphant the stream of death, and land safely on the shores of immortality, where we may be welcomed by those dear ones long gone before, and with them, forever around Jehovah's dazzling throne,

"Sweep a harp of sweetest sound, with glory
on each brow."

A Good Example.

In my last letter to my young friends I said, "*Doing right makes people happy.*"

Charles D——, when he was seven-teen years old, went to W——, and engaged to work by the month for Mr. M——, a wealthy man who lived there. He was an active and faithful youth, and Mr. M—— was very well pleased with him. All went on well between them till one Sabbath morning, when Mr. M—— wished him to do some work which it was evidently not necessary to have done on that day. Charles told him that he did not like to do it on the Sabbath. Mr. M——

said it must be done. Charles told him he did not think it was right, and he could not do it.

"Then," said Mr. M——, "I will employ you no longer; you may get work where you can."

Charles knew not what to do, nor where to go; but he knew that he had done right in refusing to do such work on the Sabbath, and he felt happy at the thought of it. He knew that God approved of his decision, and he hoped he should be provided for in some way. He felt much better that day, and the next, and always after when he thought of it, than he would have felt if he had done wrong for the sake of keeping his place.

In a few days Charles was receiving higher wages than Mr. M—— gave him; and he was soon surrounded by good friends, who sought his acquaintance because he had shown his determination to do right. His doing right secured to him peace in his own bosom, the friendship of good people, and the favour of God.

His doing right was not so pleasant at first, and did not seem to be profitable, or even safe; but *afterward* he was the happier for it.

So it will often be with you, if you do right. It will not always be pleasant at the time; but afterward, sooner or later, you will be the happier for having done so. If you are not happier in this life, you will be in the next.

Let this be fixed in your mind, then: *The way to be happy is to do right.*

UNCLE HENRY.

Finger Marks.

A few days since a gentleman, residing at Cambridge, employed a mason to do some work for him, and among other things, to thin-whiten the walls of one of his chambers. This thin-whitening is almost colorless until dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the next morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the drawer of his bureau, standing in

the room, white finger marks. Opening the drawer, he found some marks on the articles in it, and also on a pocket-book. An examination revealed the same finger-marks on the contents of the wallet, proving conclusively that the mason with his wet hands had opened the drawer, searched the wallet, which contained no money, and then closed the drawer, without once thinking that any one would ever know it. The thin whitening which chanced to be on his hand did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his attempts at depredation. As the job was concluded on the afternoon the drawer was opened, the man did not come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer.

Children, beware of evil thoughts and evil deeds! They all have finger marks which will be revealed at some time. If you disobey your parents, or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad finger-marks on your character. And so with any and all sin. It defiles the character. It betrays those who engage in it, by the marks it makes on them. These marks may be almost, if not quite, colorless at first. But even if they should not be seen during any of your days on earth, (which is not at all likely), yet there is a day coming in which all finger-marks or sin-stains on the character "will be made manifest."

Never suppose that you can do what is wrong without having a stain made on your character. It is impossible. If you injure another, you, by that very deed, injure your own self. If you disregard a law of God, the injury is sadly your own. Think of it; ever bear it in mind, children, that every sin you commit leaves a sure mark upon yourselves.

Your characters should bear a coating of pure truth. Let truthfulness ever be manifest; beware of sin—"and be sure your sins will find you

out;" for it makes finger-marks which, even should they not be seen by those around you on earth, will yet be seen, to your condemnation, at the bar of God.—*Author of Sunday-School Illustrations.*

Prayer.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed."

So sang Montgomery in his inimitable ode on prayer, which gives expression to the workings of every pious soul. It has been said that a man who prays is incapable of wickedness—the heart that communes with God cannot entertain impurity and uncharitableness.

The most delightful, as well as profitable exercise of the pious mind, is private prayer. The deep thoughts, too deep for utterance, buried far down in the breast, the unspoken and unspeakable sympathies, and silent emotions, are in private prayer breathed out to the Being that alone understands them.

There are heart-workings, soul-striving emotions to which language gives no adequate expression, and sympathy for which the soul yearns, incommunicable to material ears, but in silent aspirations rise to the "radiance chamber" of Deity, in the form of prayer.

The deepest, sweetest, holiest affections of the soul, the "inward work," the "transformation of the mind," and the peace that "flows like a river," are things to be felt, not seen, or heard. One may pray publicly, like the Pharisee of old to be seen of men, there may be much of ostentation in our public exercises of worship, but in "the secret place," when we have "entered our closet and shut the door," the mind is shut out and we are in the presence of God; then the soul is sincere—the heart is honest—the intention pure.

The Infant Sacrifice.

A TRUE TALE.

COOL evening's soft, unclouded light,
Shone pure on Gunga's sacred stream,
Where every tiny ripple bright
Caught, as it flow'd, a parting beam.

With rapid and uneven pace,
A Hindu mother bore her child;
Bedewing oft its infant face
With bitter tears of anguish wild.

On to the river's brink she sped;
Then stood, all beautiful and young,
And silent o'er the baby's head
A wreath of fairest flowerets hung.

Then, with a strange and wild embrace,
And a quick glance of speechless woe;
First on the babe's unconscious face,
Next on the river's tranquil flow.

She dash'd beneath the gurgling wave
The treasure of her heart's deep joy:
No Christian arm was there to save
The Hindu mother's hapless boy.

Soft flow'd the stream, and bore along
The infant to a wooded ledge;
Where drooping branches, green and strong,
Hung downward to the silvery edge.

The baby grasp'd a bough, and crept
Up to the green bank, where he clung;
No more the affrighted mother wept,
For Gunga's terrors o'er her hung.*

She seized the panting boy; her hand—
The mother's hand—destroy'd her child!
Then flung him from the verdant strand,
Far on the wave with gesture wild.

Sad was her silent home that night,
And chill her heavy heart, and lone;
Poor mother! could that offering bright
For thy deep heartfelt guilt atone?

Ah no! thy loved one died in vain;
Yet there's a Sacrifice for thee—
A spotless Lamb for sin was slain,
When Jesus died on Calvary.

How beautiful on India's plains
The feet of those who publish peace!
Who soothe her weeping daughter's pains,
And bid their blood-stain'd offerings cease!

*Had the infant escaped, she would have believed herself under the curse of Gunga.

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