

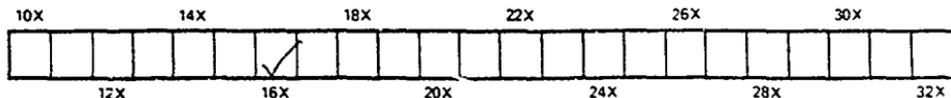
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Vol. II.]

[No. 6.

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

JUNE 2, 1845.

Terms . 1s. per Annum, in Advance, exclusive of Postage.



Come over and Help us.

*The profits of this Publication to go to the Funds
of the Canada Sunday School Union.*

MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY J. C. BECKETT, SAINT PAUL STREET.

1845.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the notification on the first page, of the terms of the *Record*—payable in advance, and we trust our friends will recollect this, and enable us to adhere to our rule in this matter.

We would also remind them, that by a little exertion they might materially increase our circulation—and that we trust they will endeavour to obtain new subscribers, now, before the year is further advanced, as it will be better for all parties to receive the numbers singly each month, than to delay subscribing, and running the risk of not being able afterwards to obtain the back numbers. The twelve numbers for the past year may be had bound in a very neat little volume price 1s 8d, by application to Mr. BECKET. This book is very suitable for Sabbath School libraries—and for presents to the young.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to request our friends to bear in mind, that we shall be most happy to receive communications stating any local exertion through the country that may be made for the great Missionary cause. Any instance of the power of Divine grace amongst members of our schools, we desire particularly to be acquainted with—and we would deem it a favour were teachers who are acquainted with such instances to communicate with us. It is not necessary that formal communications be written—intelligence, and information with respect to these interesting circumstances, is what we desire.

Monies Received on Account of Record, from April 8, to April 15.

Volume the Second.

C. H. Gates, Quebec.....	0	15	0
Mrs. Clugston, do	0	1	0
Mr. Dunnctt, Montreal.....	0	1	0
Mr. Colt, do	0	1	6
John Thompson do	0	1	0
Mr. Thompson do	0	1	0
St. Gabriel Street Sabbath School, do	1	14	0
Joseph Hinton, Richmond.....	0	2	0



A NATIVE PREACHER IN INDIA.

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. II.]

JUNE 2, 1845.

[No. 6.

ANOTHER LILY GATHERED,

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE CONVERSION & DEATH OF JAMES LAING.

"My beloved is gone into his garden--to gather lilies."--Song vi. 2.

(Continued from page 72.)

From that day it was a pleasant duty, indeed, to visit the cottage of this youthful inquirer. Many a happy hour have I spent beneath that humble roof. Instead of dropping passing remarks, I used generally to open up a passage of the word, that he might grow in knowledge. I fear that, in general, we are not sufficiently careful in *regularly instructing* the sick and dying. A pious expression and a fervent prayer are not enough to feed the soul that is passing through the dark valley. Surely if sound and spiritual nourishment is needed by the soul at any time, it is in such an hour when Satan uses all his arts to disturb and destroy.

One Thursday afternoon I spoke to him on Matt. xxiii. 37. "How often would I have gathered your children." He was in great darkness that day, and weeping bitterly, said, "I fear I have never been gathered to Christ; but if I have never been gathered, O that I were gathered to Christ *now!*" After I was

gone, he said, "It would give me no peace though the minister and every body said I was a Christian, if I had not *the sense* of it between God and myself."

He was very fond of the Song of Solomon, and many parts of it were opened up to him. One day I spoke on Song v. 13. "His lips are like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh." I told him that these were some of the drops that fell from the lips of Jesus—"If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." "I came to seek and to save that which was lost." "Wilt thou be made whole?" "I give unto them eternal life." He said solemnly, "That's fine."

Another day, Song i. 5. "I am black, but comely," was explained. He said, "I am black as hell in myself, but I'm all fair in Jesus." This was ever after a common expression of his.

Another day I spoke on Song v. 15. "His legs are like pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold;" and shewed the almighty strength of the Lord Jesus. The next day when I came in, I asked him how he was; but without answering my question, he said, "I am glad you told me that about Jesus' legs being like pillars of marble, for now I see that he is able to carry me and all my sins."

On one occasion, he said, "I am glad this psalm is in the Bible." "What psalm?" He answered, "'Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale.' He has promised to be with me, and God is as good as his word."

At another time I read to him Isa. xliii. 3. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;" and explained that when he came to the deep deep waters, the Lord Jesus would put his foot down beside his, and wade with him. This often comforted him for he believed it as firmly as if he had seen the pierced foot of Jesus placed beside his own; and he said to Margaret, "If Christ put down his foot beside mine then I have nothing to fear."

One Sabbath I had been preaching on Caleb follow

ing the Lord fully,* and had stated that every sin committed after conversion, would take away something from the believer's weight of eternal glory. Alexander, his brother, was present, it being his only Sabbath on shore. He was much troubled, and said, "Ah, I fear mine will be all lost." He told the statement to James, who was also troubled. Alexander said, "You don't need to be troubled, Jamie; you are holy." James wept and said, "I wonder to hear you speak." Alexander said, "Ah, but you are holier than me."

In the same sermon I had said, that if believers did nothing for Christ, they would get in at the door of heaven, but nothing more. The sailor-boy told this to his brother, who wept again, saying, "I have done nothing for Christ." Alexander said he had done less. James added, "I would like to be *near* Jesus. I could not be happy unless I was near him." Speaking of those who had gone to glory long ago, James said, that "those who died in Christ now, and did most for him, Jesus would take them *in by*, (that is near to himself,) though they were late of coming."

How lovely this simple domestic scene! Happy families; but ah, how few where the children fear the Lord, and speak often one to another. Surely the Lord stands behind the wall hearkening, and he will write their words in his book of remembrance. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

Some of my dear brethren in the ministry visited this little boy, to see God's wonderful work in him, and to be helpers of his joy. It is often of great importance in visiting the dying, to call in the aid of a fellow-labourer. Different lines of testimony to the same Saviour are thus brought to meet in the chamber of sorrow. In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established. Mr. Cumming of Dunbarney, visiting him one day, asked him if he suf-

* Numbers xiv. 24.

ferred much pain. *James*, "Sometimes." *Mr. C.* "When you are in much pain, can you think on the sufferings of the Lord Jesus?" *James*, "When I see what Jesus suffered for me it takes away my pain. Mine is nothing to what he suffered." He often repeated these words, "My light affliction, which is but for a moment"

At another time *Mr. Miller* of Wallacetown called with me, and our little sufferer spoke very sweetly on eternal things. *Mr. M.* "Would you like to get better?" *James*, "I would like the will of God." *Mr. M.* "But if you were getting better, would you just live as you did before." *James*, "If God did not give me grace I would." During the same visit I was asking *Margaret* when he was first awakened. She told me of his first concern, and then of the first day I had called. *James* broke in and said, "Ah, but we must not lean upon that." His meaning was, that past experiences are not the foundation of a sinner's peace. I never met with any boy who had so clear a discovery of the way of pardon and acceptance through the doing and dying of the Lord Jesus laid to our account. One time I visited him, I said "I have been thinking of this verse to-day, 'The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake.'"* He said, "Explain that to me, for I don't understand it" I opened it up to him, but I feared he did not take up the meaning. Some days after he said to his sister, "*Margaret*, I have been thinking of a sweet verse to day." She asked what it was; but it had slipped from his memory. *M.* "Was it about Christ?" *James*. "Ay-." She quoted one. *James*, "No, that's not it." At length she quoted, "The Lord is well pleased," &c. "Ah, that's it, (he said,) I was thinking it's no for my righteousness' sake, but for his righteousness' sake." This shewed how fully he embraced what so few comprehend, the way of salvation by "the obedience of One"

* Isaiah xli. 21.

for many. Surely God was his teacher, for God alone can reveal the sweetness and glory of this truth to the soul of man.

Mr. Bonar of Collace often visited him, and these were sweet visits to little James. One day when Mr. Bonar had been opening up some Scripture to him, he said, "Do you *know* what I am saying, Jamie?" James, "Yes, but I canna get at it, (I cannot feel its power;) I see it all." Mr. B. "I think there would be a pleasure in seeing the people drink when Moses struck the rock, even though one did not get a drink themselves." James, "Ah, but I would like a drink."

(To be Continued.)

VALUE OF A HYMN BOOK IN AFRICA.

(Continued from page 76.)

But now for the story about the Babe of Bethlehem.—When this man was a little boy, he was watching sheep in a field, so, as we don't know his name, we will call him the little shepherd. In the next field, was another boy, a stranger; but they soon did as you know most children like to do, got together to talk, perhaps to play. By and by the strange boy took out of the skin-bag slung across his shoulder, a small book, and began to read. Away flew the little shepherd like an arrow from a bow, and when his friend called him back, "No," he said, "I dare not come."—"Why, what are you afraid of?"—"Of that little thing in your hand; it is a sorcerer."—"Oh no! it is only a book.—Ah! but I heard you talking to it; it has no ears, and no head, and how can it hear unless it is a sorcerer."—"I was not talking, I was *reading*," said the stranger. But our little boy did not know what reading was, and far away he kept at the very corner of the field while his friend tried to explain. At last, having laid the book on an ant-hill at a distance, he persuaded the little shepherd to sit down by his side and listen. "Now," he said, "the little black marks you saw, are seeds, (he meant the letters,) each seed has a

different sound, and we string a few of these seeds together, like beads of different colours, and they make words, and tell us stories and other things we like to know—let me show you how?" So the little coward consented, but he kept his bright black eye sharply fixed on the book, lest it should do him any mischief. Then the other boy read the story, in Luke, about the star and the Babe of Bethlehem, and the listener forgot his fear in his delight. "What a wonderful baby that must have been," he exclaimed, "that the shepherds should leave their flocks to seek him, and that his father and mother should take such care about him!" Ah! he knew that the Bechuanas cared more for their sheep than their children, and that even parents their often threw away their babies to the lions and hyenas! "Where is that baby now?" he asked, "Can I see him?"—"Oh," said the reader, "he is at the Kuruman (the missionary station). I never saw him, but I know he is there, for they talk to him, and sing to him—I have heard them."

The little shepherd thought awhile, and then *he* too left his flocks and herds to seek the infant Saviour. No *star* shone to guide his way, but God, who has said, "they who seek me early *shall find me*," led him safely on his long, long journey to the Kuruman. He got there on a Saturday night, and a kind Christian woman in the village took him in and gave him food. Oh! religion teaches us to be kind. The next morning he heard a strange sound—the "ting, ting, ting" of the bell. He knew not what it meant, for the heathen children know no Sabbath—their life is one long dreary week, and the day of their death is the Saturday night. He saw that the people gathered up their books, and hurried away, and he thought they must be going to eat; what else should make them in such haste? The afternoon brought the same sound, and away went the people and the books, and this time our little boy followed; they entered a chapel, and in he went too—and there stood the missionary with an open book before him. The child was not afraid

now, but listened while the people sang a hymn, and oh ! he thought the voice of praise was very sweet—it was the first time he had heard it. Then the missionary read, and, strange to say, he chose that very same chapter in Luke. The boy looked round for this Babe of Bethlehem. One of Mr. Moffat's children was there—a white child, *the first he had ever seen*. “*Oh ! surely,*” he thought, “*that must be this wonderful baby.*” *You* could have told him better, could you not ? But still he was not satisfied, and he went with his tale to the kind old woman ; she knew what he wanted, and led him to the missionary, who told him the wonderful story of a Saviour's love—how

He that was a king above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity, and of love,
That the guilty He might save ;
Down to this sad world He flew,
For such little ones as you.

The child listened, and God the Spirit opened his heart to receive that gentle Saviour, and he became indeed a child of God. No wonder then he loved his Bible.

Dear children, *you* know better than to be afraid of the book of God, but do you *love* it ? You have kind ministers and teachers, happy Sabbath schools, and precious Bibles ;—your hearts ought to be saying with more of understanding than this little Bechuana boy's did,—“*We would see Jesus !*” Jesus sees you,—he knows which amongst you is saying to God—

“*Art thou my father ? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee,
And strive in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought,*”

I will conclude by telling another story. A little sweep was scampering along the street, when some one called to him, “*Where are you running so fast ?*”—“*I'm running to the missionary meeting,*”—“*The missionary*

meeting!—what have you to do with that?”—Oh,” he said, “I’ve a share in the concern.” And so he had, he had given his penny, perhaps he had given his prayer, and now he was running to the missionary meeting to hear what had become of his pennies and his prayers.

Dear children have *you* “a share in the concern?”—have you given your pennies? If so, you hear what good *they* are doing; but the prayers! if those come from your hearts, *they* go to God, and God can do all things. Oh then, pray to Him for *yourselves*, for missionaries, for *their children*, and for the thousands of little ones far away who know not His name and His love. Prove that you have a “share in the concern.” I hope all the dear children in that meeting had. They sang a verse when Mr. Moffat sat down, and after prayer they all went home; and who knows in how many young hearts some good seed was sown that evening?

HYMN.

Hark! what holy songs we hear
 Echoing from the heav’nly sphere,
 Say, what means the joyful sound?—
 Souls once lost have now been found.

First, when man to being came,
 Angels rais’d the loud acclaim,
 Morning stars in triumph sang,
 All the sky with praises rang.

Yet, alas! they died away,
 Man in deepest darkness lay,
 Rebel from his Lord, and king,—
 O’er him then could angels sing?

No!—but now do louder strains
 Fill the courts where Jesus reigns,
 When our wand’ring soul restor’d
 Seeks the favour of the Lord.

LITTLE MARGARET.

Amongst the many large and old-fashioned houses to be found in Edinburgh, (the capital town of Scotland,) there is one called Queen's-bury House ; it stands in a large open court, with a high wall all round it. In former times it belonged to a great nobleman ; and its long galleries and spacious apartments have been occupied by many of the rich and great, who in those days belonged to the Court, held in the ancient palace of Holyrood. This house now stands just where it did, looking, perhaps, darker and less cheerful than formerly, but in outward appearance little changed. It has, however, undergone a great transformation—its inhabitants are no longer the wealthy and noble of the land—those who now fill its numerous apartments are gathered from the poorest and most wretched of the people—the houseless and homeless, the forlorn stranger, the forsaken child, find a home within its walls ; it is now known as one of the public charities of the town, and called the House of Refuge for the destitute. 300 individuals are often within this asylum, one-half of these are children, some are orphans, indeed, others are disowned or neglected by their parents. An infant school had been begun by one who pitied these forlorn little ones, and desired the good of their souls. It was a changeful scene, the little ones would be missed from their accustomed seat—some were removed from the house by friends, some taken to service, some lingered in the hospital, and dropped into a premature grave, and very often the teacher felt it was indeed seed cast upon the waters. Among the many sick and feeble ones gathered into this refuge for the destitute, a little girl of very deformed body, but sweet and patient countenance, took her seat as a pupil in the school, whenever her feeble frame had strength sufficient for the exertion. Margaret's father had died while she was yet an infant, her mother was altogether given over to ungodliness, and one day,

while intoxicated, allowed her child to fall from her arms, the consequence was, the child's back was broken, and though she recovered at the time, she was ever afterwards a great sufferer. She lingered on, the first few years of her life in her wretched home, and then was placed in the house of refuge. Gentle in her disposition, patient and unobtrusive, she was little known or noticed; she was quick in learning, and very fond of her book, the hymns and texts repeated in the school soon became familiar to her. One of the exercises of this school was to repeat the various promises of God, beginning at those found in Genesis, and going on through the Bible. There was one promise, which, as little Margaret expressed it, stuck fast in her heart; and that was—"A new heart will I give you, a right spirit will I put within you." Again and again she thought of these words, she could not forget them, for God had written them in her heart; she could not sleep one night, so fast a hold had they taken of her mind. As the morning beams banish the darkness of the night, so did the conviction, that if she asked God would give her, banish the anxiety of this little girl, and so she cried unto God and he heard her, and gave her that new heart and right spirit He promised in His word,—and though always good and gentle, she now got new thoughts, and new desires, and found new pleasures. She sought to tell others of what God had done for her soul, and would gather around her in some quiet corner, a few girls who loved to hear of Jesus. They read, and prayed, and sung hymns—spoke one to another of heaven and heavenly things. New trials were also prepared for Margaret, her sufferings (from sores all over her body) always severe, became more intense, and soon it appeared her journey of life would be but short. She was removed from the house of refuge, which to her had been as the gate of heaven, and placed in the general hospital. She carried away her Bible and little books,

all her treasure. She lingered on in pain for some weeks, growing in grace, and greatly rejoiced in spirit. Often did she recall with delight the time spent in school, and bring forth from her well stored memory much of what she had learned there, which she now fed upon with eager joy. One trial she had which she felt bitterly, the ungodly behaviour and language of those around her. She bore a sweet testimony to the Cross of Christ, entreating and warning her fellow-sufferers. "Oh, that I could fly," she said one day, "I would first fly to Jesus." Her longing to depart was great but resigned. At length the silver cord was loosened, and the little sufferer removed to everlasting bliss, to be with that Jesus she so loved on earth.

THE GARDEN.

Where is the child who has not—or, at least, who does not wish to have—A GARDEN; a garden which he may dig and dress with his own hands, according to his own fancy; and where he may sow what seeds, and plant what flowers he loves best? Happy indeed are those children who are the owners and occupiers of a garden all their own; happy, because in it they have a source of ever-changing, never-failing pleasures; but yet more happy, because in it they have, besides, a source of very profitable instruction in regard to their soul's salvation. We need not tell the little gardeners among our Readers, how *delightful* their amusement is, the many happy hours which they spend in their pretty flower-plots, show how well they know *that*. But perhaps we need to tell them, how it can be made a profitable and instructive one; and this we shall occasionally attempt to do, when we speak hereafter about "The Garden."

"But what has a garden to do with a *Missionary Record*?" Now, then, we would tell you, this world is a garden; its inhabitants are the trees; and its GOD—the owner. And if you will listen, we will now

tell you some very wonderful things about this "garden of the Lord."

It is now nearly six thousand years since the Lord God made this garden, and planted it. It was then a fair and lovely place, and God delighted in it; because He saw that it was very good. In the midst of it, God placed two noble trees side by side, which grew together, and flourished for a while, bringing forth all manner of fruit, beautiful to look on, and pleasant to the taste.

But after they had been there for a little time, there came into the garden a wicked spirit, who was the enemy of God. He sought to destroy the trees; and at length, by cunning subtilty, he found his way into their hearts, and poured in a deadly poison, which he had brought from Hell. Then the trees began to die. And although, outwardly, they appeared for a time to be alive, and the buds and blossoms were put forth as they used to be, yet their beauty and their sweet smell were gone; the leaves and flowers lost their brilliant hues, and became black and discoloured; the fruit became corrupted; and all the plants which sprung from their roots, (and they were very many,) bore the image of the parent trees, having the poison of death in their hearts, even from their very birth.

And thus the garden of the Lord, once so fair, became like a dreary forest of scathed, and stunted, and dying trees.

But God loved His garden; and being rich in mercy, He determined to make it new again.

So He took the very loveliest plant that bloomed in the Paradise above, and brought it down, and planted it on earth, that it might grow here for a season, and yield its leaves for the healing of the nations. But when the other trees of the garden, the wasted and withered trees, saw this heaven-born tree growing up as a tender plant and as a root out of a dry ground—they hated it, because its fruits were very good, while theirs were very bitter. And at last their rage grew

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so great, that they took counsel together against it, saying, Come, let us kill it, and cast it out of the vineyard. And they did so. For they cut it down, and cast it into the fire which God had kindled for themselves. But it would not burn; for it was green and full of sap.—It was the TREE OF LIFE.

Then God took it, and planted it in Heaven before the Throne, beside the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal. And many of the withered trees that lived before it, and very many since, have been grafted into it, and become new, and living, and fruitful trees.

Gradually, these beautifully engrafted branches are multiplying and spreading; so that many a barren spot has become like a fertile field. And more glorious days are near at hand, as you have a little ago heard, when the Tree of Life shall spread its boughs over all the earth, and make the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. And then, when the Tree has reached its full magnificence, and every branch has been grafted in—then cometh the end,—when the withered trees that would not have life, shall be cast into the fiery burning lake; but the trees that sought life and found it, being transplanted to Heaven, shall be again renewed and clothed in the beauties of holiness; every tree being made a Tree of Righteousness, and every plant a plant of Renown.

CHINESE CHILDREN.

Miss Grant has a School at Singapore for little Chinese Girls. She was one day teaching a class of these little girls, and asked them this question—“Were you more of dying to-morrow, what would you do to-day?” One said, she would be getting her grave ready—which is a very important business among the Chinese; but another, with a resolute countenance, said—“I would believe *strongly* in Jesus.”

Poetry.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night."--"He shall give his angels charge over thee."--Psal. xci. 5 and 11.

Holy angels in their flight,
 Traverse over earth and sky,
 Acts of kindness their delight,
 Winged with mercy as they fly.

Though their form we cannot see,
 They attend and guard our way,
 Till we join their company,
 In the fields of heavenly day.

Had we but an angel's wing,
 And an angel's heart of flame,
 Oh ! how sweetly would we ring,
 Through the world, the Saviour's name.

Yet methinks if I should die,
 And become a spirit too,
 I perhaps like them might fly,
 And like them God's bidding do.

Who can tell what work may be,
 Thus to holy spirits given,
 When from earthly shackles free,
 They await his will in heaven ?

Haply oft to visit here,
 And in ways which he will shew,
 Aid us in this lower sphere,
 That the world his name may know.

Pleasant thought!--when winged with love,
 Like an angel I may fly,
 Hear his blest commands above,
 Bear them through earth's azure sky.

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GLASGOW.**

In submitting to the public, and to Sabbath school teachers
in particular, this second series of Scripture lessons, we
would invite special attention to the few prefatory remarks
here subjoined.

The "course" issued last year, having given such
general satisfaction that the whole impression has been
for some time disposed of, the present series has been pub-
lished with the view of supplying the demand felt for a
manual of this kind. The present is not a *continuation* of the
same series, it is similar in some respects, whilst it has
other peculiar characteristics which we shall state in the
language of the Rev. Author.

“The Table of lessons contains, 1st, the number of les-
sons, amounting to 50.

2nd, A column left blank for the date—that it may be
begun at any season of the year.

3rd, The passages to be read in the class.—It is under-
stood that the Teacher, in prescribing each lesson, will
press the children to read it carefully at home, especially
those passages which may be found too long for being
wholly read in the class.

4th, A verse or verses to be committed, selected from
the lesson, or cognate texts from other parts of scripture.—
Where two or three verses are noted, one or more may be
committed, according to the discretion of the Teacher, and
the capacity of the children.

5th, The subjects showing as much as possible their mutual relation and natural sequence.

6th, Jottings of the more prominent points in the lesson, to help inexperienced Teachers in fixing on the things to be more fully explained and applied.—It will be observed that there is in this column no attempt to expound the passages; the hints which it contains are intended, not to inform the Teacher, but to keep before his eye the many subjects which he ought to go over, that he may guard against the error of spending all his time with the first one or two. It will be found that many of the lessons are too long to be fully taken up in one evening; in these cases, this column will be of use—from the topics suggested in it, he may select beforehand a few to be more minutely examined.”

J. C. BECKET.

Montreal, April 1, 1845.

AGENTS FOR THE RECORD.

<i>Adelaide</i>	James Hart,
<i>Amherstburgh</i>	Rev. R. Peden.
<i>Ayr</i>	Robert Wyllie, P. M.
<i>Brantford</i>	E. Roy,
<i>Brighton</i>	J. Lockwood, P. M.
<i>Brockville</i>	H. Freeland,
<i>Bytown</i>	D. Kennedy,
<i>Clarendon</i>	Robt. Creasor,
<i>Cobourg</i>	G. Hart,
<i>Danville</i>	Thos. C. Allis, P. M.
<i>Gananoque</i>	T. O. Adkins,
<i>Hamilton</i>	R. Roy,
<i>Hereford</i>	Alex. Rea, P. M.
<i>Kingston</i>	George Hardy,
".....	Robt. Wallace,
<i>Merrickville</i>	J. T. Graffe.
<i>Niagara</i>	A. R. Christie,
<i>Otonabee</i>	M. Short, P. M.
<i>Perth</i>	J. Allan,
<i>Ramsay</i>	Mr. Wyllie, P. M.
<i>Sherbrooke</i>	William Brooks, P. M.
<i>Stanstead</i>	P. Hubbard, P. M.
<i>St. Laurent</i>	Mr. R. M'Nee,
<i>Toronto</i>	Alex. Christie,
<i>Whitby</i>	Rev. R. H. Thornton