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THE
MISSIONARY
(AND)
BIRTH
RECORD.

VOL. XI.

MONREAL, DECEMBER, 1854.

No. 12.

Louisa Jewett.

"Oh, if we had only spoken to her about her soul."

"Oh girls, if we had only spoken to her about her soul, what a comfort it would be to us now!" exclaimed one of a group of young girls, who sat weeping in the parlors of Mrs. D.'s boarding and day school. This remark caused a fresh burst of tears, while a deeper sadness, springing from self-reproach, settled upon the heart of each one of us. Well might we weep! We had just heard that Louisa Jewett, our favorite class-mate, was dead!—The brightest, most joyous and mirth-loving girl in all the school, she had been cut down suddenly in the midst of life and health, and we should hear her musical laugh no more. But one short week before, she had been in school, with the deepest of rose tints upon her round cheek, and the sparkle of health in her dark eye; relieving the dullness of our tasks by many a playful artifice; and even causing the sternest of our teachers to smile at a witchery of manner, which none knew so well how to assume; and now she was dead!

We knew that she had been sick for several days; her cousins said she had

taken a severe cold at a party we had all attended together, and was threatened with a fever. We had been intending to go and see her, but the weather was bad; and as no one considered her in danger, we delayed our visit and thought but little of her illness; only remarking now and then, "I do wish Louisa would hurry and get well; we have no fun in school when she is not there!"

When told of her death; our first thought and question was of her immortal soul. We all knew while in health she had been perfectly thoughtless; but "during her illness was there any change? Did she think she was going to die? Did she pray? Did she try to prepare for death?" These anxious inquiries only drew from our teachers the sad intelligence that no one thought her illness anything serious until forty-eight hours before her death, and from that time she was delirious! Her pastor had prayed beside her; pious friends tried to arrest her wandering scenes and impress upon her that she must die; but her incoherent ravings showed that all was in vain; and silently they prayed and agonizingly watched for some moment of returning reason, to whisper, "Prepare

to meet thy God."—But none came. The silver cord of her earthly life was loosened amid delirium, and none dared to hope that she had entered upon that more glorious life which awaits those who have learned to trust in Jesus!

Many of us who sat weeping there professed to be His followers; we had taken His vows upon us, had sat around His table, and partaken of the feast spread for His friends; and yet, much as we loved Louisa, we had mingled with her day after day, sharing her studies and amusements; had felt her soft arms twined about us, and her lips pressed to ours, in token of affection, and had never whispered "Come with us, dear friend, and taste of the love of our Redeemer!"

Why this neglect? Did we ever think of it?—Did we care nothing about it? Yes, often, had we wished she was a Christian; and as often longed to speak to her upon the subject, and entreat her to come to Jesus. But she was so lively, so fond of turning anything serious into ridicule, that we were afraid that she would only laugh at us. So the Tempter whispered "If you were to talk to her about religion it would do no good, for she will laugh at all you can say, and then her heart will only become hardened by it." And thus we quieted our consciences in the non-performance of a duty with God! Now that it was forever too late to atone for our neglect, what would we have not given to be able to recall it? In looking back upon the last few weeks, we now saw so many occasions on which we might have introduced the subject of religion; and we felt that, in the sight of God, we were responsible for her soul.

Louisa's father sent a particular request that we should attend her funeral. The morning of that sad day was bright though cold. The carriages were to call for us at two o'clock. Being dressed a few moments before the time, I stole down softly to the silent school rooms, and seeking the

desk which had been Louisa's, I sat down by it to indulge my grief alone. I had not been there a moment before another girl came in, and treading noiselessly the long dark room, took her place beside it. Another, and another entered, with the same intention, until we were all grouped around that desk; the deep silence broken only by our sobs. I raised the lid, there were her books, just as she had crowded them in, on her last school day. We remember how she said, "books, arrange yourselves if you please I have more agreeable business on hand," and flinging down the lid, ran away laughing at the thought of the untidy mark she would receive. There lay the slippers she had been embroidering for her father, her needle looking as if it had just dropped from her fingers, and we saw that the last flower she wrought was a "forget me not!"

"Sweet Louisa, you will never be forgotten!" murmured one; "but oh, to think of her soul!" sobbed another, and our tears burst forth afresh.

When we saw her in her coffin, so little was she changed, so beautiful was she,—the braids of her rich dark hair confined with white satin ribbon, and the half-blown rose-buds in her hands—that we could almost fancy that she was only sleeping.

Not a word was spoken during our long slow ride to the cemetery. We saw the earth sprinkled upon her coffin and heard those blessed words, "I am the resurrection and the life," and then weeping silently, re-entered our carriage.

During that homeward drive there were deep searchings of heart, and earnest communication with the Holy Spirit. To many of us it was one of those solemn hours which leave their impress upon the whole after life.

Before we retired that night we spoke freely together of our sins in never reminding Louisa of the value of her precious soul; and then kneeling down, with our arms about each other, prayed God to forgive us, and to grant

us grace in future to be faithful to the souls around us. Oh how that act soothed us!

Until then we had never had the courage to pray before each other, but from that time our little circle assembled, at stated periods, for social prayer, as long as we remained at school. It seemed so much easier, after that, to speak to our young friends who were still careless, and I do not think that our weak efforts were quite in vain.

Girls, boys, any who reads this true sketch, are you followers of Jesus, and have you not any friends that are not? Will you let them go down to the grave without a word of warning from you; without one invitation to come to that Saviour whom you have found so precious?

AUNT HATTIE.

—*New York Observer.*

Too Big to Pray.

I tarried for a night with an old friend, who had always seemed indifferent on the subject of religion. His wife was pious, and endeavored to impress the minds of the children with proper views of God and eternity. Her little boy, of two or three years, when about to retire to rest, knelt down by his mother, and reverently repeated a child's prayer. When he rose from his knees he turned to his father, with a seeming consciousness that he had performed a duty, and addressed him. "Father, I have said my prayers: have you said yours? or are you too big to pray?" I thought it was a question that would reach the father's heart, and it might yet be said of him, "Behold he prayeth."

I have since noticed many, very many who were too big to pray. I knew a young man, a college student, of brilliant talents and fascinating manners. Yet he would sometimes sneer at piety and pious men. He was considered a model by a certain class around him. In a revival meeting, the Spirit of God reached his heart. He saw his danger and resolved to re-

form. Then he thought of his companions who had witnessed his past life. They would say he was weak-minded and fickle. He would lose their respect. He could not come down from his high position. He could not take up the cross through good and evil report, and his serious impressions passed away, perhaps forever. *He was too big to pray.*

I knew a man who had passed the middle age of life. His children had grown up around him, while he had been careless and unconcerned about their eternal welfare. A change came over him, and he felt that duty called on him to pray in his family. But how could he assume such a task before his household, which would be astonished at such a strange event. He shrank from the effort, and finally relaxed into his former position and indifference. *He was too big to pray.*

I knew a physician who held a high rank in his profession. The urbanity of his deportment, joined with an intelligent mind, made him a pleasant companion. But he was sceptical in the doctrines of the Bible. He witnessed the happy death of one who triumphed in the last dying hour, and his infidel opinions were shaken. "Almost, he was persuaded to become a Christian." But the pride of his heart was not subdued. He could not humble himself at the foot of the cross. *He was too big to pray.*

I knew a man of great learning and great worldly wisdom. He became a disciple of Christ, but he mistook the nature of prayer. Instead of praying in the "simplest form of speech," he often used "great swelling words," and lofty rounded periods. His prayers were not edifying. *He was too big to pray.*

How many thousands there are around us, who have been elevated to high places in our land, who would not dare to be seen upon their knees, supplicating the Majesty of Heaven.—*They are too big to pray—Cor. N. Y. Observer.*



Blind Cecilia.

A STORY OF JAMAICA.

Jamaica is an island in the West Indies, but it belongs to this country. There used to be a great many slaves there. They were poor black people who had been stolen from Africa by wicked men, and bought by West India planters. They had no wages; their masters could sell them again, and sell their wives and children too:—they could be flogged and chained at the will of their master or mistress:—they were not allowed to learn to read the word of God, and were often severely punished for going to hear it.

In 1838, the slaves in Jamaica were set free. It was a joyful day to them. Now they can have their schools, and chapels, and ministers, their neat little cottages, with gardens before and behind. They learn to read, and sing, and pray.

That you may judge how happy they now feel, I will tell you what sort of names they give to their little cottages and lands. There were some which a missionary found in one of their villages: "Bundle Rest," "Quite Content," "Heart's Ease," "Happy Retreat," "Bit of my own," "All Blair's Comfort," and one poor old

negress who had lived to the age of seventy years before she was set free, called hers, "Me no been thinking," meaning, "I never could have thought it."

When the slaves were set free, the British and Foreign Bible Society sent a copy of the New Testament and Psalms to every negro who could read. The negroes heard of the noble present that was coming, and they were soon as busy as possible, trying to learn to read with all their might before the Bible ship arrived. So many had learned to read that it cost the Bible Society ten thousand pounds to keep their promise!

There was one poor negro girl, however, who could not lay claim to a Testament. She sat and listened to others, but she could not learn. She heard a sweet verse here and there which made her long to be busy learning too, but she could do nothing: she was *blind*. She had been blind for several years. The good Moravian missionaries at that station were very sorry for her, and I dare say they had many a kind word of instruction and encouragement for the poor blind girl, but that was all they had to give her.

Not very long after there came some

ourious books to the missionary station. The letters within were neither written nor printed, neither in ink nor in pencil. The pages were all white. Yet there were letters, and letters made on purpose for the blind.

Can any of you guess what kind of letters these were? They were stamped letters:—stamped up from the under side of the page, so that the shape was raised, and you could feel it with your finger. These are called "embossed" letters.

The missionaries were very much pleased when these books were sent. They thought of poor blind Cecilia directly. They did not mind trouble, and one of them set to work to teach her. His name was the Rev. John Elliot. He kept on teaching her for twelve months. At the end of that time she had learned to read, and how delighted was she when she was able to read in the Gospel of John all about Jesus! I dare say she liked to read about the blind people to whom He gave sight. Perhaps she wished that she had been among them, that He might have made her see. But if the eyes of her mind were opened, it would more than make up to her for the loss of her bodily sight.

Cecilia could not work in the fields among the sugar canes, because she was blind, but soon she found out a way to be useful. She could go and read the Gospel to the negroes who could not read it. She went on a visit to another part of the island, where her books had not been seen before. The negroes there were very much surprised to see a blind girl read. Almost every evening they used to ask her to go and read to them. She was invited to different villages in turn. Her mother went with her to take care of her. She would sit down beneath the shade of the palm trees, and a large company would gather round to hear her read. She could read as well and as quickly as children who have their sight. She read very distinctly, and as if she loved what she read.

Sometimes her aged mother, with her spectacles on, would sit by her side, and read the verses with her in turn. They did not read out of the same book. Cecilia read from her embossed book:—her mother read out of the large Testament given her by the Bible Society. Cecilia *felt* the letters: her mother *saw* them; but Cecilia read rather better than her mother.

The poor negroes would often make the blind girl a present of such things as they had to give. They would throw bits of yam, or plantain, or cocoa-nut, and sometimes even a piece of silver, into her lap. Some of the old negroes told Mr. Elliot that they could not sleep at night after hearing Cecilia read. They would say in their broken English, "Me try, try, and turn, turn, but sleep no come; me still see the dark eye read."

This was not all the use Cecilia made of her knowledge. She wished to be employed in the day time as well as in the evening. I hope it was the pleasure she herself found in the word of God which made her wish that every one else might understand it. She began a school for the little negro children, and taught them the Catechism and hymns which she had learned from her embossed books. It was easy to do this by making them repeat a line at a time after her.

But how do you think she taught them to read? It seems a wonderful thing for the blind to be taught to read: but for a blind girl to teach children who have their sight to read, seems more wonderful still. Yet Cecilia did this, and you shall hear how she did it. She had black letters printed under her embossed letters; then, when she felt one of her letters, she knew that a common black letter was just under it, and she told the children its name, and made them say it after her.

The last letter I read about Cecilia was dated 1845. The Moravian missionary station has the pretty Scripture name of New Carmel.

My dear children, perhaps you can all see to read this book; but there is another kind of sight which God alone can give you. It is spiritual sight. It will make you take more delight in His word than in any other book. It will make you love Him more than all the world besides.

If you have not this sight, perhaps there will be a place which Cecilia will see, and you will not see. I mean heaven. There she will have her sight. There she will see Jesus. But there will be no such happiness for you, my dear little readers, unless His Spirit makes you see your own sinfulness, and His love, and grace, and glory, *here*. How earnestly then should you pray that God may give his Holy Spirit! Jesus says, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

If you do love Jesus, are you trying to show your love to Him and to be as useful to others as "Blind Cecilia?"

J. L.

[From an interesting series of little books, published by Mr. Kennedy of Edinburgh, and which you should all get to read.]

Little Kindnesses.

"'Tis sweet to do something for those that we love,
Though the favor be ever so small."

Brothers, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon that charmed circle we call home? We love to receive little favors ourselves; and how pleasant the repetition of them makes the domestic circle! To draw up the arm-chair, and get the slippers for father, to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother, to help brother, or assist sister, how pleasant it makes home! A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it, for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up, "I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister, help little brother,

and you are binding a tie around his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum, but brother will show me," says another little one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting, I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with nervous anxiety while she replaces the "naughty stitch."

"O, I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hand of her sister; "all nicely arranged: you are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't get so bad," says the gentle voice of Mary, and the little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did than to say, "O, go away, and don't trouble me;" or to scold the little one all the time you are performing the trifling favor.

Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles, they strew the path of life with flowers; they make the sunshine brighter, and the green earth greener; and He who bade us "love one another," looks with favor upon the gentle and kind-hearted, and he has pronounced the meek blessed.

Brothers, sisters, love one another; bear with one another. If one offend, forgive, and love him still; and whatever may be the faults of others, we must remember that, in the sight of God, we have others as great, and perhaps greater than theirs.

Be kind to the little ones; they will often be fretful and wayward. Be patient with them, and try and amuse them. How often a whole family of little ones are restored to good humor by an elder member proposing some new play, and perhaps joining in it, or gathering them around her, while she relates some pleasant story!

And, brothers, do not think that because you are stronger, it is unmanly to be gentle to your little brothers and sisters. True nobleness of heart and true manliness of conduct are never coupled with pride and arrogance. Nobility and gentleness go hand in hand; and when I see a young gentleman kind and respectful to his mother, and gentle and forbearing to his brothers and sisters, I think he has a noble heart. Ah! many a mother's and many a sister's heart has been wrong by the cold neglect and stiff unkindness of those whom God has made their natural protectors.

Brothers, sisters, never be unkind to one another, never be ashamed to help one another, never be ashamed to help any one, and you will find that though it is pleasant to receive favors, yet it is more blessed to give than to receive.
—*Sunday School Advocate.*

Origin of Words.

We should confidently conclude that the Norman was the ruling race, from the noticeable fact that all the words of dignity, state, honour, and pre-eminence, with one remarkable exception, (to be adduced presently,) descend to us from them—sovereign, sceptre, throne, realm, royalty, homage, prince, duke, count, ("earl," indeed, is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his "countess" from the Norman,) chancellor, treasurer, palace, castle, hall, dome, and a multitude more. At the same time the one remarkable exception of "king" would make us, even did we know nothing of the actual facts, suspect that the chieftain of this ruling race came in, not upon a new title, not as overthrowing a former dynasty, but claiming to be in the rightful line of its succession. On the other hand, the great features of nature, sun, moon, and stars, earth, water, and fire, all the prime social relations, father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, these are Saxon. * * * * * The instruments used in cultivating the

earth, the flail, the plough, the sickle, the spade, are expressed in his (the Saxon's) language; so too the main products of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, bere, *i. e.* barley; and no less the names of domestic animals.

The Poor of this World

God's ways are not as the ways of men. They often seem inexplicable to the human mind. None are more so than those which concern choice as to the objects of his favor. He selects as a general thing, not the rich of this world, but the poor; not the noble and the mighty, but the humble and the weak. Moses was the son of a poor Levite—Gideon was a thrasher—David was a shepherd boy—Amos was a herdsman—the apostles were "ignorant and unlearned." The reformer, Zwingle, emerged from a shepherd's hut among the Alps. Melancthon, the great theologian of the Reformation, was a workman in an armorer's shop. Martin Luther was the child of a poor miner.

Carcy, who originated the plan of translating the Bible into the language of the millions of Hindostan, was a shoemaker in Northampton. Dr. Morrison who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a last-maker, in Newcastle. Dr. Milne was a herd-boy in Aberdeenshire. Dr. Adam Clarke was the child of Irish cotters. John Foster was a weaver. Andrew Fuller was a farm-servant. William Jay, of Bath, was a herdsman; and the present Archbishop of York is the son of a draper.

"Beware of the First Sin."

Sin! beware of it. If you once begin to give way to it, depend upon it, it will cut the sinews of the soul. There will be more delight in an evil companion than in holding communion with God—more delight in the public house than in the sanctuary—more pleasure in the casino and saloon than in public worship. You

will prefer a night's wandering with wordly pleasure-hunters to do the work of Satan, to that of visiting the sick and dying, to comfort and cheer them. O, consider in time how different the course between sin and holiness—between God and Satan! One will give you a momentary excitement of unhal- lowed joy—the other, satisfaction here, and everlasting pleasure hereafter; the one a life of debauchery and death—the other a psalm of goodness and life. O, then, beware of the first sin! Life is short. Love God, and live to him.

The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1854.

The "Record."

We would direct the special attention of the friends and readers of the *Record* to the circular inclosed in the present number. We do so, because we feel that the continuance of the *Record* beyond the coming year will depend entirely upon the kind of response given to the circular. The publisher feels that he has done his part in supplying the first and cheapest, exclusively Sabbath School paper ever published in Canada, and has endeavored to keep before his mind the attainment of the great object for which it was at first commenced, viz., "to awaken and keep alive, through the agency of the Divine Spirit, a true missionary spirit, and to unite the efforts of all against the common enemy. It will be the Missionary Record, not of one church or of one denomination, but of the world—it will take a panoramic view of all missionary stations—travel round the globe on a voyage of discovery, and rest at every verdant spot

where the gardens of the Lord are planted."

It will be seen that we have put a prospectus in each copy, so that every subscriber may have an opportunity of doing their part in extending the circulation of this paper. We would be sorry to give up the *Record*, not only because we trust we love the mission in which the *Record* is engaged, but we know of many instances in which it has been the means of great good, and would still be willing to continue it at some loss; but that loss must be within certain limits, otherwise we act unjustly.

It should be observed in all future orders of the *Record* that we cannot continue to send the paper addressed to individual subscribers—this entails too much labor, which increases materially the cost of the publication; not less than five to one address, and all parcels of a larger number must also be sent to one address; and the individual taking this trouble will be allowed one for every ten paid subscribers, or for which he may guarantee the payment before the close of the year; that is, eleven copies for \$2, twenty-two copies for \$4, &c., &c.

It must not be forgotten also that there is no postage on the *Record*; it passes through the British Provinces free of postage or any charge whatever, other than the subscription for the paper itself. This we regard as a great boon to the Schools in Canada, and should be improved everywhere, by individuals allowing parcels to be addressed to them, since no expense of postage is incurred by so doing. This would also secure the prompt and punctual delivery of the paper, the want of which has often been

complained of, but which was really not our fault, but that of many of the Postmasters, who, having nothing for their trouble, cared but little to perform their duty in this respect.

With these explanations we must leave the future of the *Record* in the hands of its friends throughout the country. If it is wanted, we shall labor to make it worthy of support; if it is not, we shall of course cease its publication at the close of another year.

LESSONS.

In the present number we give, as promised, three sets of Lessons; three months of No. 1, and one month each of No. 2 and 3. In our next number we will give three months each of 2 and 3; so as to prevent disappointment, should any of the schools adopt one or other, by giving always two or three months' Lessons in advance.

Response to the Appeal.

We are quite sure that a very little effort would quadruple the *Record* subscription list. Since our last, and in answer to the appeal, a correspondent has furnished us not only with all that was due at the place, but through the agency of his active lady, has succeeded in raising a list of 42 where there were but 6 or 7. Mr. and Mrs. Langford, of Merrickville, have our most sincere thanks for this exertion, and we hope their example will be very generally imitated, especially where there is no authorized agent. We take the liberty of making the following extract from Mr. Langford's letter, dated Merrickville, Nov. 21, 1854:—

"In the last number of the *Record* I received your bill of what I owed—a debt which should have been dis-

charged without any such notice. But as there was no authorized agent here, it has been neglected, and I find the whole village is in the same situation with myself; hence we are all in arrears. But I have taken the liberty to act as your agent on the present occasion, and have endeavored to collect the outstanding debts of the *Record* in Merrickville.

"I was truly sorry to hear that a paper so truly valuable as the *Record* should have so small a circulation in our extensive and intelligent Province; but amidst all the growing improvements of the country, it is well if we do not become absorbed in them, and forget the more solemn and momentous concerns of eternity.

"I sometimes think that the discoveries and improvements of the nineteenth century at once show the greatness and weakness of man! His greatness in being able to comprehend the abstruse principles of nature, so as to make them subservient to his use, and the many inventions which characterize this period over any other of our world's history. But his weakness is seen in ascribing the glory to himself, like the proud Monarch of Babylon, forgetting the God to whom he is indebted for those faculties of soul and body by which he accomplishes his designs—so the work of his own hands, like those of Nebuchadnezzar, becomes the gods whom he worships. Strange idolatry! not the idolatry of "fanatic Egypt," sunk in ignorance and wretchedness, but an idolatry the most unnatural, because it flows from minds cultivated and refined."

Will the Ladies be good enough to take the hint given, and do a little extra for the *Record*? We expect to get from 10,000 to 12,000 subscribers for 1855. Who sends the first 100?

Blessed Poverty.

Worldly reverses are often blessings. They who forget God while the world

smiles upon them and plenty crowns their board, are sadly grieved when their comforts are withdrawn; yet it is then, in the day of adversity, that they consider. On a Saturday evening one of the missionaries of the New York Tract Society listened to the piteous tale of a woman. She was a widow and had one child, a boy about five years old; she was in very delicate health, but so far from having the nourishment her condition required, was altogether destitute of food, even of the coarsest kind: and instead of a comfortable bed, the floor was her only resting place; the weather was cold and she was shivering, but she had no fire nor money with which to procure fuel. Her state was indeed distressing, her prospects were dark, she knew not God, and self-destruction presented itself to her view as the only mode of escape from her sorrows: and upon this mode she would probably have rashly ventured, had she not been checked by the sight of her darling boy, whom she feared to leave an orphan, exposed to the world's buffetings. Thus it was when the missionary entered her room. It was doubtless the Spirit of God that taught him what to say, for his words were reasonable, and she felt them. Food was speedily provided, but the bread of life also was presented to her attention, and now it is believed that she not only enjoys the bread that perisheth, but feasts upon that which endures to everlasting life. In the day of adversity she considered.

Here is another case. A daughter called upon a missionary and asked him to visit her mother. He did so, and found her sick. Her husband had become intemperate, lost his employment, left his family, and now, from far away, had made known where he was, and that he also was sick and destitute. The temporal condition of this family very much resembled that of the woman above described, for the absolute necessities of life were wanting; but this was a woman who once

enjoyed religion and the fellowship of an Evangelical Church: she had backslidden and lost her religious enjoyments, adversity had been sent to admonish her; she was thus taught to consider her ways, and to the miseries of poverty was added the torture of a wounded spirit. Doubly acceptable to her, therefore, was the visit of the missionary. God made him the means of relieving her temporal wants, and of leading back her soul to Christ, and not many days elapsed before she visited him with a glad heart and cheerful countenance, glorifying God for having healed her backslidings and restored to her the joy of his salvation. This was the end divine grace would accomplish by sending her adversity; and now, her feet again treading the way of God's testimonies, the stream of domestic comfort has again begun to flow.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

Refusing to be Benevolent—An Incident.

A female, the head of a family in comfortable circumstances, her husband doing well in business, and all of them attending an evangelical ministry, was waited upon for a subscription towards a Missionary Association. Before the object of the call was named, she occupied the friend with detailing how good God had been to them in giving them health, prosperity, and other mercies. After some time spent in conversation in this strait, the friend named her errand, suggesting that, as so much kindness had been experienced, a trifle might be devoted as an acknowledgment to Him from whom all came. At once the countenance fell, and the tone changed. She began an enumeration of the calls made upon them: she dwelt upon the number and the wants of her family; she could spare nothing for such a purpose. Within a day or two afterwards, she was herself seized with alarming illness. Where not a few pence could be found for the service of God in the Gospel, pounds, not a few, had to be paid for

the attendance of physicians. Troubles of various kinds thickened round the family. The husband became unfortunate, as we say; no business prospered with him; and at length he found himself in jail; and, ere long, they who once had plenty, found it hard to live. I do not positively pronounce that the refusal of the subscription was the cause of their calamities; but it was at least singular that *up to that time*, according to their own showing, *all went well with them*, and, by my own knowledge, *from that time all went ill with them*.

I heard a Little Child Swear.

He took God's holy name in vain!
I heard the fearful word;
Devils rejoiced, and angels wept,
As the dread sound was heard.
That little child, poor feeble thing!
My heart wept bitter tears,
As I thought of his future doom
In swiftly coming years.

He took God's holy name in vain!
He knew 'twas awful sin,
For oft at church and Sabbath school
That little child had been;
And God's commands he knew full well,
He'd learn'd them o'er and o'er.
And yet he dared to take in vain
The name angels adore.

He took God's holy name in vain!
How dark his path will be!
No God above to guide him here.
None for eternity.
For if we turn from the great God,
And his wise laws doth spurn,
Th' Almighty Lord will hide his face,
From him in anger turn.

He took God's holy name in vain!
"Have mercy, Lord, I pray,
Upon that child," so pray'd my heart,
As I pass'd on my way.
Ah, little reader, warning take;
Abhor this awful sin,
And pray for grace to sanctify,
And govern all within.

Bunyan's Prison Resolutions.

But if nothing will do, unless I make my conscience a continual butchery and slaughter-shop,—unless putting out my own eyes, I commit me to the blind to lead me, as I doubt is desired

by some, I have determined, the Almighty God being my help and shield, yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even till the moss shall grow on mine eyebrows, rather than thus to violate my faith and principles.

I was once, above all the rest, in a very sad and low condition for many weeks; at which time also I, being but a young prisoner, and not acquainted with the laws, had this lying much upon my spirits, that my imprisonment might end at the gallows for aught that I could tell. Now, therefore, Satan laid hard at me, to beat me out of heart, by suggesting thus unto me: But if, when you come indeed to die, you should be in this condition; that is, as not to savor the things of God, nor to have any evidence upon your soul for a better state hereafter?

Thus was I tossed for many weeks, and knew not what to do. At last, this consideration fell with weight upon me, that it was for the word and way of God that I was in this condition. Wherefore, I was engaged not to flinch an hair's breadth from it. I thought also that God might choose whether he would give me comfort now, or at the hour of death; but I might not therefore choose whether I would hold my profession or no; I was bound, but he was free; yea, 'twas my duty to stand to his word, whether he would ever look upon me or save me at the last. Wherefore, thought I, save the point being thus, I am for going and venturing my eternal state with Christ, whether I have comfort here or no. If God do not come in, (thought I,) I will leap off the ladder even blindfolded into eternity; sink or swim; come heaven, come hell. Lord Jesus, receive me in thine arms, if thou wilt; if not, I will venture all for thy name.

THE IRRITABLE MAN.—Hood gives a graphic picture of an irritable man thus: "He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his prickles."

Jerusalem and the Holy Land.

We intend with the first number of our next volume to transfer to our columns a series of interesting and instructive articles on Jerusalem and the Holy Land, written by the Rev. C. Bateman, beautifully illustrated. What follows may be considered as interesting. We need not speak of the importance of the subject.

Palestine is the land, of all others, towards which the heart of the Christian turns with interest and love; the scene of events which, for sublimity and pathos, have no equal in history. Palestine, the ancient home of the Jew, the present possession of the infidel, how full of thrilling interest is the name! It is the land which of old was trod by patriarch and prophet; the land over which Abraham journeyed, in full belief of the promise that it should be given to his seed for an inheritance, when as yet he had no foot of it in possession; and where, centuries after, his descendants lived under the immediate government and protection of the Almighty. It is here that David the king reigned, where he wrote those beautiful psalms which have been the language of God's people in all ages. Here was the law given amid awful solemnities, and here also was first published the Gospel. It was in Palestine that, according to the promise, Christ was born. It is most dear to every pious heart, because Jesus called it his earthly home. He journeyed through its towns and villages, over its hills and plains; he sailed on its waters; and, when foot-worn and weary, he rested beneath the shadow of its trees. But, though all its dust is precious, yet most of all does the Christian long to walk the streets of Jerusalem, the holy city, because here were spent the last hours of the mortal life of the glorious Redeemer, the Son of God and the Son of Man! We envy not

him who feels no kindling of soul as, in imagination, he visits the scenes consecrated by the Saviour's presence; whose heart does not burn within him as, in fancy, he accompanies the chosen three as they ascend with their master the Mount of Transfiguration, or retire to the Garden of Gethsemane.

The events which immortalize the Jerusalem of old are, to the Christian, the earnest of the joys he hopes to possess in the new Jerusalem above.

But a visit to modern Jerusalem must awaken emotions of sadness, for, instead of a city magnificent in splendor, as was the ancient city, it presents a most poor, dirty, and miserable appearance.

Ancient Jerusalem is thought by some to have been founded by Melchisedec, king of Salem; if this be true, it was one of the oldest cities in the world. The first certain knowledge we have of it is when Joshua led the twelve tribes to the promised land. It was then in the possession of the Jebusites. Only a part of it was conquered by Joshua. The place was then called Jebus, and the conquered portion was inhabited by the tribes of Benjamin and Judah. It thus remained till king David's time, when it was taken by that brave and warlike prince. He made Mount Zion his chosen residence, expending much labor and skill in fortifying it. Here was his palace; and here, too, he found his grave, so that Mount Zion was appropriately called "the city of David."

The palmiest days of Jerusalem, as regards earthly splendor, were in the reign of Solomon, who greatly extended and beautified it. He built on Mount Moriah, one of its three hills, the magnificent temple, so much the pride of Israel; and he made the city so rich and splendid that it had no equal in the then known world. Those were its most glorious times. Then all the Jewish nation used to go up to

worship at its temple, and hold their solemn feasts within its sacred walls. But these times of pomp and splendor lasted not long. Scarcely had Solomon been laid in his grave, ere its glory began to decline. In punishment for the sins of its inhabitants, God sent various and terrible judgments upon it, till at last, in the reign of Zedekiah, it suffered a three years' siege from the Assyrians, and finally surrendered to them. Its conquerors set its beautiful temple on fire, razed its walls, destroyed all of beauty or magnificence that the city contained, and carried many of its citizens captive to Babylon. After lying in ruins seventy years, the city was re-built and restored in a measure to its former grandeur. The temple was re-built, but, though a beautiful building, it was greatly inferior to that erected by Solomon.

After this restoration the city passed through various changes. It was taken by Ptolemy, and many of its citizens were carried captive to Egypt. Then Antiochus Epiphanes plundered it, and desecrated the temple by placing in it an image of Jupiter. This so enraged the Jews that a rebellion broke out, which finally resulted in the recovery of the city by its rightful owners. In their possession it remained till about sixty-three years before Christ, when it was conquered by the Romans under Pompey, and 12,000 Jews were massacred in the courts of the temple. It was still under Roman sway when Christ was born, and continued so seventy years after, till, in consequence of a revolt by the Jews, a Roman general was sent against the city, and, after a long and fearful struggle, it was completely destroyed. Nearly a hundred thousand persons were taken prisoners, and many more perished during the siege. Since that dreadful time it has never regained anything like its former magnificence. The city has passed through many hands, being at one time under the rule of Pagan, then

of Christian Rome; in one age possessed by the Arabians, and changed to a Mohammedan city, then passing under the control of the Turks. In A.D. 1100, owing to the insults and persecutions heaped upon Christian pilgrims to the holy city by the Turks, attempts were made by European Christians to rescue Jerusalem from them. This was the beginning of the Crusades, or wars of the Cross. Thousands of zealous, though fanatical persons united together in endeavors to wrest the holy city from the infidels. In these wars were enlisted many of the noble and mighty of Europe, and though we by no means approve of their doings, yet one cannot help sympathizing with their desire to redeem Jerusalem from the tyranny of the Turks, nor can we but admire the bravery and enthusiastic zeal with which they pursued their purpose. After a severe struggle of forty days the Crusaders were victorious, and the city surrendered to them. For more than eighty years they retained possession of the place, and many thousands of pilgrims annually flocked to its sacred shrines. In A.D. 1187 the city was again taken by the Turks, in whose possession it remained (with the exception of four years, when it was in the hands of the Christians) till 1822. At this time it became subject to the Pasha of Egypt, who retained it under his power till 1841, when it was restored to the Turks, who are still its rulers.

Though the wild enthusiasm of the days of the Crusaders has passed away, it still is visited by many with the deepest interest. It is now inhabited by Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians. Its present condition is a striking commentary on the truth of the Holy Scriptures, showing how precisely God fulfills all his threatened judgments. Though once "beautiful for situation—the joy of the whole earth," it now presents no remains of its ancient beauty. Eighteen hundred

years ago the place where it once stood was ploughed over as a field, and not a stone left of its glorious temple which was not thrown down. Now, alas! it is in the hands of the enemy, and only by sufferance can its ancient people visit its ruins. The place so precious to them, as the scene of their nation's glory, has been wrested from them, and they are scattered throughout the world a nation of out-casts. And all this has befallen them because of their sins, especially because of that climax of guilt, the rejection of the Messiah—because they put to death the Lord of Glory!

Yet, even in the ruins of Jerusalem the Christian sees ground of confidence and hope, confidence in that God who has so fully vindicated his honor, and hope, that as his threatenings have been so exactly fulfilled, so his promises of mercy will not fail. By the eye of faith the Christian looks forward to the time, as perhaps not far distant, when Jerusalem shall again be the home of the Jew, who, if he "abide not still in unbelief," shall become a living branch of the true vine. The signs of the times seem, to the observing mind, to point to the fulfillment of those prophecies which foretell the restoration of God's ancient people to the land of their forefathers; when, after that the "fullness of the Gentiles be come in," they, too, shall acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth, whom their fathers rejected, as the true Messiah—the Saviour of the world.

To that blessed consummation may our hearts be directed, and for this may our prayers ascend, till Jerusalem again becomes the city of God; "beautiful for situation—the joy of the whole earth."

An Interesting Fact.

There is a small market-town in the West of England, which has sent more labourers into the spiritual harvest than any other town of equal size,

perhaps, in the world—three missionaries, three missionaries' wives, one minister, two Lancasterian school teachers, and two home missionaries—all their names are in my journal, and with them, or their families, I am personally acquainted.

The pious people of the town are greatly delighted with the fact, and when speaking of it they add, "These were all either teachers or scholars in the Sunday School."—*Rev. R. Knill.*

[FOR THE RECORD.]

A Fragment on the Birth and Death of a Good Little Boy.

Joy—joy—at the birth of a son!

What a beautiful boy!—

To father, to mother each one.

• • • • •

Echos . . . joy!

But—"join trembling with mirth,"

For the bud is of earth;

It blossoms—it withers—it dies.

• • • • •

Where, where, hath the spirit now fled?

It is not in the tomb—

The vase truly lies, 'mong the dead,

But the flower it doth bloom.

Where—oh! where?

In those mansions above,

Which a Saviour's love!!!

In the Skies, for the child, did prepare.

Montreal, Nov., 1854.

D. M.

The Child's Prayer.

Gently o'er the evening sky,
Rosy clouds were floating by,
While the sunset's glowing rays
Tinged with gold the forest trees,
Sparkling on the flowing river,
Where the water lilies quiver.

Near the flow'ry margin fair,
Kneelt a little child at prayer—
With clasped hands and dewy eyes
Like the azure of the skies;
And a brow serene and holy;
Murm'ring thus in accents lowly:

"Father, who from heaven above,
Lookest down on earth in love—
Guard me through the coming night,
Bless me with the morning light;
And when death's each tie shall sever
Let me live with thee for ever."

SCHEME OF LESSONS FOR 1855.

No. 1.

DATE.	SUBJECT.	READ.	REPEAT.	PROOF.	Sh. Cm.
Jan. 7	Strength for the Year.....	Palm 121.....	Pa. lxxi. 16.....	Time is short.	1
14	Creation of Man.....	Gen. i. 26-31.....	1 Cor. xv. 47.....	Happiness of the Redeemed.	2
21	Christ's kindness to Children.....	Mark x 13-16.....	Prov. viii. 17.....	Misery of the Lost.	3
28	The Flood.....	Gen. vi. 7-13; vii. 1-13.....	2 Pet. ii. 5.....	God made all things.	4
Feb. 4	The Unforgiving Servant.....	Matt. xviii. 23-35.....	Matt. vi. 12.....	End for which God made all things.	5
11	The Ark.....	John ix. 1-12.....	Heb. xi. 7.....	The Bible from God.	6
18	Jesus cures a man born blind.....	John ix. 1-12.....	John ii. 11.....	The Bible the only Rule to guide Men.	7
25	Abraham's Early History.....	Gen. xi. 27-32; xii. 1-9.....	Acts vii. 2.....	God Revealed in Creation.	8
Mar. 4	Jesus teaches the Lawyer.....	Luke x. 25-37.....	Rom. iii. 20.....	There is but One God.	9
11	Abraham tested.....	Gen. xlii. 1, 14.....	1 Pet. i. 7.....	There are Three Persons in the Godhead.	10
18	The Rich Man and Lazarus.....	Luke xvi. 19, 31.....	Matt. xvi. 26.....	God is a Spirit.	11
25	Death and Burial of Sarah.....	Gen. xxiii.....	Rom. v. 21.....	God is Infinite.	12

No. 2.

DATE.	FOR REPERTITION.	THE BIBLE.	SUBJECTS.	FOR HEADING.
Jan. 7	Acts xviii. 29-31.....	Its divine inspiration.....	The Sabbath and its design.....	2 Peter i.....
14	2 Peter i. 19, 21.....	The character and condition of man.....	The father of the faithful.....	Genesis ii.....
21	Genesis ii. 1-3.....			Romans iii.....
28	Romans iii. 9, 12.....			Genesis xxii.....

No. 3.

DATE.	SUBJECT.	READ.	COMMIT.	DOCTRINES.
Jan. 7	Christ condemned.....	Matt. xxvii. 26-34.....	Rom. xi. 36.....	1. Unholy of the source of all sin.
14	Christ on the Cross.....	Matt. xxvii. 38, 49.....	Psal. lxxviii. 25.....	2. Christ cares for his enemies.
21	The Bystanders.....	John xix. 19, 27.....	Jer. ix. 23.....	3. Christ our example.
28	The Dying Thief.....	Luke xxiii. 39, 43.....	2 Tim. iii. 16.....	4. Suffering will not change the heart.