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THE MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD

FOR
AUGUST,
1852.



THE
MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
RECORD

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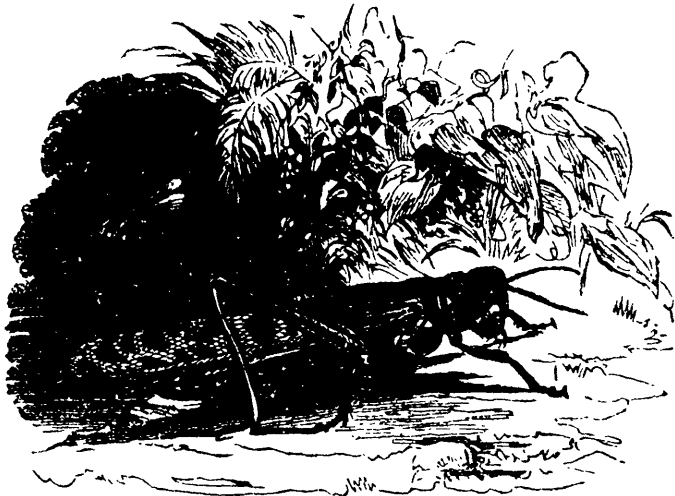
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No. 8.



The Locust.

The common great brown locust is about three inches in length; has two antennae (or, as they are sometimes called horns, or feelers,) about an inch long, and two pairs of wings. The head and horns are brown; the mouth and sides of the larger legs bluish; the upper sides of the body, and upper wings brown; the former spotted with black, and the latter with dusky spots. The back is defended by a shield of greenish hue; the under wings are of a light brown hue, tinged with green, and nearly transparent. The general form and appearance of the insect is that of the grasshopper, so well known in this country.

These creatures are frequently mentioned in the Old Testament. They were employed as one of the plagues, and the punishment of the Egyptians;

and their visitation was threatened to the Israelites as a mark of divine displeasure. Their numbers and destructive powers very aptly fit them for this purpose. When they take the field, they always follow a leader, whose motions they invariably observe. They often migrate from their native country, probably in quest of a greater supply of food. On these occasions they appear in such large flocks as to darken the air, forming many compact bodies, or swarms, of several hundred yards square. These flights are very frequent in Barbary, and generally happen at the latter end of March or beginning of April, after the wind has blown from the south for some days. The month following, the young brood also make their appearance, generally following the track of the old ones. In whatever

country they settle, they devour all the vegetables, grain, and, in fine, all the produce of the earth, eating the very bark off the trees; thus destroying at once the hopes of the husbandman, and all the labours of agriculture, for though their voracity is great, yet they contaminate a much greater quantity than they devour, as their bite is poisonous to vegetables, and the marks of devastation may be traced for several succeeding seasons.

Little Ellie.

"I wonder what my text is, this morning," said little Ellie, as she opened her text-book. "I hope it is a nice easy one." "Mine is," said her sister Mary. "It is.—'This is my commandment; that ye love one another, as I have loved you.' I am sure I understand that: Jesus loved us more than himself, and so we are to love our friends more than ourselves." "Oh! Mary, mine is so hard; just see. I am sure I cannot tell what it means," said Ellie, in a most desponding tone.

Her sister took the book, and read—"As every one hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another." "It is a hard one, Ellie dear; but try and learn it, and after breakfast you can ask mamma about the meaning."

These little girls were accustomed to learn a text to repeat in the morning, and their mamma had told them that it was not sufficient to learn, or even to keep in their minds these words of God, unless they tried also to regulate their actions by them; and in order to do this, they must understand what these texts meant.

When breakfast was over, Mary went into another room to practice music, and Ellie waited for her mamma to give her some work. She looked out of the window into the street. It was snowing. All the people who passed looked very cold and blue.

I am very glad, thought little Ellie,

that the holidays are not over yet. I should not like to walk to school this morning; it is much nicer to sit at home, and work by the fire. I hope mamma will give us nice short tasks, that we may play with our New Year's gifts. Ah! that reminds me of my text. Then she said aloud, "If you please, mamma, will you tell me what my verse, this morning meant?"

"You know what a gift is, Ellie," said her mamma.

"Oh, yes, of course, mamma! my new doll, and my puzzle were gifts. I had a great number of gifts this New Year's-Day. A gift is a present, something given to you."

"Quite right, Ellie. Now tell me what God has given you."

"You said the other day, mamma, that God gave us all we have."

"Yes, dear, God does give you all you have. He gives you health, and friends, and reason, and a home: and beside these, he gives you opportunities of serving him. The word minister, in your text means to serve. Now try if you can make out your text altogether."

Ellie thought some time, and then said, "I think it must be, that we must use what God has given us, to serve him; but I do not see how I can do that, mamma. If I had money, I could serve God by buying Bibles and clothes, and food, to give away; but I cannot till I am a woman, because I have not money enough."

"But if you should not live to be a woman, Ellie, what then?"

Ellie paused; then said, "Perhaps there is some way to serve God." Mamma, will you tell me how? *Teacher's Offering.*

Never Strike Back.

"Hush, hush, children," said a mother to two little girls, who, stood together at play with their dolls, "no quarrelling!"

"Magie struck me first, and she struck her," said Bessie pouting.

"Bessie took my doll, and then

on the floor," said Magie, "and so I struck her."

"Come, no quarreling," said the mother, "be quiet in the parlor, or I will send you to the nursery;" and she left the room.

"Is that all the mother will say to her children," thought I, "when she hears from them such a sentiment, and sees in them a spirit so contrary to His, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again?" "She struck me first, and so I struck her!" And will they grow up, and consider this as *right*, as the true principle of action! I could not let it rest so.

I looked at the little girls. Bessie's soft, hazel eye and delicate skin were excited, and flushed; and a dark frown sat upon the usually laughing face and merry blue eye of Magie. The doll lay on the floor between them, with her face downwards, quite unconscious of the trouble of which she was the innocent cause.

"What is the matter, Magie?" said I. "Bessie struck me so hard," she replied.

"Magie struck me first," said Bessie.

"That is the very reason you should not have struck her," said I.

"I shall treat her just as she treats me," said Bessie, sullenly.

"But that is not right dear Bessie; if she is unkind to you, that is the very reason you should be kind to her; that is what our blessed Saviour taught us. He did not say, do unto others as they do unto you; but as ye would, that is, would wish to have them do unto you."

Both little girls had drawn near me. I spoke, and the cloud was just passing away from their sweet, young faces. I put an arm around each, and said, "Have you not read that beautiful command of the Saviour? It is as much your duty to obey that, as to keep the commandments, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' or, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Yes I have read it often, cousin Sarah," said Magie; "but I never thought much about it. If the children

at school strike me, cannot I strike them again?"

"Do you like to have them strike you, Magie," I asked.

"Oh, no, she replied.

"Then if you strike them, you break the command of the Saviour. Instead of striking them in return, if you should say, 'I am sorry you have struck me; you have done wrong; but I cannot strike you, for the Saviour says we must return good for evil; depend upon it, dear Magie, they would soon learn to do the same, or at least, always to treat you with kindness.'"

"I do not want to be kind to any one, unless they are kind to me," said Bessie, still sulkily.

I arose and went to the window, and said, "come here a moment, dear Bessie and Magie." They obeyed. We all three stood there a few moments in silence, surveying the lovely scene before us. A large garden in all the luxuriance of summer beauty, filled with sweet flowers, lifting their bright faces to the heavens, fruit trees in rich foliage, and butterflies on gorgeous wing; while merry insects and birds filled the air with rich melody. Beyond the garden on one side, were wide-spread meadows, skirted with dark woods, and on the other, the broad stream of the noble Hudson, on whose opposite shore were distinctly seen the houses and spires of a large town; and over all this fair scene, arched God's blue and beautiful sky, and shone his glorious sun, in unclouded brightness.

"And who created this lovely scene, dear children," said I.

"God," they both replied in a softened voice.

"And for whom?" I again asked.

"For us, and for every body, did he not, cousin Sarah?" they replied.

"And does every one treat God, as he treats them?" I asked. "Does every one repay him by love and gratitude, for creating for them such beautiful things to enjoy?"

They hung their heads in silence,

and I saw put the question to themselves, though I had not expressly intended that application. "Look at that large town," I continued, "on the opposite shore. You know many of its inhabitants, and you often hear of the events that take place there. Do all the people who live there, obey and love the good Being who daily pours rich blessings upon them?"

"Oh, no, said Bessie! some of them drink, and steal, and do many bad things."

"Yes, dear children, that is true; and many more never think of Him, or thank him, though he continually doeth good to the unthankful and the evil. He causeth his glorious sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth his blessed rain on the just and on the unjust. Neither you nor myself, dear children, ever love or serve him as we ought, and yet he continually blesses us. Should it not teach us a lesson of forgiveness and love? Should you not try to be like him, and love to do good to those who treat you with unkindness?"

"I think we should," said Magie.

"I will try, cousin Sarah," said Bessie, throwing her arms around Magie's neck, and kissing her; and then running and taking up the doll she presented it to her.

"Yes, try, dear children, and pray for God's Spirit to dwell in you, and to make you like unto Him, who laid down his life for his murderers, and prayed with his expiring breath, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.'—*Well-Spring.*

Honoring Parents.

As a stranger went into the churchyard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age was busily engaged placing plants of turf about it, while a girl who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching with thoughtful look the movements

of the other two. They wore pieces of crape on their straw hats, and a few other signs of mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and their afflictions.

The girl soon began planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

'Mother's grave, sir,' said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place those flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No, sir, father lies here too, and little Willie, and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter, and they are all here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Then why did you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them that at length the eldest replied, the tears starting to his eyes;

"Oh, we do love them, sir."

Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers where your parents are laid, because you love them?

"Yes sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition of children honoring their deceased parents?

Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your young days! Ever remember their paternal kindness:—honor their memories by those things which you know would please them were they now alive, by particular regard to their dying commands, and carrying on their plans of usefulness! Are your parents sparing to you? Ever treat them as you would wish;—I had done, when you stand lonely orphan at their graves! He will a remembrance of kind and affectionate conduct towards those departed friends, then help to soothe your grief and heal your wounded heart.

What do I Most Want.

Some years since, a Sunday-school teacher, in the south of London, spoke to the children on the importance of prayer. He told them that Jesus Christ was always glad to hear the prayers of Sabbath-school children, if offered by faith.

One little boy, about seven years of age, paid great attention to the address of his teacher, and when he went home, he told his mother what he had heard, and asked her to teach him how to pray, but she could not; so he resolved to try and make a prayer of his own, and before retiring to rest that Sunday night, he fell upon his knees, and offered the following short, simple, beautiful prayer; "O Lord, I should be very much obliged to you, if you would give me a new heart." Jesus Christ gave him a new heart; for he has said, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

A little girl in the same Sunday-school retired to her home, and determined that she would begin to pray. She considered what she most wanted, and, looking at her dress, thought she most wanted a new frock and a new bonnet. She therefore knelt down, and prayed that God would enable her to find a sovereign to purchase what she most needed. Believing that her prayer would be answered, she went out and walked about the streets, diligently seeking the gold coin. After seeking for some time, she remembered that her teacher had stated one thing was needful, and that was a new heart. She immediately ran home, and in secret entreated the Lord to give her a new heart. And she was not disappointed, for God has said, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh."

Let me entreat you, my dear young friends, to ask yourselves this important question, What do I most want? and may you all seek by faith for a new heart?—(*London Juv. Miss. Record.*)

A Rich Poor Man.

One windy afternoon, I went with a friend into a country almshouse. There was sitting before a feeble fire a very aged man, who was deaf, and so shaken with the palsy, that one wooden shoe constantly pattered against the ground. But deaf, sick, and helpless, it turned out that he was happy. "What are you doing, Wisby?" said my friend. "Waiting sir." "And for what?" "For the appearing of my Lord." "And what makes you wish for his appearing?" "Because sir, I expect great things then. He has promised a crown of righteousness to all that love his appearing." And to see whether it was a right foundation on which he rested that glorious hope, we asked old Wisby what it was. By degrees he got on his spectacles and opening the great Bible beside him pointed to the text, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; of whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope and the glory of God."—Though you possess untold wealth if you have not old Wisby's faith you are a poor man; if you have that faith and are "rich towards God," count it all joy if you are as poor as Lazarus or Wisby in worldly goods. Your inheritance is as sure as God's promise, and as glorious as a throne or crown can make it. Better have Wisby's hope than Victoria's sceptre, Lazarus' rags than Dives' purple.—Better is poverty with piety, than riches with perdition.—*Herber.*

EXCELLENCIES OF KNOWLEDGE.—There are in knowledge these two excellencies: first, that it offers to every man, the most selfish and exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former: 'Serve mankind, and you serve yourself; to the latter; In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind.' The second excellence of knowledge is, that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motive as he increases the love, and at last worships the Deity, where before he only coveted gold upon its altar.—*Bulwer.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S REQUIEM.

Arranged from Mozart, by Rev. W. F. Lattinon

Slow

Spirit! Spirit! Spirit! thy la-bor is o'er,
 Thy term of pro - ba - tion is run; Thy steps are now
 bound for the un - - trod - den shore, And the
 race of im - mor - tal's be - - gun.

Spirit! look not on the strife,
 Or the pleasure of earth with regret,
 Nor pause on the threshold of immortal life,
 To mourn for the day that is so t.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,
 No wicked have power to molest,
 There the weary like thee—there the mourners
 A Heaven—a mansion of rest [shall find]



The Palm Tree.

This tree was considered one of the most important productions of the East. It was remarkable for its erect and cylindrical stem, crowned with a cluster of long and feather-like leaves; and is as much esteemed for its fruit, the date, as for its juice, whether fermented or not, known as palm-wine, and for the numerous uses to which every part of the plant is applied. The finest palm-trees were about Jericho and Engeddi. There were many along the banks of the Jordan, and towards Scythopolis. Jericho is called the city of palm-trees. Deut. (xxxiv. 3.) A branch of the palm-tree, as symbolical of victory, was carried before a conqueror in processions and rejoicings for victory. The Jews sent a golden branch of a palm-tree to the Kings of Syria, as a kind of tribute or present. The palm-trees of the plain of Jericho are famous throughout Scripture, and even in profane authors. In the temple of Jerusalem, Solomon caused pillars, or pilasters, to be made in the form of palm-trees, (1 Kings, vi. 29, &c.,) probably in imitation of the Egyptians, who adopted such pillars in their temples. Palm-trees from the same root produce a number of suckers, which form a kind of forest by their

spreading upwards. Probably to this multiplication the Psalmist alluded in Psalm xcii. 12. The tree was also considered characteristic of Judea, not so much because it was more abundant there than in other lands, but because that was the first country where the Greeks and Romans met with it in proceeding southward.

Change produced by the Gospel.

Before missionaries went to South Africa, the Hottentots had learned from the white man to drink and love intoxicating liquors; and, in consequence, they would do or give anything in their power to get them. But the gospel showed them the evil of this practice, and made them sober, as well as wise. This change was so entire, that at some of the missionary stations, drunkenness was a vice altogether unknown, and the young people, who had been born and brought up there, had never even seen a drunken man. This was the case at Kruis Fontein, as the following circumstance will show:—

One day, a white man, in a state of intoxication, came into that settlement. Like other wretched beings in the same

condition, he was unable to walk steadily, but staggered about from side to side. The children saw him, and wondered not a little at so strange a sight. Many were the opinions they formed to account for such conduct. Some supposed that he was ill, and pitied him; others thought that he must be blind, because he could not walk in the proper path, and therefore, they went to him, and very kindly held out their little hands, and offered to lead him in the right way; but the rest considered him mad, and they were so frightened at his wild looks, and odd conduct, that they wisely got out of his way. Unhappily, in our country, "Christian" though it be called, the young would have been at no loss to understand such conduct, and the cause of it.

Still, though the Christian Hottentots had become sober, wicked white people in the colony, who did not know what a great blessing the gospel makes in the heart and life of him who believes it, constantly said, and perhaps supposed that the Hottentot loved brandy as much as ever, and was sober only because he was afraid of the missionary. Believing this, and fancying that, if the intoxicating liquors were again put within their reach, in some secret place where they could get them without being seen, they would greedily pay for the gratification, a wicked Dutchman went to Hankey, and built a public house in a situation across the Gamtoos river, which the people might secretly visit, and where they might drink until they were drunken, without being seen by the missionary. In this way, he thought to get rich; but he found the truth of the proverb, "Surely, in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird;" for the Hottentot saw his intention, and shunned his house, which, after a little while, he was forced to leave, for want of customers; and there it still stands, a forsaken ruin, but a striking proof of the greatness of the change which the gospel had produced in the people—*Juv. Mis. Magazine.*

A Sailor Boy's Faith.

Not long ago a vessel was overtaken with a terrific hurricane in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. After the most astonishing efforts to weather the storm, the awful intelligence from the captain broke on the ears of the passengers:—"The vessel is on her beam ends, and will never right again; death is certain."

"Not at all, sir," exclaimed a little sailor boy, "God will save us yet."

"Why do you think so?" said the captain, with strong feeling and astonishment.

"Because, sir, at this moment they are praying under the Bethel Flag in the city of Glasgow for all sailors in distress, and us among the rest, and God will hear their prayers; now, see if he don't."

The captain, an old weather-beaten tar, exclaimed, with the tears running down his cheeks, "God grant that their prayers may be heard in our behalf, my little preacher."

At that moment a great wave struck the ship and righted her. A simultaneous shout of exultation, gratitude and praise, louder than the storm, went up to God. A few days after, the noble ship rode safely into New York harbor.

The Blind Boy and his Bible.

A little blind boy, about twelve years of age, wished to learn to read the Bible with raised letters, prepared for the use of the blind. In a very short space of time he learned to run his fingers along the page, and to read it with ease. The highest object of his wishes was now to possess a complete copy of the Bible for the blind, which consists of several large volumes. His parents were unable to buy one, but his minister obtained one from a benevolent society. It was in several volumes.

Not long after the little boy received the books, his pious mother saw him retire to the room where they were kept, and she stepped softly to the door to see what he would do. And why do you think the dear little boy went alone to his room? His mother saw him kneeling by the side of these pre-

cious volumes, and lifting up his hands in prayer to return thanks to God for this blessed gift of his holy word. He then rose from his knees, and, taking up one of the volumes in his arms, hugged and kissed it, and then laid it on one side and proceeded to the next, and so on, till he had, in this simple but pleasing manner, signified his love for

each of those blessed volumes which through the medium of touch, had spread before his mind the wonders and the glories of God's love to man.

"The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb."



Ant-Hills.

This woodcut shews us the kind of structures which, in hot climates, the little despised insects called *ants* are in the habit of raising. They throw up those mounds to be to them nests, or houses, and they build them within with galleries and store-rooms. Only think of these mounds being five hundred times higher than the little builders themselves! If we men were to build at this rate, then, instead of wending at the pyramids of Egypt for height and extent, we should require to make these pyramids about five times higher and larger still! In the same proportion, it would be needful to raise Nelson's monument to twelve times its present height. Some of these ant-hills are twelve, some are twenty feet high; and some are so capacious as to be able to contain about a dozen men!

Did not Solomon write about these when the Holy Ghost taught him to say: "*The ants are a people not strong*"—but they are "*exceeding wise*" (Prov. xxx. 25)! See what they accomplish! how diligent, how

busy, how active!—no one is idle, and every one has his own work to do. It is by joining together in their work, each one doing a little, that they accomplish so much. And yet they "*have no guide, overseer, or ruler*" (Prov. vi. 7). Have not you the Bible, ministers, parents, teachers; and, above all, may you not sit at the feet of Christ our Prophet, and get His Holy Spirit to guide you? Surely much is given you, and much shall be required of you.

These insects, how industrious are they, and persevering, in laying up stores in the proper season! They know not of an *eternity coming on*—but you do. They know not of a day of grace wherein salvation may be found—but you do. Eternal death or eternal life must be the result of your use of present opportunities. *Health and youth* may be called your *summer and harvest*. Should you not therefore, now "*prepare your food*," as they do? "*Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise*" (Prov.

vi. 6 8). Learn from her to be never one moment idle ; to do well the little you are able to do ; to do what you can now, and to secure the future by the use you make of the present, using your summer-day of youth as the time for finding "the meat that endureth to everlasting life."—*Missionary Record.*

A Child's Influence.

A little child taught at the Sunday-school, was in the habit of reading the Scriptures every evening to his mother, a Roman Catholic ; the poor woman, though unable to read, was so much affected by the child's progress and knowledge of the Scriptures, that she was led to think for herself ; and after much anxiety and trouble of mind, she inquired from the clergyman how these things could be, which her little son had read for her, first from the Spelling-book, and afterwards from the Testament. However, her heart was opened like that of Lydia of old, that she attended unto the things which were spoken, while she heard from him the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Saviour. She offered herself to be a member of his church ; and she is now a regular attendant, and has been admitted to the communion. This is but one fact, amongst many, to show, that through the instrumentality of Sabbath schools, the Scriptures are being made known to the ignorant around us, and should cause us to take courage and give God the glory.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

The Irish Letter.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Among the myriads of papers and letters that a late steamer carried across the broad Atlantic, bearing their varied tidings of joy and sorrow, of hope and disappointment, there is one letter to which I wish to direct your attention, for you have a special interest in its contents. It contains a bill for upwards of \$50, your contributions to the feeding fund for the little Irish children attending the Bible schools in Ireland. Of this sum, £3 10s is the product of the work of some young people attending a Lady's school

in Montreal, who were interested in the poor scholars in a distant land, whose very privation makes their school duties and privileges doubly dear to them. The rest has been contributed through the Record, which has told you many a touching tale of sorrow, and not told them in vain. Since this sum was remitted 17s 6d has been sent from some young friends near Rytown, who felt their own abundance could not be enjoyed without an effort to aid those hungry little ones. This sum will be the beginning of a new gathering, and I trust its powers of attraction will be very strong, and that it will draw many companions after it, until it again amounts to such a sum as must be sent home in a steamer. I wish your letter could write its travels. It would tell you, in the first place, how it was unceremoniously bundled up with various companions, just as if it were any common letter, and stuffed away into a large, unshapely leather bag, so squeezed and pressed that there was no room, had there been any inclination, for complaint ; then tossed on a large waggon, but not permitted to rest there, for soon it found itself speeding along with all the rapidity of railway travelling, putting out of countenance and out of date the great lumbering coaches, swinging to and fro on their leathern springs, where in days gone by it could have slumbered peaceably days together. It then became a passenger on the watery world, locked up like a prisoner of state, and guarded as some valuable deposit by an officer of government. Here it rested a brief space in tranquil unconsciousness, which would be gladly shared by many of its more intelligent fellow passengers. The next change is a hurried separation from old friends. Letters for Scotland, England, foreign parts, no longer travel in company ; each must wend its different way, and seek its individual destination. Your letter finds its way to the Scottish metropolis, and there it will call forth a joyous thankfulness in the heart of one who has long loved the Irish poor, and rejoiced to labor much in their service.—To follow and to see the full value of your contributions, we must place ourselves in an Irish school-house—watch the eager looks of the thin, ill-clad, but intelligent and patient little scholars, when the hour at which their daily meal is given arrives. There is no va-

riety here, no nice things are provided, bread and butter never appears; yet the large tub, full of str a-bout makes many an eye sparkle, fills many a heart with thankfulness, and wipes away the tear from many a mother's cheek to think her little one has food,—and all this joy, and thankfulness, and comfort, purchased at 3d per day for each child.—Where is the Canadian child who will withhold his 3d when the reward is so rich? Where can the same mite bring so much in return?

One thing more about the letter—when will you send another? The necessity is not decreased. The following story will show you that. It occurred in a school under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Brannigan, during the last year.

In order to enable the girls to do something for their own support, and that of their families, sewing muslin collars, cuffs, &c., had been taught in some of the schools, work provided, and the pupils paid for their work. Many of them are fatherless—not fewer than 26 in one school,—and the widow and the younger ones have little else to look to for their one daily meal, but the earnings of the working girl.—Destitution in numerous cases is still, however, very great, and the relief fund for children is of much value.

"Accident revealed to me an amount of want and suffering even in a prosperous school, of which I had not been aware. A young girl in the school, A. B.—, interested me very much: she is delicate and mild in her appearance, gentle and diffident in her manner, and of tender feelings. She was most diligent, anxious, and persevering at her work, and did it well, and usually obtained the full price. If, occasionally, it was defective, and a small reduction made, I have seen the quiet tear run down her pale thin cheek. I did not know the cause then, and wondered at it, and chid her once for it, as she generally earned more than others. She took sick, and I visited her. and then I found that six of a family were dependent chiefly on her work for their subsistence; and her tears, when a few pence less were given than were expected, expressed her disappointment and sorrow at the diminution of comfort which that would cause to her aged parents. After her return to school, she asked me one day to advance her a small sum to buy meal, which I gave her, with a bit of loaf bread. I then inquired why she did not wear a new frock she had earned and got; and, when pressed for an answer, she told me it was put in pawn. Being vexed at this, I went to her mother in the evening to reprove her for doing so; but when I saw how things were fully confirming her earnest words—"Oh, Sir! we would have starved if I hadn't," I found no place for language of reproof. Talking with the little girl aside, I soon learned that they had been living for some weeks almost wholly upon her earnings—that they had no meal

that day—that she had divided with her mother the piece of bread I gave her—that her father's coat and mother's gown had long been in the pawnbroker's shop, and her frock and petticoat had been the last resource—that all supply was exhausted, having no food that day, and no hope for to-morrow! This painful case was not in all respects a solitary one, for being led to inquire into the condition of other scholars, I discovered that not a few of them who were apparently happy at work were frequently there without having tasted food that day, and had but faint hope of getting a small portion of boiled turnip, with a little Indian meal screwed over it, in the evening; and, if not, they must come a second day without food, or go in search of some."

The following sums, with those acknowledged in the April number, 1850, and March number, 1851, makes, in all, the sum of £9 12s. 3d., received by J. C. Becket, for Irish Scriptural School Fund:—

S. School Teacher, £1 5s.; S. Sanderson, Kingston, 5s.; Mrs. Marshall, Terrebne, £1; G. Widdell, London Road S.S., 3s 6d; Mrs W. Marshall, Terrebne, £1; W. Early, Norval, C. W., £1 5s.; Miss Greely, Colborne, 2s. 3d.

TEACHERS' CORNER.

Punctuality.

A solemn responsibility is on a man when he undertakes the superintendence of a Sunday-school, and much of its proper performance depends on punctuality. Most of us are men of business; we should feel it a shame and disgrace were we to fail in this virtue in our commercial transactions; and shall we, in this point of Sunday-school duty, on which so much depends, do the work of the Lord negligently? The foolish virgins were not in time; what they lost by it we well know.

Let superintendents and teachers ponder this; they know the loss in time, and the inconvenience it occasions, but let them consider the effect produced on the scholars. It is impossible to calculate the influence it exercises on their charge in after-life, and that, too, in a matter which affects not only the things of time, but the great concerns of eternity. Let superintendents and teachers ponder this subject; for who can tell what seeds of evil are sown during the precious Sabbath moments wasted by want of punctuality in opening a school? It is offering opportunities to the enemy of souls to do his wicked work; he has had first turn, and he fails not to take advantage of it. Shall it be laid to our charge that, in this particular, we have done the work of the Lord negligently? The promises of God are sure and certain, but to every promise a condition is annexed, "Call upon me, and I will hear thee." Let the apostle's exhortation, which embraces a promise, have hold upon us in this matter, "So run, that ye may obtain."

Sketches of Teachers.

From a superintendent's note-book, in relation to a school which we shall not name, and which it will be in vain for any of our readers to attempt to find out, but which nevertheless may, we fear, be the example of too many schools all around us, we obtain the following sketches of some of the teachers of that school. We shall be glad to give hereafter sketches of a different order of teachers:—

1. A teacher of a small class of girls being absent one morning, the superintendent was under the necessity of uniting two classes, the punctual teacher being one of the most spiritual and devoted in the school. She quickly ascertained that one of the little girls from the other class had recently been converted, which fact her own teacher had not learned.

"NOTE.—How cold and unfaithful must a teacher be, to have a soul converted in her own class, without being aware of it for several weeks, and then only through the faithfulness of another.

2. The most punctual attendants at the teachers' meeting are generally the most intelligent and studious teachers. The absentees are frequently, though not always, those who can least afford to lose these useful and important meetings. If the plea of Ignorance is a valid one for not attending these meetings, one would suppose it might be urged with much more propriety as a reason for not teaching at all.

3. I have noticed that some teachers are never present at prayer-meetings appointed especially for them; thus proving, that they rely on other means for the conversion of their children besides those which are so often effectual, viz., *United prayer*. Would the most perfect pipes or conductors, laid in the most careful manner, afford water to a city, if the fountain were not connected with them?

4. I have seen some teachers who had finished the lesson before others were half through: the remainder of the time being entirely unoccupied.

"QUERY.—What would a congregation think, if the minister occupied but half the usual time, and the remainder was spent by the people in looking at each other?

5. I have seen some teachers whose scholars have been absent for several weeks, and even months, in succession from the school, and had never even inquired the reason.

6. Some teachers I have known to come to their class, without knowing where the lesson was.

7. I have seen a class gather around their teacher: with glistening eyes and listening ears, all interested, and perhaps the very next class presented an active contrast, the scholars getting as far from their teacher as if he had a contagious disease.

8. I have noticed some classes where there always appears a spiritual atmosphere—the reverse with others. Gideon's fleece, in answer to prayer, was wet with the dew of heaven, while all the earth around was dry.

9. I once knew a Sunday-school teacher arrived from — on Sabbath morning, and come immediately to his class from the boat. The fact was known to his class, and one of the boys, on returning home, remarked to his father that he did not want to be in that class, for 'the teacher breaks the Sabbath.'

"QUERY.—If he who breaks one of the least of God's commandments, and teaches men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven, what shall be said of him who breaks one of the greatest commandments, and teaches Sabbath-school children so?

10. I have known faithful, devoted teachers labor for their pupils' conversion year after year without success, and in some such cases a visit to the parents has explained the cause. There is mutual encouragement where parents and teachers both labor, live, and pray for the salvation of the children committed to them.

One of the greatest trials the superintendent has, is the absence of teachers, without giving the least notice, or providing substitutes.

"Some are never seen at the teachers' meeting."—*Sunday School Advocate*.

How the Sunday-School Unites People.

A gentleman residing in Missouri, gives the following facts, showing how a simple religious interest will harmonize the minds and feelings of different people, and enable them to unite for the promotion of a common good. He says: "The Union Sunday-school unites the people when nothing else will. For example: In one place in Missouri, the people were so divided that they had not had a district-school for two years. The chinks were out of the school-house, the benches were thrown out of doors, the floor torn up, and the door gone. The S. S. Missionary went and laid down the floor and put in the benches, and got the people out, and gave them an address, and organized a Sunday-school. Six weeks afterwards, they had a district school in successful operation. The Sunday-school united all parties! The case is one of very common occurrence among the mixed population of the West. The Union School scarcely ever fails to harmonize the discordant elements of the neighborhood. It must be obvious, however, that failure would be certain in almost every case, did we not scrupulously confine ourselves to the circulation of books that do not conflict in the least with denominational peculiarity.

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