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THE MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VI.]

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[No. 6.



LEBANON AND ITS CEDARS.

LEBANON.—A celebrated range of mountains in Syria, north of Palestine, running north-east and south-west, in two parallel chains, in crescent form, and pursuing nearly the course of the shore of the Mediterranean. The south-eastern chain is called Anti-Libanus, *opposite to Libanus*, or Lebanon proper. Between these ranges is *Valle-Syria*, or *the valley of Lebanon*. Some of its eastern and north-eastern branches were called Hermon, Sion, and Amana. Its summits (which some travellers have stated to be higher than the Alps or Pyrenees) and ravines are covered with snow during the year, and its rock is a white limestone, from which issue pure, limpid streams. It is described by travellers as a multitude of mountains, separated by deep

ravines, and covered pretty thickly with pine and fruit trees, although not so densely as the forests of America. Its ascent is steep and rocky. Its cedars are now found principally at the foot of one mountain, covering a space three-fourths of a mile in circumference, and amount to nearly four hundred; some of them forty feet round, and nearly one hundred in height.—The balsamic odour of these cedars is alluded to, Hos. xiv. 6. Sol. Song iv. 11; and so many of them were used in building Solomon's palace, as to give it the name mentioned in 1 Kings vii. 2, and x. 17. The same timber was used for ship-building.

Mr. Fisk, an American missionary, who ascended mount Lebanon in the autumn of 1823, informs us that even

the few cedars that remain may be called *the glory of Lebanon*. Their fine shade, conical form, beautiful symmetry, and lofty height fully justify the figurative language of the Bible. He found some upwards of two feet deep, that had lain through the hot months.

Lebanon and Carmel, being the most remarkable among the mountains of Palestine, are frequently celebrated in the sacred poetry. The one remarkable as well for its height as for its magnitude, and the abundance of the cedars which adorned its summit, exhibiting a striking and substantial appearance of strength and majesty; the other, rich and fruitful, abounding with vines, olives, and delicious fruits, in a most flourishing state both by nature and cultivation, and displaying a delightful appearance of fertility, beauty, and grace.

The population is from 100,000 to 150,000, consisting of Syrian and Armenian Catholics, Greeks, and Greek Catholics, Druses, and Maronites — The wine of Lebanon is still celebrated, and its air pure, and its prospects enchanting. Some of Isaiah's most elegant imagery is derived from this mountain and its appurtenances. — Moses mentions, in his earnest prayer to God, as a reason for wishing to go over Jordan, his desire to see this delightful region.

CEDAR.—One of the most valuable and majestic trees of eastern forests. It grows to the height of seventy or eighty feet. The branches are thick and long, spreading out almost horizontally from the trunk, which is sometimes thirty or forty feet in circumference. Maundrell measured one which was thirty-six feet and six inches in the girth, and one hundred and eleven feet in the spread of its boughs. The wood is of a red color and bitter taste, which is offensive to insects, and hence it is very durable, having been known to last (as historians assert) upwards of two thousand years. It was used for the most noble and costly edifices. This timber served not only for beams for

the frame, and boards for covering buildings, but was also wrought into walls. The mountains of Lebanon were famous for the growth of the cedar, but travellers tell us that the words of prophecy are verified, 'or now a child may write them.'

In the days of the prophet Isaiah the mountains of Lebanon were thickly covered with forests of this stately tree. A knowledge of this fact may aid in the application of the words, "Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering." Isa. xl. 16. Though the trembling sinner were to make choice of these lofty mountains for the altar, and were to take all the herds of cattle that feed on them for a sacrifice, costly as the offering would be esteemed; and then were to cut down all their forests for fuel, precious and fragrant as the incense would be—all would not avail to atone for one sin. The just and holy law of God requires a nobler altar and a more precious sacrifice: these we behold in our Lord Jesus Christ; for us he was offered on the cross; for our salvation he shed his blood; and now a full pardon and eternal life are offered to all that repent and believe on him.

A STORY OF SLAVES.

There lived in a town, called Benguela, in Western Africa, a cruel heathen chief. Everybody was afraid of him. His wives and his children trembled at the sound of his voice. Yet he had one little girl whom he loved very much. His hard heart was softened whenever he looked upon his little girl. Her name was Mandarina.

Mandarina had a little friend, named Yabba. They used often to play together, and to sit together under the pleasant shade of the mango tree. They did not go to school, or learn to read. There was no one to teach these dear children to love God.

Mandarina's father drank a great deal of rum, and this made him more furious still. One day he wanted to

buy a cask of rum of some white men, but he had no money, and he did not know how to get any. At last, a thought came into his mind—a wicked and shocking thought it was!—that he would seize upon little Yabba, which he could do very easily, as she was so much with his Mandarin, and sell her to the white men for the cask of rum. He did so. Yabba's father and mother missed her, and were distracted with grief. They sought her in every orange grove, and under every mango tree. They looked for her in the long grass, and put down their hands to feel for her in every heap of withered leaves. They cried aloud, "Yabba!" but no answer came. At last the father suspected that the cruel chief had stolen and sold his child. He was filled with indignation; and he resolved that he would watch and steal Mandarin, and sell her out of revenge. "He sold my little Yabba," he said, "I will sell his Mandarin." Was this right? Perhaps, my little readers will say, it was just what the cruel chief deserved. Yes—but we are not to treat each other as we deserve. We are to forgive and love our enemies. What! forgive such a cruel man! Yes; our Saviour has set us the example; he forgave and loved those who hated him, and nailed him to the cross.

Yabba's father did what he wished to do. One afternoon, as Mandarin was sitting beside the river playing with some flowers, he crept up behind, and pounced upon her, and putting his hand upon her mouth to keep her from screaming, ran off with her to the white men. They gave him in exchange for her, two pieces of white cloth, three red and yellow cotton handkerchiefs, and a bottle of rum.

The poor child was taken into a room full of black people who had been caught in the same manner, but she did not know any of them, and she sat down on the ground, and cried aloud. When she raised her eyes, she saw a long row of men and women chained together, and all looking very wretched. There were children, too, like herself;

some standing quite still, as if stupefied; some wringing their hands, and calling for their father and mother, their brothers and their sisters, whom they were never to see again; and some lying with their faces on the ground, as though they had died with sorrow. When the little Mandarin looked round on this sad sight, she wept again, and her grief was louder than ever.

Suddenly she heard the voice of some people talking on the outside. It was the voice of her father that she heard; yes, she was sure that it was her father's voice. "He will get me out of this horrid place," the child thought to herself: "I am sure he will." She listened again; and she heard him say, "What will you take for her? I will give you four young men in exchange." "No," said another gruff voice; "you can never see her again. In fact, she is dead; she died soon after I bought her, and I wish she had never come my way, for she has proved a dead loss to me." Mandarin heard her father sob to think that his darling child was dead; she heard him questioning the men further as though he did not believe them; then she heard another burst of grief, and then the sound of footsteps dying in the distance as he went home. But she could not show herself to her father; a thick wall was between them; and she durst not speak; if she had spoken, she would have been killed in a moment.

Poor Mandarin! what will she do now? she is doubly unhappy. She cries more bitterly than ever. She looks round her in despair; but stop! her eye falls upon a child lying asleep in the corner. Who can it be? It is—yes, it is Yabba. The God of heaven, who loves little children, had pitied these disconsolate ones, and led them to each other that they might be comforters to one another among hard-hearted strangers. Mandarin ran up to Yabba, and awoke her. When Yabba opened her eyes, and saw her little friend again, they fell on each other's neck and wept for joy.

Next came the horrors of the slave

ship. Hundreds of poor slaves were crowded into the hold, which is a kind of cellar—a large cellar in the ship, where they could hardly breathe. The slaves are always squeezed so tightly together, and are allowed so little air to breathe in the holds of the miserable slave-ships, that many of them are found dead at the end of the voyage. Mandarin and Yabba were not put into the hold. It was only the grown up people who went down there. The children were fastened by chains to the deck.

And now they were on the wide sea fast steering to the West Indies, where they were to work as slaves. The two little friends clung to each other, and said, "Oh! if one master would buy us both!—but what shall we do, if we are sold away from each other?"

But God, who was watching over them all the while, had something better in store for these little ones. One morning, the captain of the ship saw a large vessel bearing down upon him with full sail. "It is the English," he exclaimed, "the English are coming." It was indeed an English vessel that cruised about in those seas, on purpose to seize upon slave-ships, and set the slaves free. The English soon captured the slave-ship. They put the wicked captain and his crew in chains, and tore off the chains from the poor Africans.

Mandarin and Yabba were brought to Berbice, and put under the care of some good missionaries, who took them into their school. They now work hard every day as free laborers upon a sugar estate, and thus earn their own living. They have heard nothing more about their poor fathers in Africa, but they are learning to know their Father in heaven. Their bodies are no longer in slavery, and the missionaries are teaching them about that Saviour who will make their souls free.

My little readers, be thankful that you do not live in the dark and cruel land of slaves.

SUFFERING FOR THE TRUTH.

Notwithstanding the professed friendship of the Turkish Government to liberty of conscience,—yet, as we had anticipated, the people have found means to annoy and harass the Protestants:—

In the evening one of the Protestants called to inform us of their present painful situation. Though I was exceedingly anxious to see them together, that I might pray with them, and also exhort and encourage them in the midst of their tribulations, we could not, in their present perilous condition, but coincide in the opinion which they seemed to entertain, that it was inexpedient for them to meet us in a body. But we suggested that if they would come singly, or two or three together, at any hour of the night, we should be most happy to see them: even this, however, he said could not take place, without its being known, as there were so many to watch them, some even of their own families.

From what we could learn from this individual and others, it appears that the priests and primates of Kasabah, a short time before our arrival, met to consult how they should put a stop to the spread of Protestantism among them. Of its increasing influence they had for some time been aware; and they had in vain repeatedly urged the Vartabed of that diocese to suppress it by a resort to physical punishment. But now it had become generally known that the Protestants, to the number of ten, frequently met together to read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, and to exhort one another to faith and obedience, and, in addition to this, were exerting a strong influence upon their relations, friends, fellow-townsmen, and, especially, upon the rising generation, by their daily life and conversation. These enemies of the truth determined, therefore, to compel the Vartabed to co-operate with them in effecting their object.

He was sent for accordingly; and upon his arrival, all the priests, primates, and a great multitude of the people, together with their Protestant culprits, assembled at one of the churches. The first thing done was to burn all the Testaments and other books in the modern language, which they had been able to obtain from the Protestants; one of the latter exclaiming during this work of destruction, "You can burn my Testament, but you can never obliterate from my mind the truth I have learned from it." The priests and primates demanded of the Vartabed, that he should give his consent to the bastinadoing of the Protestants; and they declared that if he did not, he himself should be beaten, as he was the prime mover of this heresy. He sarcastically replied, "If it is right to bastinado men for reading the Bible, I think you had better beat them with wet sticks." Upon this being determined, to construe the Varta-

bed's answer as assenting to their demand, it was decided that three of the most prominent Protestants should be subjected to this punishment.

The first whom they selected was a man named Sarkis; he having been, under the Vartabed, the most active agent in diffusing the new opinions, and having taken books from me some months previously and circulated them among the people. The second was the Vartabed's brother. The third was a son of the most wealthy man in the place. These men demanded that the crime for which they were to suffer such a disgraceful punishment, should be distinctly stated; to which the priests replied, before the assembled multitude, "Your crime is that of reading the Scriptures in the modern language. If you do this, you must be Protestants; for none but Protestants read the Bible in that tongue."

Sarkis was then bastinadoed, till he gave a written engagement that he would surrender his house and pay two thousand piastres in money, if he returned to his former practises. The brother of the Vartabed, perceiving his (the Vartabed's) extremely dangerous situation, to appease the wrath of the priests and some of the people against him, besought that he would inflict the blows upon himself with his own hands; and he yielded to this solicitation, though with the greatest reluctance. The son of the rich man boldly told them that if they bastinadoed him, he would, in some way, contrive to get to Erzeroom and complain to the Pasha of their outrageous conduct. Upon this, they concluded to release him.

After the beating, the three Protestants, with the others who sympathised with them, were threatened with banishment and expulsion from the town, together with their families, if they did not desist from reading the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. In that hour of fear and great perplexity, they made this promise; which they deeply regret, feeling that they have committed a great sin. They still continue occasionally to meet together.

WESLEY AND RAIKES.

Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, is generally considered the founder of modern Sabbath schools. As such, he is justly distinguished. There had been some efforts for the instruction of the young on Sundays, previous to his time, but nothing like the organized and systematic exertions which he put forth. Many interesting things are told of Mr. Raikes, which our readers may find stated at length in his Memoir, No. 51, of our Youth's Library. All youth should remember that his

motto, which led him through many difficulties to great results, was the simple word, TRY.

The Rev. John Wesley lived at the same period with Mr. Raikes. When a little boy, his father's house caught fire, and was burned in the night. John was rescued from the flames through an upper window. The life thus providentially preserved, was devoted to the service of God and the welfare of the world.

John Wesley was a good scholar; he studied hard when young, and for many years. When a man he wrote many useful books.

He was a good and great minister. He preached Christ, and him crucified. He was the instrument in God's hand of converting many souls, and of promoting a great revival of religion, which continues in its influence to this day.

He founded the Methodist Societies in Great Britain and America. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-eight years. He died in great peace of mind, exclaiming, "The best of all is, God is with us." His memory is precious.

REVIVAL ON MOLOKAI.

We extract the following from the *Missionary Herald* of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which has been sent by Mr. Hitchcock, dated 3rd Aug., 1848. He had just returned from Honolulu, where he had been attending a joint meeting of the missionaries to consult with each other and take steps for their future operations. In the letter from which the subjoined extracts are taken, Mr. H. continues the history of a very interesting revival, which had been in progress at the date of this communication, about six months. On his return from the meeting of the mission, Mr. Hitchcock found "the hopeful state" in which he had left the people "still more hopeful." The Good Shepherd had given to the church members an earnest and tender solicitude for the salvation of the impenitent; and "there was scarcely a hamlet on the island, in which there was not an awakened attention to the interests of the soul." "The rising of the people of God long before day, to

supplicate the descent of the Holy Spirit, had not been in vain."

From one district, the inhabitants of which had effectually withstood all the means previously used to awaken them, the people came to us almost in a body, on our return, confessing their sins, and requesting instruction in the way of life; so that this once desolate spot is fast becoming as the garden of the Lord. Our Tuesday meeting for the serious was attended by many who never before had been seen there; and numerous were the cases of persons, very hardened and obstinate, coming forward, and professing sorrow for their sins, and resolving to be henceforth on the Lord's side. On looking at the names which had been recorded as among the awakened, we found that they amounted to about two hundred.

Soon after our return, we were visited by a company of brethren and young converts from a distant part of the island. They had proceeded thus far, endeavoring to infuse into every village the spirit which had for a long time pervaded their own, and which had brought nearly every person, as they hoped, to repentance. In this good work they had been to all the most remote places, and had preached Christ to all the people; and they had found them prepared to hear and to be benefitted by their exhortations. The revival in their own village had been occasioned by the visit of a number of pious females from another part of the island, who went there to do good. Their efforts were blessed; and nearly every individual, who had not before been awakened, soon became so; and the good work will, I confidently hope, result in the salvation of many souls.

Mr. Hitchcock spent two or three days (including a Sabbath) at Halawa, preaching to full congregations, and administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The following Sabbath was observed as a communion season at Kaluaaha; "and seldom," says Mr. Hitchcock, "have we had more satisfactory evidence that the Lord was present with us."

A MISSIONARY TOUR.

The subjoined extracts contain a description of an excursion, made in company with Mr. Dwight, who is now a fellow-laborer on Molokai:—

We set out to visit the windward side of the island, which I have never attempted to approach but by sea, so very difficult is the path over the mountains. Our route was by land a part of the way, and it led us again to Halawa, the place where we had spent the Sabbath mentioned above. At Honouli, a village five miles this side of Halawa, we were delighted to see almost all the male population hard at work on a stone meeting house, sixty feet by thirty. They were in the act of fi-

nishing the walls, and seemed happy in the prospect of soon having a new sanctuary for the Lord. Never did I see a public work carried on with greater cheerfulness.

When we arrived at Halawa, no one made his appearance to salute or entertain us. Upon inquiry I learned that they were all engaged in building their new church, of the same dimensions and material as that at Honouli. We suffered but little from the inattention of the men, however, as the women soon furnished us with provisions.

At Halawa the party embarked in a boat, and soon came to the north-eastern point of the island. Thence they "bore down before the wind, close under the majestic scenery of that district."

At the four villages at which we stopped, the first object which met our view was a neat stone church, entirely plastered, two of them having good doors and windows, but the other two being still unfinished. The people received us with as much love and cordiality as could have been extended to the Apostles themselves. We could not but wonder at what the Lord had done for the poor dwellers in these deep, dark glens. In each of two villages we found fifty enquirers, and in the last of these villages, the native preacher said that not an individual remained unconcerned. We departed, blessing God for the evidence we had had, that he can carry forward his work among this people, though they are far removed from the immediate sphere of the missionary's labor.

After leaving Pelekunu, we were only an hour and a half in sailing to Kalaupapa, a distance of some fifteen miles. Here we remained from Thursday noon to Monday morning. The people are much scattered, but they soon began to assemble. They have built a new stone church within the past year, having brought the timber fifteen miles in canoes, after having dragged it down the mountain several miles by hand. On Friday this edifice was dedicated to Him for whose service it was erected. The building was crowded, and the closest attention was given to all the exercises. During the four days which we spent there, I preached ten or eleven times, administered the sacrament to nearly three hundred communicants, and baptized twenty children. Those who were seeking the salvation of their souls, amounted to about one hundred. We returned to Kaluaaha, after an absence of more than a week, much gratified with what we had seen of the work of the Lord, and thankful that we had been permitted to preach the gospel in circumstances of so much interest, and to give such instruction as seemed to be needed.

FRUITS OF THE REVIVAL.

It is now six months since our revival commenced; we have had time, therefore, to try those who profess to be converts. If constant attendance on the means of grace, an appa-

rent love for the people of God, a delight in religious duties, a concern for their fellow sinners, accompanied with appropriate effort, and perseverance in labors and sacrifices for the cause of the Saviour, are indications of religion in the heart, then have we reason to hope that not a few of the subjects of the present work of grace are new creatures in Christ Jesus.

One feature of this revival has not been discovered in former years; namely, an expansive benevolence, a looking away from private interests, and a desire to seek the good of others. The Christians in the valley of Wailau, though the number of professors and non-professors does not exceed one hundred, are intent on building a missionary schooner, of some eight or ten tons burdon, to be consecrated to the work of God. It is to be used, if built, to carry from island to island those who shall wish to perform missionary labor, and also transport to market the produce contributed at the monthly concert. This is as it should be. Whether they will be able to give effect to their intentions, however, is somewhat doubtful. But to care much for others, and especially to be willing and desirous to make sacrifices for the welfare of strangers, is something new in the religious history of Molokai. The ideas of Christian duty, entertained by this people, had not reached so advanced a position until the present year. Now, however, they are actively engaged in doing good to others:

Mr. Hitchcock also states, as another illustration of the spirit of the people, that their contributions to objects of benevolence have materially increased. In addition to more than two hundred dollars given for the support of a missionary, during the first seven months of 1848, the monthly concert collections for the same period amounted to two hundred and thirty dollars, showing an advance of nearly one hundred per cent. on those of the corresponding months of the previous year. Fifty dollars of this sum have been given to the American Home Missionary Society, towards the support of a minister of the gospel in Oregon! At the date of this letter, there was but one native preacher on Molokai; but Mr. Hitchcock was hoping that two others would soon be set apart to the same work.

GENERAL REVIEW.

No year of our residence on Molokai has been more clearly and distinctly marked by the blessing of the Lord than the past. There may have been seasons which were more abundant in professions of attachment to the kingdom of our Redeemer; but none of equal length, I am sure, has been so abundant in

labors and sacrifices for its progress, whether at home or abroad.

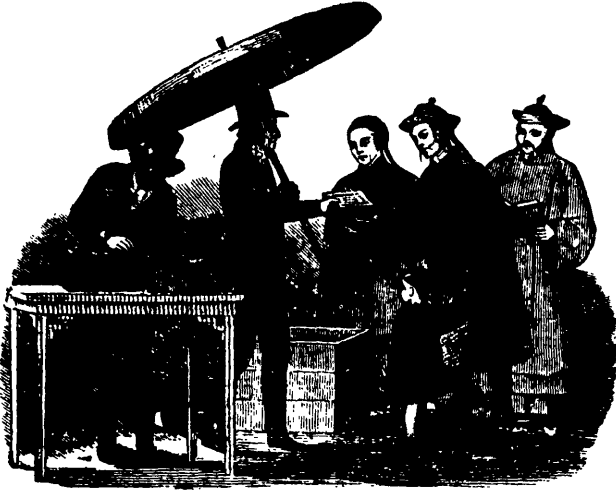
Never until now have the people gone forward, of their own accord, in the work of building houses of worship. This year, however, several have been erected, and several more are rapidly going up. Nor are they satisfied with their larger sanctuaries, but each small district is building separate houses for prayer and conference meetings. Within five miles of our station, there are not less than five of these proseuchæ, and most of these have been put up without our knowledge.

Never before have the people realized their obligation to labor for the good of souls at a distance; but the last twelvemonth has been remarkable for a spirit of expansive benevolence and of running to and fro in doing good. The enterprise of the people, moreover, has greatly advanced, and their domestic and social comforts have kept pace with their progress in religion.

You may think it strange, however, that I give only the bright side of the picture. But I feel that it is our duty, if we honestly can, to report progress. The condition of the mass of our population, when God began to operate upon it by his Spirit and truth, is known to all. Deduct from this the amount of improvement reported from time to time, and you have the darkness, and ignorance, and degradation which remain. And, so great has been the change for these fifteen years past, not only in my own field, but also throughout the nation, that I feel constrained to exclaim, "What has God wrought?" Rather than dilate on what remains undone, I would encourage the people of God in America to go forward in their work, by a true exhibition of what, by their instrumentality, has been accomplished, and not check their energies by a gloomy recital of the evils which are still to be overcome.

JUVENILE AGENTS.

We return thanks to Sarah Blain, Streetsville, through whose exertions we have obtained the names of 15 subscribers, with the money, for this periodical; and to Master Turnbull, of Georgeville, who took a prospectus to the school with him, and induced 5 of his school-fellows to become subscribers. It is very likely that similar efforts may have been made by others of our youthful readers, whose names have not reached us. The above is very encouraging, since we have never made any special effort to extend our circulation, trusting to the character of the work, and the efforts of voluntary agents alone. May the example of the two Sabbath school scholars named above induce others to make similar efforts—for in so doing they are advancing the cause of missions and of Christ, for which special purpose the *Record* was at first started.



DISTRIBUTION OF BIBLES AMONGST THE CHINESE.

I have told you before that the Chinese are a reading people. In other countries, when our missionaries land upon their shores, they often find that nobody can read; and they have, therefore, to establish schools to teach the people, before they can get them to understand their books. In some countries, as in the South Sea Islands, and in parts of Africa, the people never saw a book before the missionaries came to them, and have no written signs by which to express their thoughts. There the missionaries have first to invent a written language, and then teach the people to read it; and this often takes years before they can accomplish it. It is not so in China. There they have had a written language for many hundred years. Every village has its school, and all the people read.—What is also very important is the fact that, although the country is very large, all read the same language, so that, when a book is printed in Chinese, it can be read by 333 millions of people, or half the heathen world. In consequence of all this, our missionaries find it the best way to send the gospel through the country, to do it by distributing books. Ac-

cordingly, they sometimes supply a boat with Bibles and tracts, and, sailing up the rivers, they can land at all the towns along the shores, and give the people books. The people generally are delighted to get them, and flock round the missionaries in great numbers. In some places they have distributed several thousand books; and so eager are the people everywhere to get them, that they have generally to have the police to keep order, and prevent them crushing one another to death by pressing towards the boats. The tracts and books thus given go hundreds of miles, perhaps, inland, and are read by people whom the missionaries can never reach. Each one has the gospel on it, and so each one may perhaps prove the means of blessing to a soul.

Two things are wanted to enable the missionaries properly to carry on this work:

First, A large fund sent to the Religious Tract Society and Bible Society, to help them to supply the tracts or Scriptures, or to the Missionary Societies, to help them to print and circulate more largely than ever.—Chinese printing is very costly at the first, but after the blocks are once cut,

there can be any number of copies of the books thrown off.

Secondly, To buy a *Missionary junk* as we did a missionary ship, to go up all the rivers and about the coasts with the books. As it is, the missionaries have only three ways of going up the rivers.

1. By hiring native vessels, which is very expensive ;

2. By sailing in vessels selling opium, which they think is wrong ; or,

3. By going in any native vessels, along with the common crew, which is not safe.

Now they want a junk of their own in which to sail amongst the many islands, and up the rivers. They will only have religious sailors on board, and their little vessel will be like a floating chapel, carrying in it the gospel of salvation, in a thousand volumes of Bibles or of tracts. On board this boat they can also have a little printing press, and as their stock runs out, they can print more whenever they may want them.

I do not know whether you can help at all in collecting for this good work, but if you can, I am sure you will find a rich reward.

THE DYING CHILD.

"What should it know of death?"

"Come closer, closer, dear mamma,
My heart is fill'd with fears ;
My eyes are dark—I hear your sobs
But cannot see your tears.

I feel your warm breath on my lips,
That are so icy cold ;
Come closer, closer, dear mamma,
Give me your hand to hold.

I quite forget my little hymn—
"How doth the busy bee"—
Which every day I used to say
When smiling on your knee.

Nor can I recollect my prayers ;
And dear mamma, you know
That the great Good will angry be,
If I forget *them* too,

And dear papa, when he comes home,
Oh, will he not be vex'd ?

"Give us this day our daily bread ;"
What is it that comes next ;

"Thine is the kingdom and the power",—
I cannot think of more ;
It comes and goes away so quick ;
It never did before."

"Hush, darling! you are going to
The bright and blessed sky,
Where all God's holy children go,
To live with him on high."

"But will He love me, dear mamma,
As tenderly as you ?
And will my own papa, one day,
Come and live with me too ?

But you must first lay me to sleep
Where grandpapa is laid ;
Is not the churchyard cold and dark,
And sha'n't I feel afraid?

And will you ev'ry evening come,
And say my pretty prayer,
Over poor Lucy's little grave,
And see that no one's there ?

And promise me that when you die,
That they your grave shall make
The next to mine, that I may be
Close to you when I wake.

Nay, do not leave me, dear mamma,
Your watch beside me keep,
My heart feels cold—the room's all dark,
Now lay me down to sleep.

And should I sleep to wake no more,
Dear, dear mamma, good bye ;
Poor nurse is kind, but oh, do you
Be with me when I die ?"

Contributions from Canada to the Mission Ship.

The origin of the Calabar mission in Jamaica, led us to think of the children of our missionary churches in that island, as likely to take a special interest in the Mission Ship. We neglected to urge the co-operation of our children in Canada. Trinidad and Caffreland might charge us with similar neglect, and perhaps they may yet do so. Already Canada has sent its complaint against the oversight along with several remittances of money. It is delightful to hear of the spirit awakened among not a few of the children in that province belonging to our church. To all the places named above, stamped copies of the little Magazine are sent monthly by the post.

Says the Rev. James R. Dalrymple of Hamilton, Canada West (21st March, 1849)—
"One of the readers of the twelve copies of the Magazine that are in circulation from month to month among the Sabbath school children of the Hamilton congregation, be

came interested in the suggestion, mentioned it to a teacher who recommended it to the classes, out of which a collector for each was provided with a card, and, in the course of the week, a report was made of contributions equivalent to an interest of sixty-four shares in the missionary ship Calabar. Be so good as place, for that proportion, in your share-list the Sabbath scholars of the United Presbyterian Church, Merrick Street, Hamilton, C. W.

*Collectors.**Shares.*

| | |
|--|----|
| James Steven, Hamilton, C. W. | 18 |
| Margaret Henderson, do. do. | 13 |
| Geo Lees, jun., Court-house Square, do. 13 | |
| Eleanor Reid, do. do. | 5½ |
| John Lawson, do. do. | 5 |
| Thomas J. Waugh, do. do. | 5 |
| William Paterson, King Street, do. do. | 4½ |

In all, £3 4s. or 64

The gift itself, I trust, will prove a blessing to the children of the Church, by sealing on their minds the conviction, that they, too, have a part allotted them in the work of the Lord. May He who gathers the winds in his fists waft prosperously on her voyage the vessel that will draw after it the interest of so many youthful minds—guard it on the waters it is intended to navigate—bless it as a messenger of peace—and secure a welcome for it as a herald of the church, carrying the glad tidings of great joy which shall make Ethiopia a stretch out her hands unto God."

In a letter from Mr. J. C. Becket, Montreal, after referring to a donation for the mission ship, he says—"No doubt the superintendent will enter fully into the details of this donation. It may seem small to you to come from the capital of Canada, but I think the little folks have acquitted themselves nobly. They had but two weeks' notice, and they are all the children of the working classes. None of us rich, nor very poor. The contributions have been made by the little ones themselves, very few parents having been present when the collection was taken up. I know at least, of two little boys, the eldest about eight years old, who were carefully laying past their copers until a little sum should be accumulated to be put into the Savings' Bank as the nucleus of a more extended sum at some future day, who cheerfully and spontaneously gave it up for the 'Calabar,' and have now added an additional sentence to their evening prayer, 'Lord bless the mission at Calabar, and may the children there know more about Jesus and his way of salvation.'"

Mr. John Brodie, Montreal, superintendent of the school, in remitting for the mission ship, from

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| A farmer at Lachute, C. E., 20s | |
| Cy., or sterling, | £0 16 0 |
| United Presbyterian Church Sab. | |
| School, £12 15s Cy., or | |
| sterling, | 10 4 0 |
| | <hr/> |
| | £11 0 0 |

says—"I hope this donation is still in time for the very desirable object it contemplates. As it was not till the end of January we heard of the scheme, the school had but little time to collect. This small token of love to the Calabar mission, is accompanied with the fervent prayers of the Sabbath School, that your endeavors to evangelize that benighted people may be more and more blessed by Him who hath said, that 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the seas.' Our school is at present in a prosperous condition, the average attendance of scholars being 122, and of teachers 25."

DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE GOSPEL?

A very old woman on the coast of Africa, came regularly to hear the missionary preach, and listened with great attention. Now, if people have not learned when they are young, it is difficult to teach them when they are old. So the missionary tried to speak very simply, that all might understand. This poor woman seemed to be made very happy, by hearing about Christ. She became a new creature. She left off worshipping idols, and served her Saviour with her whole heart. One day, the missionary was catechising her, and he said, "Do you understand the Gospel?" Tears rolled down her cheeks, as she lifted up her hand, and said "O, my minister, my head think, my tongue heavy, but (pressing her hand upon her bosom) my heart feels. Me poor Guinea woman, minister: me no able to speak good; but what you say comes in here, (pointing to her ears) and strikes me there, (pointing to her heart.) *Understand* you, minister! How could all this change take place in our hearts, and conduct, and families, if we did not *understand* you?" "Well," said the missionary, "what think you of Christ!" "O Massa, me love Jesus. He died for me. Me have nothing to think about but Jesus. Me give myself for ever to Jesus."

Did not this African understand? Ay, and though she said her tongue was "heavy," I think it spoke very well. Perhaps more to the purpose, than the tongue of many dear little girls and boys, in Canada, could speak, who have learnt in their Sunday School,

and at their Bible class, far more than ever the poor African woman knew. They have learnt more about the Lord Jesus, but do they understand so well? The only proof of understanding the Gospel, is having the heart and conduct changed by it. Who of our little readers understands the Gospel?—*Missionary Repository.*

TEACHERS' CORNER.

Philipsburg, April 10, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—Painful indeed to my heart is the task I have this moment undertaken, of informing you of the loss sustained by a numerous circle of young people, and also of the Philipsburg Union Sabbath School, by the late affluive dispensation of Providence, in the removal from our midst of a devoutly pious female teacher—Miss Thankful Gilbert. By this visitation a parent has given up a dutiful and beloved child; sisters, an affectionate, kind, and useful monitor; brothers, a sister whose counsel and advice was so much prized; friends, a useful and affectionate companion; and the Sabbath school and church, a consistent member;—indeed, sir, much "sorrow hath filled all our hearts" by this sudden and unexpected call. It hath cast a gloom over our entire village and surrounding neighbourhood; and we can but mourn and deeply sympathize with the bereaved relations. About three years since, our late friend made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and united herself with the Congregational Church in this village, giving satisfactory evidence of her union to Christ by a true and living faith. She was regular in her attendance on the means of grace—a punctual and regular Sabbath school teacher, always in her place, not more than three or four times absent for the past three years; as a consequence, not only her youthful charge, but all that were engaged with her in the same work, became much attached to her. Her sickness was of short duration. What a warning this to the living, especially the Sabbath school teacher, to have their work done, and well done, at the close of every Sabbath! for true it is, "we know not what a day may bring forth." The Lord, no doubt, designs good from this and similar visitations; already we can see fruit, for some of the youth have begun to lay it to heart, and evidently the Holy Spirit is operating in the midst of us, and Christians seem to awake up to duty, and to prevalence in prayer. Thus we hope the decease of our beloved sister will not only be gain to her, but a great blessing to her surviving associates. "Though dead, she yet speaketh," and in language which cannot be mistaken, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Only one week has passed away since the remains of our sister and friend were laid in the tomb. She was carried from her father's residence to the Congregational Church, followed by a large concourse of relatives and friends, where an appropriate discourse was preached by Rev. J. Fisk, from Phil. i. 21, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" and, during the solemn services, nought else was heard but tokens of grief for her whose remains lay before the numerous and respectable congregation. Solemn, indeed, was the place, emphatically was it the house of mourning. "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered." K.

THE HAPPY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Who is the happy teacher in our Sunday school? I answer, it is one who is truly devoted to God. There is no indecision about him—no trimming between Christ and the world—no halting between two opinions. His mind has been enlightened to perceive the beauty of Divine truth, and he supremely admires it. His heart is deeply affected with the love of the adorable Redeemer, and he is thoroughly consecrated to his service. His views are clear and Scriptural with regard to the value of the soul, the malignity of sin, the preciousness of spiritual blessings, and the glory and blessedness of heaven; and he is solicitous to be under the hallowed influences of these principles, that they may direct his judgments, purify his affections, and prepare him for every duty. These are the principles which tranquillize the mind under all trials, which ennoble the spirit. The happy Sunday teacher enters into the church from the convictions of enlightened and vital piety, and he comes into the Sunday school under the influence of a principle of self-consecration to Jesus. All his plans and all his labors are prompted and governed by motives of a pure and exalted character, and hence he is happy as a Christian; and this sustains and animates his spirit amidst all his difficulties and trials connected with his Sunday school duties.

The happy teacher works from love. It is ardent attachment to his Lord which keeps him there. It is the love of Christ as a constraining principle, as the absorbing feeling, as the master passion, which induces and constrains him to do all he can for that glorious Saviour who died that he might live. When he thinks of the poverty of Christ, of the life of Christ, of his temptations, of his preaching, of his agony and bloody sweat, and of his agonizing and accursed death on the tree, he says, "What can I do to make the love of Jesus more extensively known, to diffuse abroad the savour of his name, and publish more widely the riches of his grace? I will go into the Sunday school. I will tell little children of the love of Jesus. I will

point the children to the cross of Christ. I will tell children of Him who is the way to God, to pardon, to happiness, and to heaven." Thus the teacher commences and prosecutes his labors under the influence of love, and therefore he must be a happy teacher.—*Sunday School Journal.*

A HINT TO TEACHERS.

The woman who anointed the Saviour did "what she could." The servant whose two talents gained two, was as much applauded as the servant who had received ten and gained other ten. This is for the encouragement of teachers, that a *faithful* rather than a *brilliant* occupation of our talents is expected of us. It is obvious that we should observe the same just rule in the requirements we make of our pupils.

On this point there is an anecdote in Stanley's interesting "Life of the late Dr. Arnold," which ought to be registered in the minds of all teachers, religious and secular. At Laleham, (the place where he lived,) he had once got out of patience and spoken sharply to a pupil, who was a plodding boy, and had taken great pains. When the pupil looked up in his face, and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can." Years afterwards he used to tell this story to his children, and said, "I never felt so much ashamed in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten."

This requires no comment, it speaks both to the feelings and to the understanding. Mr. Stanley adds, that he used to say, "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated."

ENCOURAGEMENT TO BELIEVERS.

The following excellent lines are from the pen of William Allen, of London, a Minister of the Society of Friends, and a gentleman no less distinguished for his piety than his learning. Mr. Allen died on the 30th of December, 1845, at the age of seventy-four.

Traveller through this vale of tears
Art thou tried with doubts and fears?
Does the tempter still assail,
'Till thou think 'st he must prevail?
Do the clouds that intervene
Dim the light thou once hast seen?
Dost thou fear thy faith is gone?
And that thou art left alone,
A traveller on life's dreary coast,
Thy guide and comfort nearly lost?

Hear a fellow traveller's lay,
One who hath trod the painful way,
Who in the journey he hath passed,
Has met with many a bitter blast;
Upon whose head the storm has beat,
While many a thorn has pierced his feet,
But matchless mercy hitherto
Hath interposed and brought him through,
And hath enabled him to raise
At times the cheerful song of praise.

In patience then possess thy soul!
Stand still! for while the thunders roll,
Thy Saviour sees thee through the gloom,
And will to thy assistance come.
His love and mercy will be shown
To those who trust in him alone;
Trust, humbly trust in his defence,
Preserve thy hope and confidence;
'To him apply in fervent prayer,
On him in faith cast all thy care.
Then will the tempest pass away,
Then will the night give place to day;
And thou rejoicingly will find
Those trials wisely were designed
To subject every wish of thine,
Completely, to the Will Divine;
To fix thy heart on things above—
To fill thy soul with heavenly love—
And through the power of mighty grace,
To fit thee for the glorious place,
Where saints and angels round the throne
For ever sing, "Thy will be done."

ANECDOTE.

A person in addressing some children on the subject of prayer, described its importance and advantages; and explained the difference between prayer, *praying* and saying *prayers*. A boy, whose attention had been arrested by the subject, was powerfully affected by the impressive manner in which this duty was urged upon the children. He reflected, that though he had been in the habit of *saying* his prayers daily, yet he then felt convinced that he never *prayed* as he ought to have done. He left the school under a deep concern for his soul's welfare; and, on reaching home, retired secretly, and sought the Lord in prayer with his whole heart. He did not seek in vain. He obtained mercy, through the blood of Christ. He joined in church fellowship, became a useful teacher in a school, and has continued to adorn the doctrine of the Saviour by a becoming conversation.

When God inclines the heart to pray
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.