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THE
MISSIONARY
AND
SUNDAY-SCHOOL
RECORD.

VOL. X.

MONTREAL, MAY 2, 1853.

No. 5.

Youthful Profanity,—How can it be Checked?

How often do we find the axiom true, that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives! In too many instances we must come nearer home even than this. Observation teaches us that half the parents in the Christian world do not know how their children behave. How many a pious, doting father or mother is fostering a profane and wicked son! This is not the consequence of the teaching, but of the neglect of that parent. Not long since, a gentleman very severely reprimanded the teacher of his son for injuring his reputation, by reproving him for profanity in the presence of his mates. Upon appraising to those mates, the unanimous response was, that the son was the most profane boy among them. Had that father been faithful with his son, had he manifested for him a deep and anxious solicitude, had he watched over him like a tender plant and nipped in the bud the first shoots of ungodliness and sin, he could not have been ignorant of his son's depravity.

The writer of this article has under his care, as an instructor, about a hun-

dered boys who reside in one of the finest cities of New England. Of these boys, ninety per cent. attend the different Sunday-schools of the city. The teacher had occasion some time since, to make some investigations respecting the prevalence of profanity in the school. To his utter astonishment *nine-tenths* of the boys were addicted to this degrading habit! Many of these boys were the children of professing Christians,—some of officers in the church. Is it so in other cities in New England! If so what might we expect from those portions of our land, where there are no Sunday-schools, and where the gospel is very seldom preached? But what can be done for these, who will very soon constitute the very frame work of our Society? Parents and teachers must be more effectually aroused, that they may more deeply realize their responsibility as educators of the immortal spirit.

In the case alluded to above, it became evident that something must be done immediately. The nature of the vice was explained; and its folly, its vulgarity and its enormity, fully illustrated. It was then proposed to adopt some plan by which it might be re-

moved. The boys themselves were requested to propose any plan which might occur to them. After a few days, an idea was thought of by a leading, but very profane boy, which met with their hearty approval. According to his suggestion, a pledge was drawn up, declaring that they would never again be guilty of this great sin. It was signed by ninety-four of the boys. About six months have elapsed since this occurred, and the writer has been unable to learn that more than two have broken their pledge. One feature in this case encouraged the boys very much, viz., the plan was theirs, and they alone solicited each other to enroll their names in that noble list.

Fellow teacher! wherever you may be, behold the field before you: all ripe for the harvest. Much must be done, and done quickly, or this will be a nation of ungodly men. Let every Christian, whether he be a parent or a teacher, or whatever be his relations to the young, go and seek out and strive to reclaim, some of these lost, wandering ones.—*Sunday School Journal*.

Can it be True?

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, stopped him and said, "What words were those you read? Let me hear these 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 loved the world when the world would 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, 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 retired to think in private on the amazing love of God, which had that day touched his soul. There is every reason to believe that he was brought to enjoy the happiness and peace which cometh from having the love of God shed abroad in the heart.—*Juv. Missionary Magazine*.

"Is it not a Little One?"—A Fable.

A man carried his watch to the maker, saying, that it would no longer keep time rightly. The maker took a little glass and looked carefully into the works, until he espied a grain of sand among the small wheels. Then said he, "I have found the mischief. I can cure the watch." Then the grain of sand said, "I am such a small thing, and take so little room, I cannot hurt the watch. If ten, if twenty of us were here we might do harm, but I am only one; let me stay where I am." But the wise maker took it out, and said, "You one little grain spoil all my work, and are only more mischievous because few can see you."

Children,—one little lie, one little lust, pride, vanity, disobedience, unthankfulness,—such a little one, that no one but yourselves know of it, spoils all your best service in the sight of God.

A Great Lesson in a Few Words.

Are you willing to learn an easy text? One that is short, and that will not burden your memory? One that will do for the days of your youth, and when you are sick or old? Let me then read it to you out of my Bible: "THE SON OF MAN IS COME TO SEEK AND TO SAVE THAT WHICH WAS LOST."*

Look at it with care. It is the saying of our Lord Jesus Christ. Each word is only of one syllable, and the longest has not more than five letters. But though it be short and plain, it

* Luke xix 10,

contains the whole gospel, and is one of the most precious texts in the Bible. Now, do you know what it means?

A little boy and his sister ran away from home, though their father had told them to stay there. As they had always lived in a town, they were glad when they found themselves in the country. The fields were full of red and white clover, the butterflies were flying about, and the birds were singing on the trees. The children thought it was very pleasant to have their liberty, and they ran about till it began to grow dark; they then felt tired and hungry, and soon wished that they had not left their father's house. They walked a long way, but could not find the right road. Sitting down under a tree, they thought of the nice bed in which they slept in their happy home, and began to weep. You see how sad it is to disobey an earthly father. These children were LOST.

There was a merchant, who put all his goods into a large ship, and went to trade with them in a distant part of the world. It was a bright day when the ship left the shore, and many other calm and sunny days passed away; but one night the wind blew loud, and the waves rolled high. At last the ship struck against a rock in the midst of the sea, and sunk into the deep. The merchant, with all his goods, was LOST.

We pity the little children and the merchant; but the loss referred to in the easy text is greater than the loss of health, or of money, or even of life. It is the loss of the SOUL! for to lose the soul is to lose the favour of God, and happiness, and heaven.

We are like the little boy and his sister: we have gone astray from our heavenly Father. We think it is very pleasant to have our own way, and to go where we like, and to do as we please. But if we go on in the ways of sin, after a while death will come; then, like the children when it grew dark, we shall be full of fear, and lie down in sorrow, and that for ever. Now look again at the easy text.

It tells us of Jesus, who is the Son of man as well as the Son of God. He came to seek and to save the lost; and he came to save us; for we are all lost. If a shepherd were to lose one of his sheep, he might send some one to find it. But if he lost a child that he loved, he would go himself, and seek it. So Jesus did not send an angel; he came himself to save us. He pitied us in our lost state, and in his love he came from heaven, pointed out the way for us to return to God.

Jesus is still seeking the lost; he is still calling on poor sinners to be saved. Every time we read the easy text, it is as though he spoke to us. He speaks to us now. When he calls will you turn away your heart from him? or will you answer, "Lord Jesus, save me, or I perish?"

Marine Population.

THE mighty ocean teems with life. Every tropical reef is described as bristling with corals; budding with sponges, and swarming with crustacea, echimi, and testacea, while almost every tide-washed rock is carpeted with fuci, and studded coralines, actiniæ, and mollusca. There are innumerable forms in the seas of the warmer zones, which have scarcely begun to attract the attention of the naturalists; and there are parasitic animals without number, three or four of which are sometimes appropriated to one genus; as to the Belenæ, for example. Even though we concede, therefore, that the geographical range of marine species is more extensive in general than that of the terrestrial (the temperature of the sea, being more uniform, and the land impeding less the migrations of the oceanic than the oceanic those of the terrestrial), yet we think it most probable that the aquatic species far exceed in number the inhabitants of the land. Without insisting on this point, we may safely assume, that, exclusive of microscopic beings, there are between one and two millions of species now inhabiting the terraqueous globe; so that if only one of these were to become extinct annually, and one new were to be every year called into being, more than a million of years would be required to bring about a complete revolution in organ life.



Pictures from the Life of Jesus.

PICTURE IV.

NAZARETH.—CHRIST'S SERMON IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

A strange place is Nazareth; a little, obscure, secluded village, and yet a sweet and sunny spot, guarded by grand and lofty mountains. You may stand on top of the high hills and look down upon Nazareth; upon the valley, shut in by fifteen mountains; upon the white and gracefully grouped houses; upon the fig-trees, the tall cypresses, and the wide-spreading oaks; upon the light-leaved pomegranates, the rich and beautiful fields, the dense and pleasant grass, the small gardens, hedged in with prickly pear; and as you gaze upon it, old Bible thoughts come back, for you look on the home of the Holy Child Jesus.

It is very much altered since Christ lived here. It is now full of monks and Mahomedans. The high minaret of the Turkish mosque rises up beside the Greek church and the convent of the Latin fathers. But neither monk nor Mahomedan can take away our interest in Nazareth; and yet we are glad to turn away from the Nazareth of 1852 to the Nazareth of the year 30.

A stillness is over the little town. The sun shines brightly upon the flat-roofed houses, brightly on the synagogue, brightly on the fields and on the old grey mountains—brightly on the

people that are leaving their homes and going up to the synagogue; for it is God's holy Sabbath-day.

A blessing on the Sabbath, that comes to weary men and gives them rest; that bids the workman leave his work—the scholar his book—the child his play, and look right up to God. That is itself at once the messenger and the foretaste of the better world. Jews in the old time loved the Sabbath, and we should love the day that reminds us of something better than a world created—even a world redeemed.

So Jewish men, and Jewish women and children too, were going up towards the synagogue; and any one who had been there might have seen that something not common was expected; for many were the questions asked, and many were the answers given, about some wonderful person that would be in the synagogue that day. Jesus was to be there. Jesus, whom all men in that place knew well enough—who had lately been with them, solemn and earnest, but still as one of themselves; but who had, within the last few months, been doing wondrous things, so that his fame had gone through all the regions round about.

A young man tells us how, at a marriage feast in Cana, Jesus had turned water into wine; and better wine, the young man says, than any that the guests before had tasted, and in no

small quantity, for the water-pots were filled to the brim. A stranger from Jerusalem relates how Jesus, a short time before the feast of the passover, had come to that city, and finding in the temple of God oxen and sheep, and doves for sale,—and changers of money, making the temple a very market-place—had with a whip of small cords driven them all out, poured out the changers' money, and overthrown their tables, saying that his Father's house should be a house of prayer, and not a den of thieves. Another from Capernaum tells how a nobleman's son healed by the power of Jesus; and all agree, that wherever their wonderful fellow-townsmen has gone, blessings have gone with him—that the blind have received their sight, the deaf have heard, the dumb have spoken, the lame have walked, the lepers have been cleansed, and the poor have had good tidings preached to them. He has been dwelling for a little time at Capernaum, he and his mother and his brethren and his disciples; but he is now once more amid scenes of his earliest recollections, and his old friends and neighbours are right glad to see him.

The synagogue is crowded. There are old men there, old when he was yet a child: there are mothers there, who were the closest friends of the mother Mary: there are young men there, who were with Jesus in his boyish days—*who remember his old familiar tones—
—who recollect the words he uttered, as if they had heard them only yesterday: there are children there who ever loved the good man Jesus, so tender-hearted, so gentle, so kind, so loving, even when he toiled a working man at Nazareth. All the people are glad that Jesus has once more come among them.*

Jesus is standing up before them all. Every eye is fixed upon him. How many among that throng of faces he recognises as of old—yes, these are the same people, it is the same roof beneath which he has so often sat and heard the book of God read by the teachers: there the same tall palm-tree growing

without, and casting its wonted shadow just within the porch: there the same grey-headed servant of the synagogue; there in his hand he holds the same sacred roll of parchment which he revered of old: and standing up before them all, Christ reads.

The part of the Bible which the servant has given him, is the book of the Prophet Isaiah, and he reads part of the sixty first chapter. The beautiful words of peace and comfort fall from his lips with a wondrous power—every heart seems touched: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted—to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind—to set at liberty them that are bruised—to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." He stops, he rolls the book, and gives it back to the servant; and then, as Jewish teachers generally did, sits down to speak. What are his words? His text means himself. He is the sent of God. It is his voice that shall speak peace and comfort to the wretched; his voice that shall whisper hope to the fearful. He will deliver the captive—he will give sight to the blind—he will set at liberty them that are bruised.

Never were such words heard in the synagogue. Men have talked about the Saviour that should come, but Christ declares himself to be that Saviour. The people listen and wonder, and hope, and fear, and doubt. Is not this Joseph's son? Is not this he who worked as the carpenter? Is not this the same whom we knew as a child, a youth, a man: how is it possible that he can be the great Messiah? They wonder at the gracious words which proceed out of his mouth: they are astonished, but they are pleased, and in their minds there is the thought, *He will do some great thing.*

(To be concluded next month)

The Royal Children.

[Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, born November 21, 1810, *Princess Royal.* Albert Edward, *Prince of Wales*, born November 9,

1841. Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843.
 Alfred Ernest Albert, born August 6, 1844.
 Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846.
 Louisa Caroline Alberta, born March 18, 1848,
 Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1,
 1850.]

There's pleasure in the lowliest lot,
 With "pure affection undefiled."
 There's rapture in the poorest cot
 That boasts a little child.
 And teeming wealth and lowly state,
 Without such buds, are desolate.

Fair branches of our Royal tree!
 The sweetest blossoms of our isles!
 The people's hearts, with fervour free,
 Return you smiles for smiles:
 And fondly dream you all their own,
 As much as hers who fills the throne.

Cornelia's jewels, what were they
 Compared with you, ye Regal gems,
 That glitter in the face of day
 Beyond all diadems?—
 Britannia's jewels, mad and son,
 And rich with blessings every one!

Amid the poverty of States—
 Their penury of law and right—
 Their grim oppressions, wrongs, and hates—
 Their darkness, black as night—
 We look abroad with grateful eyes,
 Like free men worthy of the prize;

And see that here, on English ground,
 A man may think, and speak, and do;
 That here one chosen spot is found
 Where law is just and true;
 Where Tyranny forbears to tread,
 And freedom lifts her honoured head.

Green branches of our kingly race,
 We love you with a sea fish joy;
 In each young life, and blooming face
 Of blushing girl and boy,
 We find a pledge and warrant sure
 That all these blessings shall endure;

That, like a hope to others given,
 Our Britain, ever fair and free
 Shall flourish in the face of heaven,
 Amid her circling sea:—
 Her beacon lit, her flag unfurled,
 To cheer the darkness of the world.

CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching
 and reflecting images. One impious
 or profane thought uttered by a pa-
 rent's lip, may operate upon the
 young heart like a careless spray of
 water thrown upon polished steel,
 staining it with rust which no after
 scouring can efface.

Melancthon—His home, Life, and last hours.

Shortly after his arrival in Witten-
 berg, Melancthon married a woman of
 deep religious feeling and fervent love;
 a careful and industrious wife, and
 more than an affectionate mother; a
 solace and companion for him in the
 few hours that he could snatch from
 the duties and strife of the world, and
 to his offspring a silent teacher, by ex-
 ample, of the beauties of piety and be-
 nevolence.

In his domestic circle he was all
 that a husband and a father could be;
 toward his friends he was gay, though
 serene; toward the needy, charitable
 without measure. Too careless of his
 temporal existence and welfare, he
 accumulated nothing of this world's
 goods, his treasures being laid up on-
 ly there where neither moth doth cor-
 rupt, nor thieves break through and
 steal.

For a time his quiet home was the
 garden in which bloomed all the flowers
 of his heart, and they left radiant smiles
 on a countenance beaming with intel-
 lect and affection. But the world
 without, in which he was destined to
 struggle, contained for him no garden,
 no flowers—nothing but thorns and
 thistles. But he struggled against them
 —struggled against them manfully,
 and scorned their wounds, as long as
 their bloomed in the garden of his
 home a balm to heal them. But
 even here sorrow crept in, like a thief
 at night; and the fell-destroyer mark-
 ed the buds he cherished most tender-
 ly—one withered and died, and then
 another. Finally, the hand of death
 was laid rudely on the parent flower
 —that one that he had taken to his
 bosom, not as a bud, but as a blooming
 rose—that one whose fragrance had
 been a halo of love and affection a-
 round his soul, and whose bloom had
 withstood the blasts of winter, and the
 scorching heat of summer. When
 told that she to whom he had plighted
 his early and his manly love was no
 more, he replied, in a tone of the deep-

est grief, "I shall soon follow her." And he did so. A presentiment of approaching death seemed to take possession of his soul, while violent theological controversies made deep wounds which none now on earth could heal. He at one time was almost resolved to go to Palestine, and in the secrecy of the hermit's cell, with the assistance of God, to pen his many testimonials of the truth of his divine faith, and then yield up his soul to Him who gave it. In one of his last letters to a friend he writes, "My trials and pains increase, but my journey to a heavenly Church will soon free me from them all." On that journey he entered on the 19th of April, 1560. His last hours were spent in repeating many of the most hopeful precepts of the Bible; and tired of the unhappy strife that had embittered his declining years he longed to become one with his Lord and Master, whom he had so faithfully served during life. As he stepped lower and lower into the valley of the shadow of death, a friend kneeling at his bedside, inquired if he had a wish; "None but heaven; let me repose and pray." And he still reposes in the old church of Wittenberg, beside his bosom friend and earthly master.

Near the vault which contains his dust, is a portrait by Kranach, of Melancthon when an old man. The traces of years of bitter strife and painful sufferings are deeply imprinted upon that countenance, and contrast strongly with his likeness, by Durer, when but twenty-nine years of age. This is a remarkably beautiful head, with a high forehead and speaking eyes, out of which peers the most active mind, softened by benevolence and dignified by courage. Melancthon was one of those tenderly sensitive beings in whose heart affliction enters as a barbed arrow, to extract which is more painful than to let it remain; but to let it remain is to let the gangrene form around its barbs and poison the happiness of the soul. He was the

lamb of the Reformation; and as such meekly bore the jeers and accusations of the wolves who charged him with rendering the stream turbid which they had entered above and before him.—*Ladies' Repository.*

To the Subscribers to the Irish Fund.

My Dear Young Friends,—I am sure you will be glad to learn that, a few weeks ago, the sum of £10 sterling—about £12 10s currency—was sent home as the result of the collections in behalf of the children attending the Bible Schools in Ireland. Of this sum, £1 5s was subscribed by the pupils of a day school, who had been led to take an interest in the welfare of these poor children—many of whom, in the midst of great poverty and privation, held fast to the truth, and prize the privilege of Bible instruction perhaps all the more because it is the sole privilege they enjoy. The rest of the sum has been collected through the medium of the *Record*. That so much has been done, is encouraging, and leads to the hope that renewed efforts will be made when it is clearly seen that all that has been done is but a beginning. The door has been opened, but we must now go in and take possession. A gold or silver mine is not opened without a considerable expense; there is ground to break up, and rubbish to clear away. But what gold seeker would sit down and be contented that he had laid out enough of money, and abandon the enterprise before the hidden gold had been excavated from its dark recesses. And the treasure, dear children, that we seek, when we labour for the salvation of a soul, is more precious than gold—more to be desired than the goodly pearls. Think not, then, the work is done—the seed is only sowing—it must be watered, and guarded, and cherished before we can look for a harvest.

In order, from time to time, to keep up your interest, and give you information of the progress of this great work; also, to read many a solemn lesson to Canadian

children, who, in a land of plenty, have Bible instruction held out, yea, pressed upon them, and yet, too often, turn a deaf ear, various accounts and anecdotes will be still inserted in the *Record*; and, let us hope it will speak our awakening message to slumbering souls, lest, amidst all the advantages and privileges enjoyed here, "Those shall come from the east and west, and sit down in the kingdom of heaven before you." In the district of Connemara, in the far west of Ireland, so many orphans and destitute children were left utterly destitute, that it became necessary to form for them some establishment where they might find a refuge. In 1851. the *Connemara Orphans' Nursery* was opened—it receives 100 orphans; they are lodged, clothed and boarded at the rate of about £5 per annum. The girls, besides reading, writing, &c., are taught every kind of household work. It is hoped from the number thus rescued from misery and death, many may be trained as teachers, Scripture readers, &c., who will prove a blessing to their country, as lights in a dark place.

The following stories show, at once the destitute condition of the children, the many difficulties they have to contend with, and the noble testimony they often give to the Gospel's powers to change natural selfish and corrupt heart:—

"A Coroner's inquest was held yesterday, on the remains of a very interesting schoolboy, the son of a very poor widow. Dr. Suffield, of Clifden made a *post-mortem* examination, and found no food in the stomach. Such was his affection for his mother, he abstained from food, to give her what he got at school. We must now compel the children to use their stirabout before they leave the school."

"I was very ill about two weeks ago; this poor little fellow seemed to fret more for me than any of the rest; he would be at the school very early to ask how I was. It so happened that the poor fellow got sick, and was very

ill for a few days. Yesterday, when his sister came for his food, I told her if he was able, to bring him to me, and he came this morning, although very ill; and I fear he will not live long. I asked him if he prayed to God while ill, he said he did; I then asked him who made him ill, he said God, because he asked Him to make him sick; I asked him why he did that, he stopped a long time before he told me, at last he said—"When you were sick ma'am, I asked God to make you well, and make me sick instead." I then asked him if he would like to go to God, he said yes, and looked quite pleased when I spoke of how happy we would all be in heaven. He had a little sister who died a few days after I came down here; I told him he would meet his sister in heaven; he cried, and said he was afraid his sister was not there; I then asked him why he said so: she did not know God, or the Lord Jesus Christ, and that no one went to heaven that did not know Jesus Christ. His mother had often told me that child has given her more comfort than she ever knew; he says his hymns for her, and tells her so much about heavenly things. I fervently believe that child has been the means of leading his mother to the knowledge of a Saviour, and I trust he will be one of the redeemed of our Lord, who surround the throne."

"I was very much interested with the story of a boy who told Mr. Linn he came from Achill; he had succeeded in bringing round his uncle, who was greatly opposed to the Readers, but now goes to the Communion. I asked how he persuaded him, he said by reading the Irish Bible for him. I asked him to read a little for me, which he did, quite fluently, and translated particularly well. As he appeared very young, I asked him how he came to know it so well, so he said he had been quiet while learning in Achill. He then told me that about eight or nine years ago his father, who then lived in Cleggan, went down to Achill fishing, that he heard the word of the Lord there, and 'was converted (as he said)

to the faith of Christ; that he then settled there, sent for his family, who all went down to him. That all followed his way, and the children were taught in the Bible; and his elder brother, 'a great hand at the Irish, able it self for the Priest,' was taken into the Training school; and he him-self, poor boy, made a pretty good hand of it too, tho' not good enough for *discoursing* to entitle him 'to a suit of Kilkenny frieze;' so they got on till lately, when his father feeling himself getting old and feeble, 'was loathe to die in a strange land,' and hearing 'that schools were going on at home,' he set out for home: with fear and trembling he approached Cleggan, knowing the persecution the followers of Christ were exposed to at one time in Achill, and anticipating something of the same from his relatives and neighbours; however trusting in the Lord to uphold him, on he came. It would be impossible for me to describe to you the glorious brightness of the boy's face as he told me of the father's joy and thankfulness to God, when he found his relatives and former neighbours had nearly all embraced the same faith; and the happiness they all felt as they questioned one another as to what they believed, and found Christ to be 'all in all.' The poor man is wretchedly poor, and got very ill soon after, so one of the friends sent off for Mr. Conerney; and *long life to him, said the boy, at 12 o'clock at night he came up through the mountain to see him; and sure enough, said he, but he found the house full, all telling about the scriptures. The brother was left behind at the Training school; and I don't think I have met any where a more intelligent lad than this little fellow; his name is Loale. He seems bent on bringing every one to hear the word; he says if he had enough to eat, and clothes to cover him, he did not care for any thing.*

Chinese Love of Money.

"Of all the men on the face of the globe, and I have sojourned among se-

veral nations in my life," says a missionary at Canton, in China, 'I have never seen any equal to the Chinese in the love of money. It is said that these people have many idols, and so they have; but they are all worshipped as a means to get riches. Every city, and every street, nay, every house of every street, as far as I have seen, has a niche on the side towards the street, dedicated to the god who brings riches. And wicked would that man be thought who did not light a taper and burn three incense sticks every evening before this all-adored idol. Even now, how do my ears ring with the cries of horror which burst from my landlord, some few nights ago, when, on going to his house, his incense-pot was thrown into the street. The landlord now, of his own accord, comes almost every evening to my study, to join in reading the Bible, and in uniting in prayer to the true God with the disciple.'

Ambition.

We mark out to us high deeds—we would fain search out something great and painful to accomplish; as if there were not small matters enough, and pleasant too—ay, and the most difficult, toilsome ones too, with their secret, ever-working crown and garlands of reward—all bounded within the poorest threshold. *There are habits, not only of drinking, and swearing and lying, and of some other things, which are commonly admitted to be habits, but of every modification of action, speech, and thought. Man is a bundle of habits. They are habits of attention, vigilance, advertency; of a prompt obedience to the judgment or of yielding to the first impulse of passion; of extending our views to the future, or of resting upon the present; of apprehending, methodizing, reasoning; of indolence, dilatoriness; of vanity; self-conceit, partiality; of fretfulness, suspicion, captiousness, censoriousness; of pride, ambition, covetousness; of overreaching, intriguing, projecting; in a word, there is not a quality or function either of body or mind, which does not feel the influence of this great law of animated nature.*



The History of a Plant.

CHAPTER V.—WHAT THE PLANT LIVES UPON.

Before I go on with my story of the growth of the new plant, which we seen first wrapped up in the seed, and next bursting out of it, and rooting itself in the earth, I must speak about the food of plants; for if you know what that is, you will much more easily understand what else I have to say; so attend whilst I tell you *what the plant lives upon*.

But how shall we find this out? You would all say that you are sure water is one thing, *because* plants wither and die when no rain has fallen for a long time, if they are not watered, or if the ground is not, as it is in some places, always wet. And you would suppose that they need other things; but you do not know how to find out what else they want. You have noticed one thing, however, and that the most important of all; and as I wish you to learn to see and to think about what I am trying to teach you, for yourselves, I am glad that you have done so. Now let

me show you how to find out all the different kinds of food they need.

Do you think that if you could know what a plant was *made up of*, you could tell what it has lived upon? For it must have got all that makes its root and stem, leaves and flowers, and fruit, from its food, whatever that may be. That, surely, is the way: but how can we tell what the plant, and all its various parts, are made up of? That, too, I will tell you; but I do not desire you to try this for yourselves yet, because you could not do it safely, nor could you learn anything from it. When you are older, and can understand what *chemistry* teaches (and it will tell you all about this), then you may try, and may get to know very much more than I can show you now.

Suppose a plant just taken up, or a part of one, just plucked (and it would not signify whether it were part of the herb, or of a tree), were thrown upon the fire—it would not burn immediately, it would have to *dry* first. Then one thing which helps to make up a plant is *water*, as you have found out in

another way. When all the water had flown off in the form of steam, and the plant was dry, it would catch fire; and after the flames had died out, the embers would be red-hot for a time; and then you would see bright sparks wandering about the ashes, as if they had lost their way, and at last they, too, would go out. Beside water, you see, there are in plants some things that will burn; and after they are burnt up, there are the *ashes*, which are earthy in look, and will not fly off like steam, nor yet burn, but only become red-hot in the fire. So, then, plants live upon these three kinds of things; and now we must see what they are, and where the plant finds them;—how it gets them, and what use it makes of them, I must speak of another time.

The greatest part of most plants is water; the proportion, of course, is not the same in all; for in some kinds of water-plants, if you could squeeze them, so that all the water would run out, you would find only one tenth of their whole substance left behind, nine-tenths in water. It is very much less in those which, like shrubs and trees, have woody stems and branches. But when you have heard how much water plants will drink up in a day, or any other space of time, you will see how important a part of their food, as well as of animals' food, and of our own it is.

They find it in the earth, into which, as you know, the rain sinks, and which, in such places as low valleys, is always wet, whether rain falls or not. They must get some from the air as well; for those which grow in sandy deserts, where there is never any rain, are usually very juicy, and they can get no moisture from the parched ground;—in South America, and other hot countries, are some kinds called "air-plants," which live upon what their leaves can get from the air alone; and I dare say you have all seen how fresh and healthy plants which were drooping may be made to look, by wetting their leaves only. Those which grow under water, and fasten themselves up-

on rocks and stones, must feed in this way.

Next to water in quantity, there is found in plants what the chemists call *carbon*; and I will tell you a little about this wonderful stuff. It forms the greatest part of wood, coal, and jet, of coke and charcoal, of soot and blacklead, of asphaltum (which they use in making pavements), of amber (which you have seen made into necklaces and other ornaments), and of sugar! And all by itself, without anything else mixed with it, it is—what do you suppose?—*the diamond!* The famous "Koh-i-noor" is only a piece of pure *carbon!* It is charcoal, however, that you find it in plants; and it is one of the kinds of things which burn when a plant is thrown into the fire; it also forms the black part of the ashes which are left.

Where does the plant find this? When I told you what made the seed *begin to grow*, I said that the air we breathe is a mixture of three different kinds of *gas*, and of one of which there is a very small quantity in proportion to the others—that though to "breathe it unmixed would kill us, it is the most nourishing food to growing plants." This deadly kind of air, or *gas*, is a mixture of the "life-supporting" *gas* and of *carbon*, and it has about twice as much of the former as of *carbon* in it! I cannot stop to speak of this strange fact; but I told you that the commonest works of God were "miracles," and so they are. Now, it is from the air that plants get most of this kind of food, which is so needful for them; some of it, but not very much, they find in the water which is in the ground. And in no other way can they get it. Sir Humphrey Davy set a plant in finely-powdered charcoal and water, but he might as well have planted it in a powdered glass—it could not "live upon" *carbon* in that shape.

You will not be surprised to hear that the "life-supporting" *gas* and that other which will burn, help in the making up of a plant. It is these which send out such bright flames when wood or any vegetable substance

is put on the fire. These they can get from water, for, as you remember, it contains both those gases. The other gas, which is found in the air we breathe, and which, if breathed alone, would kill us, is used by plants also; but I shall have to say more about these gases afterwards, when I show you how the plant feeds upon these things.

You have now heard about two of the three kinds of things of which plants are made up; and I have yet to tell you what the *ashes* are, and where they are found. You will not suppose that the ashes of all plants contain the same matters; and you must know that those of the same kind of plant, if grown in different places are found to contain different substances, or different quantities of the same stuff.

Those most commonly found in the ashes of plants are lime and soda; and besides these there are flint, magnesia, potash, sulphur, phosphorus, and in a few instances, iron and copper!

Flint is most common in plants resembling grass, in canes, and in those called horse-tails. There is so much in wheat-straw, that, as I have seen when a wheat stack was burned near where I lived, under the light ashes which the wind could blow away, the straw had been turned out by the heat into a coarse sort of glass. One kind of horse-tail is used for polishing wood and metal. Canes struck together in the dark send out sparks; and in the hollow stem of the bamboo there are found, at the joints, lumps of a kind of flint. I dare say you have felt how prickly the blue-flowered borage and the buglos are—their bristles are made of flint. I cannot tell you why it is not found in all plants alike. That is one of the things which need to be studied more closely; for nobody knows how it happens, that a wheat-plant, a plant of the horse-tail, and some other kinds,—a pea, for instance,—may grow side by side, and flint will be found only in the wheat and the horse-tail, and not in the pea and the others.

All the things of this kind the plant finds in the earth; and it takes them up in the water which it drinks by its roots. For all these things, and many others, will so mix with gases, that they can afterwards be mixed with water, and in that way become part of the substance of a plant. Rain-water usually has some of that deadly kind of gas made from carbon in it; and then it will dissolve lime. And flint, hard as it seems, is found naturally dissolved in some warm springs, such as the Geysers, or boiling-springs of Iceland. Do you know that *rust*, which you see upon iron which has been wetted, is only a mixture of particles of iron with the "life-supporting" gas of the air, or of water? And you can mix rust in water, though if you were to powder iron ever so finely, you could not make it mix.

I dare say you have heard that farmers change the crops which they grow in their fields; not always planting the same crop in the same piece, but putting in turnips one year, barley another, clover a third year, and the next wheat, and so on; and you know they take a great deal of trouble in *manuring* the land. The reason for these customs is, that the manures will give back to the soil the lime and flint, soda, potash, &c., which any one crop may have taken from it, and that whilst they are doing so, another crop, which does not need exactly the same kind of food as the last, can be growing, and so the land need neither be idle, nor yet so completely robbed of all that could feed a plant as to be unable to grow anything.

And these are the things that the plant lives upon. An animal could not live upon such things—some of them would kill it; and though it needs others, it must have them so mixed that only a chemist could tell that they were there at all. This will give us a hint of the *great use of plants*; we shall see it more clearly when we have gone further into this history. Beautiful some of them are; some furnish us with good and useful things; but there

is one great work which they all do, whether useful in other respects or not—whether beautiful in scent and appearance or not—they provide food for every kind of animal, from the lowest of those little creatures which we cannot see without a microscope, to man himself. This is their task; and I do not think it is possible for any one to know this, and to see how they are always at work upon it, without being sure that it was God who gave them that work to do, and who keeps them in that way labouring for the good of others of the creatures which his hands also made.

My Little Sister.

By the sudden and afflictive death of a very dear mother, I had intrusted to my care a little sister, in the early days of her childhood, and along with her came the heaviest responsibility that I ever felt. The question arose in a serious positive form, how can I, that am so unlike a Christian, train this child for a union with our mother? how preserve this precious casket from the blight and mildew of the world? A feeling of utter helplessness came over me at this time. But I was not alone, my husband had always been both father and friend in religious matters, to him I could go for counsel and prayer; and there was yet another who had promised protection to the fatherless. To him, who is the true Source of light, and fountain of wisdom, I went, and prayed earnestly; however short I might come in other things, in this one respect I might do my whole duty, and maintain the two relations of sister and mother, so that neither would be robbed of its strength or beauty.

My charge proved to be a delicate child, thoughtful and serious beyond her years; and I have never seen the child and woman more happily blended. It was evident that the Lord was assisting our poor endeavors, through the gospel, the Sabbath School, and more than all, by his Spirit. We did not apprehend any danger in regard to her health, till she was attacked with a fever. Then how anxiously I watched and waited, lest the destroyer might come and remove my darling before I had an evidence that she had passed from death unto life, though she had been a praying child for

some time. But the Lord is great in goodness: he was pleased to restore her to a partial degree of health.

About this time there was a revival commenced. O thank the Lord for revivals among children!—There were quite a large number of little lambs led to the fold of Christ, and among them was my dear sister. Then indeed was I happy. Ah, me, poor short-sighted creature, how could I know that she was only preparing to leave me; but so it was. She began to droop from that time. The languid step and fading cheek too well foretold that the fatal disease was slowly but surely doing its work.

At length the bed was substituted for the armchair, then long wearisome days and nights followed in succession till nature was exhausted. But so meekly and quietly had all her sickness been borne that death could not disturb the quietude of a heart early given to God, or even cloud the brow. "It was like drawing the drapery of her couch about her, and sinking as it were to pleasant dreams."—The last fond kiss was fresh on our lips. The sound of the last faint words, that we bent low to catch, had hardly died away, when all was over.

Just like tired breezes did she sink to rest,
Nor one, one pang the awful change confessed.

There was such a halo of glory around her bed, that despite the aching void—the dreary vacuum, my heart responds glory. And is this death? Yes, death in one form—death robbed of its sting, as the grave will be of its victory, when the trumpet shall sound and the dead in Christ shall rise. My heart beats quicker as I think of her when clothed with immortality and eternal life; oh, sweet child, the remembrance of thy gentle goodness floats around my heart like a soft white cloud in summer. Thou hast stepped into my path to light it for a day, that the darkness may be more obscure. But there is an antidote for the wounded spirit, a sure balm in Gilead, and many feel in affliction that God even then is good.

The religion of Jesus how it smooths the uneven journey of life, and at last lights the soul through the dark valley and shadow of death. It is no phantom whose presence can be invoked at will; but a substantial truth, whose principles must be established down deep in the heart, in order to bring forth fruit to the glory of God. We must admit the sol-

enn truth at the bedside of the dying Christian, that

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die!

—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
Montreal, May, 1853.

To the Sabbath Schools of Canada.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I wish to give some account of the Schools for educating French Canadian youth, at Point aux Trembles, about ten miles from this city. The Schools connect manual labor with instruction. The males work on the farm and on the gardens connected with the Institute, and the females learn to perform household duties. An examination was held recently, a sketch of which will give you the idea of what they learn. But you are to remember that these youths are the children of Roman Catholic parents, and that they are brought up in extreme ignorance of the Bible, of the way of salvation, and of ordinary subjects. There are many thousands of such children in this part of the Province. What a blessing that some hundreds are being thus instructed?

The day of the examination was fine, so that a great many friends of the Mission drove down to the Institute in sleighs, that they might be present. After reading the Scriptures, singing and prayer, partly in French, and partly in English, the examination commenced. A class of 13 elder boys and youth answered very well, indeed, questions on some departments of natural philosophy. For instance, they explained the nature and use of the thermometer and barometer, drawing diagrams on the black board. They gave us the properties of several bodies, also, the theory of heat, light, and of magnetism. They explained the principle of the steam-engine. They then went into an exercise in higher arithmetic, and displayed a creditable acquaintance with algebra and geometry. They stood a satisfactory examination on the sphere. Six of these were young men, most of whom, if not all, we hope, will soon be fitted to instruct others, and do good to their countrymen. Three others, after spending further time in their present course, it may be hoped, will also be qualified for similar work. Four are younger, but are of great promise.

Next came forward the girls of the higher class, 8 in number, who were examined in arithmetic, with some questions on the sphere addressed to the elder ones. They answered well, showing great progress, particularly considering that two years ago many of them did not know their letters.

There was an exercise in singing, which was very delightful. They sing with much precision and harmony. Mr. Pasche, who is now

at Metis, first taught them—and now the instruction is continued very successfully by one of the older pupils. I wish our Sabbath scholars generally sang as well as these French Canadian youth sing the French hymns of praise to the God of salvation.

The next exercise was a general examination of the girls in reading, and in their knowledge of the Scriptures. There were 33 of them stood up together. Their appearance was healthy, their clothing plain but neat, and their faces indicated intelligence. They mostly read very well in their own language. Nineteen read also in English with different degrees of accuracy. The parable of the Prodigal Son was the subject of question. Are we all like the prodigal wanderers, and sinful? Yes—and texts were cited in proof. How can we be saved? By Christ, who died for us. Shall all be saved by Christ? No, only those who believe in him. Are men depraved? They are altogether become filthy, there is not one that doeth good, no, not one. When they are converted, do they remain depraved? No, the heart is changed by the Holy Spirit, and they are fitted for heaven." On all these points they cited proof texts. "Is there any other way of salvation? No. How do you know? Proof given. Will all unbelievers be lost? Yes, their conscience will for ever condemn them, and God condemns them. Is it just that men who know not Christ should be lost? Yes, for their consciences condemn them for their sins, and these people could not go to heaven with unchanged hearts. Is any one too wicked to be saved? No, the worst sinner may come to Christ. It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, &c. Must those who are very wicked wait before coming to Christ, that they may prepare themselves for coming? No, we are commanded to come now, without money and without price—we shall not be better till we come. Shall the saints be applied to? No, only God can save us. Can saints on earth pray for us? Yes, and we may ask them to pray for us. Why not those in heaven? Because God only hears prayer; the Bible says nothing of saints praying in heaven. Does not Christ tell us to pray to saints? No, always to himself, or to the Father. He says,—'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden.' Is the religion, of which you are giving an account, the new or the old religion? The old. Did they pray to the saints and to the Virgin of old? No, never. Did Mary use chaplets? No, she did not pray to herself, but to God—the old religion worships none other but God—these other things belong to what is new, and are not found in Scripture." They then explained what was meant by the Gospel, and of what the good news consisted. They were asked, "Does Christ deliver believers from the consequences of sin only? No, from sin itself also. Is it necessary to be very learned to believe in Christ? No, the scholar and the ignorant alike need the Saviour." Some of the gentlemen present asked them for examples of

wicked persons who were saved by faith in Christ—they gave the Samaritan woman, Paul and the jailor. "Do the Scriptures contain all we need to know for salvation?" They proved yes. "Can you understand and receive the truths of the Bible into your hearts of yourselves? No, we need the grace of God. What do you mean by that? The Holy Spirit. Is he given to all men? To all who ask. Prove it?" Scripture texts also.

At this part of the exercises there was a recess, after which the Rev. Narcisse Cyr, a French Canadian Protestant minister, moved a resolution, and said, "If we French Canadians are not to sink down, and become extinct, we must be educated. We have minds as well as other people, and are as capable of being trained, and we have energy too, so that if we are educated, we shall appear like others, who now, because of education, have the advantage. And then, in a religious point of view, the scholars in this Institution learn more of the Bible in one or two years than any Romish priest will learn in all his education, and all his pastoral life besides, unless any one be specially trained for controversy. By preparing these 100 youths to go forth among their people educated and instructed in the Bible, you prepare 100 missionaries.

After this, 52 boys stood up to read the Scriptures. They mostly read their own language very well; more than one-half of them are also learning to read English. One little Irish boy who, in the autumn, did not know a letter, nor could he speak French at all, now reads pretty well, seems very intelligent and promising, and speaks French with ease. Several of the seniors read excellent short compositions of their own, written without assistance. One of them, who has been sustained by one of our Sabbath schools, read an excellent essay "On the proof of the existence of God from his works." Another composition on the same subject was read by a promising young man. Several of them gave very creditable oratorical displays, pronouncing passages from French orators with much correctness and energy.

The examination in the Scriptures now proceeded with the boys. It was conducted by Rev. Mr. Tanner—questions also being asked by other ministers. They gave us Scripture proofs as you would do, only in the French language, of the fact that Jesus Christ is God and man. And when they were asked if, in his manhood, he was the same as we are, the reply was, "Yes, except that he had no sin." They proved this from the facts that he was weary, and hungry, and thirsty, and sorrowful, and joyful, and manifested all the attributes of a man. They spoke of his miracles as different from those of prophets and apostles, because performed by his own power, and in his own name. They proved the priesthood of Christ, and especially his intercession, giving

reasons why he should be regarded as the only mediator between God and man, to the entire exclusion of the Virgin Mary and the saints. "Jesus Christ can gain our cause as intercessor," they said—"Why?" "Because he can plead his own merits." But would not the Virgin and the saints succeed as well as Christ? No, for they need salvation for themselves; they must go as we go. Can the Sacraments justify or save us? No, we are justified by faith alone in Christ's finished work. Have Sacraments any importance? Yes, God commanded them, and they are means of grace." They proved, in language of Scripture, the sacrifice of Christ as the Lamb of God, and that our redemption is "by his precious blood." They were asked—Where do souls go to after death? To heaven or hell. Prove it? The thief was promised Paradise that day. Absent from the body, present with the Lord. On what do the priests of the Church of Rome found their doctrine of purgatory? On the remark—1st Cor., 15th chap.,—about being baptized for the dead. Our Lord's statement that the debtor should not come out of prison until he had paid the last farthing. And on the statement of the apostle, that some should be saved 'so as by fire.' They explained the meaning of these passages, to shew that there was no idea of purgatory in the Bible. They were asked, and they answered very well many other questions.

The Rev. J. E. Tanner mentioned that since last examination, 15 young persons in the Institute had been happily converted to Christ, and 3 who had been formerly there, but were now residing in different places, all these had joined or were about to join Christian Churches.

Thus, my dear young friends, you have a sketch of what is being done to help the French Canadian youth to acquire a knowledge of the Bible, and to obtain such an education as will make them a much better generation than their fathers, most of whom are unable to read or write, and are very ignorant. Several Sabbath Schools support one or more of these pupils. Could not you do likewise, or if not the whole, a part of it?

I am, your friend,

HENRY WILKES,
Secretary.

P.S.—If you send contributions, have them addressed to James Court, Esq., Treasurer, Montreal.

FAMILY MAXIMS.

Order.—Order will make our duty and business easy and agreeable, and the chief point of order is a right state of mind—1 Cor. 14:40.

COURSE OF SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR 1853.

FIRST SERIES.

- May 29.**—*Scripture to be read*—Neh. 1. *To be committed*—James v. 13. *Subject*—Neh. viii. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Temple had been built, but not the walls—their condition as reported to Nehemiah—how he acted—his prayer—keepeth covenant and mercy—confession—pleads promise v. 8—and (v. 10) and redemption already wrought, see Psal. cxix. 94.
- June 5.**—*Scripture to be read*—Mal. i. 6, 14. *To be committed*—2 Cor. ix. 7, 8. *Subject*—Disobedient still. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Still sinning after much chastisement, and many mercies—evil heart—the complaints—God would be glorified though they dishonoured him—the Gentiles—the presumption—sin of offering the sick to the Lord—the curse—apply the principle to our offerings.
- June 12.**—*Scripture to be read*—Mark i. 1-8. *To be committed*—Ps. xlv. 12, 13. *Subject*—The Baptist. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Gospel—person of Christ—messenger to prepare the way—how prepared—repentance—concourse of people—baptism of the Holy Ghost—(fill up from the Evangelists.) Example of penitence, in Psal. xl.
- June 19.**—*Scripture to be read*—Mark i. 9-15. *To be committed*—John i. 29. *Subject*—Jesus. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Jesus came—(conception and birth from other Evangelists)—baptism—temptation—beginning of ministry.
- June 26.**—*Scripture to be read*—Mark i. 16-28. *To be committed*—Mat. vi. 33. *Subject*—Calling of Apostles and Miracles. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Calling of Apostles—their obedience—(what a word is this!)—taught with authority—miracle—unclean spirit (the washing of regeneration.) Though resisted, Jesus exerts his power to save—(found of those who sought not after him.)

SECOND SERIES.

- May 29.**—*Scripture to be read*—Mark xv. 15-32. *To be committed*—Eph. v. 25, 27. *Subject*—Trial and Crucifixion. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Preceding narrative—read with reverence (Ex. iii. 5.)—It pleased the Lord to bruise him—Behold here the Lamb slain.—In this spirit go over the narrative, v. 31, a truth the rulers did not know—he cannot save himself, because he saves others.
- June 5.**—*Scripture to be read*—Mark xv. 33-47. *To be committed*—Heb. x. 19-22. *Subject*—Death. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—The narrative under the impression that this is the bearing of wrath due to sin—the darkness—my God, &c., and yet the cup cannot pass.—Veil of the temple, explain from Ex. xxvi. 31, 37—now entering the holiest—Ps. lxxx. i.—Centurion's confession—burial.
- June 12.**—*Scripture to be read*—John xx. 19-31. *To be committed*—Rom. xiv. 8, 9. *Subject*—Resurrection. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Preceding verses. First day from this time made their day of meeting, and called the Lord's day. Acts xx. 7. Rev. i. 10.—what made them glad—sent them—Thomas, his confession, and appropriate faith—why these things have been written—that believing ye might have life.
- June 19.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts ii. 41-47. *To be committed*—1 Tim. iv. 8. *Subject*—Results of Pentecostal preaching. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Preceding verses—The preaching, the conviction, the questioning—Spirit's work therein—received the word—gladly—baptized—continued in doctrine, &c.—Others feared, Ps. xl. 3.—gladness in eating their meat, &c.—the saved added to the church—and who added them?
- June 26.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts iii. 19, 26. *To be committed*—Heb. iii. 4, 6. *Subject*—Moses a servant,—Christ the Son. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Christ in suffering has fulfilled the covenant, therefore repent—there is hope—how sin blotted out—refreshing drops on way, but a river makes glad the cry of God—the presence of the Lord is enough.—The Prophet like Moses, Deut. xviii. 18, 19.—Samuel—the promise to Abraham—the blessing is a turning away, &c.

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