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**THE
MISSIONARY
AND**

SABBATH SCHOOL

RECORD

FOR
JUNE,
1852.



THE
MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
RECORD

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Native Preachers.

In different parts of the world there are now hundreds of native Christians, who are engaged in preaching the gospel amongst their countrymen. This is the case in Polynesia, where many devoted men have gone as Missionaries to other islands, to carry to their ignorant inhabitants the same glorious gospel that has changed their own hearts.

The Missionaries at Tahiti, a few years ago, established an institution for educating native young men for the ministry; and there are twelve young men in that institution, who, it is hoped, will be faithful preachers of the word of God.

One of these young men, named Puna, who has been supported by the good members of the Independent Church at Wellington, in Somersetshire, has lately been ordained, and is now settled as a native pastor, over a

native church in one of the districts of Tahiti. Some time ago, whilst he was still a student, he wrote a letter to the church at Wellington, telling them, that he had adopted the name of their former pastor, John Cuff, and giving them some account of his history. He says:—

“My father was a Missionary: Puna was his name. He was sent to Raiatea, a heathen island, to teach the word of God, and was employed in that work for nine years. There I was born, in the year 1824. In the year 1830, my father thought of going to Raiatea; but we did not reach Raiatea, but were drifted to a different land, where my father died.

“When my father was near death, he made known his thoughts to Puna vahine, that is my mother. He said to her, ‘Friend, Puna vahine! I am now

near death; do you by no means throw away the word of God. This is my wish, that you teach the children the word of God, and that one of them may become my substitute in my work as a Missionary amongst the dark heathen.' Puna vahine heartily consented to this, and kept it well in her heart. Then, in the year 1840, when I was sixteen years old, Puna vahine made known to me what my father had said about one of his children becoming a Missionary, and acting as his substitute amongst the heathen.

“That word went to my heart, and I asked her particularly what the nature of the work of God was which my father did.

“Then she made clearly known to me the good works which he did up to the day when his spirit took its departure to heaven, the blessed place.

“Upon hearing of the good works in which he had been engaged, and his happy death, my heart became changed, and I reflected on that part of the word of God, ‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.’

“On account of all these things, my desire to join the church became very great. I had before, for some time, been assisting to teach the children in a little school, in the place where I lived; so, after some months, I was admitted into the church, and sent to teach the children at a place in Tahiti called Taravao.

“While there, Mr. Howe made known to me another good thing, which had just then commenced—that is, the training of young men as Missionaries. My heart at once gave its consent to that work; and I went before the Missionaries, and made known my desire about it, and I was admitted into the institution in the year 1841. After that, the great evil—the arrival of the French—came upon Tahiti, in the year 1844, and Mr. Howe went to Britain; but I still kept these things in my mind, and was engaged in teaching school during this time.

“When Mr. Howe returned to Tahiti, the institution was commenced again, and I was re-admitted.

“My heart is now glad that this work has again been established by means of your prayers to God, our strong helper; and now I wrestle in prayer to God, that I may not be entangled with the evil of this life, but that I may please him, and also you, who have assisted me. I am now engaged in studying, and my studies are agreeable to me and I attend to them with strength and perseverance.

“My thoughts are constantly occupied about the work, day and night; and my heart is sometimes sorrowful, because wisdom is not quickly obtained, by which the work may be well done. This is what I am now studying—arithmetic, geography, ancient history, the English language, lessons on the Word of God, sermons for the Sabbath, and other things.

“From seven in the morning to three in the afternoon we receive instruction, and then we read till eight in the evening, and we conclude with family prayer.

“Four days in the week are thus spent: and during two days, the work of the school is exchanged for other works, necessary for the body, such as procuring food, and other things required by the family. That is what I am now doing. May salvation be yours!

“I am Arato,—that is my old name.—but John Cuff is my new name.”

This young man has now completed his course of study under Mr. Howe, and has become a minister of the gospel amongst his countrymen.

You see that his desire to be a minister, and to walk in the steps of his pious father, began when he was young, and, although he had many hindrances on account of the war between the natives and the French, by prayer and perseverance his desire has been gratified; and we pray he may prove a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

Hindoo Children and Mission Schools.

THE LITTLE BOY.

Mr. Bateman described a part of India, named the Goomsoor country, inhabited by a race of people called Khunds. These people, he said, were very superstitious, and had long been in the practice of offering up human sacrifices to their cruel gods, and especially at a certain season of the year, when they wanted the favour of these gods for producing good crops. Their sacrifices generally consist of children, whom they kidnap, or, where they cannot do this, buy off some of the wicked people on the plains of Orissa. These poor children are carried by them into the mountains, and there fed, like so many beasts, against the day of sacrifice. They are then brought out, fastened, one by one, to a stake driven firmly into the ground, and their flesh cut away, piece by piece, till they die. Each piece of flesh, as soon as it is cut off from the living child, is taken by the people to their fields, and the blood squeezed out and sprinkled over the ground where the newly-sown grain lies. This they think will give them a fruitful harvest. Some years ago, a number of officers in the British Army, hearing of these things, went to the place, and saved a great many little boys and girls from death, whom they sent down to the Mission-stations to be taken care of, and brought up in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Amongst a company of children thus sent down, about four years ago, there was a little Orissa boy, to whom the Missionaries gave the name of David. This little boy seemed very dull and stupid when taken into the school, and all the Missionaries could do to teach him good things was at first of no use. At last, his mind opened all at once. At that time a great work of God was going on in the school, and several children were converted, and amongst them was little David. So soon as he was brought to Christ, his whole mind seemed

changed, and from being one of the dullest children in the school, he became an exceedingly active, diligent, and pious lad. He gave himself very closely to his learning, and got on so well that he was soon put into the printing-office, and was made there what is called a "composer." The Missionaries were delighted and astonished with him, and every body loved him. God, however, was only thus ripening him for heaven, to which he very soon took him.

A number of white spots were, at this time, seen upon various parts of his body, and they soon shewed that he had been seized by that most dreadful of all diseases, the leprosy. He was sent to the hospital, and great care taken of him; but the spots soon became sores, with which his whole body was covered.

The doctor now forbade his going again into the school, or mixing with the other children, lest they should catch the disease; and, accordingly, a little tent was put up for him at a short distance from the school, where he might be quiet, and yet sometimes have the pleasure of hearing the voices and seeing the faces of his companions. Here he used to lie alone for many hours; but when the time of worship came round, he would crawl to the door of his tent, and get as near as he could to the company, that he might hear the Missionary's voice, and join in the worship of God.

One day, the Missionary and his wife went into his tent to see him, and found him lying on his back, seemingly in deep thought. His Testament was close to his side, and his hymn-book open in his hand. They feared to disturb him, so at once they went back. In a little while the Missionary returned. Every thing was just where it was—the door of the tent open, the Testament, the hymn-book, all as they were. But his bright spirit had taken its flight to heaven. No human hand was there to smooth his pillow, or give the slightest help.

Alone and in silence that young leper died.

The missionary was greatly affected at the sight, and looking down to the hymn-book, his eye caught these sweet words:—

Of all that decks the field or bower,
Thou art the fairest, sweetest flower;
Thou, blessed Jesus, let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be.
Day after day, youth's joys decay,
Death waits to seize his trembling prey;
Then, blessed Jesus, let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be.

The dear lad had seemed to die with this prayer trembling on his lips. Who can doubt that Jesus, in answer to it, kept him blessed company in his departing hour, and cheered and comforted his soul, though all beside were far away.—*Selected.*

The two Paths and the two Ends.

I once knew two little boys, of nearly the same age, who lived within a few rods of each other. They both attended the same school, and both had similar advantages while at school, and both attended for about the same period, though one was far more constant than the other. John, for such was the name of the older boy, was permitted to go, and generally was sent, as much as Joseph. John, however, sometimes "played the truant," and went to the fields, ponds, or forests, to spend his time in idleness, or, sometimes, in what was still worse. His parents were not always careful to ascertain where he had been during the day, seeming to take it for granted that he had been as obedient in the matter, as they were careless. They were kind-hearted, but were very deficient in restraining their erring son. If he did wrong, it seemed to grieve the parents, yet very little, if any thing, was done to restrain him. If he wished to associate with bad boys, he did so. His evenings were generally spent away from home. And as this was at a time when ardent spirits were used very freely, John was frequently known to take so large quantities that he was often intoxicated. In fine, he was disobedient to his parents.

Joseph was a far different boy, or, at least, he was under different influences at home, and was far more obedient to the wishes of his parents. John had but lit-

tle if any regard to his father's wishes, while Joseph would as soon have parted with his right hand as to disobey one of his father's requirements. Perhaps Joseph was not naturally kinder in his disposition, and perhaps had no superior talents for being a useful member of society; but one was obedient to his parents, and the other was disobedient whenever he felt an inclination to do so. Both attended the same Sabbath school, or, rather belonged to it; for one was seldom, if ever, absent, and the other was present only occasionally. I am not certain that he ever loved to go, but was sometimes induced to go, perhaps to get some of the pretty books that belonged to the library. It is not quite certain that he always returned what he had, or that he ever read them, for such boys sometimes destroy or sell such good books, when they can get them.

But Joseph was constant, loved his teacher, and even now, since he has grown up to be a man, and engaged in the noise and bustle of business, can repeat verses that he then learned in the Sabbath school. Nor has he yet left the Sabbath school, though considerably advanced in life. He has been a scholar, teacher and superintendent for most of the time since he was able to commit a few verses from God's holy word.

As these two boys advanced in life, the paths which each chose seemed to separate more and more. John became more and more disobedient, was found oftener in the company of the vicious, and was more and more degraded by the use of rum, or some intoxicating liquor, for the use of which he gradually acquired a strong tendency. He soon learned to take God's holy name in vain, and at last to steal. The Sabbath school was visited no more, and God's holy day was spent in sports and recreation. In the process of time he married one as worthless as himself, and became the father of several children, but they were not "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," but were allowed to follow in the steps of their ungodly parents. None of them probably, have ever been taught of the Spirit in the Sabbath school or elsewhere. But this is not all of the sad history of this disobedient boy and erring man. He set the example of disobedience, and his children, perhaps, followed it, for he did not live happily in his family, and at last left them and wandered, a vagabond, know not where. The unhappy and worse than orphan children, are

in the almshouse, reaping the natural fruits of disobedience and folly. The erring father, may be, even while I am writing his sad history, in some degraded brothel, crazed, boisterous, and profane. Such is the career of the disobedient boy and Sabbath breaker.

But not so with Joseph. As I have already said, he continued in the Sabbath school, was attentive, loved to be taught God's holy truth, and while still in youth he became pious. As soon as he became old enough, he was selected as a teacher, and afterwards as a superintendent, and still he loves the Sabbath school and does not wish to leave it so long as he has strength to perform its sacred duties. He loves to join in singing the sweet hymns that are sung by scholars and teachers, to impart instruction, or to invoke God's blessing on the efforts of faithful teachers. His has been a life of industry, of self-denial and of usefulness. He has never regretted his connection with the Sabbath school, nor forgotten the instruction that he there received when a very small boy.

What a contrast in the history of these two boys! The one is a nuisance, unhappy, his influence, like a dreadful contagion, carrying ruin and death before it. He is like the "troubled sea that cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." Not a ray of hope or peace beams upon his devious way. He is an outcast, alone in the wide world, or when not alone, is surrounded by those like himself, degraded and sinful, only adding sorrow and misery to his already miserable existence. But Joseph is beloved and respected, has occupied important and responsible stations in society, and if his life is still spared, by the blessing of God, may continue long to be a useful member.

Now, young reader, which of these paths will you choose? Will you, like poor John, be disobedient,—be absent from the Sabbath school whenever you can deceive your kind parents, and at last become a miserable vagabond, with a bloated and hideous face, a terror even to yourself? Would you prefer to wander, like him, "up and down in the earth," without a home or shelter, and without a friend? Would you spend God's holy Sabbath in drunken revels, and shout and carouse like a raving madman? Would you pursue such a course that you would at last learn to loathe even yourself, and even curse the day of your birth? If not, then beware of John's disobedience. Remember that you cannot prosper if you disobey and de-

spise your kind parents. And remember that it is still a greater crime to disobey your Heavenly Father. He says, "Son, give me thy heart," and if you refuse to do so, you are fearfully disregarding his requirements. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Then your life may be as happy and as useful as Joseph's, and when Christ "shall make up his jewels," you will be found among them, and will sing songs of redeeming grace and pardoning love in heaven.—*Sabbath School and Family Treasury.*

Nothing to do.

(From the Welling.)

"When will this long vacation come to a close?" said a young girl, addressing herself more than any other person. "When I was in school I longed for it to arrive, but now it has really come, I do not know how to spend my time. I have nothing to do, and the day seems so long that I grow weary in waiting for night to come."

Lucy M. was, as we might suppose from these remarks, a school-girl. Devoted to books, the most of her time was either spent in the school-room, or in preparing for it. When wearied with study, she looked eagerly forward to vacation, anticipating with much delight the happiness it would bring.

These bright anticipations were fully realized during the few first days after the close of school. In visits to her aged grandmother, whose especial favorite she was, together with a loving circle of aunts and cousins, by whom she was always warmly welcomed, the time glided swiftly away. But the novelty of vacation was soon over, and Lucy could not visit always. Her grandmother's often repeated stories had lost their charm, and her younger cousins' childish freaks and fancies no longer gave her pleasure.

What was she then to do! She could read, it is true, and in this way she beguiled many a long hour of its weariness. But the same strain, however melodious, soon becomes tiresome, and finally disagreeable to the ear. Thus it was with Lucy's books. "I could read part of the time with both pleasure and profit," she thought, "but I cannot spend the whole vacation in this way." "Oh! that school

would commence," was on her lips and in her heart many times each day. "I have nothing to do, and time hangs heavily on my hands."

"Nothing to do, Lucy?" said her aunt, who had heard the often repeated remark. "Nothing to do?" and her countenance wore an expression of peculiar seriousness. "I have lived much longer than you, and yet I cannot recollect the time when I could say I have nothing to do."

"You are older than I am, aunt," said Lucy, "and grown persons always find more to occupy them than a young girl like me."

"They have more cares, I know," was her aunt's reply, "and yet no period of life, except mere infancy, is exempt from duty. You have not realized all you anticipated from this vacation, and I can tell you why. You expected only happiness, not thinking you had duties to perform or obligations to discharge. When you relinquished study for a season, you looked forward to an unceasing round of pleasure, imagining that thornless flowers and unmixed sweets would be your portion. You thought not of laboring for the gratification of others, but have selfishly sought only your own enjoyment. Still you complain that time hangs heavily on your hands, and you have nothing to do."

"What can I do?" inquired Lucy, into whose mind light was breaking. "If you have no great duties to perform," replied her aunt, "you need not neglect the smaller, an opportunity for which is always before you. I heard little Willie ask you not long ago to tell him about the pictures in his new book. You could have rendered him very happy by thus trying to amuse him; but it really made me sad to see his disappointed face when you quickly pushed the book aside. Then Henry came for you to cover his ball; 'it will take only a few minutes, Lucy,' he said, 'and then I can go and play with the other boys.' As you did not choose to perform this sisterly act, Henry left you with harsh words upon his lip, and still more angry thoughts in his heart."

"I cannot do such things as these all the time," said Lucy. "No, but you can always cherish a spirit of kindness which will lead you to render all these little offices without even waiting to be asked. Not an hour passes in which you may not do something for others. It may be a very simple act, and yet it will confer a double benefit. While rendering another happy, it will send a ray of sunshine

through your own heart. Do not say again, I have nothing to do, but look at your brothers and sisters, striving to be useful to them, or go to your careworn mother, seeking to lighten her heavy burden; and when there is no room in your home for the performance of duty, let your sympathies take a wider range. There is sin, and sorrow, and suffering all around you, which, young as you are, you can do much to lessen."

I have often heard the remark, "I have nothing to do," uttered by those whom God has given minds to devise and hands to execute. I have heard young lips complain of the weary hours dragging slowly along, and then have listened to various methods for speeding time more rapidly. Then I have thought, it cannot be in a world like ours, where there are so many calls for patient toil and untiring application, that any one can truly say, "I have nothing to do."

Reader, are you of the number who breathe this complaint? If so, look carefully around you, commencing in your home, and see if there are not duties for you there. Perchance you have younger brothers and sisters who need assistance and sympathy; or it may be toiling parents, to whom the little aid you can render would be very grateful. There may be untaught ones near you who are thirsting for the simplest rudiments of knowledge, or the children of sorrow and adversity, on whose grieving faces you can kindle a smile of happiness. Nothing to do! God created us all for action, and endowed us with powers of body and mind for this object. Let us strive to benefit the world in which we live, ever discharging the appropriate duties of our station.

Jewish Custom.

It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after the manner:—the lambs were separated from the dams, and enclosed in a sheepcote, with only one narrow way out; the dams were at the entrance. On opening the gate, the lambs hastened to join the dams; and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, so marked it with his rod, saying, "Let this be holy." Hence saith the Lord by the prophet, "I will cause you to pass under the rod." Ezek. XX.



The Hindoo God Durga.

Eighteen hundred years ago, Christ said to his disciples, "Say not ye there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." And so it is now; wherever we turn our eyes—east, west, north, or south—we see the fields are "white already to harvest."

India, the country in which the god Durga is worshipped, contains a population of a hundred millions of idolaters. If the true god were there worshipped instead of idols, what a harvest of souls might be brought to the Redeemer's kingdom! Should we not earnestly pray that the Lord would send forth more laborers into His harvest!

Durga is seen in the above picture. This is her origin. There was a certain demon who had, by the practice of

religious austerities in honor of Vishnu, acquired a degree of merit which gave him a supremacy over India, and he took possession of Swarga. He subsequently made such display of his power and consequence, that all the gods began to tremble for their thrones. It was found upon inquiry that Vishnu, the preserver, had given the demon a pledge, on condition of his service, that no being then existing should be able to deprive him of life. And now all the energies of the indignant gods were concentrated and united in the production of the veritable and horrible Durga. She is, therefore, an incarnation of wrath. Himalaya supplied her with a lion, upon which she mounted and went in pursuit of the demon King of Terrors. To elude the pursuit, he took the form of a buffalo. But this did not succeed. Durga approached him, and with her

broad-sword severed his head from the body. Forthwith there came in the place of it the head of a man, and she grasped it by the hair with her left hand, and with her right hand plunged her trident into his heart. And thus the monster died.

Adventures of an English Merchant in South Africa.

An English merchant was travelling slowly in a heavy-laden ox-waggon, along the banks of a river in South Africa, when all at once he was surrounded by a troop of Corannas, who ordered him to stop and unyoke his oxen. "A little further on, and then I will," answered he. "On no account; here, on this spot!" was their stern reply.— Seeing that he had no power to resist them, he took the yokes off his cattie, who made the best of their way to the grass. "Now unpack, and show us what thou hast," said his visitors.— "Stop!" replied the merchant, "will you buy anything?" "It may be so; but we will unpack your goods, to save you the trouble."

In a very short time, the waggon was emptied. One snatched up a pair of stockings, another a waistcoat, a third made free with a piece of woollen cloth, and in a few minutes the merchant found that he had been robbed of property worth nearly £30.

The Corannas, clothed in the stolen goods, mounted their horses, and galloped across the plain, while the traveller grieved over his loss to his faithful driver, Piet. "Sir," said the latter, as soon as he had a little recovered from his alarm, "you only wanted a little courage. A shot from your gun would have frightened the villains away."—"That may be," answered the merchant. "I had two loaded pistols in my coat-pockets; but what could one do against forty? I might have fallen, and in the end have died as one that had shed blood." "That was very possible," said Piet; "but we will not say any more on the subject. Rather let us make our way, as quickly as pos-

sible, to find a night's lodging, before darkness overtakes us."

Towards evening, our travellers were pleasantly surprised to see another waggon, and a well-clothed Motschuana sitting near it. When they reached the spot, he invited them to encamp for the night in his neighborhood. "To-morrow," he said, "is the Lord's day, and we can spend it together." In the course of conversation, the Englishman learnt that this man was a native catechist, who had come to preach the gospel to the Corannas. He therefore consented to remain; and on the following morning a great many of them met together at that place for worship. In the front of these Corannas stood a suspicious-looking man, who kept his eyes fixed on the Englishman. He was the interpreter, who was to translate the words of the Motschuana into the clicking, gurgling, tones of the Coranna dialect.

The catechist began, but the interpreter remained silent. The first part of the subject was repeated, but still he did not translate it. The evangelist was surprised, and requested the interpreter to speak; but the man only murmured a few words, which no one understood but himself. "Aha!" called out the Englishman, shaking his head, "I thought thou wouldst not dare to take the Word of God in thy mouth." He then turned to the catechist, and said, "Friend, this is one of the wretches who plundered me yesterday. Do not ask him to use such an office any longer. The gospel will be polluted in passing through his lips. Here is my Piet: he can translate what you say. And thou, Piet, do not forget to give the fellows the full force of the truth."

Piet was not backward in following this command. He and the Motschuana employed the interval, and used all their powers to make the deepest impression on the thievish assembly. The day closed quietly. Piet and the catechist sat down by each other, after divine service, to read the Word of God, while

the poor merchant reflected sorrowfully on his loss.

The sun had scarcely risen on the following morning, when both waggons were surrounded by a troop of Corannas. The robbers had come to the knowledge that the good catechist had brought with him a small stock of tobacco, which he intended to exchange for his necessary food, and they were now come to plunder him of it. But they did not know with whom they had to do. This simple-minded Christian, strong in faith, sat quietly on the seat of his waggon; and as soon as the attack began, he took out his New Testament, and began to read it with a loud voice. At the sight of the book, the thieves suddenly started back, sprang upon their horses, and fled. "That is the way," called out Piet, looking to his master. "We have been very foolish. Why did we not take to our Bible yesterday, instead of thinking of our pistols?"

They then parted from the Motschuanas, and towards evening reached the house of a Dutch boer, or farmer. The Englishman, filled with a sense of his loss, told the Dutchman what had happened. "What!" said the farmer, "and you allowed yourselves to be plundered in that way? you are yet strange in this land and know not how to bring the negroes to reason. I'll show you the way." On the following morning, the Dutch colonist armed himself, and went forth alone to the war. When he reached the village of the robbers, he fired five bullets among their huts, and then went back with the utmost indifference to his house, and having seated himself, he took his pipe and began to smoke it, as if nothing had happened.

This anecdote, which the merchant related himself to Missionary Ludorf, clearly shows what kind of people some of the Missionaries in South Africa must labor among. First, you see a sample of the unconverted heathen, existing upon robbery and spoil. Then you see one of these changed into a humble disciple of Christ, and risking

his life for the salvation of his countrymen. Next you have an Englishman, knowing something of the truth of Christianity, but too much engaged in the affairs of this world. And lastly you see the Dutch farmer, who trusted only to his musket, and looked on the poor natives as if they were savage beasts, and shot them without fear or pity.

Such is Africa. How much does it need our sympathy and our prayers!—
Juvenile Missionary Magazine.

The Fisherman and the Serpent.

The fishermen of India are like no other of the people. They have superstitions entirely their own; and, while they have often the name of God on their tongues, their hearts are far from him. They speak of his protection, while they trust to lying vanities.

A missionary tells us, that he lately met a fisherman travelling to Callicut to see the doctor, as he had slept on the sand, and something had bit his foot. He thought, he said, it was a rat; but when the wound was looked at, he was told that it was the bite of a serpent. "O no!" he replied, "I am quite sure it was not a serpent; for, in the first place, my family, through the blessing of an old serpent, have the privilege that other people have not, that no serpent will bite them; and, in the next place, if any of us should be bitten, the wound would immediately heal." "What mean you, fisherman," I asked, "about the blessing of an old serpent? Can a reptile give a blessing? Does not every blessing come from God, the Father of mercies?" The man answered, "It is quite right what you say: but I am convinced in my case, that no serpent will injure me." Hereupon he told the following story:—
"My great-grandfather, a very great fisherman of Coilandy, was once going to Annatsberry to visit an old friend of his, when he saw a spectacle snake (the dreadful *cobra cupella*)

under a tree writhing about in very great pain. After he had learned from the snake the cause of her misery, he put some balsam to her wounds, and went on his way. When on returning from his visit he reached the tree again, behold the old snake crept out of her hole, and with many bonds of her body, thanked my great-grandfather for his kindness, gave him her blessing, and also promised, that no bite of any serpent should ever harm him or any of his posterity. Filled with joy at having obtained so great a benefit, he invited the old serpent to a feast in his house; and she came very willingly, bringing with her a thousand of her companions, who were all well fed with eggs and milk. The blessing was then repeated; and it has held good to the present day." I told the fisherman, that it was the greatest folly in the world to believe such a silly story as this; for that there was only one who could heal the bite of the old serpent, and that was Jesus, the sinner's friend. He was the destroyer of that old serpent the devil, who had bitten all the human race. None but he could take away the poison of sin, either from soul or body; and this he did by his own death on the cross. Whosoever looked to him by faith, would be healed from the wounds of sin, and have the blessing of eternal life in the world to come. Alas! I was speaking to the wind; for the poor deceived fisherman made the following reply:—"It may be all very right what you say. With another world, however, I am not acquainted; and I am contented enough to have the blessing of the old serpent in this life!" He then went on his journey.

Are there not many contented to live in the like manner, among ourselves? Dear young friends, be not you deluded by such a snare. Look to Jesus, who is able to save you, as the wounded Israelites were saved by looking at the brazen serpent, which *sent* at the command of God, made,

and lifted on a pole. Christ can cure your souls, as the sight of that brazen serpent cured the body.—*Selected.*

Irish Scripture Schools.

(Continued.)

Patsy's Uncle was a man of good character, sober and honest. His tenderness towards his orphan nephew had secured him constant employment from Mr. Puer, and his voluntary undertaking to protect the *cut brachs*, interested us still more. Nevertheless, he was almost the only one around, whom I never ventured to approach. There was a steadfastness in his manner, which seemed to forbid me to hope. But out of the mouths of babes, God has ordained praise. The child whom he loved and protected, was not unmindful of his benefactor; and soon after the death of the elder brother, we were informed that the younger meant to be present at the class of the "cut brachs" the following Sunday. "The little fellow gave me an advice, and he knows what he is about," was the remark, as he sealed himself, which seemed intended partly as a eulogy, and partly as an address to those present, to account for his appearance. "You can't read?" I said, when the worse came to his turn. "No, but I shall soon; the little fellow gave me an advice about it, and I am learning; I have my lesson in my pocket." He drew out the Sunday School Primer, and when the Scripture lesson was over, took of the book deliberately, and, before the whole class, spelt over a lesson of words of three letters.

Whoever knows the Irish character—the keen sense of, and dread of ridicule—will be able to appreciate this act of a man nearly 50 years of age. I suggested, that, if he wished, the Scripture Reader would teach him; and received for answer, that "the little fellow was his teacher, and that he did not think he could get a better." Every Sunday Patsy's benefactor and pupil appeared with his book. The lesson of three letters was soon succeeded by the lesson of five; and by this time, I am sure he can read God's Word. His mind was opening to the truth; he was beholding the dire effects of Popery in the characters of the priests, and he was witnessing the blessed effects of Scripture knowledge on his own beloved little nephew. While he was ministering to Patsy in carnal things, God, in His mercy, has made Patsy an instrument of spiritual blessing to him.

Before Christmas last, Downy appeared in church. His ragged clothes were no hindrance to him; and as my eye rested on him, the tattered clothing was an object of additional interest; for had he husbanded the money spent on his sickly brother and sister, and his other brother's widow and orphan, he might have retained the little holding of land, which

he has been obliged to relinquish; but I know also, that, but for this (humanly speaking,) he would never have been in a church. The eye lost in a faction fight—marked the former habits of the man,—the sidelong gaze and earnest look of inquiry, showed how these habits had been changed. I fondly hope, that time will prove he is another gem that Patsy has been the honored instrument of adding to his Redeemer's crown. There are others to whom he has been useful, but enough has been said to stimulate those that love the Lord to be unwearied in teaching His Word. Let us reflect on the example of this poor little cripple—at times suffering the greatest agony; but "strengthened with all might by the spirit in the inner man."

Those whose hearts have warmed towards poor Patsy, will be glad to learn, that one kind family, on reading his story, begged that a renewed attempt might be made to secure for him the medical treatment necessary to preserve his life, offering to contribute towards the accomplishment of that object. Accordingly, Mrs. Poer directed the schoolmaster to try and convince Mrs. Downy of the necessity of giving up her opposition; and that, if she did so, there were friends who would provide for her boy. She has begged for delay during this month, (March,) and promised, that if his foot is not then healed, to allow him to be taken to the hospital, and treated as the surgeons think fit. In the meantime the family alluded to have provided him with nourishing food, and whatever else may help to restore his strength. Should it please God to bless the means, so that his health is restored, it will be a matter for consideration whether he cannot be trained as a schoolmaster, for which his talents and piety alike indicate no common fitness.

From the Lady J. Lees, Belmullet, Mayo, February 5th, 1851.—"I assure you the misery we witness you can have no comprehension of; and if I could show one of the objects of their charity to the committee, it would be a sufficient stimulus to them to ask all who have the means to help us. The school you have fed is doing well; the difference on the children is most perceptible; the master says it is now a pleasure to teach them. I saw them last week partake of their well cooked stir-about; it cheered us to see them, and they look so thankful."

Feb. 19th.—"At Penlathomas, the sole support of 27 children is the food given them at school from your funds. On receiving the last £4, I have increased the supply there, as it was painful to see the hungry child looking on when its companion received food, the receiver often asked liberty to share it with those to whom it could not be given, if each child got a sufficient quantity; but the master has put down more names the last ten days. In one of these schools, three Romanist children used to attend, did not, when they entered a month ago,

know the names of the persons of the Trinity; nay, they were ignorant of the existence of a God; you would be much surprised to witness the knowledge they have acquired in religious matters in the space of one month."

From Mrs. Conerney, the wife of the Irish Missionary at Sellenis, Clifden.—"The poor children are cursed every Sunday for coming to learn God's precious Word in our schools. Could you see their emaciated forms and naked bodies, you would not cease begging for them. An opposition school has been set up at Sellenis, another at Cloggan, and another at Claddaghduff; though the parents have been promised work and the children clothing, yet they would not take them from our schools."

The committee commend to enlightened Protestant benevolence and patriotism the many thousands of children now acquiring a thoroughly Protestant education in the Scriptural schools of Ireland. At present, in nearly all the schools of the south and west, the one meal of stir-about, which costs 3½d. per week for each child, appears to be absolutely necessary, in order to enable a large proportion of them to attend and profit by the instruction, (those who do not require it do not get it.)

Dear children in Canada, let this story and these sad statements make you think, first, of your own mercies. You have food and clothing and instruction—are protected from harm, and are encouraged to do well by the advice and sympathy of kind friends. Thank God for all these good gifts. Think secondly, how you can aid those hungry little ones, who stand in need of all things, and who, in the midst of want and misery, are eagerly seeking first the Kingdom of Heaven. In the month of August it is intended to send what can be gathered here for the purchase of food for the Irish Bible scholars. This Record finds its way into many Sabbath schools. Surely each child, between this time and August, could give or gather the 3½d to feed one child for a week—52 children could feed the child for a whole year, and 50 Sabbath schools could feed 50 children for a year, causing many a young heart to sing for joy, lighting up many a heavy eye, and by retaining to the children the means of grace, bringing glory to God and jewels to Christ's crown.

FERGIVENESS.—How can we attain the peace of God without peace? How can we attain the remission of our sins without remitting the sins of others? How can he that is angry with his brother pacify his Father, who, from the first, forbids him to be angry?

The Love of God.

Mr. Nott, a missionary in the South Sea Islands, was one day reading a portion of the gospel of John to some of the people. When he had finished the sixteenth verse of the third chapter, a man, who had listened closely and gladly to the words, stopped him, and said, "What words were those you read? What sounds were those I heard? Let me hear those words again." Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." When the poor heathen again heard it, he rose from his seat, and said, "Is that true? Can that be true? God love the world when the world not love him. God so loved the world as to give his son to die that man might not die. Can that be true?" Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world," &c., told him it was true, and that it was the message God had sent to them, and that whosoever believed in Him, would not perish, but be happy after death. The feelings of joy and wonder in the breast of the poor heathen were too strong for him to speak. He burst into tears, and as his tears chased each other down his face, he retired to think in private on the amazing love of God, which had that day touched his soul; and there is every reason to believe he was afterwards raised to share the peace and happiness which come from having the love of God shed abroad in the heart.—*Selected.*

TEACHERS' CORNER.

The Sunday-School Teacher and his Work.

I see the Sunday-school teacher at his work,—the eye of intelligence and benevolence beams on his youthful charge,—and, on their part, is the returning glance of affection and rivetted regard: on the one hand an earnest instructor, and on the other an intense and

listening class. He is no trifler himself, and triflers cannot take refuge within the circle of his influence. He has something to impart which he feels to be of infinite moment, and he looks as one who feels the weight of his message. Having mind and moral feeling to deal with, his appeals are uniformly made to the intellect and the conscience. His love of order is such, that the most disorderly yield him homage. His rebuke, indeed, is stern, but the law of kindness is in his heart and on his lips. He can reason and inform the judgment; but he can also weep, and melt the heart. Urgent must be that call of duty which withdraws him from his post. He has put his hand to the plough, and feels that he dare not look back. While others leave their classes to the chances of an hour, of him it may be said, as of the faithful shepherd, that he is "instant in season, out of season." And all this is the result of fixed principle—vanity and self-importance have no place in his rule of action. He has calculated the cost and the self-sacrifice involved in his work, and has resolved to place all on the altar of his Saviour. His heart is full of pity for the children of the neglected and the poor; and he longs to conduct some of them to the feet of that tender and gracious Shepherd, who "gathers the lambs in his arms, and carries them in his bosom." Nor does he satisfy himself with handing out to his class what costs him nothing. His Sabbath toils occupy his thoughts through the week. Could you follow him into the retirements of home, you would find him, like the busy bee, gathering honey from every opening flower, to enrich the parent hive. Now he reads a commentary, to rectify and enlarge his Bible knowledge. Now he ponders the lesson of the coming Sabbath, that he may convey it with freedom and ease. Now he examines the best works on Sunday-school labors, and makes the thoughts of men wiser than himself, his own. Now he exercises his own mind, and ponders well the lessons of experience and observation. And there is a still more profound secret of his devotedness and success. He is a man of prayer; he walks with God; he lives in the Spirit; he walks in the Spirit; he wrestles for the blessing. He feels his own weakness and insufficiency, and casts himself on the power of his omnipotent Redeemer. And as he comes forth on the Sabbath morning to his loved employment, his heart glows and his face shines, as one who has been in converse with heaven. This is the grand secret of his intensity, his devotion to his work, his zeal and regularity in the performance of it, the stillness and thoughtfulness of his class, the progress which marks his career, the blessing which attends his labors. He is in earnest; and even the transient visitor can see that his is the purpose, an undivided heart, the toil of one who labors for God and eternity.—*Sunday-School Journal.*

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