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THE MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VI.]

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[No. 10.]



PERSEVERANCE.

We copy the following from a book for children of no very recent date, which pleased us as a lively instance of animal sagacity, and it may serve to recommend to others the advantages of perseverance.

"In a remote field stood a large tulip tree, apparently of a century's growth, and one of the most gigantic of this species of tree. It looked like the father of the surrounding forest. A single tree of huge dimensions, standing alone, is a sublime object. On the top of the tree, for years, an old eagle, commonly called the Fishing Eagle, had built her nest every year, and unmolested raised her young. What is remarkable, this tree stood full ten miles from the sea shore. It had long been known as the "Old Eagle Tree." On a warm, sunny day, the workmen were hoeing corn in an

adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day, the old eagle was known to set off for the sea side, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and by yelling and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird, that she dropped the fish, and they carried it off in triumph. The men soon dispersed; but Joseph sat down under a bush near by to watch, and to bestow unavailing pity. The bird soon returned without food. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food, so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous, that the boy was greatly moved. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that

seemed to say, 'I know not what to do next.' But her indecision was momentary; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to 'lie still,' balauced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea. Joseph now determined to see the result. His eyes followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky; and then disappeared. She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons. On nearing the field, she made a circuit around it to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached her tree drooping, faint and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner such as—save the cooking—a king might admire. 'Glorious bird,' cried the boy in ecstasy and aloud, 'what a spirit! others can sing more sweetly, others can scream more loudly—but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed—when weary—when discouraged—when so far from the sea, would do what thou hast done! I will learn a lesson from thee to-day. I will never forget hereafter, that when the spirit is determined it can do almost any thing. Others would have drooped the head, and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings; but thou, by at once recovering the loss, hast forgotten all. I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to do something, and to be something in the world; and I will never yield to discouragements.'"

THE KARENS.

THEIR RECEPTION OF THE GOSPEL.

One of the most remarkable things about the Karens and the mission to them, is the singular way in which every thing seems

prepared by God, amongst them, for the receiving of the gospel. Very strange stories indeed could be told you showing this, and I am going to put down some in my account to-day. In some places the missionaries have been met by processions of the people, welcoming their entrance to their villages, as a fulfilment of prophecy, and singing Karen hymns about it, which showed their openness to receive the truth. In other places the people having heard of the likelihood of the missionaries coming to them, have even built places to meet in when they came, that they might have every thing ready to hear and receive the gospel at once. Natives often have also gone before them unknown to them, preparing their way, and giving such representations of the good things the missionaries had to state, that the people hailed their arrival with delight.

When the first missionaries passed through the jungle, to a number of villages in a part of the country called Mergui, they were met at the entrance of the first village by a number of women and other persons, who gave them a welcome, by singing a hymn, the first verse and chorus of which run thus—

"The Lord his messengers doth send,
And he himself will quickly come;
The priests of Boodh, whose reign is short,
Must leave the place to make them room."

You will wonder how they should be thus prepared to receive the missionaries. The missionaries were guided to the place by a clever chief, who had sent the people word to meet them; but they had never heard the gospel, and the singular welcome they gave, is amongst the many strange things that have happened in God's sending them his truth.

On one occasion, the missionaries had gone down a river some two days' journey south of this place, where they accidentally met with a religious teacher and his wife, who persuaded them to visit their village, and started on before them to prepare the people. When they arrived, they found all made ready, and a number willing, and glad to hear the missionary preach or read. He took out a tract and read; and as he did so, the teacher kept calling out "The Lord!"—"The Lord!"—"The Lord!" This man, though not a Christian, had built an addition to his house for worship, where he and his neighbors met every evening to pray and sing hymns. The missionary saw an idol's shrine in his house, and told him it was wrong. He at

once said he would destroy it. "I made them," he added, "through ignorance, not knowing what was proper. I have been long living in hopes that I should see a teacher among us; and now you have come, I am determined to do as you say."

You may be sure the place of worship, all ready for the gospel, the willingness of the people to listen, their long wish to have a teacher, and their obedience at once to what he told them, filled the missionary with astonishment, and he retired to bed, full of gratitude, surprise, and joy. But his surprise was not to end here, for in the middle of the night he was awoken by a number of Karen women singing in the next room; and what, think you, was their song? Here is a part of it. They made it as they sang it.

"If we know the Lord Jesus Christ,
We shall be delivered from our sins;
Whoever knows the Lord Jesus Christ
Is delivered from his sins.

Upon the whole earth

No other God should be worshipped;

Throughout the whole earth.

No other God shall be worshipped.

Praise the law of God.

It is pure as water, even as sand;

Praise the truth of God,

It is pleasant as water, and smooth as iron."

Of course you will see they mixed up in their song part of what they had heard Mr. Mason the missionary preach that morning, with what they had known and felt before.

Only about ten days after this, another very strange circumstance occurred. The missionaries were trying to find their way to a small Birman village, but unfortunately, both they and the Karens that were with them, lost the road, and came upon the border of a great swamp. What to do, and which way to turn, they did not know. The evening was already advancing, their food was all used, and their limbs quite tired. They stood together and held a short council, when the Karens determined to make for the mountains, and immediately led the way through a thick jungle of briars and creeping plants. They were soon on the banks of a mountain stream, and found near it a beaten path, which they supposed must lead to a Karen house or village. They pressed up the path, but night came on, and the stars shone out before they came to any human dwelling. They passed what seemed to have been once a cultivated field, but which had been deserted; and as they

were now quite worn out, they determined to stop and spend the night in the forest. They accordingly kindled a fire to keep off the tigers, read a portion of Scripture, engaged in prayer, and lay down to sleep. "Not having either dinner or supper to prepare," says the missionary, "our arrangements for the night were soon made. I moved away the large stones in a small ravine, and, under a few wild plantain leaves to defend us from the dew, lay down to sleep to the music of a sleepless brook that rolled at my feet. We awoke with the wailing cry of the long-armed apes, bounding from tree to tree in the forest beyond us. 'The morning has whitened,' said a Karen at my side, pointing to the first glow of dawn on the mountain summit, and while the morning fog swept in gigantic fleeces over the plain below, except an occasional knoll piercing above its waves like an island in the ocean, we commenced tracing our steps down the hill to a path at the foot, that had been observed leading to the north."

While they were thus trying to find their way, and wondering in their minds how God might turn their losing the road to some good account, they suddenly came in sight of a Karen house. An old man was standing near it, and after looking at them very closely, he called out to his family within, "The teacher is arrived! The teacher is arrived!" And in another moment, turning to the astonished missionaries, he astonished them still more by saying, "I will show you to the Zayat (place of worship); it is close by; only a call distant." What it all meant they could not understand, but followed in silence, wondering at God's hand in thus apparently preparing the people for them, till they arrived at a few Karen houses, and found by them a very comfortable place of worship ready for them, and in a few minutes a good congregation waiting to hear their message.

On making inquiry, they found that some one had told them the teacher was in the jungle, and would very likely come their way; so they should build him a zayat, and when he came, listen to his teaching. They accordingly set about the building at once, and had just finished it, when what seemed a mere accident, brought the missionaries to them. The missionary stayed a little with them, and when they left, the poor people loaded them with rice, and yams, and sugar-cane, and begged them to come back every year.

This they did, and now a flourishing little church is established and many believing souls are gathered at the spot.

Are not all these wonderful things?—Who of you can read them and not feel God is thus opening our way to this interesting people? More, much more might have been told you about them, but my space will not allow me to do it. I must therefore tell you where you can read a great deal more of the Karens, and what God is doing for them than I have time to tell you. It is in a very interesting little book, published by the Religious Tract Society, for one shilling, and called "The Karen Apostle." I have got many of the particulars I have told you from it, and am sure you will read it with great delight.

I have still a little more to say of the Karens, but leave it for another time.

The May Meetings in London, England.

Once every year, young reader, there is a great gathering together of religious people in London. They come there to hold the anniversary meetings of the religious institutions of our land, and have sermons preached, and collections made to promote their interests and keep up their funds.—These gatherings begin near the end of April, go all through May, and run sometimes a little into June. But as they are generally held in May, and very few in either April or June, and used to be entirely so, they are known in the country by the name of "The May Meetings."

Men of all religious parties, and from all quarters of the world then meet together. The largest places for public assemblies in London are often too small for the crowds that would press in. A fine spirit of love and joy generally reigns amongst the people; and those who go up from the country to join the services, often come back full of gratitude for what they have heard and seen, and greatly stirred up to help on more zealously the holy cause of God.

Amongst the great Societies that then held their meetings, I may name "The British and Foreign Bible Society;" "The Religious Tract Society;" "The Sunday School Union;" "The London, The Baptist, the Wesleyan, the Church of England, the Free and Established Church of Scotland, the Moravian and other Missionary Societies," besides various Societies for converting the Jews, educating the people, helping the poor and sick, and having other good and useful ends in view.

The principal place where these great meetings are held, is Exeter Hall, a very large and handsome building, with a fine platform at one end, a large gallery at the other, and seats and places enough to accommodate about 4000 people. It is a noble sight to see this great hall crowded in every corner, all the passages full, and the platform crammed with ministers and other gentlemen interested in the work of God. So great are the crowds at these services, that people wishful to attend them, are often there by breakfast time, and formerly by six or seven o'clock in the morning, in order to secure their seats, though the chair would not be taken till perhaps twelve o'clock.

At these meetings there are often missionaries from foreign climes, and sometimes native converts, and very often good and great men about whom we may have read and heard, from France, or Switzerland, or Germany, or America.—All this helps to give interest to the service, and often makes a great pressing together of the people.

This year the meetings have been held as usual, and perhaps there never were more interesting and pleasant meetings ever held in London. Some of them have been, indeed, unusually delightful, and the report of them is such as to make all at a distance only wish that they too had been there.

When you grow up to be men and women, I hope you will be able to attend the meetings that will then be held. Of course, I and many of your friends and teachers will then be dead, but I hope and believe, the meetings will be even better and larger than they are at present, and that even better, wiser, and cleverer men will be found from amongst some of you, to fill the pulpits, and appear upon the platforms.

Indeed, by that time it is to be expected that much progress will have been made in the conversion of the world, and that things we hardly can look for now, will by that time come round. You know that will be in about another twenty or thirty years, and oh! who can tell what God may do in thirty years?

Another thirty years, and all China may be visited by Christian light, though now we are only entering within its walls.

Another thirty years, and all India may have embraced outwardly the gospel, though now we only see its youth in our schools, and old Hindooism beginning to lose its power on their minds. Another

thirty years, and not an idol may be left upon its throne in all the South Sea Islands, though now we only number 200 of its isles, that have rejected their heathen gods.

Another thirty years, and all Africa may have been reached by missionaries of the cross, though now very little of it is even known, and much less converted to God.

Another thirty years, and the youth of this great country, now growing up with a missionary spirit, you amongst the rest, may have become a noble army for Jesus, and be devoting their lives and powers to promote his work, as none have ever done before.

Oh! what glorious days may come round in thirty years. Days for which we have prayed but never seen, yet, in which you will have to act your parts.—Dear reader; I pray that you may be full of missionary zeal and interest now, that if you live till then, you may be full of missionary skill and power then.

I can believe, that if the work goes on in the world as now it seems to promise, the May meetings in thirty years, at which you will perhaps attend, will be a sort of triumphant meetings, when the tale shall be told, how God is conquering the nations to himself, and getting the great honors about which the Bible speaks. God grant it may be so, and to this end stir you up, and then make you fit to do his work amid the glory of those days!

Juvenile Contributions for Missions.

THE WIDOW'S FARTHING.

A poor woman, just after a Missionary Meeting held in the country, called at the lodgings of a minister who had been engaged at the meeting, and told him she had been prevented from attending it, but hoped she was not too late to present a little contribution she wished to make to the society. The poverty of her appearance induced the minister to say he feared she could not afford to give anything.—But the poor widow told him, that though a widow, and with four children to support by her mangle, she had still a little to give to the Missionary cause; and, untying a bundle she had brought, gave him *three hundred and thirty farthings*. The minister asked how she got so much and so many to give to him. She told him she had made a practice of laying by one farthing every day for above a year past, excepting such days as she was prevented

working by illness, and here was the whole store for the cause of God.

How much could be raised for God's great work in the world, if every one of his people would only give *one farthing a-day*?

THE LITTLE NEGRO.

A little negro boy was once asked how he got money to give to a missionary collection, at which he was presenting two halfpennies. "Me got three coppers (three halfpence) long time," was his answer; "so me beg you, massa, take two, and me keep one."

THE HOTTENTOT GIRLS.

Mr. Read, in one of his missionary excursions, says: I perceived a farmer's little girl, of five years old, constantly going, as secretly as she could, behind a bush.—Coming to my waggon, I said, "What do you do so often behind the bush?"—"I go to pray, sir." "To whom do you pray?"—"To Christ." "What do you ask from Christ?"—"I ask for grace."—"To another child of her age, I said, "I hear you often pray; what do you pray for?"—"I say, Lord Jesus, here lies a poor sinful child at thy feet; Lord, be gracious to me, and give me grace, and thy Holy Spirit; forgive me all my sins."

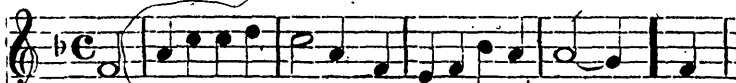
THE PRAYING LITTLE GIRL.

Among the children connected with a Sabbath School in Illinois, is a little girl eleven years old, from an irreligious family. She had been taught in the Sabbath School that it was the duty of little children to pray, that God loves to have little children tell him their wants in prayer. She believed this, and practised it. Her little cousins came to see her one day, and she took them to a grove, knelt down with them, and prayed for them. These children told the mother of the praying girl what had happened, when she sought explanation of her little daughter, and found that for months she had practised *secret prayer*.

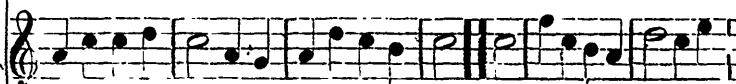
THE LOVE OF GOD.

"There is enough of water," says Dr. Dick, "to cover the whole surface of the globe to the height of eight thousand feet." Now, were it possible for one drop of this water to expand and expand till it were as wide as the world, and deep as it is from the surface of the earth to the nearest fixed star, (a distance of no less than twenty billions of miles,) each drop thus expanded and united into one vast body, would be but as a drop from the ocean compared with the love of God

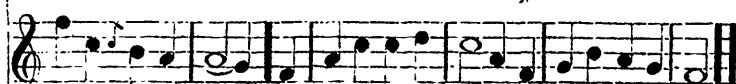
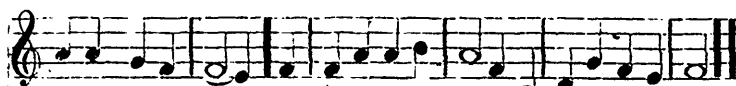
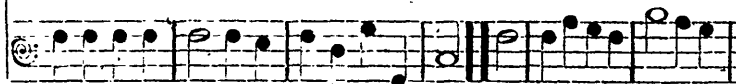
MISSIONARY HYMN.



From Green-land's i-cy moun-tains, From In-dia's co-ral strand, Where



A-ric's sun-ny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From



many a palmy plain, They call us to de-li-ver Their land from error's chain.

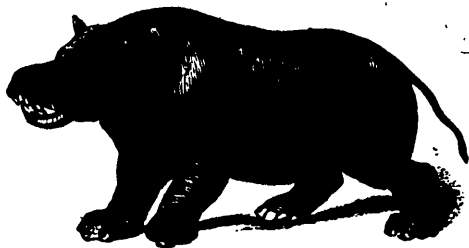


What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spread from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

This is a large unwieldy animal, as you will see by the engraving; and its name you will hardly need to be told, is large and unwieldy too. The hippopotamus is in size about equal to the rhinoceros. The tusks of its lower jaw are sometimes two feet in length; and weigh upward of six pounds each. These tusks are very valuable. As they do not turn yellow by age or exposure, the material is much used for the purposes of making artificial teeth. In figure, the animal closely resembles a huge and clumsy ox. A male has been known to be seventeen feet in length, seven feet in height, and fifteen in circumference. It is found in great numbers in Africa, and in the lakes and rivers of Abyssinia and Upper Egypt. Some people think that the hippopotamus is the animal alluded to in the book of Job, by the name of behemoth. Among the ancient Egyptians, it was regarded as a divinity, and is so regarded still by some of the negro tribes in Africa. The great strength of the animal would render it one of the most formidable in the world, if its disposition was ferocious; but it is represented as very mild and gentle, except when wounded, or otherwise provoked to be mischievous. At times, however, it has shown its power in a dreadful manner. The male has been known to upset a boat, and even to tear it to pieces with his teeth. The Egyptians, according to the statements of travellers, have a curious way of catching the hippopotamus. They find out where a herd of them are likely to pass, and they throw upon the ground

a great quantity of dried peas. The animal eagerly devours the peas, and this mass of dried food makes him thirsty. So he goes and drinks a good deal of water, which causes the food to swell, distending the stomach, and killing the animal.

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

"Will you please learn me my verse mamma, and kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger, as he opened the door, and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother; "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

His mother was very ill—indeed her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath—her lips were white—her eyes were growing dull and glazed—and her purple blood was settled under the nails of the cold attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from God's Holy Word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men, spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never too ill to hear little Roger's verse and prayers.

"Hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch, "Your dear mamma is too ill to hear you to-night!" As she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently up-

on his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to every thing transpiring around her, the sobs of her darling aroused her from her stupor, and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring little son, and lay him in her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother. Alas, poor fellow! How little did he realise then the irreparable loss which he was soon to sustain!

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never, never forget it: *When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord shall take thee up.*" The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features before him, and went quietly to his little couch. The next morning he sought as usual his mother, but he found her stiff and cold—a corpse wrapped in the winding sheet, and ready for the grave.

That was her *last lesson*. He has never forgotten it—he probably never will. He has grown to be a man—a good man—and now occupies a post of much honor and profit in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother. It was not misplaced—the Lord *has* taken her darling up.

My little reader, if you have God for your friend, you need never, never fear. Father and mother may forsake you, the world may seem to you like a dreary waste, full of thorns, and pit-falls, but He can bring you safely through trials, and give you a golden harp, and snowy robe—like those the justified wear in Heaven. He can even surround your death-bed

by angel visitants. "He is all powerful, an ever present help in time of trouble." Will you not then seek His friendship? This you can never gain unless you put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and keep His commandments. "If you love Me," said the Saviour, "keep My commandments." *Do you keep these? Do you not only "abstain from evil," but from the slightest "appearance of evil?"* These are solemn and soul-searching questions. If you are compelled by truth to answer that you do not, will you not change your course, and begin to-day to live for God? Perhaps some very little boy or girl may read this story of little Roger, and turn away from the reflections here at the close, saying, "I am too young to become a Christian yet—by and by I will keep all of God's commandments and be very good indeed." My little friend, you are not too young to die. Perhaps you may not live to fulfil your design of becoming a Christian in some future hour. Better begin now! Trust me when I say to you, *you are not too young!*—C. W. Barker.

THE LOST SAILORS.

Columbus made three voyages to the new world, which he discovered in the West. A great many vessels, containing in all twelve hundred men, were with him on the second voyage. They found many islands, unknown before to the world, particularly one which was pleasant and beautiful, its green shores being washed by the gentle waves. Columbus called it Guadalupe. The vessels anchored near this delightful spot. The men were weary of being shut up in the vessels and living upon salt meat and hard bread, and were very glad to get leave of Columbus (for he was commander of them all) to go on shore, penetrate the forests, and roam over the plains, and gather the fruits of the land.

At night, when the boats were returning to the vessels, it was found that one

captain and eight men were missing. Columbus was much displeas'd, for though all the others had obtained leave, these had gone without. But he was very much alarmed too. Through all the night and the next day he waited, but they came not. He feared that they had been murdered by the natives of the island. These Indians were called Caribs. They were exceedingly fierce and cruel, and were said to be so savage as to eat the bodies of their enemies whom they killed. How then could Columbus, the kind-hearted and brave, allow the vessels to sail away and leave the men in that strange land?

A young Spaniard, named Ojeda, with forty men, went to explore the island, in hopes of finding the wanderers. Ojeda, with his party, searched through the woods and climbed the mountain's side; they fired guns, and made the forests resound with their shouts, in hopes that the lost ones might hear the sound—but in vain! Ojeda returned with his disappointed party to the vessels. Columbus grieves for the wanderers, and will not go till they are found, though he wishes much to sail away and discover more islands, and more of the wonders of the new world. At last, after waiting some time longer, and fearing that the men would never come, to the great joy of all, the lost ones appeared on the beach, and made signs to be taken on board the vessel. They had been wandering in the woods, unable to find their way out; the more they tried to gain the shore, the more deeply they became entangled in the pathless forest. They were received with joy; but though the noble heart of Columbus was glad when he saw them, he still thought it necessary to punish them for going on shore without his consent.

What child does not pity these sailors, separated from their friends, wandering in an unknown land, exposed to the cruel and fierce Caribs? But is not every one who has sinned and allowed wrong feelings to come into his heart, and forgotten God, lost

in a far more terrible wilderness than were these men? They were separated from God? These men grieved that they should never again see their own bright and sunny native land: but the sinful child, whose heart is not changed, shall never see heaven. They feared the fierce and warlike Caribs: but far worse enemies lie in wait for the sinner. These islanders only devoured the body: but Satan will sieze upon the soul. How willing too was Columbus, and all the men in the ships, to receive the wanderers: and is God less willing to take back to his friendship, those who seek his face through Christ?

But mark the difference. Columbus thought it necessary to punish these men, and we do not know but he did right; but those who return to God shall be freely forgiven: for, let it be written on the heart of every child who reads this story, that "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Jesus Christ!"—*Boston Sabbath School Treasury.*

A DYING CHILD'S LAMENT.

BY GEORGE FOREST.

Mother, the spring has come again,
In all its joy and mirth;
And flowers are blooming fresh and fair
Upon this lovely earth.
The balmy breeze of spring is sweet,
And bright the summer's sky;
But, mother, I must leave them all:
They tell me I must die.

Dear mother, I am going home,
To join that glorious throng;
There shall I strike the golden harp,
And swell that heavenly song.
Dark sorrow there can never come;
From pain I shall be free;
And with my blessed Jesus spend
A long eternity.

I wish that thou couldst go with me,
To that bright world above,
For ah! 'tis sad to leave behind
The mother that I love.
'Tis hard to leave this glad some earth,
But I should happy be,
For I should have no fear of death
If thou couldst go with me.

A father dear has gone before;
And brother too, you said;

Has left this world of sin and woe,
And rested with the dead.
And angels bright are waiting round,
My spirit home to bear;
But, mother, weep no more for me;
Soon you will meet me there.

The grave looks dark, and chill,
But what have I to fear?
For passing through the vale of death,
My Saviour will be near;
For he hath lain within the tomb,
And since he too hath died,
I fear not death, nor yet the grave,
If he will be my guide.

Now, mother, sing that hymn to me,
Which I so love to hear;
For O! thy voice so soft and mild,
Is music to my ear.
My little span of days is run,
Death-damps are on my brow;
Then, mother, kiss me once again,
For I am dying now.

The rosy morning dawned once more,
And all was bright and fair;
A sound was wafted on the breeze—
The last faint breath of prayer.
She knelt beside the lifeless clay—
The spirit pure had fled;
The mother and her only child!
Were numbered with the dead!

FOR THE MISS. AND SAB. SCHOOL RECORD.

FOLLOW ME.

Ye guilty, ruined sons of men,
Whate'er your rank may be,
Ye must, ye must be born again
If ye would follow me!

The world's neglect ye must endure
And bitter trials taste,
If ye would make your calling sure
And follow me at last.

The world's alluring snares are spread,
The tempter seeks for thee:
Through dang'rous paths the souls must tread
Who strive to follow me.

Yet oh! while thus ye struggle here
Though strong your trials be:
Come, breathe to me the humble prayer—
And ye shall follow me.

I know and love the souls full well,
Who would from sin be free:
Fear not, my grace with you shall dwell,
If ye would follow me.

Still let your watchword be—press on!
Nor from the struggle flee;
A brighter, better world will dawn
On those who follow me.

Shipton, March 1849.

SCRIPTURAL SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.

We continue to receive occasional subscriptions for the above object; in our next number, we will acknowledge in detail the amount sent in.

In accordance with our promise to keep our readers advised of the progress of these schools, we give the following extracts from a recent tract, issued by the Edinburgh Committee, which will be read with deep interest:—

The Rev. J. N. Brownrigg, at Tauchmac-doumel, writes,—“It is no unusual thing to see poor little children fall off their seats at School, with weakness and want of food. On Tuesday last, we were obliged to send home six, so exhausted by hunger, that others, who were stronger, had to assist them. I found some of the children picking and eating weeds by the roadside, with starvation in their faces; and being near my lodgings, I brought them home, and got a pot of stir-about made for them, but they were not able to eat it.”

Mr. O'Callaghan, Castlekerke, 26th April, says, “I can see, from where I now write, the gloomy looking spot where, last week, stood a cabin. When I returned from County Cork, sometime since I found the mother of several young children lying on a bed of mountain heath, dying of want in that cabin—the poor husband not much better. The children all attended our schools, and were improving, most astonishing! The priests had made an offer to take up her children, and put them into a convent school, and to get herself and her husband work and food, on condition she would let herself be auctioned; and, in case she recovered, to make public penance for having turned. This she refused; saying, she only did what, in her heart, she believed to be right. I visited her often. One day, when I was sitting near, her little daughter came in, bringing a little dish of roots, which she had been all day picking for food. It was the Potantilla, a weed commonly found on the road-side. They had no other food. They were obliged to leave their cabin, and seek the shelter of an over-crowded workhouse. What pained her most, was to remove a most promising little girl from the school; but of this I relieved her, by promising to keep her at School. She learns with more ease than any other girl I ever knew.”

Anecdotes of Oughterard School, from Mr. O'Callaghan.—“The Missionary agent has given the children the prayer of Jabez to learn, he called in the evening, and was surprised at their admirable answers to his questions on it, particularly orphans who used to come two-and-a-half miles without tasting food. One little boy, William Norton, (whose only remaining parent had her foot and leg broken by her cabin falling, jumped up, and called

out, 'I have it, Sir' and he repeated it without a mistake. He is about six or seven years of age. This little fellow was like the others, fasting till his return from school. He used to watch the mail, hoping to get alms: and when he got a halfpenny, he bought a turnip, and carried it home to his poor crippled mother, to divide it between them. After he had been at school some time, the priest found it out, had a conversation with him, and offered him a penny a week to keep him from school. This was of no use, as the boy would not give it up."

"An orphan girl, of respectable parents, came to the school for *secular* education; but was determined not to touch the scriptures, and bargained with the Master and Missionary to that effect. They agreed. The first day, when the children repeated their texts, she requested to be allowed to leave the room, and was allowed to go. She continued this for one week, at the end of which, she asked the master to give her a text, saying, she would learn the verse, 'Micah vii. 18,' which she did rapidly; and continued learning every day, bringing a baby, of whom she had the care, and nursing it all the time of the scripture lessons. She often repeats the *first verse* with great delight, and seems to know *how* to thank God for having gone to school, as does some of the other children."

In a letter of the 12th May, the Rev. E. Moore writes,—“We hope, as early as we can procure rice, to give the children one substantial meal a-day. Our numbers are very large. Our Sabbath School seldom has than eighty-five. All but one Romanists. All learning God's word on week-days and Sundays. All improving in knowledge, in cleanliness, in orderly habits; and some, I trust, finding this Word the power of God unto salvation.”

On the 25th May, Mrs. Moore, the able help-mate of her husband, communicated the following interesting account of the Rectory School,—“As to the feeding of the children of our school, I commenced last Monday morning, the 21st, giving good stirabout, mixed with rice, which made good substantial food. Some days giving with it milk, and other days treacle and water diluted, which is recommended, and is delightful for the poor children. I have it cooked at the Schoolmistress's house; and at 10 o'clock, myself and one of my daughters attend, when the roll is called. I require all to be there at that hour, or they must do without breakfast. Regularity is the chief thing to be obtained, as it prevents confusion. It is quite delightful to see their happy faces when they see me enter the school-room. The girls of the head class, then bring in the breakfast, and when all are supplied, the master asks a blessing, in which the chief number of the children join with grateful hearts. When all is over, school opens at eleven o'clock, and they sing a hymn, and then prayer. The children all join in the Lord's prayer and the creed. All in attendance, ninety-three. So grateful are

they, poor children, and so anxious to be in proper time, from seven o'clock they are coming there. What a blessing to be able, under God's blessing, to do so much for our poor suffering Romanists. Among the 93, there is one who has renounced Popery; and all, except three or four girls, have given up attending mass. They prefer coming to the school-house, and reading the Scriptures, as they feel they can learn something which will lead them to know Jesus as their Saviour.”

TEACHERS' CORNER.

COMPLAINTS OF SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

A little girl, five or six years old, in P——, was reading a story about a child, who complained that her Sabbath school teacher never asked her any questions, and never talked with her class. After she had read the story through, she sat a few moments in deep thought, and then said,

“There, ma, I do wish my teacher could read this story.”

“Why, what is it?” inquired the mother.

After she had related the story, her mother asked,

“Why do you wish your teacher to read it?”

“Because, *she never asks us any questions* only those in the Question book, and she never talks with us.”

A pious young lady, walking home from the Sabbath school, in company with a lad, seven or eight years old, asked him,

“Why do you not become a Christian?”

“I think I should,” said he, “if I only had a teacher who would talk with me.”

It was no excuse for this lad to neglect his soul, and live in sin, because his teacher neglected her duty. Still his answer is an affecting reproof to every unfaithful Sabbath school teacher.

A girl, twelve or thirteen years old, went home from a morning prayer meeting, where the children had been particularly addressed, and bursting into tears she said,

“I don't think there is enough said to Sabbath school children. *My teacher never asked me but one question in the world.* She only hears me say my lesson, and that is all she does.”

That child was anxious about her soul, and her teacher knew nothing of it. Perhaps one short conversation in the Sabbath school, or when she met her alone, might have been blessed to her salvation; and as a reward of that single effort to do good, that teacher might have had the precious soul of her scholar to shine in her crown of rejoicing forever. What new life and interest it must have given to all her prayers for the conversion of the dear children in her class, to have known that

one was weeping over her sins; and to have seen with her own eyes, the tears; to have heard the anxious inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" and to have tried herself to direct the mourning child to her blessed Saviour.

"He which converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—*Charles. ton Observer.*

"Who is Sufficient for these Things?"

It is a generally admitted fact, that the work of the Sabbath School Teacher is no small undertaking, and that it involves immense responsibilities. But how few realize this responsibility! It is very easy to say that Sabbath school teachers occupy important and responsible stations, but to *feel* deeply that *my* work is solemn as eternity, is quite another thing.

While visiting the families connected with the school over which I am placed, I often hear of simple facts which impress my own mind more and more deeply with a sense of its greatness. A few days ago, when conversing with the mother of two little boys, she mentioned some circumstances, which I will mention, as illustrating the importance of Sabbath school teachers' faithfully attending to their great work of instruction.

The eldest of these boys, not six years old, about a year since, became the subject of some religious impressions. He often made very interesting inquiries relative to Christ, heaven, the soul, &c., which increased the anxiety of the mother that those thoughts and impressions should be cherished. That he might be under a good influence in school, and, at the same time enjoy the watchful care of pious teachers, she sent him to school in the country, and placed him in the family of the teacher, who was thought a very suitable person to have charge of him in this very interesting state of mind. The mother gave the reason for placing him under his care. At the close of the term he came home. On the first evening after reaching home he said to his mother, "I have almost forgotten how to pray, mother, and have hardly read my Bible since I left home." His mother, surprised to hear this, asked him, "Why, did not Mr. or Mrs. — talk with you about the Bible, and teach you to pray?" "No mother, THEY DID NOT SPEAK TO ME ONCE about it."

Who can tell what may be the result of this neglect? or, had they faithfully discharged their duty, who can tell how changed might have been his situation ere this? Soon after returning home, he went to the north part of the city to visit a friend, and spent the Sabbath with him. His little friend was a member of the Salem street Sabbath school, and invited Edward to go with him, which he cheerfully did. Returning home early in the week, he said to his mother, "I wish I could always go

to Moses' Sunday school the teacher talked so pretty about Jesus; I loved to hear him talk." "Well, did not your teacher at N——n, talk like him?" asked the mother. "No, he did not talk like him."

These facts will speak better thoughts to each teacher who reads them, than another person could suggest. May the teacher under whose care Edward is now placed be assisted by wisdom from above to guide his youthful mind to the Saviour, and may we all remember that it is the *faithful* servant that shall at last receive the plaudit, "Well done."—*L. E. —Sabbath School Treasury.*

OUR NEXT VOLUME.

The time has again arrived when we should ask the friends, the subscribers of the *Record*, to be looking round for the purpose of extending its circulation. In a subsequent number we will advert to this subject more at length; in the meantime we would simply call the attention of our readers to the matter, in the hope that they will beatify themselves and reward our gratuitous labors with a considerable addition to our present number of subscribers. Mr. R. D. Wadsworth is now travelling in Canada West, and will receive contributions in aid of the Canada Sunday School Union, as well as arrears and new subscribers to the *Record*.

OBITUARY.

We are sorry to learn from a correspondent at Elgin, near Huntingdon, of the death of Mr. James Tannahill, for a considerable time the esteemed superintendent of the Sabbath School. Our correspondent observes:—

"Our Sabbath School has sustained a great loss in Mr. T.'s death. He was a sincere wellwisher and benevolent supporter of the Sabbath School, although he had no children of his own to reap any benefit from such an institution. His money and time were both cheerfully spent in promoting the religious instruction of all within his reach, but particularly in support of the Sabbath School: and his remembrances of all such institutions were frequent and fervent at a throne of grace, and it appears, in our case, he was heard, for God has not left us destitute but given us another superintendent who, we have reason to believe, is greatly interested in the welfare of our School."

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