

Wm. J. Walker



VOL. XIII.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1856.

No. 11.

The Lost Found.

Once there was a boy in Liverpool, who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide. Though he struggled hard, he was not able to swim against the ebbing tide, and he was taken far out to sea. He was picked up by a boat belonging to a vessel bound for Dublin. The poor little boy was near lost. The sailors were all very kind to him, when he was taken into the vessel. One gave him a cap, another a jacket, another a pair of shoes, and so on.

But that evening a gentleman, who was walking near the place where the little boy had gone into the water, found his clothes lying on the shore. He searched and made inquiries; but no tidings were to be heard of the poor little boy. He found a piece of paper in the pocket of the boy's coat, by which he discovered who it was to whom the clothes belonged. The kind man went with a sad and heavy heart to break the news to the parents. He said to the father, "I am very sorry to tell you that I found these clothes on the shore; and could not find the lad to whom they belonged; I almost fear he has been drowned." The

father could hardly speak for grief; the mother was wild with sorrow. They caused every inquiry to be made, but no account was to be had of their dear boy. The house was sad; the little children missed their play-fellow; mourning was ordered; the mother spent her time crying; and the father's heart was heavy. He said little, but felt much.

The lad was taken back in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and arrived on the day the mourning was to be brought home. As soon as he reached Liverpool, he set off to his father's house. He did not like to be seen in the strange cap and jacket and shoes which he had on; so he went on by the lanes, where he would not meet those who knew him. At last he came to the hall door. He knocked. When the servant opened it, and saw who it was, she screamed with joy, and said, "Here is Master Tom!" His father rushed out, and bursting into tears embraced him. His mother fainted; "There was no more spirit in her." What a happy evening they all, parents and children, spent! They did not want the mourning.

The father could say with Jacob, "It is enough: my son is yet alive."

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in heaven, when those who were in danger of being lost for ever, arrive safely on that happy shore? How will the angels rejoice, and the family of heaven be glad! Perhaps when some of you will hereafter go to heaven, your fathers and mothers, or brothers and sisters, will welcome you and say, "I am delighted to see you safe. Welcome! welcome!" You will not go there like the boy with a cap and clothes of which he was ashamed, but in garments of salvation, white as snow, with crowns of glory that fade not away. And what must you do to be ready to enter heaven when you die? Think what it is; and then do it.

But remember the great multitude of heathen children, who have never heard a word about heaven, and who do not know that there is any Saviour for lost men. Suppose you had seen that Liverpool boy carried out to sea by the tide. How would you have pitied him! Then suppose you had seen the water full of boys, all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirit have died within you! When you should have turned away, and gone home, how sad you would have felt! No "pleasant bread" could you have eaten that night. But all the children in heathen lands are drifting hopelessly onward—Can you tell whither?

The Early Grave.

Eliza B.—was the daughter of pious parents, and had been early taught the blessed truths of God's word. She was early found in the Sabbath school, and even before she could read, she was taught easy hymns and familiar passages of Scriptures. As she grew older, she was constant in her attendance, and soon became interested in her school, loved her teacher, and was loved by all, teachers and scholars. As she

advanced in years, she grew in the knowledge of divine truth.

A few years passed by, and a change had come over her. She was languishing on a sick bed, and fearful were her struggles with pain and disease. The fires of a fever burned with terrible ragings, and she tossed from side to side, in pain and anguish. Still that raging fever increased, but she had learned to be patient, and even cheerful under her affliction, for she had early given her heart to the Saviour. Although she suffered much, she did not murmur. She trusted in her Saviour, and had learned even to rejoice while enduring intense suffering. And as her end drew near, for her Saviour chose to take her to himself ere she had struggled long with sin and sorrow, she loved to sing familiar and devotional hymns, and raise her youthful prayers to Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

At last her glorious morning dawned, that morn which was to usher her into the presence of her Saviour and her friend. It was in the still "watches of the night." Near and dear kindred and friends had retired to rest, fatigued with the kind attentions of the day, and two only watched by her bedside. The ravages of disease apparently had been stayed, and a heavenly calmness pervaded her soul. She felt, undoubtedly, that she was soon to enter the portals of the celestial city, and sing the song of redeeming love. And so it was, She quietly "fell asleep in Jesus," while no pang, or sigh, or movement of a muscle warned us of her departure. Her soul had fled ere we were aware of her nearness to her glorious reward on high. For a time we could scarcely persuade ourselves that it was not a quiet, refreshing slumber; but when she awoke from it, the bliss of heaven dawned upon her soul.

That was indeed a "house of mourning." Death, long expected, at last came suddenly. Eliza was dearly

loved, and as she passed away, she left many, many behind, to mourn her early departure from the scenes of earth. Her fellow Sabbath school pupils had cast anxious glances at her, and sympathized with her, as they saw her writhing in pain, but now they looked upon her lifeless form beautiful in death, and felt that she was indeed happy above, and that their loss was her gain.

We stood beside a newly made grave, tearful and sad. The young and old were there—kindred, associate, friend and stranger, but *all* seemed mourners. All felt that a loved one had been taken from the scenes of mortal existence, just as life's bud was opening. Slowly and carefully that tall form was lowered to its narrow resting place, and a fresh gush of unfeigned sorrow flowed from that mother's bosom, heaving with sorest grief. The tear was coursing down the manly cheek, and aged ones wept as in the simplicity and sincerity of childhood.

Around that lowly grave, now sacred by its hallowed associations, her school-mates joined in singing the following stanzas, which their departed friend had often sung with them :

"Shed not a tear o'er your friends early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Smile, if the slow tolling bell you should hear,

When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave,
Think who has died, his beloved to save,
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,

When I am gone, I am gone.

"Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Sing me a song if my grave you should see,
When I am gone, I am gone.

Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,

Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, I am gone."

My reader, had *you* been thus early called, instead of the loved Eliza, would your last end have been like hers?

Could *you* have welcomed death as a deliverer? If, like her, you have obtained the "pearl of great price," you will be ready to pass the "Jordan of death," and to join with her in songs of praise, and enjoy the smiles of the Saviour forever.

J. H. H.

Jacob Blessing Joseph and his Sons.

When Jacob was one hundred and forty-seven years old, the time drew near in which he should die. He was taken very ill. And some one told Joseph of it: and he came, with his two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, to visit his afflicted father.

And Jacob strengthened himself and sat up in his bed to receive him. And Jacob mentioned many events which had happened to him, and talked of God's great goodness to him through the whole of his life.

But his eyes were very dim with age,—he did not know his grandchildreu, and he asked, who they were. And when Joseph told him, he said, "Bring them, I pray thee, unto me, and I will bless them. And he brought them near unto him, and he kissed them, and embraced them."

And Jacob, said unto Joseph, "I had not thought to see thy face,—and lo! God hath shewed me also thy children."

And he laid his hands on the heads of the two little boys,—and he blessed Joseph, and said, "God, before whom my fathers, Abraham and Isaac, did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day; the Angel, which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads; and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers, Abraham and Isaac; and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth."

It is a pleasant thing, and a great mercy, to have parents who love and serve God, and who are concerned that we should do so too.

Whenever we look back on life, we should never forget that it is the good

God, who has always led us and fed us, and redeemed us from all evil: and we should thankfully acknowledge his great goodness.

How peacefully does a good man die! Who does not admire Jacob,—blessing all around him, and blessed by all,—standing at the very gate of eternal bliss,—yea, he seems to be in heaven before he enters it.

Surely we cannot witness the good old man dying so happily, and not breathe the prayer,—O my God, let me die the death of the righteous! We shall certainly do so, if we live his life. And if we think as we ought, we shall as much wish to live his life as to die his death.

Warning to Youth.

In pronouncing sentence of death upon young Orcutt for arson at Utica, the Judge said:—

“The history of this case shows that you have attained to a maturity in vice and crime beyond your years, and your coolness in its commission proves that your history the evening previous to the fire is but a sample of the history of your life; that you have been in the habit of going, night after night, from one billiard saloon to another, and from billiard table to bowling alley, partaking of the dissipations of each, until all moral sensibility and every right feeling had ceased to exist, conscience had been seared, and every base passion had been stimulated and excited to the utmost.

“These places are the nurseries of crime,—the very gates of perdition; and from among those who habitually resort to them our prisons are filled, and the gallows claims its victims. By them, your ruin for this world has been accomplished, and sorrow and anguish unspeakable have been brought upon your family and friends. There are hundreds of others, the youth of our land, who are treading in your footsteps, rapidly travelling that downward road, the end of which you have soon reached, who should be warned by your fate, and stop now while yet they may.

May they learn that neither happiness nor safety can be found in a life of idleness and dissipation, and that the way of the transgressor is hard; and that as they value their lives and liberty, their interest for time and eternity, the peace and happiness of their friends, they should resist the first temptation to dissipation and to crime.”

“My Father Will Take Care of Me.”

“A gentleman recently returned from a journey, relates an incident of it, pleasingly illustrative of our Saviour’s declaration.

‘Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, shall not enter therein.’

When the cars reached B——, a gentleman who had been engaged in conversation with another, accompanied by his little son, bade his fellow-traveller adieu, and said to the child,

‘Good-bye, Charley—take care of yourself.’

‘My Father will take care of me,’ replied the little fellow, with a readiness gratifying to his father and amusing to the bystanders.

How true it is that the very first, as well as the very last lesson for him to learn, who would enter the kingdom, is to distrust self and trust God.

How many an anxious fear for the future would be removed, could we learn even to say with the guileless confidence of the child,

‘My Father will take care of me.’”

The Proper Object of Thanks.

A lady applied once to the late benevolent Mr. Reynolds, of Bristol, on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally she said:—“When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.” “Stop!” said the old man: “you are mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for the rain: teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain.”

Zante.

There was once a little African boy, who lived a happy life with his father and mother and little sister. He had a little dog that used to roll on the grass beside him, or scamper away as he bade it, and the boy was as happy as a king. One morning as he woke up from sleep, his father told him it was his birth-day, he was eleven years old. So the little fellow jumped up and thought he would have more fun than ever that day. He called his dog, and they set off running together. They wandered further and further from home. The boy took off his hat and filled it with the bright beautiful flowers that he gathered by the wayside; and the dog wagged his tail and jumped upon him with delight. The sky was blue overhead, and the sun was scorching, so that they were glad at last to turn down a shady lane. There they sat down on a sweet bank, the boy and the dog, and they both fell asleep. All at once a noise woke up the boy, it was the barking of his dog; and when he turned his head he saw a tall white man standing by his side. The boy had never seen a man with a white face before, and he trembled with fear.

The man spoke in a harsh, rough voice, and putting a rope round the boy's waist, he kicked him, and told him to be gone.

"O moder," cried the little negro, "moder, moder! come to me."

"You will never see your mother again," said the cruel man, "make haste sir, be off with you;" and he beat him with a knotted stick which he had in his hand. The faithful little dog ran after his master, but the man gave him many hard kicks to keep him back, and at last, losing all patience with the dog, he took his gun from his side and shot him. The poor boy saw his faithful dog lying on the ground, covered with blood and moaning piteously; but he could not stay even to give him one loving coax; the slave dealer hurried him along to the sea-shore. Here he

was thrown into a boat and taken to a ship which lay at anchor opposite, and then crowded with hundreds of other slaves into a dark hole, where they could not stir and could scarcely breathe. Meanwhile, a crowd of frantic parents were standing on the shore, weeping over their lost children. "Zante! Zante!" cried out a well-known voice, which the little boy in the dark hold could distinguish as his mother's; but alas! the ship sailed on, the cries became fainter and fainter, and at last died quite away, and little Zante's heart was ready to burst. Many of the slaves died on this dreadful voyage, and every now and then the door was opened into the wretched hole in which Zante and his fellow-sufferers were confined, and some dead bodies taken out of it. But Zante lived, and when the voyage was over he was sold for a slave. Day after day the little negro worked beneath a burning sun, and wished he were in his grave. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his mother, and he said to himself, "If I could be by de side of moder I would not mind working so hard;" but when the cruel task-master saw his tears, he only brought down the whip with double force upon his back.

One day Zante became so ill from his hard work and his master's cruelty, that he thought he must have died before his task was over. As soon as it was done he crept away to a tree where he might sit and weep alone. There he set himself down upon the grass and called upon his father's god. He called on his mother to come and comfort him. But no voice answered him, no comforter came; and worn out with fatigue he dropt asleep. In his sleep he dreamed that he saw his mother, that he felt her kiss, and heard her loving words once more. On awaking, and finding himself alone and miserable, he sobbed aloud.

"Don't cry, my little man," said a kind voice near him; "I know what can make you happy." Turning round, the little negro saw an English

Missionary. What a happy moment for little Zante! He told his sad story to the good man, who pitied him tenderly, and who taught him how, even a little orphan slave can enjoy peace such as gold cannot buy, and as is unknown to the tyrant on his throne.

Little Zante became happy, and adored the goodness of God in having taught him the knowledge of Jesus. And now his prayer is for his father and mother, that they too may be taught the way to heaven.

I have copied you this story from the Youth's Missionary Repository for 1849, and I have done so—

1st. To show you the cruelties and wickedness of slavery.

2nd. To show you the value of the Gospel that can even cheer and comfort a poor slave's heart.

The Sunday Stone.

"In a coal mine in England, there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and, as the water passes off, these become hard, and form the limestone. This stone would always be white, like white marble, were it not that men are working in the mine, and, as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed.

Now, in the night, when there is no coal-dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on alternately black and white through the week until the Sabbath comes. Then, if the miners keep holy the Sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night, and the whole day and night of the Sabbath, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others.

But if they work on the Sabbath, they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence the miners call it 'the Sunday stone;' and do you not think they must be very careful how they observe this holy day, when they would see their violation of God's command thus written down in stone?

Perhaps many who now break the Sabbath would try to spend it in a proper manner if there was near them a 'Sunday stone,' where they could see their unkept Sabbaths with their black marks.

Will you not, dear readers, be very careful to keep your Sabbaths pure and white, and not allow the dust of sin to tarnish the purity of that blessed day? It is our heavenly Father who says, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'

The Martyred Blind Boy.

In the reign of 'Bloody Mary,' of England, when the good Bishop Hooper was about to be burned to death, a blind boy, by much importunity, prevailed on the guard to bring him to the Bishop. This boy had lately suffered imprisonment in Gloucester for confessing the truth. After the Bishop had examined him concerning his faith and the cause of his imprisonment, he looked on him steadfastly, tears standing in his eyes, and said, 'Ah! poor boy, God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what reason He best knoweth; but he hath endued thy soul with the eye of knowledge and faith. God give thee grace continually to pray unto him, that thou lose not that sight; for thou shouldest then be blind in body and soul.'

The boy's name was Thomas Dowry. How often or how long he had endured imprisonment for the truth's sake is not known; but on his final examination he was brought before Dr. Williams, Chancellor of Gloucester, sitting judicially with the registrar of the diocese in the consistory,

near the south door of the cathedral church, who administered the usual articles, chiefly urging that on transubstantiation, saying—

‘Dost thou not believe that after the words of consecration, spoken by the priest, there remaineth the very real body of Christ in the sacrament of the altar?’

‘No,’ answered the blind boy; ‘that I do not.’

‘Then thou art a heretic and shalt be burned. But who taught you this heresy?’

‘Yot. Master Chancellor.’

‘Where I pray thee?’

‘Even in yonder place replied the boy turning and pointing with his hand towards where the pulpit stood.

The Chancellor again enquired, ‘When did I teach thee so?’

Drowry answered, ‘When you preached there’ (naming a day) ‘a sermon to all men as well as to me, upon the sacrament. You said the sacrament was to be received spiritually, by faith, and not carnally and really, as the papists have heretofore taught.’

The shameless apostate answered,

‘Then do as I have done, and thou shalt live, as I do, and escape burning.’

The blind boy said,

‘Though you can so easily dispense with yourself and mock God, the world, and your conscience, yet will I not do so.’

‘Then God have mercy upon thee,’ rejoined the Chancellor; ‘for I will read the condemnation sentence against thee.’

‘God’s will be fulfilled!’ answered the young martyr.

Hereupon the Registrar, being moved with the scene, stood up, and said to the Chancellor,

‘Fie, for shame, man! will you read the sentence against him, and condemn yourself? Away, away, and substitute some other to give sentence and judgment.’

‘No, Registrar,’ said the fearfully hardened man: ‘I will obey the law, and give sentence myself according to mine office.’

He did so; delivered him to the secular power, who on the very same day (May 15, 1556) led the blind boy to the place of execution at Gloucester, together with one Thomas Croker, a poor bricklayer, condemned also for the like testimony of the truth: when both in one fire, they most constantly and joyfully yielded their souls into the hands of the Lord Jesus.

Curious Anecdote about Tobacco.

In a number of the *Massachusetts Spy*; or, *Worcester Gazette*, for July 28, 1791, we find the following curious anecdote about tobacco:

“Tobacco was first brought into repute in England by Sir Walter Raleigh. By the caution he took of smoking it privately, he did not intend it should be copied. But sitting one day, in deep meditation, with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of small beer. The fellow, coming into the room, threw all the liquor into his master’s face, and running down stairs, bawled,

‘Fire! Help! Sir Walter has studied until his head is on fire and the smoke bursts out of his mouth and nose.’”

The number of *hard students*, of all ages—and especially *young men who wear canes, and boys*—is wonderfully large, if the issuing of smoke from their mouths and noses, is any evidence of it. And then many of them have a great many tankards of something stronger than small beer, if not thrown in their faces, poured down their throats. And there is quite as much occasion in regard to them, as in the case of Sir Walter, for the cry, “Fire! Help!” for their brains are on fire.

The Consoler.

"It was a dark and stormy night. The missionary's horse was tired, and he was wet and weary. For some time he had looked in vain for cheering light in the lonely woods. At length he saw a faint glimmer through the trees. It came from a small log cottage. When he had fastened his horse and gone into the cabin, he thought he had never seen so wretched a place. It was cold and dirty, and almost without furniture of any sort. In a corner of the room was a ragged bed, on which lay a pale little girl. The missionary pitied her, and drew near to the bed. He saw that the little girl's face was pale, and her hands thin. She was very ill, and a great sufferer; yet the poor little thing was not impatient. She smiled with a smile that showed peace was in her heart, while her body was suffering with disease. From under her pillow peeped a little book. It was the New Testament. Some agent from the Bible Society had dropped it in that desolate place. The missionary asked the little girl—

'Can you read this book?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Can you understand it?'

'A great deal of it, sir; I see there how Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when I think of that, I am happy. And in the dark night, when I lie here and cannot sleep for pain, I think of my Saviour and heaven, and he seems to be saying, "Suffer that little child to come unto me, and forbid her not." I am soon going to be with him forever.'

Thus that gift brought peace to the heart of the poor little sick girl—that peace which Jesus promised to his disciples when he said.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."—John 14: 27.

Read Your Bible.

"Between thirty and forty years ago, there was a lad who had a sister, and this sister was a missionary's wife. She was ready to leave England and go to Africa, and was on her way to London. She passed through the town where her brother was at school. It was early in the morning, before the boys were up; but she was going to set sail, and she could not think of passing through without seeing her brother. She knocked at the door of the house, and awoke the servants. They called out.

'Robert, Robert!'

Up he sat in the bed. His sister went to him, and wished him good-bye, and gave him a kiss, and said,

'Robert, read your Bible.'

And again, as she parted from him, she said, very earnestly,

'Now, Robert read your Bible.'

She sailed for Africa; and in six months more she was in heaven, for God took her. But these words of hers, 'Robert, read your Bible,' sunk into her brother's heart. He could not shake them out. At last he did read his Bible; and the great change was wrought in him also. And he is now, and has been for some time, a laborious and useful missionary in India.

Pay for Swearing.

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" Said Deacon Todd to one whom he heard using profane language.

'He don't pay me anything,' was the reply.

'Well, you work cheap, to lay aside character of a gentleman; to inflict so much pain on your friends, and all civil people; to suffer such pains of conscience as you must suffer, and lastly, to risk losing your own precious soul, and, (gradually rising in emphasis,) and all for nothing! You certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed!'

The Best is Left.

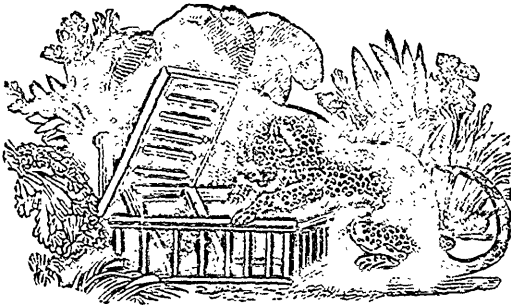
"I am fallen," said Jeremy Taylor, "into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me! They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirits, and a good

conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too. And still I sleep, and digest, and eat, and drink; I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbor's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself."

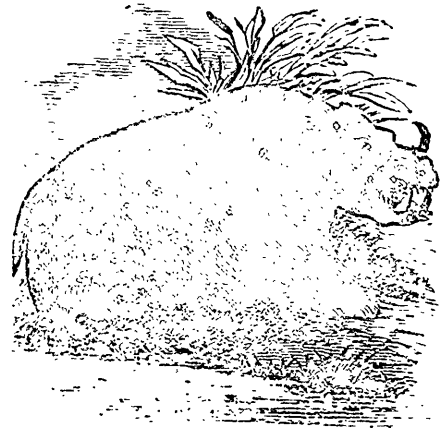
**Wild Beasts.****THE LION.**

The appearance of the lion, from which he has derived the title of king of the beasts, is majestic when at rest, but terrible when roused. He has a broad face, surrounded with long, shaggy hair; and a flowing mane, increasing in length as his years advance, adorns his neck. If provoked, this bristles up erect, his eyes gleam with fire, and his whole countenance becomes expressive of rage; his deep roar is broken into short, surley growls; he shows his dreadful teeth, and his claws are protruded beyond their velvet covering. When pressed by hunger, he attacks furiously whatever animal crosses his path, and even breaks into settlements and seizes the cattle. His prey is gene-

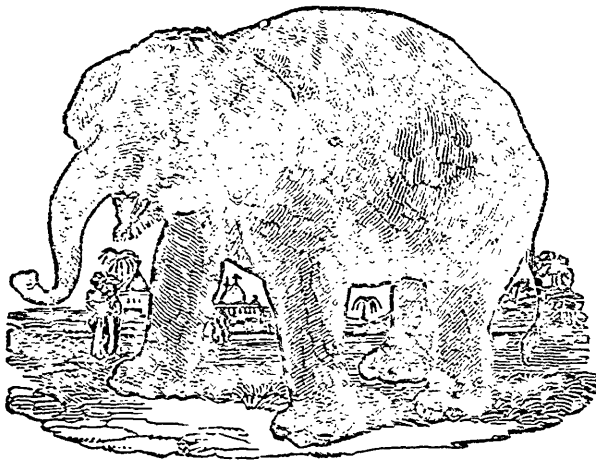
rally thrown upon his shoulder, and carried thus to some sequestered spot. A late traveller in South Africa saw a young lion bear away a horse a mile from the place where he had killed him; and another, having fled with a heifer two years old, was pursued fully five hours by a party on horseback, and throughout the whole distance the heifer was once or twice discovered to have touched the ground. If he meet men and animals together, it is generally the latter he pitches upon. His common prey is the deer and antelope, the zebra, quaggy, and occasionally the buffalo, though the formidable horns and not unequal strength of the latter make him generally rue the combat.



THE TIGER.



THE RHINOCEROS.



THE ELEPHANT.

The tiger, rhinoceros, and the elephant are also equal or superior antagonists. He is said to be fond of the young of the latter, which he eagerly lies in wait for, and easily masters, unless the old ones be at hand to effect a rescue. The banks of the Jordan seem to have been at one time so much infested by lions, that their flight at its periodical rise, afforded the prophet Jeremiah a beautiful simile to illustrate the terror of the Babylonish monarch at the approach of Cyrus:

“Behold, he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan against the habitation of the strong;” he shall flee from the victorious invaders to his city, as the lion from the overflowing waters to some place of safety.

We tremble at the lion as a strong and terrible animal. Ought we not to fear the great and dreadful God who made the lion, and whose power is omnipotent? How awful must be his displeasure!—*Presbyterian S. S. Visitor.*

Noble Boys.—Beautiful Incident.

Among the innumerable, amusing and touching episodes which daily mingle with the brilliant and teeming life of Paris, we find the following little gem set in print by the French papers:

“About nine o’clock in the morning, a little boy of twelve, whose jacket and apron of white cloth distinctly indicated that he followed the profession of pastry cook, was returning from the market with an open basket containing butter and eggs on his head. When he had reached the vicinity of the church of St. Eustache, the little fellow, who could only with difficulty make his way through the crowd, was violently jostled by a stranger who was passing, so that his basket tipped and fell to the ground with its contents. The poor lad, when he saw his eggs all broken and his butter tumbled in the kennel, began to cry bitterly and wring his hands. A person who happened to be in the crowd that had gathered around the little fellow, drew a ten sous piece from his pocket, and giving it to the boy, asked the rest who stood grouped around him to do the same, to make up the loss occasioned by this accident. Influenced by his example, every one present eagerly complied, and very speedily the boy’s apron contained a respectable collection of coppers and silver. When all had contributed their quota, our young Vatel, whose distress had vanished in a moment, as though by enchantment, warmly thanked his new-found benefactors for their kindness, and forthwith proceeded to count the sum he had received, which amounted to no less than twenty-two francs and thirty-five centimes; but instead of putting this sum into his pocket, he produced the bill of the articles he had lost, and as its total amounted only to fourteen francs, he appropriated no more than that sum; and then observing in the group that surrounded him a poor woman in rags, the gallant little fellow walked to her and placed the remainder in her hands.

“Certainly it would have been impossible to have shown himself more deserving of public generosity, or to have acknowledged it in any handsomer manner; hence the boy’s noble conduct was greeted with the applause of the crowd, who were delighted to find such delicacy and propriety of feeling in so young a bosom.”

The Lost Bank Note.

Mr. A— was an irreligious man, nearly sixty years of age. He had long neglected the house of God, and indulged in the use of profane language. One day last winter, he lost a bank note in his barn. He sought for it several times, but did not find it. At length he said to himself, “That note is in the barn, and *I will search for it till I find it!*” Accordingly he went to the barn, and carefully moved straw and hay, hour after hour, till he found the note.

He had told me, two months before, that he knew that his soul was not right with God, and he intended to live a better life, and seek salvation. His anxiety increased. A few weeks after he lost the note, he sat by the fire musing on the state of his soul, when he turned to his wife and asked, “What must one do to become a Christian?”

“You must seek for it,” she replied, “as you sought for the bank note.”

She said no more. It was “a word fitly spoken.” He tried to follow the direction, and thinks that, through the grace and mercy of Christ, he found the “pearl of great price,” and rejoices in the hope and glory of God.

There is a treasure for you, reader, precious beyond the power of words or figures to express. There is salvation and heaven for you, and eternal glory, if you will seek it with all your heart, *believing that it can be found, and resolved to find it.* If you have not sought thus, you have disparaged it, treating it as if it were not worth such earnest regard.

An Infidel at a Loss for a Reason.

In one of the interior counties of this State (Virginia) there has been, for a year or two,—as we are credibly informed,—an unusual attention to the subject of religion, and particularly so among the children and youth. This religious interest had its origin in the establishment of a Sunday school in a neglected neighborhood; and in connection with the Sunday school, a meeting for prayer has also been regularly held. In the midst of this community there lives a skeptic of more than ordinary influence, reading and observation, who has been in the habit of attending this Sunday school and this prayer meeting as a spectator; and he very frankly confesses himself utterly at a loss to account for the change which he has witnessed. At first he regarded it as arising from animal excitement, which would soon cease,—as paroxysms of that kind are not apt to be lasting, especially when they are violent. But there was nothing in the school or the prayer meeting that he could properly consider as belonging to the spirit of fanaticism. Then, again, he supposed that the novelty of the thing would speedily wear away, and that then the little band of teachers, children and youth would gradually begin to disperse, till, at last, none of them should be left. But, instead of an abating, he observes an increasing interest,—a perseverance utterly unaccountable on the ordinary principles which govern men, and especially youth, left free to act on the subject much as they please. Why it is that they remain steadfast in their attachment to the prayer meeting is a problem which his philosophy has not been able to solve. For he is not yet willing to admit that there is a power in the principles of the gospel which cannot be properly estimated by the wisdom of man,—an attractive, controlling power, whose operations are wrought upon the inner man of the heart, bringing it into sweet and willing subjection to the spirit of Christ.

Were there not a reality in the religion of the gospel, the question which was asked long ago might be repeated by the infidel with the sure expectation of receiving a negative answer, viz. :—“Will he always call upon God!” It is this perseverance in every good word and work, which constitutes an argument for Christianity of more force than any, or than all others combined. It is an unanswerable proof that its origin is divine—that its nature is spiritual, and that its tendency is to detach the affections of man from things that perish with their using, and implant in their stead a hope full of immortality.

Rain from Heaven.

We lately heard of a little girl in Yorkshire, England, who contrived to raise \$4,50 for the Church Missionary Society in a somewhat curious way. In her neighborhood there are many washerwomen, and water is often scarce: she therefore obtained a tub, and caught and saved as much rain water as she could. This she was accustomed to retail at one cent per bucket. The washerwomen were glad to give this sum for a nice pailful of clean, soft water; and thus she obtained nearly five dollars for this cause.

When she brought her contribution to the Secretary, she did not wish any name to be attached to it; but he told her that it must be recorded in his list as coming from some one. “Call it, then,” said she, “*Rain from Heaven.*”

Of the vast abundance of rain which our heavenly Father gives us from heaven to refresh the thirsty earth, and to make it “bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater,” perhaps but a very small quantity is so directly applied for the introduction of the life-giving streams of gospel grace into the parched wilderness of heathenism. We cannot but therefore admire this little girl’s contrivance, and heartily wish her success.

The Two Wishes.

I was listening the other day to an address to a company of Sunday-school children. It was at the close of the school for the season. The minister told them many interesting things, and among others he spoke of their future prospects. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'some of the little boys before me may become governors, some of them may be judges or senators.'

When he was telling that some might be governors, I saw one little boy turn his blue eyes up to his companion and whisper, 'I should like to be governor, shouldn't you, James?'

I have since read of a little boy who had a higher ambition than this. He was very sick. His friends came around his bedside. His father and mother were there; his brothers and his sisters were near. As they watched his countenance they saw that he must die. When so feeble that he could hardly speak so as to be understood, he said to his mother, who was bending her face close to that of her dear boy. 'I should love to be an angel; shall I be an angel, mother?'

I would wish that all the children who read this paper might, be gaining knowledge while young, by fitted for governors or some other useful station when they become men, and by being good and obeying the Saviour, be prepared to become angels when they die.

—*The Myrtle.*—

The two Genealogies of our Lord.

Two evangelists give us two different genealogies of our Lord. Well that is exactly what we should have anticipated, because it is exactly what the case required. First, Matthew writing chiefly for the Jews, gives the formal or legal genealogy, showing the line of descent of Joseph, the legal or apparent father of our Lord. Our Lord was to be shown to be legally entitled to "the throne of his father David." And this, as the name of his mother could not appear in the

genealogies, must be done by proving the descent of Joseph, the husband of his mother. Some years after, Luke, writing under St. Paul's direction, and writing for the Gentiles, gives another genealogy, showing our Lord to be actually descended, by his mother, from David and from Abraham. Both of these documents were clearly necessary. Without the first, the Jews would have held the Messiahship to be unproved; without the second, the Gentiles would have regarded the fulfilment of prophecy in his person to have been at least doubtful.

Better to Work than Beg.

A gentleman was once accosted by one of those shameful nuisances, a street beggar and asked in a whining tone "for a few pence to get himself a night's lodging." Very unwisely, the gentleman gave him a piece of money, at the same time very wisely saying to him, "it is better to work than to beg."

The beggar, who was in the manhood of his days, took the money and the hint too, and as soon as he could find a job he secured it, and earned five shillings. With this he bought all the old rags he could, and carried them to the paper-mill, and his five shillings worth of rags brought him six shillings and sixpence. Finding this a profitable business he followed it until he had a rag-shop of his own. From this he crept up to be a manufacturer of paper, then an extensive bookseller, and finally a man of large wealth, and with a benevolent will to do good with his money. He tells all his neighbours and friends that he knows that it is far better to work than to beg, for he has tried both.

Our counsel to our young friends, and especially to those who have their living to get, is to give industry, honesty and temperance a fair trial, and if they bring poverty, shame and guilt, then try idleness, roguery, and the rum-bottle, and see what they will do.

"A Teacher's Efforts Rewarded."

A few years ago, in the city of Providence, resided a poor boy, named James. When quite young he was put into the "Steam Mill" to earn his living, and was thus deprived of many privileges which most of us enjoy. From five o'clock in the morning until late at night, James was confined within the dark walls of the factory, and thus little or no time was afforded him for reading or study. But he was blessed with a pious father, through whose influence he was led to the Sabbath school. There he enjoyed the instructions of a devoted teacher, who never came before her class, without having previously studied the truths she was to teach. The desire of her heart was the salvation of the immoral souls of her pupils, and she doubtless often bore each member of her class by name at the throne of Grace. For a while her prayers and efforts seemed unsuccessful, but such precious seed was not sown in vain. One Sabbath morning, as she told the story of the Cross to her pupils, and spoke of Jesus, who died for a lost and guilty world, she noticed the tear of penitence trickle down the cheek of James. Often had he listened to these truths, as they fell from her lips; but he listened now as he never did before. Fearing that the impressions received might be lost by James, as he should mingle with the world during the week, she sought an interview with him at her home, and God was pleased to bless her labors in the salvation of an immoral soul.

The world looked different to James, now that he had experienced this great change wrought in him by the Holy Spirit, and new aims and desires filled his breast. Had we but looked into the factory, we might have seen him at his loom, with a copy of the New Testament open before him. He soon made a public profession of his faith in Christ, and united with the church. As from time to time he took an active part in the religious meetings, he ex-

hibited a degree of talent, which, if cultivated, would render him more than an ordinary man. In prayer especially, he had a peculiar gift. One evening, he was walking home with a Christian brother, who said to him, "James, did you ever think God had called you to the Gospel ministry?" The poor boy was overtaken entirely by surprise at this question; it opened a new train of thought to him, and he set apart a day of fasting and prayer, to consider whether it was the will of God that he should prepare for the ministry. He soon felt it was a duty, which pressed heavily upon him, and he decided to prepare at once for this great work. But where could he get the means to obtain an education? God opened a way for him. The church with which he was connected immediately decided to educate him, and he is now more than two hundred miles from home, preparing for that public office, in the work of his Divine Master; and should God spare his life, to enter upon his ministerial labors, he will doubtless make a hard-working man.

It may be that James is a reader of the "*Reaper*;" if so, and this slight sketch should meet his eye, I am sure he will add, "Not unto me, not unto me, but unto Thy Name be all the glory." With joy must that Sabbath school teacher look forward to the reward which is prepared for her, when she shall exchange the Church Militant for the Church Triumphant above. Let us likewise be faithful, that we may meet each member of our class in the "Better Land." JARVIS.

A Fatal Jest.

A young lady in one of the seminaries of New York indulged in the pleasantry of frightening a school mate by appearing before her in the solemn dress of the grave. So perfect was the deception, so terrible the shock, that the frightened young lady fell senseless to the floor, and has not recovered her reason.

Sabbath School Teachers' Convention.

Superintendents and Teachers will be glad to learn that there is to be held at Kingston, C. W., on the 11th day of February next, a Convention of Sabbath School Teachers.

Several Teachers' Conventions have been held in the United States, and they have all exercised a highly beneficial influence upon the interests of the Sabbath School cause there. In our own country, which is developing so rapidly, something should be done to stimulate the cause, so that it may move forward with the progress that is being made in everything else.— Many villages have sprung into existence, which are, as yet, without any benevolent institution for the religious instruction of the young; and there are a great number of places whose Sunday Schools are of such a character that their usefulness is hardly felt: being oppressed with poverty and weakened by the want of earnest minded labourers. This state of matters would not continue a day if Christians truly appreciated the value of Sunday Schools; for they would then be found coming forward to their support, and contributing, not only their means, but their personal labour, that they might be placed above the difficulties with which they have now to contend.

One of the chief objects of the Convention is to endeavour to create this wider sympathy. It will be effected in a great measure simply by the attention which the Convention will attract; but more direct means will probably be devised, such as the

publishing of an appeal to Christians for more liberal support, and inviting ministers to preach an annual or semi-annual sermon in behalf of the cause.

The movement is not intended to initiate any system of control over Sabbath Schools; but it is hoped that it will be the means of introducing improvements in their management, and in the modes of instructing children; for it will bring together many men of experience, whose opinions will be valuable to others: it may therefore be expected, that a large amount of information will be imparted to every one present, which they will be able to carry home with them, and turn to a useful account.

Another object is to stir up those actually engaged in the work of instructing the young, that they may be actuated by higher, holier and purer resolves. This will be effected by the encouragement which delegates will receive by hearing what the Lord hath wrought among the young in other places, and by the deeper impressions of the importance of the work to which discussion and provocation to renewed effort will give rise.

The profitableness of the meeting will entirely depend upon the presence of the spirit of God: and we would remind teachers that every one who withholds his or her prayer for the Divine Blessing upon it, will be doing all that he or she can to render it unsuccessful. Let it be borne in the heart to the mercy seat so that the words of the Prophet, "Great shall be the peace of thy children," may be fulfilled in our own times.

But Superintendents and Teachers

have something else to do. They ought to respond to the circulars which will be issued soon, by electing and sending delegates, or where there is but one Teacher let him prepare to go himself. The objects are worthy of any amount of sacrifice, and it should be borne cheerfully. The expenses, however, to each will be very trifling as successful arrangements have been made to reduce them. The duty, therefore, though the same under any circumstances, will only entail a trifling outlay. Let every one remember that by his absence he will lessen the interest of the Convention and detract from its possible success.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN.—
Is it because I am afraid of ridicule,
and of what others may say of me?
“Whosoever shall be ashamed of me,
and of my words, of him shall the Son
of Man be ashamed.”

[For the S. S. Record.]

We'll Meet Again.

We'll meet again, we'll meet again,
Those words how sweet they sound,
When ere we part from those we love,
To know that they'll return.

We'll meet again, thus said the youth,
When from his native hearth
He wanders forth renown to seek,
Among the sons of earth.

We'll meet again, the parting we d
Of pleasant company;
But when and where in life or death
None cannot even say.

We'll meet again, the Christian says,
While death his victim claim,
Weep not for me, but oh rejoice,
In heaven we'll meet again.

Thus let us live that when in death,
We part from those we love,
We may rejoice to know that soon
We'll meet again above.

S. OF T.

A Strange Offering.

Mr. Townsend, a good man whom the Church Missionary Society have sent to West Africa to lead men to Christ, received a singular offering from one of his converts at Abbeokuta a few months ago. Here is what he says of it:—“Priscilla, one of my communicants, brought a hen and chicken as a contribution towards the repair of the church. The fowl she had taken alive from a sacrifice. Living creatures are often given to the gods, tied up in the place where the sacrifice is made; and a stranger may take them. Thus she obtained the fowl, and kept it until it had a family, intending to rear up the chickens for the work of God; but a bush-cat having stolen one or two, she thought she would bring them at once, the hen and her chicken together.” This person was once a devil-worshiper. How great the change which has been wrought in her!

A Worldly Spirit.

If a man's conduct shows that he thinks more of treasure on earth than of treasure in heaven; and if, when he has got the world, or some part of it, he hugs it close, and appears exceedingly reluctant to let even a little of it go for pious and charitable uses, though God promises him a thousand-fold more in heaven for it, he gives not the least evidence of being weaned from the world, or that he prefers heavenly things to the things of the world. Judging by his practice, there is sad reason to believe that his profession is in vain.—*President Edwards.*

THE MISSIONARY

And Sabbath School Record

Is published on the first of every month at 1s each copy per year; or, in parcels of not less than six copies to one address, one dollar.

J. C. BECKET,

38 Great St. James Street, Montreal.