



*And so on*



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No. 2.

**Old Sally, the Tract Hawker.**

A few years ago, a very poor and destitute woman called on a minister who then resided in the county of Kent.— She was very much distressed, very ignorant, and very poor. She needed help, but how was it to be given? A kind lady thought she might be employed to sell tracts and religious books; and accordingly, a basket was filled with tracts and good books, and Sally, for that was her name, sent out to sell them. Sally could not read, but the lady arranged the books in the basket so nicely for her, that she had no trouble in telling the people something about them. The first day she sold so many that she made a profit of two shillings, and got even more on the following day, so that Old Sally was soon helped out of her difficulties and enabled to keep herself. Her gratitude to the lady was very great, and it was delightful to see how the poor woman valued every little effort that had been made in her behalf. A deal of good, too, was done by Sally's books.

One day she saw a lady on the sands. She looked very ill and very much distressed. Sally made up to her with her basket of books. "Will you buy a

little book ma'ma?" "No?" was the lady's answer. "Oh yes!" said Sally, "there be books to suit all people," and pressed upon her notice a little book, entitled "Milk and Honey," which the lady bought. The book was read—it proved the means of comfort and blessing to the lady, and she ever after became a kind friend to Sally.

On another occasion, Sally noticed another lady who seemed much cast down and asked her to buy a book.— "No, good woman, you have nothing that will do for me." "Oh yes, I have!" "What have you that will suit mae?" "Oh here's a beautiful book? 'Jesus shewing Mercy.'"— The title touched the lady's feelings, She bought it, read it, and received great good from it. She suffered great persecution for her religion, but this little book was a never-failing source of comfort to her.

Some young men went down to Ramsgate for pleasure. Sally marked them out and offered them her books. "Have you any good song books?" asked a youth one day. "Oh yes beautiful song books indeed!" said

Sally, and held out "The Psalmist," and "Gems of Sacred Poetry." The last was bought, but the youth soon came back—"I say, you've sold me a methodist book, and not a song book." "A methodist book, sir; oh! that be a great mistake; it be a song book, for it is full of the blessed songs of Zion." The kind manner of the old woman and her clever replies so pleased the youth that he kept the book; and who can tell but he too might find it a blessing to his soul.

In this way Old Sally scattered abroad the seeds of the Kingdom.—Every day on setting out she prayed to God for his blessing, and she got it.

With much labour she learned to read; and then her books were not only a blessing to others, but a great comfort to herself. At last she went to London; and, when calling on the minister who first helped her in her work, she was asked what sights she wished to see. "Sights, sir! Oh, I only wish to see your chapel, and the place where they make all the good books that I do sell!" These wishes were soon satisfied; and as she looked around on the pile of books filling the shelves of the Tract Society's Depository she was filled with wonder. "And," now she said, "I want to see the gentlemen who wrote these books." But that could not be; and Sally returned to her home, to wait the day when she shall see them all, we hope, before God's throne in heaven. There, young reader, may you met them and her to talk over what you have done for Christ on earth. Be sure of this, in that great day the joys and glory of each will be, not that they conquered kingdoms, gathered wealth, or won high honours here, but that they did something to put bright jewels in the Saviour's crown and stock heaven with glorious saints. That something poor Sally did, and if she in her poverty, her ignorance, and her meanness could do it, cannot you? Oh, yes! Each can do something!

Young reader, do it—do it now. Do it with all your might. And who can tell but that, with Sally and the holy men who wrote her books, you too at last may shine in the brightness of heaven for ever.

### The Praying Mother.

Can we pray too much? No, we cannot. God likes to hear us pray; he is never tired of listening to us. Is he not kind? Men are soon tired of hearing beggars ask for money, but men are not like God.

When Jesus the Son of God was in this world, he cured a great many people who were sick; he just spoke, and they were made well. Sometimes he wished to be alone, for Jesus was a man as well as God, and he had need of food and sleep. One day he went into a house, and he did not want any body to know where he was gone. But people soon asked each other where he was, and they found out the place.

There was one poor woman who longed very much to see him. I do not think she had ever seen him, but she had heard of him. She had been brought up to worship idols; she did not belong to the people of Israel, who worshipped the true God. No, she was a poor heathen, but Jesus cares for the poor heathen; and you will see how kind he was at last to this poor woman.

She had a little girl very ill at home. A wicked spirit, called a devil, tormented her. The mother knew that Jesus could make her little daughter well, so she went to the house where he was. I do not know whether Jesus was still in the house. I think he had come out of it, and was walking. His friends were with him. There were twelve men who went about with Jesus from place to place, and he called them his friends, and his disciples.

When the poor woman saw Jesus, she cried out, "Have mercy on me, O

Lord, thou son of David ; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." Why did she call Jesus the son of David ? David was a great king, who had long been dead, and Jesus was one of his children's children. Jesus liked to hear people call him the son of David.

What did he say to this poor woman, when she seemed so unhappy ? He said nothing at all ; so she went on crying out for mercy. The disciples did not like to hear the poor woman crying out, "Have mercy on me !" As they walked along with Jesus, the poor woman followed them with her cries. So the disciples went to Jesus, and said, "Send her away, for she crieth after us." How unkind this was ! How selfish the disciples were ! Instead of begging their Master to have mercy on the poor mother, they wanted him to tell her to go away. They knew she was a poor heathen, so they despised her.

But Jesus did not despise her ; he loved her very much indeed. Yet at first he seemed unkind, for he said, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." This poor woman was not an Israelite. Did she go away when she heard Jesus speak in this way ? No, she did not : she came nearer than before ; she fell at his feet and worshipped him, saying, "Lord, help me." What a short prayer—only three words ! but it came from the heart ; it was such a prayer as God likes to hear. Yet Jesus still seemed unkind, for he said, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." Did he mean, that this poor woman was a dog, and that the people of Israel were his children ? Oh, no, he did not really think this woman was a dog ; he only spoke so, that she might go on praying. She made a very sweet answer this time. She said, "The dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." Was not that a meek answer, and a wise answer ? She did not say she was not a dog ; she meant to say, "If I am a

dog, may I not have crumbs ? Though you love the people of Israel best, yet you will have pity on a poor heathen like me." This is what she meant to say.

Jesus left her waiting no longer. He said to her, "O woman, great is thy faith ; go thy way, the devil is gone out of thy daughter." So the woman went home, and found her daughter lying on the bed. The devil had left the girl at the very moment when Jesus spoke. Then the girl grew quiet and easy, but it seems she was weak and tired, and wanted rest.

Could the mother ever forget what Jesus had said, "O woman, great is thy faith ?" Jesus had praised her. Why was he so much pleased with her ? Because she believed that he was kind and merciful. Jesus likes to have us believe that he is kind. Whatever happens, we ought always to think "Jesus is kind." Did he not die for us on the cross ? Does he wish to hurt us ? Are you in great pain ? Still think, "Jesus is kind." Then go and pray to him. Is your father ill, and not able to work ? Is your little baby brother whom you dote on, lying in its coffin ? Are your clothes ragged. Is there nothing for dinner but a cold potatoe or a dry crust ? Still remember "Jesus is kind ; he will hear you, if you pray to him."

You may read the history of the praying mother in Matthew 15 : 21-28 ; Mark 7 : 24-30.

#### THE PRAYING MOTHER.

Who are they whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat  
They have ever kept in view ?

"I from Greenland's frozen land,"

"I from India's sultry plain,"

"I from Afric's barren sand,"

"I from islands of the main ;"

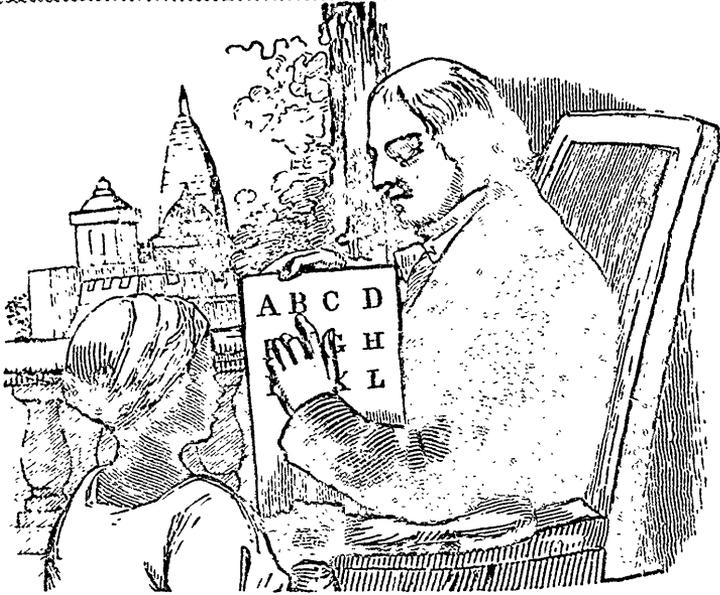
"All our earthly journey past,"

"Every tear and pain gone by,"

"Here together met at last,"

"At the portal of the sky."

Each the welcome "Come" awaits,  
Conquerors over death and sin :  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
Let the little travellers in !



### Orphan Refuge at Mirzapore

My young readers will often have heard of the dreadful famines which sometimes prevail in India. These famines are sometimes occasioned by long and continued droughts, sometimes by fearful storms destroying the produce of the fields, and sometimes by the wars between different parties, burning up the fruits, or preventing the people cultivating their lands.—Whatever may be the cause, famines are much more common there than here, and often many people died from want of food.

Several years ago such a famine occurred in the neighborhood of Mirzapore, and many, very many, died in consequence. Amongst those who died were many fathers and mothers, leaving large families of little children without any one to care for them.—The government were greatly distressed at having so many children left unprovided for, and wrote to the good missionaries at Mirzapore, begging them to begin an Orphan Refuge, and take these destitute children under their care. The missionaries were very willing to do it, but they had no funds to enable them; and they therefore

sent word that they were quite unable to take the poor children. The magistrates, however, pressed very earnestly their wish, and at last the missionaries consented to try what they could do, and, looking by prayer to God to send them help, agreed to receive the children. About 100 were accordingly sent down to them. It was very distressing to see the poor little things. Their miserable looks and wretched condition made the missionaries' hearts almost bleed. They set about making them comfortable, and the kindhearted ladies at the mission soon got them nicely clothed. In a little while all were looking stronger and healthier, and the missionaries felt thankful to God that they had been allowed the favour of saving them from death.

The children were now taught to read, and write, and sew, &c., and in a little time many of them got on very well. It would take me too long to tell you all about this Refuge; but I must give you an account of its present state, and the good that has come out of it, for it is still going on—the Orphan's Refuge at Mirzapore.—

Many of the children have been brought to love Jesus, and give their hearts to him. Of these about forty have been baptized, and two lately set apart for the work of the ministry. Some of them have died very happily. One little boy, whose picture stands at the top of this paper, died triumphantly. He was a fine little fellow, and seemed to be of high rank from his name and appearance. He learned to read very soon, and the missionaries hoped he would be long spared to them.— But God determined otherwise. He was taken ill and died. On the morning of his death he desired all the boys to come into his room. He then addressed them in a most affecting way, and then begged the nurse to help him out of bed, which being done, he stood up, and, with a loud and distinct voice, commended the whole Refuge in prayer to God, and especially the kind missionaries and his beloved companions, and then lying down, breathed forth his soul into the hands of Christ.

The scene was one never to be forgotten by any that were present at it. Your teachers can tell you of an emperor, called Vespasian, who, when he was dying, would be lifted out of bed, for he said, it was not fit that an emperor should die in any way than that of standing; but here was a little child whose dying hour seemed far more striking than that of the emperor Vespasian's.

Besides instruction in reading, writing, &c., the children learned several trades. The boys learned printing, book-binding, carpet-making &c.; and the girls tape-weaving, bobbin-making, &c. The carpets made by the boys are very beautiful, and are what are called "*the velvet pile*."— The boys have printed an edition of 5000 copies of the New Testament in the native tongue, and bound them too. They also conduct and publish a magazine, published in the shape of a newspaper, which is read in Cal-

cutta, and many other parts of India.

Some of them have now grown up, and are married, and are forming a little Christian village near the Refuge. Are not these encouraging accounts?

Let us all pray that a rich blessing may rest on the Orphan Refuge at Mirzapore.

### Heathen Opinions of Scripture Truth.

In the course of a preaching tour some Missionaries attended a festival in Upper India, and at first were insulted and even stoned, to the great danger of their lives. But they would not leave the neighbourhood. On the third day they went to a village, where a place had been prepared for them to preach in. But the Mahometans killed some poisonous serpents, and threw them over the floor in the hope of frightening the Missionaries away. One of them, however merely put the serpents aside with his foot, and began to preach.— Shortly after, a well-disposed man said to another of the Missionaries, "Since your books have been spread over the land the people are entirely divided in opinion. Some speak well of them and read them willingly; but others say that no one should hear the preacher, or read the books, because they are full of witchcraft." It is a wide-spread opinion that the Missionaries mix a powder with the ink used in printing, which enchants those who read the books, so that they become bewitched, and turn Christians.

Another Missionary in India, referring to the same subject, thus writes:— I could tell you many things about the people around us, and how much they try to resist the truth and cleave to their folly and wickedness. But we praise God that prayer and perseverance have drawn down a blessing, and we have examples of good success. From many eyes the veil of blindness has been withdrawn, and they see a wonderful light which revives their soul. A Brahmin lately said to me, while asking for

a new book among a crowd of heathens, "Your books are like a sharp, two-edged glittering sword to me; while the sword remains in its sheath no one knows its value; but as soon as it is drawn it glitters in the sun, and is ready to wound and go through any one near it.— Thus it is with the Gospel; as long as one does not understand it they do not care for it, and throw it aside as of no worth; but if it enter the understanding of a man it glances before his eyes like a glittering sword in the sun, and pierces his heart through and through!"

A few days ago another distinguished heathen gave the following testimony to the excellence of true religion:—"The Christian is like a mango tree, full of sweet fruit. While all the fruitless trees remain undisturbed by the passer-by—indeed scarcely any one will look at them—the mango tree will be attacked with sticks and pelted with stones, in order to beat down its fruit. Indeed, they will have no rest till all are struck off and laid on the ground.— The mango tree remains quiet amidst all this violence, and although it has many branches that could be thrown at its assailants, yet it bears all patiently, and gives willingly its quickening fruit year after year to all who seek it.— Such is the Christian. No worldly man is persecuted as he is; yet every worldly man hates and persecutes him, and tries to rob him of all earthly as well as heavenly comfort; but the Christian does not avenge himself, but calmly and patiently goes on his way doing good as before!"

### Strains from David's Harp.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in the way.—  
Psalms 119: 37.

A Spartan youth once held a censor to Alexander, while that monarch offered a sacrifice to the gods. In the midst of the ceremonial, a burning coal fell on the bared arm of the youth, causing him intense pain. But he neither moved nor spoke, so resolved

was he not to disturb the royal worshiper by his cries.

It is for such fixed constancy as this, only in a better service, that David sighs in his prayer. He wishes the attractions of his divine Lord to fasten so intensely upon his affections, that none of the allurements of the visible world may have power to charm even his senses. *Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity*, he cries. *Sagacious David!* He knew that if his affections were kept pure, his senses must be restrained. Sad experiences had taught him, that the senses are the portals through which sinful objects march into the citadel of the soul. Hence, he prudently sought for such a fixedness of the mind upon God, as should completely pre-occupy its attention, and render his senses dead to the charms of sin in the visible world.

To secure this constancy of spiritual affection, he prayed; *quicken thou me in thy way!* Here, he recognises the only source of divine affections. They spring from the grace of God, and can flourish only, as they derive freshness stimulus, and health from above. God must constantly unveil his beauty to the soul through his word, or its affections will decay, like plants excluded from sunlight. God must shed his love abroad in the heart continually, or it will become dry and barren like soil unvisited by rain or dew. Very proper, therefore, is David's prayer, *quicken thou me in thy way.* For, let his prayer be answered, his happy heart would be filled with God, leaving no room for wicked, worldly loves—his soul would be so fixed in its devotion, that, like the Spartan youth, it would despise alike both the pleasures and the pains of sense, lest its blissful communion with its beloved should be disturbed.

How appropriate, then, is this prayer for all believers. Like David, they are in danger from the appeals and influences of terrestrial objects. The world without them seeks to es-

establish its dominion over their affections. It stands at every sense seeking access to the soul, through its various desires and passions. Its pleas for admission are specious; its promises are large; its proffered pleasures numerous. How, then, can they escape worldly pollution otherwise, than by turning their eyes steadfastly from the world, concentrating their affections upon Christ, and seeking to be quickened by the indwelling spirit of God? There is no other way. As David conquered by seeking divine help, so must they. As he overcame through the power of an all-subduing all-absorbing love for God, so must they. Like David, therefore, let them constantly pray, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in thy way."

**The Invisible Bridge.**

No man ever dreamed so instructively, and to so good a purpose, perhaps, as Bunyan. There is something in the nature of dreams, which so few profess to believe in them, yet seem so related to the spirit land, that they excite interest and attract attention. The dreams of Bunyan have led thousands to reflection and seek their final home in Heaven. Whatever is illustrative of our duty, and inspires confidence in God, and faith in the promises of His word, is of abiding interest. If the following one shall lead any one to enter upon a new life, by entering the narrow way, and crossing the invisible bridge, the dream will not be told in vain. It is related by the Rev. Mr. Baker, in a volume just published:

"A man dreamed once that he was going along in the broad road, and Satan was dragging him down to hell: alarmed, he cried for help, and suddenly one appeared in lovely form, and said, "Follow me." Immediately Satan vanished; and in his dream, the man thought he followed the heavenly one in a straight and narrow way, until

he came to a river, where he saw no bridge. Pointing in a certain direction, the angel said "Pass over that bridge." "I see no bridge," said the man. "Yes there is a bridge, and you must pass over it, for there is no other, and heaven is beyond." Looking more narrowly the dreamer saw what appeared to be a hair extending from one bank to the other bank. "Pass over that," said the angel. "Oh how can I?" said the man "it is too slender and cannot sustain me." "It will sustain you. I am from above—I cannot lie: and I give you my word it will sustain you." And now while the man was trembling and afraid to venture, he thought that Satan again seized him, to drag him down to hell. Urged by necessity, he put his foot upon the bridge, slender as it appeared, and found a plank—a substantial bridge—and he went over safely and entered shouting into the other world."

**A Pleasant Offering Pleasantly Made.**

On going into the vestry the other evening, a little girl belonging to the Sabbath school, stepped pleasantly forward and put into our hands a note. On opening it, there was found a dollar, accompanied with these few lines:

Mr. Day,—Enclosed please find \$1.00, made up of mites which we have recieved from time to time from father and mother for candy. We thought it would be well to send it to the Education Society, to help to educate some poor young man. Though the offering is small, our teacher tells us that

"Little drops of water,	M. E. W.	.50
Little grains of sand,	M. F. W.	.25
Make the mighty ocean,	I. M. W.	.13
And the pleasant land."	W. A. W.	.12

\$1.00

Now Isn't that a pretty note? Isn't that the best use to make of pennies? Do you say, Yes? Well, go and do likewise. The money has gone to the treasury.—*The Myrtle.*

*Syrian Jews.*

### The Jews in Palestine.

In Palestine, (the land that God gave them,) the Jews have been long oppressed by the Turks who are still the governors of that country. At present, however, the Sultan is much more kind, not only to them, but also to the Christians. This is partly on account of the influence of the British ambassador who lives in Constantinople and who takes the part of all that are oppressed; but it is also because the disposition of the Sultan is inclined to this mild policy.

The time is not far distant now, when the Jews will return and get possession of their own land; but that will be only when they "look upon him whom they have pierced, and mourn" over their apostasy. Missionaries are preaching to them in Jerusalem itself, and not without success; many have already been converted to Christianity, and a still

greater number are earnestly inquiring about it. The Jews themselves are alarmed at its progress, as it is spreading secretly among their families from house to house. Means are used to stop it, but without effect. Secret tribunals are formed, whose business it is to search after those who read Christian books, or visit the missionaries.

A young Jew, who was lately converted, was desirous of attending Christian worship in the missionaries chapel. This, however, he was not permitted to do, and the Rabbis thinking that the Pasha, who is a Mahomedan, would take their part, appealed to him. They said, "This young man is a Jew. If he were to become a Mahomedan, we could not prevent him; but he should not be allowed to become a Christian.— The Pasha told them that he was not

sure whether he might become a Christian or not, but he would write to the Porte (the Turkish Government) and ask them. He did so, and the answer returned was, that the young man was at liberty to choose what religion he chose. This decision is of very great importance, because the Jews now will be allowed to profess Christianity when they are convinced of its truth. Formerly, no Jewish subjects of the Porte could become Christians without being exposed to most violent persecutions.

### Fire!—A House On Fire

It was Christmas morning, in the year 1838, that I was awakened from my sleep at four o'clock, by the fire-bell. The policemen were passing from street to street, and springing their rattles or ringing their bells. Such sounds as these, in the still darkness of a winter's night, are anything but pleasant to the people of a large city. Our first question is, "Where is it?" and if we are told it is in Union-street or High-street, we begin to think of some friends who live in the street, and hope they are all safe.

Well, on that occasion I rose and opened the window, and looking towards the end of the street, I saw a strong light reflected on the window-panes of the houses opposite. I was quite sure that a great fire was raging at a very short distance from me. I dressed myself quickly, hastened to the spot, and to my dismay I found it was in the house of an old and valued friend. The fire had commenced in a bedroom on the first floor, and that part of the stair-case was in full blaze. It was impossible to get up stairs, and I knew that there were seven or eight persons to be saved.

In a few minutes a long ladder was brought and placed against one of the second floor windows, and in a few minutes more I had the satisfaction of seeing six persons descend the ladder.

Some of them in their fright had rushed to the window in their nightdresses; others, more calm, had partly dressed themselves, and saved besides some articles they most valued.

Now it is a remarkable thing, and often noticed, that persons who would turn giddy upon a ladder on common occasions, have had great courage, and been able to carry burdens they could scarcely lift at other times. We may be sure in any sudden danger, that if we trust in God, he will give strength according to our need.

But while the firemen were trying with all their might to put out the fire with their different engines, it was found that two persons were missing: one a servant girl, and the other a young man named Albert, of whom I shall have more to say presently.—The poor girl had been to the window, but her terror was such that she did not know what she was about. She rushed from room to room, all of which were filled with dense smoke, and at last sank down exhausted, and was consumed and buried in the ruins.

But what about Albert? Ah! there is a sorrowful story about him. Albert was a young man of 22. I knew him when he was a little boy, and a fine little fellow I used to think he was.—Albert had a fault, and a sad fault it proved to be.

He was inclined to be idle. He would saunter away hours in the day, and when school time came, he often turned down a lane and tried to learn his lesson, but finding some boys at play, he would join them, and not go to school at all. And this practice caused him to tell many a falsehood to his poor mother.

Now, there is no harm in a game at marbles, or at ball, or peg-top, but there is a time for everything, a time to play and a time to work. Albert's mother loved him very much, and she often talked to him about being diligent, and striving to get on—many a time did she repeat to him that

beautiful song she had taught him to sing as soon as he could speak.

"How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!"

Albert made fair promises but soon broke them. He seldom used to think! What a sad habit for a boy!

One bad habit leads to another, and as 'Albert grew up, bad habits grew upon him. His chief delight was to please himself no matter who was the loser. His master could never depend upon him in the workshop, or if he sent him out upon an errand. He soon fell into the idle habit of smoking—and smoking led to drinking—and drinking—to bad, swearing company; and in this way he went on month after month: the ale-house was his constant haunt. Here he spent his evenings, and his money, with a set of wicked companions who did all they could to make him as bad as themselves.

Albert's mother was a widow; he might have been a comfort to her old age; but no, he almost broke her heart; for besides being unkind, he brought her home none of his earnings. The old lady had a brother, a good man, who kept a large shop. He had often talked to Albert, and Albert had as often promised to mend his ways. Indeed he would sometimes stop away from the ale-house and his drinking companions, and drink nothing for a month together; but he had no resolution. He would go to a temperance meeting at such times, and when urged to sign the pledge, would say, "I will do it to-morrow," or "next week," but his to-morrow never came.

Just about this time, the old lady was offered apartments in her brother's house; and Albert, on promise of good behaviour, became a lodger there also. Well, he had not been there a month, before he fell back into his old habits, and often did not return till midnight, or perhaps early in

the morning. His uncle was very much grieved to have such a person in his family, and warned him he must leave the house if he meant to spend the Christmas holidays in that way. That very night he said to his wife, "It is very dangerous to have that foolish youth about us; we don't know what may happen; I really can't let such a worthless fellow come into the house at all hours of the night; this shall be the last time.

It was indeed the last time; for before the sun rose next morning, the house was in a heap of smoking ruins, and the whole family were plunged into distress and poverty. It is supposed that Albert took a lighted cigar into his bedroom, and thus set fire to the house, not knowing what he was about.

Thus did a prodigal son, by idleness and love of strong drink, not only ruin himself for time and eternity, but bring a sober, happy, and respectable family into trouble and sorrow, from which they have not recovered to this day.

One is glad to turn away from the thoughts of Albert's bad doings, and to remember what a noble Band of Hope we have now-a-days. To think of thousands of boys and girls—growing up a sober, useful race—who shall by-and-by be a blessing to the world instead of a curse.

Reader! if you are pledged, be firm! Let nothing move you! If you are *not* pledged, do it *at once*, lest you should get into Albert's habits.—Never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day."

#### Vain New Year's Wishers.

"I wish," said little Lucy Gray,

As fast as she could speak,

"That balls and parties I could have

This whole year, once a week.

I wish to go to every ball,

And dance the year away;

And bid good-bye to school and books,

And all my childish play."

"I wish," said Isabella May,  
 "A splendid coach and four  
 Would every sunny morning  
 Come driving to my door;  
 That we might ride far, far away,  
 By river, wood, and hill,  
 And listen to the merry birds,  
 And rippling of the rill."

"My wish is for a splendid house;"  
 Said proud Augusta Lee,  
 "With gardens, lawns, and parks outspread  
 As far as eye can see.  
 Money and servants at command,  
 No trouble I should fear;  
 But be as happy as a queen,  
 All through the live-long year."

"I wish that every day this year,"  
 Said giddy Fanny Green,  
 "I could just have a sweet new dress  
 Of silk or balzorine.  
 New hat and flowers once every week,  
 And shawls and scarfs so gay,  
 And dress up, in my best, and go  
 A shopping every day."

"I wish," said Clara Meredith,  
 "That I could always do  
 Just what I please, skip, hop, and jump,  
 From now, this whole year through.  
 I want to roam about the fields  
 All the long summer-day,  
 And gather flowers and berries bright,  
 And never tire of play."

—  
 CONTRAST.

Sweet Amy Hubert gently sighed,  
 The rose-tint flushed her cheek,  
 Her voice was very low, but clear,  
 Her look most mild and meek,  
 "I wish," she said, "that God would love  
 And bless me with his care,  
 And fill my heart with holiness,  
 And humble, grateful prayer;  
 That a new heart, on this new year,  
 He'd give his erring child,  
 And clothe me with the righteousness  
 Of Christ the undefiled."

Don't be Impatient, Christian.

The lion was caught in the toils of the hunter. The more he tugged, the more his feet got entangled: when a little mouse heard his roaring, and said that if his majesty would not hurt him, he thought he could release him. At first the king of beasts took no notice of such a contemptible ally, but at last, like other proud spirits in trouble, he allowed his tiny friend to do as he pleased. So one by one the mouse nibbled through the cords, till he had set free first one foot and then another, and then all the four, and, with a growl of hearty gratitude, the king of the forest acknowledged that the patient in spirit is sometimes stronger than the proud in spirit.

And it is beautiful to see how, when some sturdy nature is involved in perplexity, and by its violence and vociferation is only wasting its strength without forwarding its escape; there will come in some timely sympathizer, mild and gentle, and will suggest the simple extraction, or by soothing vehemence down into its own tranquility, will set him on the way to effect his self-deliverance. Even so all through the range of philanthropy, patience is power. It is not the water-spout, but the nightly dew that freshens vegetation. They are not the flashes of the lightning which mature our harvests, but the daily sunbeams, and that quiet electricity which thrills in atoms and which flashes in every ripening ear. Niagara, in all its thunder, fetches no fertility; but the Nile, coming without observation, with noiseless fatness overflows, and from under the retiring flood Egypt looks up again, the garner of golden corn. The world is better for its moral cataracts, and its spiritual thunderbolts; but the influences which do the world's great work, which freshen and fertilize it, and which are maturing its harvests for the garner of glory, are not the proud and potent spirit, but the patient and the persevering; they are not

the noisy and startling phenomena, but the steady and silent operations. They are the Sunday Schools which line upon line repeat the gospel lessons, and keep alive in our youthful millions some fear of God. They are the good and loving mothers who begin with dear cradle hymns, and who try to make the sweet story of Jesus as dear and as memorable as their own kind voices. They are the weekly Sabbaths which softly overflow the land, and which when they ebb again, leave everywhere the freshness and the fertilizing elements conveyed in their heaven-descended tide. Patience is power. In a thirsty land, one farmer digs a pit, and as no water fills it he opens another; and as that also continues like the well in Dothan, dry, he commences a third in a spot more promising: and a fourth, and many more till he has tried all his territory without success; and then, chafed and chagrined, he abandons all effort in despair. His neighbor chooses a spot, and begins. No water flows, but he is not discouraged. The spade and the mattock he exchanges for the drill and the auger: and after hammering through the flinty rock for days and weeks, at last the long sought fountain gushes, and at his threshold he secures a perennial spring, which neither feels the summer drought nor dreads the winter's cold. And so, on behalf of some right object, one man is anxious to enlist the good feeling of humanity; and he brings his project before one influential mind after another, and he is mortified to find how drily it is received by this celebrated philanthropist and how many difficulties are started by another, till he is ready to declare that benevolence is all a sham and every patriot a hypocrite. But strong in faith and patience, another takes the Artesian auger. He knows that deep under our hard humanity there are tender feelings and kind sympathies. Or, if it be

the church on which he seeks to operate, he knows that under all its calousness and formalism there circulates a conscience; there flows a fresh current of principle and love fed from the crystal river, and he is resolved to reach it. He takes the artesian auger. "One thing I do." Preserving his temper amid all rebuffs, and persevering amidst all impediments, he keeps urging this one object; and at last the vein is struck, the fountain flows.— Charles sees the Bible Society organized, and Carey is sent to India.— Raikes sets his Sabbath Schools agoing, and Naysmith the city mission. Sadler sees infant emancipation become a popular movement, and Agnew finds the church at last roused to the claims of the Sabbath Day.—*Dr. J Hamilton.*

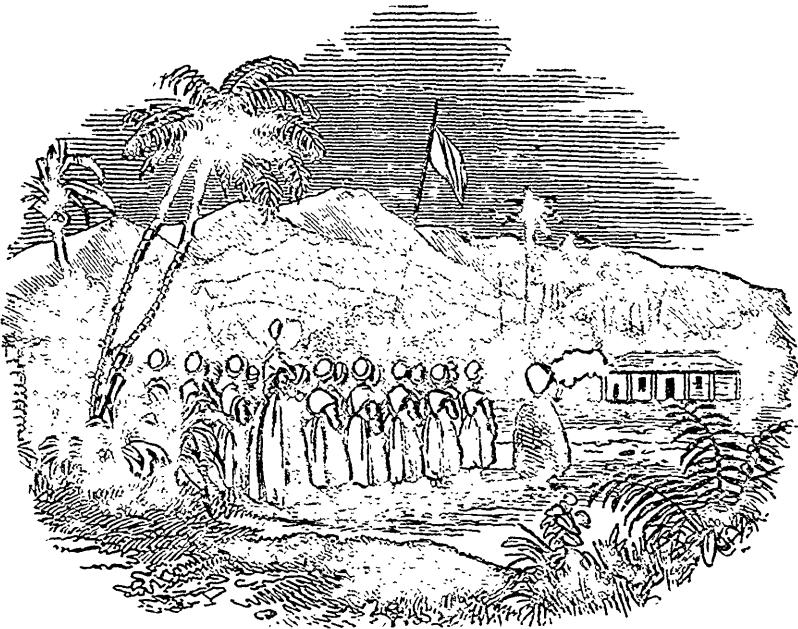
### My Mother's Bible.

This book is all that's left me now;  
Tears will unbidden start—  
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,  
I press thee to my heart,  
For many generations past,  
Here is our family tree;  
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,  
She dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those  
Whose name these records bear;  
Who round the hearth-stone used to close  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said,  
In tones my heart would thrill?  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here they are living still.

My father read this holy book  
To sisters, brothers dear;  
How calm was my dear mother's look,  
Who loved God's word to hear.  
Her angel face—I see it yet?  
What thrilling memories come!  
Again that little group is met  
Within the walls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried,—  
When all were false I found thee true,  
My councillor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasure give  
That could this volume buy;  
In teaching me the way to live  
It taught me how to die.



### Schools in the South Seas.

Missionaries feel it their duty to establish schools wherever they get an open door to preach the gospel, and establish themselves amongst the heathen. The children are their best hope of future success, and hence they give them much attention. Old people that are converted from heathenism have often so many bad habits to conquer, and evil ways to overcome, that they make but slow progress in knowledge. The children, if properly trained, will grow up, we hope, with better views, and become a holier and more devoted race.

Amongst some of our most interesting mission schools are those in the South Seas, and there they are to be found of various kinds.

There are Infant Schools. These are conducted very much as our infant schools at home. They sing, march, clap their hands, stand up, sit down and so on, just as they do here.— After they have spent a little time in reading, or repeating, they are allowed to sing, or march, or throw about their arms, or imitate various kinds of work, singing—“ This is the way the sawyer

goes ;”—“ This is the way the blacksmith goes ;— or “ This is the way the tailor goes.” Or else they may give explanations of some terms. One little fellow will put up his hand as high as he can reach, and shout out, “ This is *perpendicular*.” Another will put out his hand level before him, and say, “ This is *level*.” A third will stretch out his arm, and say, “ This is a *straight line*. A fourth will hold out both arms, and shout, “ These are *parallel lines*.” A fifth bending his arm a little, will say, “ This is a *curve*.” A sixth will bend his arm at the elbow, and cry, “ This is an *angle* ;” and a seventh, whirling his finger round and round before him in the air, will say, “ This is a *circle*.”

Sometimes you will hear them singing the alphabet to the tune of “ Cottage ;” and at others, joining very sweetly in some of your own favorite hymns.

In the schools for advanced children, everything is taught that is taught in our common-day schools here, and many of the children could be shewn to be no way behind those of their

own age in this country. I have some specimens of their writing in my possession, which would do no discredit to any of my readers, and must copy one here for them to read, only sorry that I cannot exactly imitate their writing:

*Central Infant School,  
Upolu,  
Navigator's Island.*

*La au pell E, ia tatou fealofani.  
Beloved, let us love one another.*

*Written by Siava.*

This sounds as you read it, like a sweet voice coming over the waters from the distant isles, and inviting you to love your little brothers and sisters in the Southern seas.

Many of the boys, will answer very quickly many sums in mental arithmetic, and work out others most correctly on their slates.

In some of the schools they have an annual examination, generally in the month of May, and called the *Children's Feast*, when they all dine together. They are then dressed in their best, and, as far as possible, in European clothes. The day is looked forward to with great pleasure, and they are long preparing for it—making hats, bonnets, and other articles of clothing. Some who cannot get European clothes, try to imitate them, and do so sometimes very well. A few years ago some gentlemen were admiring what they took to be red ribbons on the bonnets of some of the girls, but which turned out to be only strips of bark which they had died with the juice of some red berries. On the day of the feast, the children and the teachers walk through the settlement with banners flying, displaying various mottoes.— One will have a dove with an olive branch; another with “God save the Queen;” a third with “God bless our teachers;” and so on. When they get to the chapel, the missionary gives them an address, and they sing some

of their pretty hymns. A missionary gives us the following account of one of these services:—

“The hymns were read by the lads of the school, and sung by the children. A lad about eleven years of age, read the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which he had previously translated from the Tahitian. Classes of boys and girls were then minutely examined in the Tahitian Scriptures, which had been selected for them to translate into this dialect. My elder lads translated, from the Tahitian, and read, in this dialect, a little tract entitled, ‘Miro and Buran,’ which much interested the parents; and others were examined from books in their own dialect. I then asked them promiscuous questions from their catechisms, and questioned them on their respective answers, to all of which they replied with readiness and accuracy. After a short address, I concluded this interesting service.”

The children then dined together under the shady branches of the gigantic trees abounding there.

On one occasion, when the dinner was over, several of the elder boys spoke in a very interesting manner.— One of them referred to their former condition, and then, turning to the boys, said very earnestly, “Whose servants will you be? As for me my desire is towards the Lord. I will be the Lord's.” A little boy, about twelve years old, then stood up and said, “Friends, it is said, ‘Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.’ These words I delight to think of, because they are the words of Christ to us sinners, whom he has pitied in this land.”

Besides these, there are schools for the sons of the chiefs and others, which I may tell you of another time. Let this peep into the good doings in the South make you bless God for having so visited these dear children, and sent them that precious word that has made them what they are.

## What has 1855 done for You.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

While some welcome with smiles and hopes of affectionate greetings another New Year, let us pause upon its threshold, and glance backward over that to which we have just bid adieu. Another marked period of time has passed over our heads, fraught with events of high import, and bearing with it its lessons, warnings, encouragements and admonitions. None of us, old or young, stand precisely as we did; a change has passed over us either for the better or the worse. There are many who would gladly place themselves, at the close of the year, as its opening found them, but it cannot be; 1855 belongs not to time but to eternity, it has gone like a rapid foaming torrent, leaving many a trace of ruin and desolation behind it. Some sweet pastures too there are, green and verdant, through which it has gently and flowed would fain have lingered in its onward course. Let us look a little to what has occurred in 1855. God's judgments have been abroad, there have been wars and rumours of wars, mens' hearts have failed them for fear. A city that was strong in its battlements and powerful in its defences lies in ruins desolate, deserted, without inhabitant, without defence. Many villages, lately the home of industry, and humble happiness, are now roofless and tenantless. While from the mud huts of the Russian serf, the scattered hamlets of the Turkish peasants, the homestead and cottage of the British soldier, from the Hall and the Castle, and the Court, has arisen, one long wail of anguish and bereavement. The hope and the pride of the family circle, the beloved member of the household, the stay and prop of many a desolated home, lie beneath these swelling mounds in a distant land.

In the narrower circle, too, of domestic life, God has spoken by his judgments,

calling upon all men to repent. Many have been suddenly, by accidental circumstances, called to give in their account without any time for making it up, many by bereavements or long and severe sickness have been warned how short time is, and how sure death is. Many have seen what they placed their chief happiness and dependence upon perish from their sight, their riches have taken wing and fled away, and their golden idols have proved themselves to be no Gods. The wheels of God's providence which are for ever moving to and fro, have their bright as well as their dark aspect, and while God's judgments have been abroad, His mercies have been new every morning. God has not dealt with us as a nation, as we deserved, but according to His own great loving kindness. He has disappointed many fears, and given rains in their season, filling the land with food and gladness. He hath not turned back our arms in the day of battle, but has given us the victory that we may know Him as the Lord of Hosts; and even from amidst the heaps of slain and in the din of battle, He hath gotten Himself glory, for not a few valiant in fight counted it their highest glory that they were soldiers of the cross, and the voice of prayer and the hymn of praises mingled with the dying groan and the shout of victory; and the speedy death, bitter for the moment, was but like the chariot of Elijah, to take the spirit home.

In recounting our mercies do not let us forget our trials, for are they not mercies? are they not the remedies of a kind and skilful physician who sees our disease and sends us what will check or cure it, though the application be at the time painful. None that have been sanctified by trial will regret the process, for has it not been unspeakable gain. We may have lost an earthly treasure, but we have obtained an heavenly one. The ties which bind us to this world may be indeed loosened, but

have we not in exchange got a nearer view of the heavenly mansions? If our thoughts travel there frequently in quest of those we have loved here, do we not find the society of the redeemed, even in anticipation very sweet, so that our affections are gradually being set on things above instead of things below.

But in addition to our history, as a nation or as a family, we have our private and individual history, and this will come home to my young readers more than any other. Ask yourselves then what 1855 has done for you in these particulars.

1st. What improvement have you made in the studies with which most of you are engaged? What stores of knowledge have you laid up for future use? What progress, in strengthening your minds, in concentrating your powers of attention, in giving due diligence to those opportunities of acquiring knowledge you have enjoyed during the past year, and which, for any thing you know, may never return. If conscience cannot give a satisfactory reply, make it a subject of humiliation and prayer, and endeavour for the future to redeem the time.

2nd. Examine whether the close of this year finds you with habits of greater gentleness and kindness? Are you more humble, more watchful? Is self less prominent, truth more precious,—your besetting sin of indolence, idleness, pride, self-love, whatever it be—is it less lively, more guarded against? Can you trace real marked progress here? If not, remember, that if by God's grace indwelling sin is not weakened in us, it will assuredly get the mastery over us, until we become, in every deed, slaves of sin.

3rd. Has the last year witnessed your acceptance of the precious message of salvation? has it seen you come to Christ as lost sinner, and pass from death to life, because you have believed in the name of the Son of God, or if former years have borne testimony to this blessed change,

and you have been numbered among the little flock? How have you grown in grace? What progress has been made in searching into that mine of Christ's love, whose height, and depth, and breadth, and length passeth knowledge? Have you more faith, and hope, and joy? Have the fruits of the spirit been abundant? Have you adorned your profession, and glorified God, in all things? Alas! we ear all of us must confess to much sin and shortcoming in this respect.

Let us cease not therefore to cry unto God, who alone is able to keep us from falling, that with a new year, we may have new hearts, with new mercies, new grace, so that when there shall be no more, we may be admitted to the New Jerusalem above.

#### Child at Play.

A rosy child went forth to play,  
In the first flush of hope and pride,  
Where sands in silver beauty lay,  
Made smooth by the retreating tide;  
And, kneeling on the trackless waste,  
Whence ebb'd the waters many a smile,  
He raised in hot and trembling haste,  
Arch, wall, and tower—a goodly pile.

But, when the shades of evening fell,  
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,  
The tolling of the vesper bell  
Called that boy builder home to sleep,  
He passed a long and restless night,  
Dreaming of structures tall and fair,  
He came with the returning light,  
And lo! the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than the unthinking child,  
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,  
Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,  
The false and fading toys of Earth,  
Gold, learning, glory—what are they  
Without the faith that looks on high?  
The sand-forts of a child at play,  
Which are not when the waves goes by,

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