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THE MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD

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OCTOBER,
1852.



THE
MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
RECORD

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THE MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER 1, 185

No. 10.



The Wild Deer.

Did you ever see this beautiful animal, my child? When I was a boy in Ohio, I used often to find wild deer in my father's pasture with the oxen and horses, sometimes seeing twenty or thirty together. They were not afraid of a horse, and when riding I would bend forward upon the horse's neck so as not to be seen, and sometimes ride close up to them, with their lofty, branching horns, their long, slim ears, and their keen black eye always on the lookout for an enemy. When alarmed, they raise their heads and run with surprising swiftness, leaping high fences at a single bound without touching, as easy as you jump the rope.

The Indians used to live on their delicate meat, or venison, which you may have had on your father's table; and of their skins, which they knew how to tan

or dress, they made moccasins, as we do gloves and other articles of apparel.

The Bible speaks of the hart, and the hind or roe, or the male and female deer. "As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul for thee, O God." "Swift as the roes on the mountains." "Deliver thyself as a roe from the hunter." The poet Cowper describes himself as wounded by sin, and his finding mercy in Christ, in the following beautiful lines:

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow, deep
My panting side was charged; when I with-
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.

With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade
[me live.

YOUTHFUL GENEROSITY.

DEAR YOUNG READERS,—What an interesting sight is here presented to us for our "portion" this month.

Suppose you see a poor blind man sitting by the way side, with his faithful dog by his side. I am sure your hearts pity him, but are you not delighted to think that there are some dear children standing beside him, and when I tell you that they are good S. School Scholars, you will easily guess their intention. But let us look a little at the blind man begging; though we have no picture to represent him, yet we may easily recall such a scene, with his hat in his hand, and stretching it out so that any passer-by may have an opportunity of putting some money into it, to pay his lodgings, and assist him on his way; the children see his needy condition, and they perceive his sealed eyes, and their hearts are touched with compassion for him. But they not only feel for this poor man being unable to see—they try to help him, and come with a penny to put into his hat. You see they approach with great caution. Probably they are timid, and afraid of the dog, but their tender hearted kindness urges them forward until we see one actually putting in her penny. The faithful dog, however, seems instinctively to know that these three little girls are approaching with friendly intentions—he perceives the outstretched arm, and knows that in that tiny hand there is something to alleviate the distressing condition of his needy master, and himself. Therefore, he retains his harmless position, and is pleased to see them approach.

Now, little readers, we wish you to imitate these dear children. Consider their case. We know that many who go about begging are not so poor as they say; but only feign to be what they are not. Often we require to consider what we do in such cases, lest our kind intentions to aid them, only

lead them faster to their ruin. But we shall often come in contact with those who are really poor. Yes, even the people of God are sometimes very poor, knowing not where their next meal may come from. Many of you, I believe, will have heard of an old woman who sat down to a crust of bread and a little water, who exclaimed with gratitude, "I have all this and Jesus Christ besides." Here was a child of God, poor as to this world's wealth, but "rich in faith," and an heir of immortal glory. Now, dear children, it is pleasing to God when we wisely consider such. He says, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness. I said, Lord, be merciful unto me; heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee." Here is a glorious reward to those who seek to aid their poor brethren and sisters, and we earnestly pray that our young readers may merit such a blessing. Perhaps some of you may be placed in circumstances in which you cannot help to feed or clothe the poor; but if you cannot do this, you can, at least, learn to sympathise with them. Do not think that because of their poverty, they are not your equals. Think, rather, of the condescending love of God. He is no respecter of persons. He does not love people more because of their gay clothing, extensive lauds, or high attainments! No. He tells us, that "Upon this man will I look who is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and who tremble at my word." Jehovah looks not at the outward appearance of an individual, but upon the heart. Now, look around you, and I am sure you will find many who are poor, and yet every way worthy of your affectionate regard. Dear children, consider their case. Try to alleviate their sufferings temporarily and spiritually, and you will

lose your reward. Jesus says, "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

But think for a few minutes of the blessing you enjoy in being able to see the light of day. O, we who enjoy the sense of sight, cannot know what it is to be blind. Could those who are blind get their sight restored, how joyful and grateful they would be—they would be unable to find words sufficient to express the joy of their delighted hearts. If you take your New Testament and turn to Mark x. 46, you will read an interesting account of the blind beggar Bartimeus, who, like the man we have been speaking of sat by the wayside begging. He heard the noise of the multitude, who followed Jesus, as he went out of Jericho, and enquired into the cause. When he knew that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, he cried out, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon me." Many told him to hold his peace, no doubt thinking that Jesus the King of Kings, would pay no attention to the cry of a poor blind beggar like Bartimeus. But O, they knew not the deep compassion which dwells in the bosom of "God manifest in the flesh." They understood not that for such blind beggars as he Jesus had come to suffer and die! They thought not of the precious gem which dwelt in that blind man—his soul. But Jesus heard his cry of deep anxiety. His sympathetic heart was touched, he pitied the poor blind one, and wished to save him. We are told that "Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called." What a pattern for us to imitate. The people called blind Bartimeus, "saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise, he calleth thee." O, how these words would cheer the heart of the blind man. Jesus had called—Jesus was waiting for his coming. Immediately he rose, and threw away his garment, and came to Jesus. No doubt he would have many a thought as he stood

before the meek and lowly one as to whether he would restore to him his sight. But Jesus did not keep him long in suspense. He asked him this question, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I may receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole; and immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way." O, think of this wondrous miracle which Jesus performed. The believing cry of this poor beggar that he might receive his sight, was immediately answered. His sight was restored. Can any of our young readers imagine the joy which would fill the heart of this poor man as his eye rested, first, upon the "Sun of Righteousness," and then upon all the beauties of nature around? O, think of the unspeakable gratitude that would at once well up from the centre of his delighted heart, to that matchless Jesus who had opened his eyes to behold the light of day.

Now, beloved children, there is another kind of blindness to which I would direct your attention, shortly—that is, the blindness of the soul. You may be able to read these lines perfectly well, and to enjoy all the beauties of nature around you, but have you ever gazed with rapturous joy on the Sun of Righteousness? Are you seeing Jesus to be the treasure of your souls? If not, then you are blind to your interests—you are un-aved children, and you need to have faith in Jesus, so that you may see clearly. You must see that you are guilty sinners and unable to save yourselves from everlasting woe. You must see, likewise, that "God is love." That "God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." The eyes of your mental vision must be opened to "Behold the Lamb of God." You would not wish to be blind to the matchless love of your Saviour? Surely it is the desire of your young minds to see Jesus. You must believe in his atoning sacri-

vice. Jehovah laid all your sins upon **Jesus**. He suffered the punishment in your room and stead, and when you understand and know this testimony concerning him, the eyes of your soul open to perceive the infinite value of your Divine Redeemer, and you are filled with grateful joy! O, dear child, learn of Jesus. He is, as it were, passing before you just now. Embrace the present opportunity of coming to him—another may not be granted. Jehovah's heart of infinite love longs to bless you with the pardon of your every sin. When you trust to what Jesus has done for you, then you are washed from every stain, and made white in the blood of the Lamb.—*Day Star*.

The Grateful Father.

The father of a little girl, about seven years of age, who attended a ragged school, called one day and wished to see the teacher. He said that he wished to thank the master and the gentlemen of the committee for the instruction the little girl received, and the good that had resulted to himself and family. "Formerly," said he, "my Sabbaths were divided between the loom [he was a weaver] and the public-house. When they were closed during the hours of public worship, I took care to provide myself with a good supply of beer, to drink while I was at work. One Sabbath morning, having drunk all my beer, I sent my little girl for some more. She returned without it, stating that the public-house was closed, and she could not get in. I felt so disappointed that I swore and raved like a madman, using the most abusive and disgusting language, and the most herid oaths.

"When my fury was a little abated, my little girl approached me, with the tears streaming from her eyes, and the Bible clasped between her hands. With a most imploring look, she said, 'O father, do not swear so! Jesus says, "Swear not at all." Do not go to the public-house any more; and you

will have more money, and we shall have more of everything without your working on the Sunday.'

"I felt the rebuke, and knew it to be true; but my pride was so touched, to be rebuked by my own little girl, that I drove her from me. But I could not get rid of the text she quoted—'Swear not at all.' It rung in my ears, whether at work or in the tap-room, though I strove hard to shake it off. Still it was in my mind all the day. No matter where I was, in doors or out, it was ringing in my ears the first thing in the morning and the last at night—'Swear not at all.'

"I at last resolved to forsake the public-house, and take my girl's advice. By God's help I have been able to put the resolve into practice, and things have turned out just as she said. All the evils and misery that follow the resorting to such places have disappeared; for now we live in peace and happiness, and I have a blessed day of rest in the bargain. As my child said, sir, so it is; we have more of comfort and of everything without working on the Sabbath at all.

"I now read my Bible, go to a place of worship, and am about to join myself to a Christian Church. I owe all this, sir, under God, to your school. May he bless you, and the other gentlemen, and all ragged schools."—*Selected*.

Honour thy Father and thy Mother.

An old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman who came to examine his school, "I believe the children know their catechism word for word."

"But do they understand it?—that is the question," said the clergyman.

The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began.

A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said almost in a whisper, "Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The

sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw that they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

The clergyman then looked very much pleased, and the good old school-master only said, "God gives us his grace and blessing."

Englishmen rebuked by New-Zealanders.

One essential benefit resulting from missionary operations in distant lands, is the blessed effect which is often produced upon the minds of professing Christians in those countries. Often has it been the case, that those who remain wholly unaffected by the exhibition of Christian principle at home, had been deeply struck by it abroad. An instance of this kind occurred a few years ago in New Zealand. The officers of a King's ship on that station had invited some of the neighboring chiefs to dine on board their vessel. Having sat down to dinner, the officers were not a little surprised to observe their guests, who are not generally considered *bad trenchermen*, declining to partake of any of the provisions. Fearing that they suspected something was wrong, that the food was poisoned, or some want of courtesy towards them had been exhibited—the officers became quite uncomfortable. At length, however the matter was explained. The eldest chief present arose from his seat, and in a reverent and dignified manner, which was participated in by his brother chiefs, offered up a suitable prayer to Almighty God, for a blessing upon the food set before them. This had been the omission which so disconcerted all parties. The officer who related this circumstance, declared that he had never been so abashed in his life, as when these lately savage New Zealanders thus silently rebuked the ungodliness of a company of professedly Christian Englishmen!

The Wages of the Servant of God.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." (John xiv. 27.)

"Bread shall be given him; his water shall be sure." (Isa. xxxiii. 16.)

"If God so clothe the grass of the field,—shall he not much more clothe you?" (Matt. vi. 30.)

"The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow with it." (Prov. x. 22.)

"I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." (Psa. xxxvii. 25.)

"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." (John. x. 28.)

"Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." (Luke xii. 32.)

The Wages of the Servant of Satan.

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." (Isa. lvii. 20)

"He feedeth on ashes." (Isa. xlv. 20.)

"Ye have sown much, and bring in little; ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes." (Hag. i. 6.)

"I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree; yet he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." (Psalm xxxvii. 35, 36.)

"These shall go away into everlasting punishment." (Matthew xxv. 46.)

"Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." (Mark. ix. 44.)

MONTREAL, S. M.

ALLEGRETTO.

Our days are as the grass, Or

like the morn - ing flow'r, When blast - ing windsweeps

o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.



Monumental Inscription to the Memory of Olympia Morata.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,— Among the illustrations which give an interest to your record for this month, you will remark one, a copy of the monumental inscription to the memory of Olympia Morata. You will naturally ask, who was Olympia Morata, and what was there remarkable in her history? To answer your question we must carry you back above three hundred years, to a time very different from our own, when this vast continent,—now so thickly peopled

and so highly civilized,—was but a recent discovery—literally a new world; its inhabitants in the lowest state of barbarism, and as ignorant as the wild beast of the forest they hunted for food.

The old world had just awakened from a sleep of 1000 years. Learning and letters, which had for a long period been forgotten, neglected, or confined to the narrow limits of the cloister, or the hermit's cell, were revived. The religion of Jesus, as revealed in

the Bible, had never been destroyed. It cannot perish. No weapon formed against it can prosper in the end. But though a living church, its light for ages was very dim; it was cherished in the hearts of the poor men of Lyons; it was sung by the martyrs who sealed their testimony with their blood; it was struggled for in many a bloody fight by the Waldenses, and in the clefts and caves of the Alps. The name and knowledge of the simple gospel truth lived and flourished among a little flock—the remnant that should be saved. But God in his love to a world that lay in darkness, a second time said, let there be light, and at his bidding the thick darkness was dispelled, and the reformation, like the morning star, rose, the herald of a brighter day. The subject of this sketch was born, 1526, in the city of Ferrara, in Italy. This was a favored hour for Italy—its day of grace. For a little space the light of the reformation, spreading from Germany and France, shone with a bright but momentary radiance in Italy; soon, alas, to be quenched by the fires of persecution. But though the gospel truth was not permitted to flourish, it had won many advocates to its cause—many souls had been gathered in, though the seed time and harvest were short. Among others who had embraced the truth, was Fulvio Morata, the father of Olympia. He sought at an early age to impart to his little daughter the great things he had found in the gospel of Jesus. His labor was not in vain. To talents of the highest order she added disposition docile and affectionate, and a heart that loved and appreciated the truth. At 12 years

of age she was thoroughly instructed not only in the Latin and other languages, but also in rhetoric and other learned sciences. When about 13 she was received into the family of Hercules, Duke of Ferrara, as companion to his daughters, where she enjoyed every advantage for the cultivation of literary tastes, and attained a remarkable degree of proficiency in learning. The wife of Duke Hercules, Renée of France, had early imbibed Protestant opinions, and by her means many of the persecuted of Christ's people were sheltered from their cruel oppressors.

Herself a woman of rare attainments in learning, she earnestly desired that her three daughters should enjoy every advantage of education that could be procured, while she strove with still greater anxiety to train them in the knowledge and love of the simple gospel truth. In such an atmosphere the genius of Olympia was developed rapidly and she soon acquired an elegance and maturity of scholarship which astonished all who knew her. A still greater advantage she derived from her residence at court was, the intercourse she enjoyed with many distinguished Protestants, who took refuge in Ferrara. Her knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages gave her an advantage few enjoyed at this period, viz., the power of perusing the sacred Scriptures. It was from this sacred source that Olympia drew those precious truths which emancipated her mind from the thralldom of Rome, and filled it with peace in believing.

Olympia was especially distinguished for her proficiency in the Greek language, and wrote beautiful poems

in that tongue. She even gave public instruction in the Greek language and general literature. To these studies she added the higher branches of philosophy and theology. In many of these she was nearly self-taught.— Her persevering industry was constant and unwearied. But what engaged the affections of her friends as much as her extraordinary abilities commanded their admiration, was her peculiar sweetness of disposition and modesty of deportment. She had learned from St. Paul that the most valuable adorning was that of a meek and quiet spirit; and when a day of trial and perplexity came, she found the pearl of great price far outweighed all other treasures of knowledge.

To be continued.

The faithful Shepherd.

"The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want: He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps xiii. 1, 2.

Dear children,—You will at once see that the subject chosen for our lesson, is that of a shepherd watching his flock. When you think of the life of a shepherd, you will be ready to exclaim,—What a delightful occupation that of a shepherd must be! To recline upon the mountain's brow—sit under the shady trees, and wander beside the murmuring brooks—surely a shepherd must be very happy. But, dear children, you must learn not to look for happiness in the objects that surround you, however beautiful they may be. 'Tis God, and God alone, as he is seen in Jesus, that can fill us with imperishable happiness.

Do you remember who won the first martyr's crown? It was a shepherd. In Genesis iv. 2, we are told that "Abel was a keeper of sheep," and you know Abel was put to death by the cruel hands of his envious brother, Moses, too, who was so meek, and

who guided the Israelites through their wilderness journey, he kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law. It was while engaged in feeding his flock that God appeared to him in the burning bush, and commanded him to go to Pharaoh, and ask that hard-hearted heathen monarch to let the children of Israel go. David also—the man according to God's own heart—he was a shepherd. It was while he kept the sheep that his father sent for him to appear before Samuel the prophet, to be anointed king over Israel. 'Twas the shepherd-king, inspired by the spirit of God, who wrote the most of the Psalms, and who could say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Probably he loved the word "shepherd" more than any other. It would bring to his remembrance his happy youthful days in which he tended his flock. Going before, they followed their youthful leader, as he gently led them to the cooling stream to slake their thirst, or to some quiet vale, clothed with the richest pasture. And no doubt, dear children, he delighted in the beautiful and appropriate expression—"The Lord is my shepherd." He gloried to "lie down" and rest his soul upon those "green pastures" of Divine truth which God had provided, and to follow Jesus as he led him to the "still waters," even the glorious "gospel of the blessed God," in order to satisfy his "thirsty soul." O, dear children, Abel, Moses, and David were shepherds—faithful shepherds—but they were more, they were happy shepherds—men who had taken God as their "portion for ever," and, consequently, they found him to be their "exceeding joy." The birth of the blessed Jesus, you remember, was announced to shepherd. They were faithful: They were watching their flocks during the night; and lo! the herald-angel descended. Commissioned by the great Jehovah, he proclaimed to their astonished and delighted hearts the best, the most thrilling, the most glorious news that ever gladdened, or ever will gladden the souls of men.

Now, dear children, these are some excellent shepherds we have presented to your minds, but there is a lovelier still upon which we wish to look, and the longer you look, and the more you fix your mental eye upon him, the more you will love and admire, and admire and love his matchless beauty. The name of this shepherd is "Jesus," which signifies, "He shall save his people from their sins." Matt. i. 21. But Abel, Moses, and the other shepherds were sinners. They needed to be washed in the "sin cleansing fountain." They required to come to Jesus, the "good shepherd," who gave his life a ransom for their souls, and by faith in him receive the pardon of their every sin, to be adopted into his family, and sanctified for heaven. Thus you see, beloved readers, that Jesus far surpasses all the rest in moral loveliness. He did no sin. "He is without spot or blemish."

Well, this good shepherd has a flock. He purchased it at an enormous price, even his precious blood shed on Calvary. "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." John x. 11. Dear children, do you know what that flock is? In Ezekiel xxxiv. 31, we read, "And ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God." Thus you perceive the flock of Jesus: "are men." Now, there are lambs in his flock, and he takes great care of them. O, he loves the little tender lambs. The prophet Isaiah describes the affectionate regard of this "good shepherd" beautifully. "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." Isa. xl. 11. Now, you see the kindness of this shepherd to the lambs of his flock. His last injunction to Peter after he had dined on the shore with his beloved disciples, was "Feed my lambs."

Well, dear children, are you the lambs of Jesus' flock? This is the question

which each of you must apply to his own conscience. Our object in addressing you from time to time through the *Day-star*, is to bring you into this fold by setting before your minds "the truth" which is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." It is no trifling matter. Do not read your "portion" carelessly. O, we beseech you, do not put off the salvation of your souls. Dear child, are you away from Christ? If so, what shall you do when taken as you are to his judgment bar? If you die ungodly, you must be cast into outer darkness, with devils for your companions, eternally banished from God's presence, and for ever shut out from all that is holy. No friendly voice can reach you there, entreating you to "come to Jesus." Ponder these solemn truths and be persuaded to enter this fold. Be one of Jesus' lambs. Take him for your shepherd and all will be well.

Perhaps you are in the position of a girl I met with two weeks ago. I had often conversed with her regarding eternal things, and from her answers, I concluded that she had been brought to the saviour. Not having an opportunity of conversing with her by herself, for some time previous, I wished to be sure she was safe, and when we were alone I at once said, "How are you getting on? Are you always happy?" She knew at once what I meant, and replied, "No, I'm not happy." I looked surprised, and said, "Do you believe that Jesus died for you?" She said, "Oh yes, I believe that." "Then," said I, "have you no peace in your mind from that knowledge." "No," she said, "because although I know quite well that Jesus died for me, I don't understand how his death is to save me." This was her difficulty, and it may be yours.

Dear child, the death of Jesus saves in this way. God took your sins and he laid them upon Jesus. He bore the punishment of them, instead of leaving that awful curse for man. God has said, and (he cannot lie) that who-

soever believeth shall be saved! O then, see in the atonement made, reason sufficient why you should enter into the fold of the "good shepherd." By his death he opened up a way for you to the friendship of God. The moment you believe this, and rest upon it as your ground of acceptance with God, that moment you stand before him justified, a saved child, that moment you become one of those lambs whom he delights to carry in his bosom. Then you will shout aloud for joy, and sing like David, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." You will delight in "Little My," and say *my* shepherd, *my* Saviour, *my* Father, *my* God "He loved me and gave himself for me." You will rejoice as the little girl did of whom I have spoken, when she understood clearly what the death of Jesus had done for her, and exclaim, "No, I'm not afraid to die now, I'm happy now."—*Selectd.*

It's an Odd thing.

"It's an odd thing," said a fellow hiccuping and staggering along the street, in his shirt sleeves, with a blacksmith's apron round his loins—"it's an odd thing that I can't keep my legs!"

To me there seemed to be nothing odd in the matter, for I doubted not he had taken strong drink enough to make any man stagger. "Oh," says one,

"That men should put an enemy in their mouths

To steal away their brains."

"It's an odd thing," said a woman as I passed by her habitation, "but that lad of mine is always in mischief. This is the second pane of glass he has broken this week, and last week he was near blowing up the house with gunpowder."

Odd as this appeared to the lad's mother, it seemed to me a very common-place, every-day affair. To my knowledge she had let her son have his own way in everything; no wonder,

then, that he should plague her heart. "The rod and reproof," says the wise man, "give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

The Revenues of the Mind.

The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busied in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind are expended or pledged faster than they are received, it cannot but be that the mind must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers still take in with no expenditure, the mind may grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I be covetous; nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.

Our Next Volume.

We deem it due to our readers to announce that at the close of the present volume the committee of publication have resolved not to send the volume commencing with 1853 to those who are in arrears for any but the current volume, 1852. We will advert to this subject more fully in our next.

We are encouraged to find that our occasional notice of what is doing in Ireland for the rising generation, destitute of the means of grace, is so fully appreciated, and are thus the means of some good. In the August number of the Record we had the pleasure of acknowledging subscriptions from sundries, amounting in all to £3 14s 3d, and we now put on record sums amounting to £8 18s 9d, with an extract from the letter accompanying the last sum:—

Extract from letter received from C. A. E. Sinclair, Perth:—"Some months ago we had a most thrilling account of the destitution of the Irish children. An appeal being made to the Children of Canada, we urged the proposition to our young people. A hearty response was given, and each one brought her dona-

tion. With the aid of some other interested friends, we have collected the sum of £5."

Subscriptions received by J. C. Becket up to the present date

Grove Union S. S., per Mr Logue, Waterdown	£0	5	0
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Misses E. and C. Sinclair, from School and friends in Perth.	5	0	0
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How to Insure Punctuality in Sunday-School Engagements.

What, the old story over again? Another doleful lamentation over the want of punctuality among Sunday-school teachers! And how long is this to continue? One would think that there had been enough of the cutting, filing, and polishing process, to render punctuality one of the brightest jewels of the Sunday school; but it is far otherwise, if common report may be credited. While, therefore, the evil complained of exists to an extent which reflects unhappily upon many teachers of the young, let us try in a good-humored and kind-hearted manner, to place it in such a light as may attract more attention than hitherto, in the hope that teachers, in general, may be induced to muster up sufficient resolution to overcome that tendency to forgetfulness, indifference, and incautiousness, which mainly occasions the want of punctuality in the fulfillment of Sunday-school engagements.

When the writer of this article went to school, he well remembers to have learned the following couplet, as a guide to oratory.—

"Speak slowly;—then all other graces
Will follow in their proper places."

This lesson may be regarded as a very proper starting-point for all those individuals who are desirous to excel in the captivating and impressive art of public speaking; and a similar direction may be laid down as a starting-point for all who are anxious to attain excellence in the still more noble art of religious teaching.—

Be PUNCTUAL;—then all other graces
Will follow in their proper places."

Admitting that Sunday-school teachers possess the essential qualification of piety, and that they can, in their measure, display some of the Christian graces, yet they should be so careful and jealous of these estimable orna-

ments as to guard very vigilantly against anything that may tarnish them, and, in consequence, tend to compromise that respect in which the teachers' characters should be held by all observers of their habits and proceed-ings; and particularly so among their friends, their fellow-teachers, and their scholars. Graces, as moral ornaments, are designed to gratify the mental vision, and to excite agreeable contemplations. It is a great pity that any teachers of religion should act so equivocally as to render their sincerity and honesty to the sacred cause liable to suspicion by any dereliction in the very starting-point of their acknowledged obligations. If this unpleasant imputation is to be avoided, the best means for the purpose is firmly to uphold a reputation which acquires its form and coloring from undeviating punctuality.

But what do the scholars now about all this? Are they conscious of the evil and its degenerating effects? To this inquiry an illustration, in an inverse direction, may afford the more appropriate reply. In a Sunday-school class the teacher recently requested the scholars to show him, on the ensuing Sabbath-day, the difference between a simile and a metaphor. This set the ingenuity of some of the boys at work, and one of the results was, that one of the boys said, that the affirmation, "My teacher is like a clock," was a simile; but to say, "My teacher is a clock," was a metaphor. This difference was accepted as correct, but the boys were asked, "If your teacher is a clock, does he strike?" "No," they replied, "he is no striker, but he sometimes requires to be wound up, that he may not cease going." The scholars were then asked how they could prove, metaphorically, that their teacher was a clock? The answer was, "Because we can always tell the hour by the time at which our teacher enters the school, for he is constantly here exactly five minutes before the time of commencement."

Now, if any teachers can contrive to answer the obligator punctuality by being present in the school, and securing all the advantages to the class, and to their own reputation, by being five minutes before time, why should not all, except in cases of serious illness, do the same? But how is this mighty achievement to be accomplished? Mightily indeed it might be considered, if such a term could be employed without exciting either a smile, or even downright laughter. The great secret of punctuality in all our engagements consists in two things—the one is an unalterable resolution to be invariably punctual, and the other is a spirited effort to leave home exactly at such a fixed time, both in the morning and afternoon, as will insure the superintendent's presence in the school a quarter of an hour before the stated period of beginning school, and every teacher's presence in the class full five minutes prior to the appointed time of commencement.—*Selected.*

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
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