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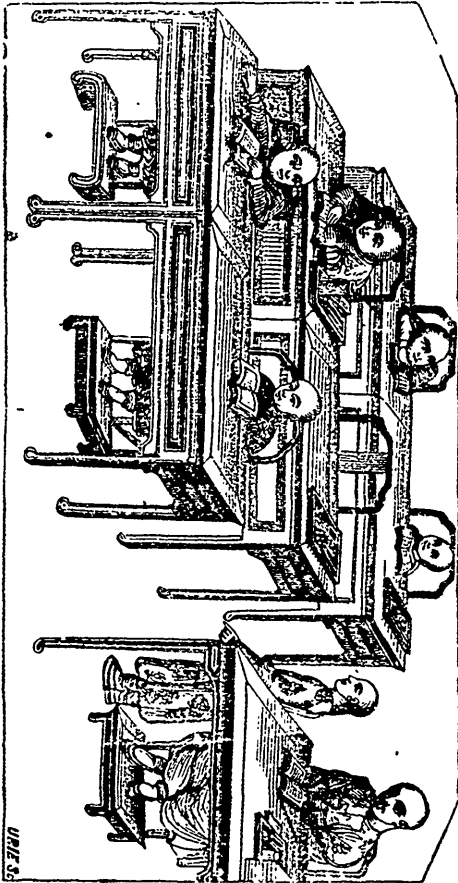
THE MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VII.]

AUGUST 1, 1850.

[No. 8

A CHINESE SCHOOL.
From the Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.



This is the picture of a school in Shanghai; the master is sitting at a table by himself, and the boy standing by is repeating his lesson; he turns his back to the table that he may not look over the book.

The Chinese pay great attention to the education of their boys; learning is much esteemed by them; and the magistrates and officers of state in China are chosen on account of their learning, and not because they were

sons of rich and noble parents. This, of course, makes them anxious that their children should be well educated. And sometimes when a very poor man wishes to send a boy to school, several relations will subscribe sufficient money to educate him; so that if he be diligent, he will have a chance of becoming rich and honorable.

The Chinese have many stories of men who have been famous for learning, and they repeat them to their children to stir them up to diligence and perseverance.

I have read two of these stories, which I will tell you. "A great many years ago there lived a very learned man; when he was young he was very idle, and paid no attention to his studies. As he was one day rambling about in his usual idle way, he saw an old woman rubbing an iron crow bar on a stone; he said to her, 'What are you doing, mother?' 'O,' said she, 'I want a needle, and I am grinding down this crow-bar to make one.' The young man was so struck with the diligence and perseverance of the old woman, that he went home, applied himself to his studies with all his might, and became one of the most learned of the Chinese sages." The other anecdote is of a young man who was very fond of study, but was too poor to buy a candle to read at night; so he broke a hole in the wall of his chamber, that he might read by the light of his neighbor's candle which shone through the hole.

Every three years it is the custom in China for the magistrate in the capital city of each province to give prizes or degrees to those students who are considered the most clever. Mr. Smith, the Missionary, says that the year he was in Canton there were seventy-two degrees given; these seventy-two scholars were chosen out of eight thousand candidates: the honor gained by these degrees is so great, that men will sometimes persevere through successive years of disappoint-

ment till their seventieth or eightieth year.

Now this would be all very pleasant to think about, if it were true wisdom that these Chinese were striving to obtain; but, alas! their learning is all foolishness, vain philosophy, and maxims of heathen sages, that would never do any good, either to the head or the heart; this is proved in their daily life.

How happy will the time be when these learning loving people will study the Holy Scriptures, and find there knowledge, and happiness, and eternal life!

"MOTHERS—MONSTERS."

Dear young friends, did you ever think about your mother's love? There are but few things which you should think of with more pleasure, or which show more clearly how kind God has been to you. Before, as a helpless babe, you saw the light, He, the great, the good Creator, had prepared for you a friend in your fond mother, and a soft pillow near her loving heart; and in that heart, as soon as your early cries reached her ear, there sprung up a thousand warm and tender feelings towards you, which have led her ever since to watch, and plan, and labor, and suffer, for your sake. How much, then, do you owe to that dear mother, and how much more to God, who put such love into her heart! But there is one thing about this love which you should particularly notice, and which, if you think aright, you will greatly admire. It is this: if in a family there be one child which needs more care than all the rest—if it be weak, or blind, or a cripple, you may be quite sure that that little one will have the largest share of its mother's love. Over it she will shed her tenderest tears, and, for its welfare, she will willingly watch by night, and toil by day. Nor does she ever seem to grow weary in her labor of love. And why does she feel and act in this way towards that child? It is because

God has kindly put it into her heart to do so, that the little sufferer may receive that help and comfort which it needs, and which none but a fond mother would give.

But heathenism destroys the work of God. It often roots out of the heart its natural affections. Under its horrid influence "e'en mothers monsters prove." Of this you have many proofs from the South Seas, and India, and China, and other dark parts of the earth, which are "full of the habitations of cruelty." But you shall now read another instance of the kind from South Africa. You have, no doubt, often heard of the Caffres and the Bechuanas who live in that country; and, perhaps, you may have been told that they are what people term fine races of men; that is, tall and strong, and well formed. This has been noticed by most of the travellers who have gone among them, and these travellers have been very much surprised, because they never saw there any that were lame, or dumb, or blind, or idiots. But they did not find out the reason of this, nor did any body else before our Missionaries went there. They, however, have made the discovery, and a horrible discovery it is! They have discovered that all the dear children that were afflicted in this way were murdered by their parents. Yes! dear young friends, that which would have made *your* dear mother feel more tenderly towards you, and treat you with the greater care, is the very cause which hardens the hearts of these wretched heathen against their helpless little ones. If a child was born blind, it was at once stifled, either with a handful of ashes thrust into its mouth, or with a ladleful of burning fat poured down its throat. If the mother gave birth to twins, one of them was sent away by its cruel parents into the woods, and left there to be devoured by the leopards, or other wild beasts. The same thing was done to all that were deaf, or dumb, or deformed, or lame, or insane; and if a mother died while

nursing, though her infant might be strong and healthy, it was buried alive by her side.

One day a Missionary was at a place called Mafissa, when some young women brought to him a child between two and three years old, which they had just picked up near several high rocks, from one of which it had evidently fallen down. Its body was covered with bruises, and its little tongue was bitten and torn by its teeth, no doubt from the great pain which it had suffered. After inquiry, the child's mother was found, and brought to the Missionary; when, without shame or sorrow, she said, that, as the boy was weak and rickety, and she wished to get rid of him, she had laid him up amongst the rocks in a place where there are many hyenas, and that, in order to draw these ravenous creatures to the spot, that they might eat the child, her husband had killed a goat, and had put it near him!

Dear young friends, the Gospel in those lands has already saved many little ones from a cruel death, and if you and others will do what you can to send out more Missionaries, *all* heathen mothers will learn to love their children as your mothers love you, and their souls, as well as their lives, will be saved from destruction.

THE YOUTH WHO LOVED EARTH MORE THAN HEAVEN.

Among many people who came to the Saviour, one day there was a very rich young man. But though he was rich and great as to this world, he was very lovely and amiable in his conduct. And he knelt down before the Lord, with great reverence and humility. The errand on which he came was one of vast importance; for he came with this inquiry, What good thing can I do, so as to inherit eternal life?

It was a very pleasant sight to behold this rich young man asking, with so much seriousness, such a question. Too many care nothing about eternal

life. As if they had no souls, as if they were to live on earth forever, they are seeking only after what they shall eat and drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed.

Our Lord said to him, If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. And he said, Which? And the Saviour replied, Thou knowest them. Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor; honor thy father and thy mother; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

And the young man said, "All these things have I observed from my youth, and what lack I yet?" So he thought he was sure of the great prize of eternal bliss. But he did not know the spiritual meaning of God's holy law; how that it condemns the evil thought as well as the evil word and the evil action. No one who knows his own heart, will say of the commandments, "All these have I kept from my youth up."

Indeed, our Lord knew that with all he said about keeping the commandments, he loved his riches more than he loved God. To make this plain to himself, he said, "One thing thou lackest; if thou wilt be perfect, go thy way, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up thy cross, and follow me."

When the youth heard this, he knew indeed that he lacked "one thing," and he knew also that it was a heart to love God more than the pleasures and riches of the world. He was unwilling to part with earth for heaven, though heaven is worth ten thousand times more than the whole world.

He went away very sorrowful, for he was very rich, and had great possessions.

And the Lord Jesus looked round about on his disciples, and said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

And have I began indeed to inquire

after eternal life? This is true wisdom. The present life will soon fail me. I must shortly enter into eternity. Have I good ground for expecting that I shall be happy forever? To know this is the one thing needful.

If I am convinced of my sins, and am seeking for mercy, and earnestly asking what I must do to inherit eternal life, the apostle Paul will answer the all-important question; for he says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!"—(*London Teacher's Offering.*)

MADAGASCAR.

The report of the Queen's death, which was inserted in the daily papers, has been contradicted by a Mauritius newspaper.

In the latest communications, the date of which is uncertain, the suffering Christians of Madagascar write—

"The following is our present state:—On the 15th day of the first month persecution broke out, and twenty-one were caught: the Tangena Ordeal was given to nine—eight lived and one died; five were condemned to pay half the value of their persons; five were imprisoned; and two concealed themselves. But the persecution has not prevented the spreading of God's word, but rather has caused it to spread much more—nay, far and wide. The bonds of the prisoners, the preservation of those tried by the Tangena, the hiding-places of the concealed, and the blood of the martyrs, have facilitated the growth of God's word in the hearts of men. When any are condemned to be sold as slaves, none will buy them, because the Lord has softened their hearts; and when any of those who conceal themselves make their appearance, none has strength to accuse and imprison them, for the Lord restraineth the wrath of man.

"How wonderful is the power of God, as seen by us at present in the spirit of anxious inquiry produced in the

minds of the people. They come to seek the Lord in the prison with the prisoners, in the hiding-places of the persecuted, in the mountains, and in the glens; wherever and whenever they can meet with any calling upon the name of the Lord, thither they resort.

"The five persons who were in chains remain in his own house, a watch being set over them; but even those set to guard them do not always remain with them, and the Lord has taken away their chains. Preaching the word and mending the Bibles and the tracts is the only work they do. A great many people go to talk and converse with them, and even the jailors who watch them have become Christians. This great power fills the mind of the people with astonishment, and their hearts tell them that there is a God.

"Blessed be God, who hath not abandoned us to eternal perdition, but hath sent His beloved Son to redeem us from the bondage of Satan! Yes, the blood of Jesus redeems us, saves us, purifies us, and cleanses us great sinners from all sin. By a great and strong voice has Christ called us, and we have returned to him. All the brethren and sisters in the faith wish to hear from you, and to have a letter from you as soon as possible. Do not forget us in your earnest prayers to God day and night, that God would give us strength, open the door of our hearts, and cause the love of Christ to increase within us. Your fervent cry to the Lord for us will not be in vain, for he regards the groans of the afflicted, and the prayers of the disconsolate he answers.

"The Queen's son is still favorable to the Christians. He goes regularly into the woods on Sunday to pray and sing, and read the Bible; and often takes home some of them to explain to him the word of truth.

"The brief letters from these captives are of an interesting character. One writes—"Oh, send us some spelling-books; we have none left, and

many come to us to learn to read.' Another writes—"Do not forget to send us Bibles, tracts, hymn-books, Bunyan's Pilgrim, as well as some catechisms."

"The people are becoming more anxious to learn to read. There are 150 teachers on the Lord's-day, in every direction, surrounded by groups of six, ten, twenty, thirty, or more individuals, actively engaged in poring over their books."—*The Gleaner in the Missionary Field.*

"BE NOT WEARY."

Not many years since, Providence brought a little fatherless boy into the neighborhood where I live. He from the first won my affections; and I considered him more in the light of a brother than as a stranger. I soon saw with pleasure that he was considerably attached to me; and as he attended the Sunday-school, and was for some time in my class, I ardently wished to lead him to the Saviour. I conversed with him in private several times; but as it did not appear to produce any lasting impressions on his mind, I became weary, and gave over.

A few weeks since, I walked from the house of God in company with him and his whole theme was redeeming love. When we were about to part, he adverted to the conversations I formerly had with him, and said he had felt a great deal, but wished to hide it from me. "The more I prayed," said he, "the more I wanted to pray, and the more earnest I was; but at length I thought that there were no others serious, and that I should be ridiculed; and the next time you met me, you did not press me to seek the Lord, and I by degrees lost it all. But had you continued to urge me, as you had done every time you saw me, I have not a doubt but that I should have obtained a hope then!"—*Sunday School Journal.*

WEBBE'S DOXOLOGY.

T. 1st time Forte. 2d Time Pia.

Bless - ed, Bless - ed be Je - ho - vah! Is-ra-el's

Air.

God to all e - ter - ni - ty. Let all the peo-ple

F.

say A - men. A - men. Praise to the Lord give ye.

F.

CAFFRE DANCE.

My Dear Young Friends,—Your attention is occasionally directed towards Caffreland in the Magazine, which is specially intended for your instruction respecting the dark places of the earth. I am amongst the natives of that benighted land at present; and while grieving at the many scenes of their degradation which I am called upon to witness from time to time, it has often occurred to me, that if you were to see some of their customs, and the manner in which they act, you would not only be more thankful to God for the glorious privileges which the Gospel confers upon you, but that your sympathies would, on that very account, be more powerfully called into operation on their behalf.



An Abakweta Dancer.

Last week, whilst itinerating amongst the Caffre kraals, I found nearly every one of them deserted; and, on inquiring, I was told that they were at the celebration of an "Abakweta Dance." I directed my steps towards the place, and, on the side of a hill, the scene, which I have endeavored to sketch

for your understanding the dance better, presented itself to view. My feelings were very different from those which seemed to animate the assembled multitude. A true-hearted Christian should never think of joining in those great balls or dances which are sometimes held in Scotland; and in Caffreland, if any person refuses to take his share in this national custom, he is suspected of not being a true-hearted Caffre. The "Abakwetas" were stumping and twisting, and shaking their strangely-decorated persons in a great variety of ways. Some of them were white-washed, while others, in order to distinguish them on account of their skill, were spotted like so many leopards.

At one side stood a party of women in their full native dress, beating with sticks upon a dried hide, which they accompanied with a kind of chanting. Numbers of other women were sitting on the ground, awaiting their turn to beat on the hide, and keep up the inspiring chant. Occasionally their ranks were put into disorder by an "Abakweta" coming into the midst of them, and slashing with the flexible rod which is in their hand. One old woman, who would have been much better employed in looking after her great-grandchildren at home, was ludicrously tripping along with a stick in hand, in order to teach the "boys" how to stamp their feet and shake their bodies. A great number of men were squatted on the ground, or seated or lying in all manner of attitudes, gazing with intense delight at the dancers, while others were shouting and clapping their hands, as loud as any do at the antics of "Merry Andrew" at a country fair.

My presence was by no means relished. It was useless for me to preach on such an occasion. I could only say a few words, first to one group, and then to another. Some of them said they came there to see the dance, and not to worship God. I said, they did not know that I was their friend—that they must not be impatient, as many of them having come from Tembuland, it was

not likely that they would ever see me again, and therefore, they must listen to one word which I had to say to them. A few young women to whom I was speaking, excited the fears of their friends, lest they should be bewitched by the word of God, and a person was sent to order them away from me altogether. How strange their ideas are!

They ascribe the same influence to the word of God which we do to the temptations of Satan. Several of the people of the tribe who knew me better, invited me to speak with them; but their conversation turned always to earthly things. I continued thus going along the semi-circle of the men—dropping a word here, and another there, as occa-



a Cattle Kraal.
b Feasting on Caffre Milk.
c White and Spotted Abakweta. The Spotted are best dancers.
d Old women teaching Abakweta the attitudes.
e Women beating upon a dry hide.
f Women waiting their turn to beat upon the hide.

sion suggested, till I came to a tall, fierce looking fellow, who appeared determined not to hear the charmer's voice. He commenced the peculiar Caffre whistle, at the very top of his voice, and beat time with his stick on the ground, as if he were stimulating the dancers to greater exertions. He wanted the people to laugh at me; but

I waited patiently, looking him in the face, till he had exhausted himself. To keep his courage up, another joined him, and there they kept whistling so loud, that a host might have been frightened out of propriety in a scene less strange than the one in which we were then present. Finding that they had better lungs than I anticipated, I

deliberately sat down on the ground before them. But this was too much for them. Both of them, wrapping their blankets about them, sprung to their feet, and with a yell of disappointment, fled down the hill, amidst the laughter of their companions. The field being thus cleared, I had an opportunity again of speaking to several others, who listened with becoming attention.

Now, it is impossible for me to give you a proper idea of such a scene in the short communication which I now write to you, but what with writing and what with sketching, I have no doubt but you will see that the Caffres are, in many respects, the objects, not of contempt, but of christian sympathy. Their souls are as precious in the sight of God as your own. The boys and girls, when allowed to come to school, exhibit as good an aptitude for learning as other children do. If you can do nothing else, you can at least pray to God that they may be delivered from the power of their wicked customs, and brought to throw off the old man, with its deceitful lusts, and put on the new man, which is renewed in righteousness and true holiness.—I am, my young Friends, yours very truly.

JOHN F. CUMMING.

—*Juv. Missionary Magazine.*

Great Sunday-school Meeting in New York,

On Monday evening last, the anniversary of the Sunday-school Teachers' Association occurred, and it was my good fortune, being in New York at the time, to attend the services. They were held in the Broadway Tabernacle, which was densely filled by a deeply interested audience.

The reports of benevolent contributions from the schools for the support of Sunday-school missionaries, and for the donations of libraries to the destitute, were read, showing an aggregate of more than 7000 dollars, from the above schools, for this important object during the past year. This was truly noble,

—one of the best of charities, and very worthily sustained. The Report of the Agent, Rev. Mr. Camfield, was chiefly filled up with deeply interesting information from the Sunday-school missionaries in the Western States, showing how many thousands of these schools have been originated and helped to greater efficiency and usefulness the past year. I am sure this Report must have given great satisfaction to the donors, and all the friends of the cause.

The Rev. Drs. Tyng and Babcock, with Rev. Messrs. Chidlaw and Magoon, were announced as the speakers. The first was detained by sickness. The next appeared as a special delegate from the American Sunday school Union, and happily adverted to the well-sustained character of that institution, its claims upon the more privileged portions of our country, and the noble manner in which that auxiliary had sustained them. Mr. Chidlaw spoke as an earnest Welshman rarely fails to speak, with great power in behalf of a cause, to which his labors and his heart, had long been given. Mr. Magoon's address, was an eloquent eulogium on the Mighty West, and a plea for present help, with the assurance of rich ultimate returns.

The collection and pledges of the evening, amounted to more than 2000 dollars. Why could not similar meetings be held here and in other large cities? Certainly their influence would be salutary.—*Sunday School Journal.*

THE FIRST SIBERIAN WHO LOVED JESUS.

For many years the good Missionaries in Siberia were teaching and preaching, and working and praying, without seeing one good seed spring in the hearts of the people. It seemed just as when we throw seed into the sand, where it will not grow, because there is nothing there to nourish it. Their hearts were hard and cold. They would not love Jesus. This made the Missionaries very sad, but still they hoped; for they knew that

God had sent them, and that He could soften these hard natures. The hope that cheered and gladdened their hearts was this, that, as the ruffled lake, when it becomes calm and smooth, reflects the soft blue sky, so God could change and sanctify the hearts of these heathen, so as to make them love Christ and resemble him. And in this they were not disappointed.

One day, a thoughtful boy of about fifteen years of age, who lived nearly a hundred miles away from the Missionaries, heard that there was a school kept by the white-faced English, where Buriat children were taught to read and write, and were made wise; and he longed to be among them. But how he was to get there? It was so far off! and he only had a mother, whom he loved dearly; for his father was dead, and he had no brothers or sisters. He could not tell how to leave his mother, or who would help her with the cattle, and bring back the horse, if he went away. Still he thought of it every day, and wished more and more to learn and become wise. At last, he told his mother his thoughts; but she could not bear to part with him, and she made many objections to his plans. One morning, however, he heard the quick trampling of a horse on the crisp white snow, and, on looking out of the tent, he saw uncle coming to his home on horseback. Oh, how glad he felt! It was the uncle who had told him of the English school, and he did not live far from it. The boy soon let his uncle know how much he wished to learn; and, when his uncle said he would take him, if his mother would let him go, his joy was very great. A few days after this, Bardu was seen on horseback, travelling towards the house of the Missionary. He was, of course, received into the school, and he at once began his difficult lessons with great diligence. Soon he could read, write, and cipher. Many other boys, indeed, could do that; but he did

something more, which many children do not care for,—he *thought* about what he had learned, and most of all about the new truths he had heard there. Every morning at nine o'clock, when the piece of iron was struck to let the people know that it was the time for prayer, Bardu was seen in his place, with his Testament on his knee, and with a very thoughtful face, hearkening to all he heard. And God blessed the attention he thus gave. He felt that he was a sinner,—that he wanted a Saviour,—that Jesus seemed just such a Saviour as he wanted; so holy, and lovely, and just, and yet so tender to the failings of men; so great, yet so freely meeting and talking with the ignorant and the poor, the old and the young. By such thoughts Bardu's heart was touched, and drawn to Christ in love. He often wept as he read of what Jesus had said and suffered. Dear children, do you not feel how great that love is? Do you not wish that you were like the Saviour? Do you not wish to be better than you are? Oh, do not let that desire pass away like a cloud, and leave nothing behind! Ask God to help you to ripen that wish into a *resolution*,—into a *real attempt to be His*. Bardu did so, and God helped him. The other boys could not understand him. He often went up into a loft quite alone, and remained there some time. It was there *he used to pray*; and when the others were at play, he loved reading about Christ. Ah! this showed *where* his heart was. Christ said, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

In the summer, he went to his uncle's to spend his holidays. But English children would think a Siberian holiday very strange; for, instead of playing and doing what pleases them, the Buriat children were obliged to work very hard. This was the time when hay was cut for the winter, and the children thought it a great treat to help their parents to make hay, and collect it into stacks. Bardu's uncle liv-

ed across the river, near the Missionary's house. As it was not far, he could come back every Saturday to spend the Sabbath with those he now loved very much, and worship God among them. One Saturday he was missing. Sunday passed on, and Bar-du did not come. But, just as the sun was setting, he came, looking cheerful and happy; but in a short time, when he saw all dressed in their Sabbath clothes, and looking solemn, his countenance changed and became sad. Now he discovered his mistake: he thought it was Saturday. In England it is not easy to make such a mistake; but the Burials count their days by the moon, and have no weeks. Poor Bar-du! He had been working all day, and that grieved him, and he was also grieved because he had missed the worship and company of his christian friends. But he was told that God looked at the desire of the heart, and not only at the thing done; and that, as he had not willingly broken God's law, but had worked because he had mistook the day, God would not be angry with him. He could not sleep much, however, that night, for thinking how he could remember the Sabbath next week; and he suddenly thought of a plan. He got up in the morning, took a smooth chip, bored seven holes in it, and tied a string into one hole. He went quite cheerfully to worship that morning, and, as soon as it was over, he told the Missionary his plan, and how he would keep the stick under his pillow at night, and how when he woke every morning, he would change the string into a fresh hole, and when it came to the last hole, he would know it was Saturday. He never missed another Sabbath.

OBEDIENCE AND DISOBEDIENCE.

When children are away from home, they are bound to obey those to whose care their parents have intrusted them.

Three boys, Robert, George and Alfred, went to spend a week with a

gentleman, who took them to be agreeable well-behaved boys. There was a great pond near his house, with a floodgate, where the water ran out. It was cold weather, and the pond was frozen over; but the gentleman knew that the ice was very thin near the floodgate. The first morning after they came he told them that they might go and slide upon the pond, if they would not go near the floodgate.

Soon after they were gone he followed them, to see that they were safe. When he got there, he found Robert sliding in the very place where he had told him not to go. This was disobedience outright. George was walking sullenly by the side of the pond, not so much as sliding at all, because he had been forbidden to venture on the dangerous part. This was sullen obedience, which is, in reality, no obedience at all, because it comes not from the heart. But Alfred was cheerfully enjoying himself in a capital long slide, upon a safe part of the pond. This was true obedience.

Suddenly the ice broke where Robert was sliding: he immediately went under water, and it was with difficulty that his life was saved. The gentleman concluded that Alfred was a lad of integrity, but that his two brothers were not to be trusted. Obedience secured him happiness, and the confidence of the kind gentleman with whom he was staying; while the others deprived themselves of enjoyment, lost the gentleman's confidence, and one of them nearly lost his life; and yet, to slide on the dangerous part of the pond would have added nothing to their enjoyment. They desired it from mere wilfulness, because it was forbidden.

This disposition, indulged, will always lead boys into difficulty; and if they cherish it while boys, it will go with them through life, and keep them always in "hot water." There is never anything lost by obedience to parents, while there is often a great deal gained by it.—*S. S. Advocate.*

TEACHER'S CORNER.

Oakville, June 28, 1850.

As a teacher in Christ's vineyard below, and endeavoring to enlarge the fold of Christ, I beg a space in your valuable publication, namely, the *Sabbath School Record*, to offer a few remarks in connection with this valuable institution.

The Sabbath schools in this country, wherever they exist, are generally well attended, and seemingly to prosper, as far as numbers are concerned; but it is to be lamented that those children who attend from Sabbath to Sabbath, nay, from year to year, are so little affected with the instructions they receive from their teachers. And what is the cause of this? Do those who have taken upon themselves the responsibility of a Sabbath School teacher, know the way of salvation themselves—have they a commission from the Great Shepherd of the sheep—have they been sent there by the Lord Jesus? Ah, it is to be feared, many have taken upon themselves this important office, who have never been taught in the School of Christ, and who have never sat at his feet and learnt the things that belong to their peace, who merely attend to pass away an hour or two of God's holy day. And why is it that such characters are allowed to take part in that nursery, when they virtually, by their walk, deny him who carried the lambs in his bosom? What can we expect of such superintendents, who would appoint those individuals, as described above, to a great work? It is on them that the responsibility lies. And till once we have superintendents of a high tone of spirituality, the great evil will never be remedied. They then will appoint teachers who are bought with the precious blood of Jesus, and who are not only teaching the young, while engaged with them in the Sabbath School, but also in their daily walk, who "confess that they are pilgrims and strangers upon earth, and are following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." And I hold that none ought to be appointed to that office but those that know Christ experimentally, they alone are capable of pointing the children to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Such teachers will remember at a throne of grace the young souls that are committed to

their care; and I hope the day is not far distant when our schools shall be cleansed of ungodly teachers, and their places filled with God-fearing men, who know the worth of immortal souls, and can say from their heart "come with us, and we will do thee good."

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

Indiana Mills, Grand River, C.W.

DEAR SIR,—Believing you are always glad to hear of the progress and prosperity of Sabbath Schools, I would beg leave to inform you of the establishment of one here, which has been in operation since January last. As regards its success, so far as numbers are concerned, it has come up to our most sanguine expectations, although not half the children in the village attend. A great proportion of the inhabitants being Roman Catholics, keep their children from Protestant instruction, and I am afraid, from instruction of any kind. We have about sixty scholars on the roll, although, I am sorry to say, our average attendance does not much exceed thirty. Some of the scholars have made considerable progress, in committing to memory passages of Scripture, psalms and hymns. Four of our best scholars have committed to memory as follows:

	Verses.	Age.
Elizabeth A. Burgs,	407	12
James Mitchels,	254	12
Mary Mitchels,	250	10
Mary Fergusson,	250	12

Many more of the scholars have from 100 to 200 verses committed. We have a very good library, which seems to be well read, and we doubt not much good will arise from these means, which will tend to the glory of God, and the good of souls.

It is to be lamented, that Sabbath profanation prevails here to an alarming extent, although I am inclined to believe, it is on the decline since the Sabbath School was formed, although, I am sorry to state, that its general influence is not so good as we could wish, or even expect, but we hope the Lord will, in his own time and way bless our labors, that the seed sown may bring forth fruit to his glory, many days hence.

ALEXANDER MITCHELS.