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Rev. J. Brock

Vol. II.]

[No. 9.

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1845.

Terms: 1s. per Annum, in Advance, exclusive of Postage.



Come over and Help us.

*The profits of this Publication to go to the Funds
of the Canada Sunday School Union.*

MONTREAL:
PRINTED BY J. C. BECKET, SAINT PAUL STREET.

1845.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the notification on the first page, of the terms of the *Record*—payable in advance, and we trust our friends will recollect this, and enable us to adhere to our rule in this matter.

We would also remind them, that by a little exertion they might materially increase our circulation—and that we trust they will endeavour to obtain new subscribers, now, before the year is further advanced, as it will be better for all parties to receive the numbers singly each month, than to delay subscribing, and running the risk of not being able afterwards to obtain the back numbers. The twelve numbers for the past year may be had bound in a very neat little volume price 1s 8d, by application to Mr. BECKET. This book is very suitable for Sabbath School libraries—and for presents to the young.

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THE Committee of the Canada Sunday School Union, beg leave to inform the conductors of Sabbath Schools throughout the Province, that they have received from LONDON, GLASGOW and NEW-YORK, a very extensive assortment of ELEMENTARY and SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY BOOKS, comprising the *greatest variety* they have ever been able to offer to the Christian Public. Through the liberality of the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, LONDON, they have received FIFTY Sunday School Libraries at half price, for the benefit of *Poor Schools*.

The Miscellaneous books on hand at present, are well calculated to assort the books of those Schools who have been supplied with "Libraries," and are generally well adapted to the capacity of children.

The whole of the Books are sold at cost prices—the American Books at the New-York prices—the English Books at currency for Sterling.

Orders addressed to Mr. JAMES MILNE at the Depository, McGill Street, or to Mr. J. C. BICKET, Corresponding Secretary, shall be promptly attended to.

Montreal, August 18, 1845.



NATIVE PREACHER IN INDIA.

THE

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY

AND

SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

VOL. II.]

SEPTEMBER 1, 1845.

[No. 9.]

THE RACE COURSE.

Should a Sabbath School Scholar be ever found There ?

We should think *not*, and we think dear children, we can give you good reasons why. We have been led to think about this from a letter which we received from "A Sabbath School Scholar," one of yourselves, and desires to warn you against committing any sin. We are sorry to say that there are a great many places in Canada, where there are races every year, both near the town and in the country. Some people will tell you that races are good, because they make people keep good horses. Now it is quite right that people should have good horses, for the horse is one of the most beautiful of God's creatures ; but we are quite sure that there are a great many better ways of inducing men to keep good horses, than whipping and spurring the poor dumb animals round a race course, faster than they are able to go with comfort or even safety. And for the most part, who are to be seen at these races ? Wicked men, who curse and swear, bet money, and drink until they become more like beasts than men. Should a Sabbath School Scholar be found with these people ? Surely not.

But dear reader, are there to be Races this year near where you live, and do you intend to go to these Races? Think a little before you make up your mind, and even though you see people who are older than you—and should be wiser than you—going, think seriously of what we now tell you. You will get no good there, but much harm. By going there, you will waste your precious time in sinful vanities, when you might be better employed. You should go nowhere unless you can ask God's blessing to accompany you; and surely you could not ask God to follow you to the Race Course: it is true God will be there, for he is in every place, "beholding the evil and the good," but when we speak of asking God to accompany us, we mean that his favor should go with us. Now it would be mocking God, to call him to favor and assist us in taking part in a practice that tends to dishonor him, injure his creatures and our fellow-men.

Again, who would like to die upon the Race Course? And fatal accidents are frequent at such places. The money wasted on such occasions, might be employed to relieve the needy, or to advance the cause of Christ. Think, too, on the scenes of wickedness that you must there meet with—scenes at which the pious mind must shudder—the kind of company with which you must mingle and into which you will be drawn—that you must go there in opposition to the law of God, and cannot therefore expect his blessing. Do you not in the morning and evening ask God "not to lead you into temptation, but to deliver you from evil," and do you expect God to answer such a petition, if you willingly rush into temptation. It would be awful profanity to kneel down before God who knows the heart, if you intended to go to the races, and to repeat these words; it would make your guilt and condemnation the greater. Do not then, if you intend to countenance the races either in words or actions, add to your other sins that of mocking God, by putting up the above petition,

for he is a God that will not be mocked, neither will he give his glory to another.

Last of all we ask you not to turn a deaf ear to this warning and heedlessly throw this number of the *Record* aside to be looked at another time. Who knows but it may be the last time your attention will be called to it? Should you die, as many have died, on the race course, could your soul ascending to the throne of the Most High from such a place, appear before God in peace? What will become of you? How much would you give not to see the face of God? How bitterly lament that you did not take the advice contained above -- that you did not regard before it was too late, the admonitions of God's word, and the warnings of Parents and Teachers. But dear reader, such regrets will be of no avail--then the day of repentance will be past--and you *must* appear before God, even though the hills and mountains were to fall upon you, they could not conceal you from him to whom "darkness and light are both alike." Take then this warning, and do not even indulge the wish nor harbor the thought of going to the races. If you are sure you could not die there in peace, you should not be seen there at all. Every one who goes, even to look at these sinful and cruel amusements, encourages them. Need we say more, dear children, to keep you from them?

ANOTHER LILY GATHERED.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE CONVERSION & DEATH OF JAMES LAING.

By the Rev. R. M. McCheyne, of Dundee.

"My beloved is gone into his garden--to gather lilies."--S. Ag. vi. 2.

(Concluded from page 119.)

After a very happy communion season in April, I went to visit him, and he spoke in a most touching manner. "I was not sorry on Sabbath that all the people were sitting at the Lord's table, and me lying here, for I thought I would soon be at the table above with Christ, and then I would be far happier."

In a season of great darkness, he said, "Margaret, give me my Bible," (meaning a little book of texts, called Dew Drops;) when he had got it, he sought out the verse, "The Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him." He said, "Margaret, I'll trust in him, though I cannot see him. I will lie down upon that verse." When his bed was made at night, he would take another verse *to lie down upon*, as he called it; so he was fed by the dew and the word.

A young woman who lived in the same lane, was awakened to deep concern the same winter that James was brought to Christ. Before her concern she never came in to see James, though her mother oft advised her to do so. But when she was brought to feel her sin and misery, she came in every Sabbath night, and was always tenderly kind to James. "How are you to-night, Jamie? (she would say) you are well off when you can say, I have found Christ." Early in spring, this young woman evidently found the true rest for her weary soul in Jesus. She became a candidate for the Lord's table, and was to have been admitted, but God called her away to sit at the table that can never be drawn. She died full of joy with the praises of God upon her lips. Margaret had been present at this interesting death-bed, and when she returned home, she told James. He answered with great composure, "I wish I had been away with her; but I must wait the Lord's time. Betsy is singing now, and I will soon be there too."

James used to take the bitterest medicines without any reluctance. He folded his hands, shut his eyes, and asked God to bless it to him. "Ah! Margaret, if God do not bless it to me, it will do me no good." Often she asked, "Is it not bitter?" He would say, "Yes, but Jesus had a bitterer cup to drink for me."

In the summer of 1841, another remarkable boy, named James Wallace, had died in the Lord. He was

one whom God taught in a wonderful manner. He had a singular gift of prayer, and was made useful to many, both old and young. James Laing had known him well in former days. In 1839, a younger brother of James Laing, named Patrick, had died also, not without pleasing marks of having undergone a divine change. It is needful to know these things, to understand the following dream of our little pilgrim.

A short time after he believed, he said, "Margaret, I will tell you my dream." Margaret was afraid of some fancy leading him astray, and asked what it was. James, "I thought there was a ladder, the foot of it on earth, and the top of it reached to heaven. I thought it was heaven I saw. There was a great multitude of people, but I knew none of them but Patrick and Jamsie Wallace. When I was standing on the first or second step of the ladder, Jamsie Wallace looked down and said, '*Aye, here's another one coming stepping up*.' He explained it by referring to Jacob's ladder, and that Jesus is the ladder." Margaret said, "Aye, and you are just on the first step."

He was very fond of the life of John Ross, and nearly had it by heart. He said he was in the same mind. Another little book he loved was, "A dying Thief and a dying Saviour." He left it to his father. The hymn at the end of it, "There is a fountain filled with blood," often fed his soul.

He could write a little, and like John Ross he used that talent in writing down precious sentences; one of his little papers is now before me. "Stand fast in the Lord. Be ye faithful unto death. Abide in him, abide in him. Pray without ceasing. This is the end."

In the latter part of his illness he was used as an instrument in awakening another boy, whose impressions I earnestly hope may never wear away. D. G. had been a very wild boy, so much so, that he was expelled from the Sabbath School. He found his way into James' cottage, and there saw exemplified the

truths he would not listen to in school. From that day, till James died, David regularly visited him, and learned from him with deepest interest the things that belonged to his peace. James often prayed with him alone. Sometimes both prayed at the same time for a new heart. Margaret was always made to withdraw at these times. He pleaded with this boy to seek Jesus when young, "for its easier to find Jesus when we are young. Look at Annie, (a grown up person, who had been long under concern.) she has been long in seeking Christ, and she is long in finding. Mind what I told you, for I will soon be in heaven." *Boy.* "Will you get to heaven?" *James.* "O yes! all that believe in Christ get to heaven, and I believe that Jesus died for me. Now, David, if I see you on the left hand, you will mind that I often bade you come to Christ." *Boy.* "I'll have nachody (no one) to pray with me, and tell me about my soul when you are dead." *James.* "I have bidden Margaret pray for you, and I have told the minister; and go you to our kirk, and he will tell you the way to come to Christ."

Three times a-day did this anxious enquirer seek the prayers and counsels of his youthful instructor; till James' strength gave way, and he could talk no more. The day before he died the boy came in; James could hardly speak, but he looked steadily at him, and said, "*Seek on David.*"

The last visit I paid to this young Christian was on the Tuesday before he died, in company with Mr. Miller of Wallacetown and Mr. Smith, one of our Jewish Missionaries at Perth, who was that same day to sail from his native land. After speaking a little we prayed, and I asked what I would pray for him. James said, "Dying grace." He shook hands with us all. When the Missionary held his hand, he said, "God's peopl have much need to pray for you, and for them there." When we had gone out he said, "Maybe I'll never see the Minister again."

On the Thursday he said, "Ah! Margaret, mind it's no easy to die. You know nothing about it. Even though you have Christ, it is dark." The same day he bade her give D. G. his Sunday trowsers, and new boots, that he might go to the church. He gave his father "The Dying Thief." And said, "I am going to give Alick my Bible," (meaning Dew Drops.) There was a piece of money under his pillow. He said it was to buy Bibles to them that never heard of Jesus.

His aunt came in on the Friday morning. He said, "Oh, aunt, don't put off seeking Christ to a death-bed, for if I had Christ to seek to-day, what would have become of me; but I have given my heart to Christ." Margaret asked him, "What will I do? I will miss your company in the house." James answered, "You maun (must) just go the mair (more) to Jesus. Do not be ill about me now, when I am dead Margaret. If I thought that, I would be sorry, and more than that, God would be angry at you; for I will be far happier. It is better to depart and be with Christ. Ask grace to keep you from it."

All that day he spoke very little. In the evening he grew much worse. His sister wished to sit up with him that night, but he would not allow her. She said, "These eyes will soon see him whom your soul loves." James said, "Aye" (yes.) After midnight Margaret, seeing him worse, arose and woke her father. She tried to conceal her tears; but James saw them, and said with a look of solemn earnestness, "O woman, I wonder to see you do the like of that." He spoke little after this, and about one o'clock on the Saturday morning, June 11, 1842, fell asleep in Jesus.

So died James Laing—in this interesting sketch of his life, he still lives, an example to the young to seek the Lord in their youth. Our readers may not perhaps know that Mr. M'Cheyne, who wrote this life, died about nine months after James Laing, in March 1843. Mr. M'Cheyne was a young but a very godly minister;

and God made him the instrument of converting many sinners to himself. James and he are now together in heaven with Jesus, whom they loved. Dear young friends, may we meet them there!

From this affecting history, *all Children*, and especially the dear readers of the *Record*, should learn an impressive lesson. What is said of Abel is true of this dear boy, "He being dead yet speaketh." He warned many when he was on his dying bed. And now that he has gone to the world of praise and holiness and love, the history of his dying hours is a warning and an invitation to each of you. You see here that you are not too young to have the Holy Spirit striving with you. You are not too young to resist the Holy Ghost. You are not too young to be converted and brought to Christ. If you die without Christ you will surely perish. By nature you are all enemies to Christ, and if you die thus, you will have your part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. You will see this little boy and others whom you know, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out. O repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out. You may die very soon. O that your latter end may be like his!

[*Concluded.*]

JUGGERNATH.

(*From the Edinburgh Children's Missionary Record*)

The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. India is indeed a place of darkness, and therefore it is full of cruelty. Juggernath and his worship have been mentioned in the hearing, we believe, of all our juvenile readers; but we are not sure that all of them have a clear idea of the horrid rites with which his worship is attended, far less are we sure that they have been led to mourn before God for the sins of his blinded followers. The great temple of Juggernath in Orissa is the first object that meets the eye of the wearied voyager to the shores of Bengal.

The lofty pinnacles of this temple serve as a landmark for guiding the mariner into the Ganges.

But there are thousands of Juggernaths; every village in Bengal has its image and its temple. And while *three hundred thousand* pilgrims have been known to attend the festival at the most famous temple at Orissa,—the same ceremonies and cruelties may be witnessed in a thousand places around.

Of the pilgrims who, from the most remote parts of India, travel towards the shrine of the idol, many perish by the way;—after travelling for months exposed to famine and pestilence, amidst the bleached bones of those who have gone before them, they often sink down under the load of their sufferings, and become the prey of the wild beasts and ravenous birds that attend the progress of the pilgrims. Our readers can scarcely conceive the austerities which these poor votaries of superstition in many instances practise. Some of them, instead of walking, measure the whole course of their pilgrimage with their bodies; and around the holy city, Dr. Duff tells us, some remain all day with their head on the ground, and their feet in the air; others with their bodies entirely covered with earth; some cramming their eyes with mud and their mouths with straw; one man lying with his feet tied to his neck, and another with a pot of fire upon his breast,—and all this under the idea that the idol is made favourable by such services.

On the great day of the festival the idol is brought from the temple, and mounted on a lofty car, and the mighty multitude of the people make the earth to ring again with their shouts of "*Victory to Juggernath our Lord.*" As the car moves along, another and another of the worshippers prostrates himself in its path, and is crushed to atoms by its ponderous wheels!

These bloody rites still continue in India. Year by year the sacrifices are offered to the idol, and the blinded people do not know the grace and love of Jesus

Christ. There are few to teach them ; very few—when you think that there are almost *two hundred millions* to be taught. Men of God have been sent out from our Churches. Holy men have gone forth from other countries, but still what are they among so many ? Dear young friends, pray for India, and cease not labouring for India, until instead of crying “ Victory to Juggernath our Lord,” the people shall be assembled in troops with one accord saying—“ blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him, that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.”

We insert the following short statement about the Indians in their savage state, who live in North America, thinking that it may be interesting to some of our young friends. Indians are to be met with in various parts of Canada, but they are no longer savages, and some of them have become real and active Christians. We may again have an opportunity of telling what has been done to bring the Gospel to the Indian tribes, in the meantime the following account is true, of many who live far from other men in the vast wilds of this country :—

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The Indians live in what are called *wigwams*, some of which are very easily put up, and others of a more laboured construction. These are made by setting up several poles, all meeting at the top, and then covering them with dressed buffalos' skins which they have sewed together. These tents are often adorned with rude and gaudy paintings, or porcupine quills, or scalp locks ; and when planted under the wide spreading branches of some of their fine trees, have a very pretty effect. They have a hole on the top, to allow the smoke to go out and the light to get in, and the doorway they cover either with a mat, or a bear's or some other creature's skin. Such dwellings are well suited

to the kind of life the Indians lead, for they are easily taken down and carried away. On any alarm being given of the approach of an enemy, the whole encampment is put in motion, and in an instant all the tents are flat upon the ground. The poles serve as a sort of carriage on which to pack the skin coverings and other matters. Two of the longer ones are placed along each side of a horse like shafts, allowing the thick ends to drag upon the ground. On these all is packed that can be, and off they set at full gallop across the country. The great dogs kept by the Indians are often made to carry the tents in the same way; and by thus making every living thing carry something, a whole village will be cleared away in a few minutes, and the ground left by the time the enemy arrives.

All the tribes do not live in these tents. Some erect a sort of hut, which cannot be carried away in the same manner; as those of the Mandans and the Pawnee Piets.

A Mandan hut is made of a circular form, and covered with mud, which hardens in the sun, and makes a firm and substantial sort of building. The Pawnee Piets are like great bee-hives formed by sticks covered with mud, and then thatched with prairie grass. Both these and those of the Mandans are not intended to be removed like the tents just described, so much more pains are taken to make them both firm and comfortable, and also more ornamental in their appearance. Some of the villages contain several hundreds of tents or houses, and are generally surrounded with a sort of fortification made of high poles and earth, to guard them against surprise; for amongst these distant wilds man preys on man: and often when all seems at peace, in an instant the fearful war-whoop rises suddenly upon the air, and tells the people that they are surrounded by their foes.

Probably you wonder how it is the Indians can bear

to live in such a wild and savage state; but if you knew how much wickedness dwells in the breast of every unconverted man, you would not wonder that where there are none to restrain them, they should show their passions. Their views about revenge are all different from ours. They think that if any injury is done to one of the tribes by another, the injured parties are bound to revenge it. They do not know our Saviour's direction in Matt. 6th chapter, "I say unto you love your enemies," &c. So to their hearts revenge is sweet, and they are never better pleased than when tearing off the scalp or shedding the blood of any that have injured them.

Let us turn from the Indians to Christ; and while we pity the one, let us imitate the other. When the Jews injured Christ, he returned no angry words, but even prayed for the men that murdered him;

" Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse he breathed, no 'plant he made;
But when in death's deep pang he sighed,
Prayed for his murderers and died."

Think of him when angry passions would rise in your breast, and ask him to give you of his own mild and quiet spirit. May he teach you to follow in his ways, and soon send the Indians teachers to lead them in his footsteps too!

AFRICA.

(SEE WOOD-CUT.)

From what you have already seen in the *Record*, you will be aware of the extent of this vast country, its situation, and the kind of people that live in it. We refer to it at present, not so much to speak either of its extent, situation or the condition of its inhabitants as for the purpose of calling your attention to the *cut*, or picture on the second page. No doubt some of you will remember that this same *cut* was in the *Record* a short time since—but then we had

not an opportunity of saying a word in explanation of it, hence we put it in a second time.

The missionaries to heathen lands, consider it a matter of great importance, not only to preach the Gospel to them that will hear, but also to instruct the natives in the arts of civilized life, and to learn them to read their own language ; while thus engaged, they take every opportunity of pouring into their opening minds, the truth respecting Jesus ; and when it pleases the God of all grace to bless these truths to the hearts and consciences of their disciples, they become great helpers to the missionaries—for when a sufficient time has elapsed to enable the missionaries to judge of the reality of their pupils' conversion—that he is fairly weaned from the love and practice of sin—that he is able, by the help of God, to stand up against the ridicule of his friends and brethren—and has knowledge sufficient, of the way of salvation, to speak of it to others, he is sent out amongst his benighted countrymen to teach them the way of life. The picture on the first of the *Record* is intended to represent one of these native preachers, for there are now many such in India. What a change must have been effected in many places in India, through God's blessing, on the faithful labours of the missionary. Not many years since India was all darkness, and the people sunk in the lowest degradation, and given up to the most cruel practices ; even yet the Heralds of the cross have not reached far into the country ; the middle, or as it is called, the interior of Africa, is full of heathens. There are no Missionaries, no Bibles, no means of grace there. All is darkness, and Satan reigns in peace. Africa is still a heathen continent, but there is a beautiful promise concerning it, "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands towards God." Yes, even Africa shall be converted, and Jesus shall have its sable sons for the jewels of his crown. "The God of the whole earth shall be called."

Missionary Intelligence.

THE LAST BATTLE IN TAHITI.

(From the *Edinburgh Children's Missionary Newspaper*.)

In my paper on Tahiti last month, I told you about a battle that was fought there a little time ago between the French and the natives, and it has taken back my thoughts to a battle that was fought there about thirty years ago, and which led to the entire overthrow of idolatry, and the establishment of Christianity throughout the island. I have called it above, the Last Battle in Tahiti, and shall now take up a little space in giving you an account of it.

I think I have told you before, that the first place to which the London Missionary Society sent its missionaries, was the Island of Tahiti, in the South Seas. There they laboured for about sixteen years without seeing much fruit; but by the year 1815, a goodly number were converted to Christianity, amongst whom were the King and Queen, and several of the leading people in the nation. The numbers who now embraced the new religion, and the power they possessed in the island, excited the jealousy of the remaining idolaters, who resolved upon their entire destruction. They laid a wicked plan by which all of the chief Christian leaders would be at once got rid of, and themselves be the masters of the island. Everything was made ready. All the Christians were to be attacked in one night while off their guard; their property plundered, and themselves murdered on the spot. So secretly was the whole contrived, that up to within a few hours of the time of the intended massacre, none of the Christians had the least idea of it. Notice, however, was then given of it, but it was almost too late for the Christians to escape. They assembled that evening to worship near the shore, when learning the danger they were in, they at once prepared to fly. Had all the parties of their enemies arrived at the time appointed, this would have been impossible; but as they did not, it gave them a little time in which to try to make good their retreat. Their boats were lying on the beach; they were instantly launched, and hastily collecting what little things they could, they embarked soon after sunset, and reached the neighbouring island Eimeo in safety the following morning.

Their enemies reached the shore soon after they had left it, and finding their prey escaped, they began to quarrel amongst themselves, a battle ensued, and for some time a cruel war was carried on throughout the island. Many of those who could not bear the contentions fled to Eimeo, and though they were not Christians, were kindly treated by the refugees residing there.

At last offers of peace were sent by the Pagan chiefs from Tahiti, and the king and his people invited to return, and again

occupy the lands on which they had lived before. The proposal seemed a fair one, and Pomare, the king, thought right to accept of it. Accordingly, he, his queen, and all the principal people with him, went over to the island; but as they approached the shore, they saw the natives drawn out in battle array, as if to dispute their landing, and frequently fired upon the king's party.

Instead of returning thus he sent a canoe with a flag of truce, and offers to come to peaceful terms. These were at last settled, and he was allowed to land. Arrangements were then entered into about there again entering on their lands, and all seemed to be settled in a friendly manner, though the king still suspected that all was not quite right underneath. And the issue proved that he was right.

On November 12, 1815, the whole of their wicked designs broke out. It was the Sabbath, and the Christians, along with the king, had assembled for public worship. The person who had to conduct the service stood up, and was about to give out the hymn, when suddenly they were disturbed by the firing of muskets, and on looking out saw a large body of armed men, with the flag of the gods and other emblems of idolatry marching round a point of land, and making towards their place of worship. The cry,—"It is war! It is war!" rose at once from all the congregation, and some confusion was the consequence, when Pomare rising up requested them to remain quietly in their places, and allow the worship to go on. The hymn was accordingly sung, a chapter read, and prayer offered. The people were then dismissed, and all began to arm in order to defend themselves, should the idolaters venture to attack them.

In a short time all was in readiness. The king was surrounded by his trusty people, and everything done to prevent the loss of blood as far as possible. A few of the king's followers were not Christians, and as on these no confidence could be placed, they were put in the centre, while those who could be depended on formed what they called their "*front line*," and the "*check*" of their forces, while the people of Eimeo formed in the rear the "*shoulder*" of the army. In the front of the line were several chiefs distinguished for their bravery and piety, and in the rear, behind the people of Eimeo, stood Mahine, the King of Heahine, and Pomare-vaime, the daughter of the King of Rarotonga, with those of their people who had embraced Christianity. Mahine wore a curious helmet covered with the tiger skin, and ornamented with a plume of the man-of-war bird's feathers. The queen's sister walked and fought by Mahine's side, dressed in a sort of armour made out of native flax, and armed with a gun and spear. She was supported on one side by a courageous female, her bosom friend, and on the other by a noble young chieftain called Patuu. Pomare took his station in a canoe upon the water, that he might both mark the movements of the enemy better, and also annoy them by his fire-arms the more.

The king's troops had hardly time thus to form, before the infuriated idolaters rushed on them yelling and shouting in all their savage rage. Thus threw the Christians into a little confusion, though they soon rallied again; but being overpowered with numbers, a running fight was commenced, in which many on both sides fell. The ground on which they fought was covered with low brushwood, which frequently separated the parties for a time. When this was the case, the Christians might be seen kneeling down upon the grass, and commending themselves and cause to God. Meantime the battle continued to increase in fierceness, and the idolaters seem'd likely to gain the day, when they were suddenly checked in their progress by coming up to the station occupied by Mahine, Pomare-vahine, and their companions. One of Mahine's officers pierced Upifara, the chief of Papara, and the commander of the idolatrous forces, who directly fell to the ground, and very soon expired. The battle now turned in the Christians' favour. A panic spread through the hosts of the idolators; their forces gave way; they fled with haste from the field to hide in their mountain caves, and left the Christians in possession of the ground.

Pomare, on seeing this, at once put an end to the battle, and rallying his people, began to prepare them for a solemn service of thanksgiving to the Lord. And never did people join in worship with more solemn hearts, or present their thanks with more truly grateful spirits, than did these Christian victors on the field of battle.

A few were then sent off to the principal idol temple in the island, with orders to pull it down, and bring *Oro*, the god they worshipped at it away. No one offered them any resistance. The god was brought out, his finery stripped off him, and himself thrown to the side of the road. The altars were broken down, and the temple entirely destroyed. Thus ended the worship of this false god in Tahiti, and the first step was thus taken to the entire destruction of idolatry throughout the island.

The victors behaved with great generosity. All the idolators were treated with gentleness. Their houses were not touched, and they were allowed to return to them as they pleased. Pomare was soon after again crowned king. All idols and temples were destroyed, and Christianity was allowed to prevail. Thus the great effort of the Prince of darkness to overthrow the Christians ended in his own destruction, and the day that seem'd the darkest Tahiti had ever witnessed, turned out to be its brightest and its best. How truly did the Psalmist say, "He maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of it will he restrain."

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For One Year, for the use of Sabbath Schools and Private Families,

PUBLISHED FOR THE CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION, BY THE REV. WM. ARNOT, MINISTER OF ST. PETERS, GLASGOW.

In submitting to the public, and to Sabbath school teachers in particular, this second series of Scripture lessons, we would invite special attention to the few prefatory remarks here subjoined.

The "course" issued last year, having given such general satisfaction that the whole impression has been for some time disposed of, the present series has been published with the view of supplying the demand felt for a manual of this kind. The present is not a *continuation* of the same series, it is similar in some respects, whilst it has other peculiar characteristics which we shall state in the language of the Rev. Author.

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J. C. BECKET.

Montreal, April 1, 1845.

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