



*Old World*



VOL. XI.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1854.

No. 9.

**The Boy who became a Missionary.**

In a small town in France there lived, a few years ago, a little boy with his parents. He was very fond of reading, and among the books that fell into his hands, was one which had a picture of two children kneeling in prayer among the bushes in a wilderness. These children had been converted from heathenism, and were offering thanks to God who had brought them to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. This picture made a deep impression upon the little boy, whose heart had been already drawn towards God and heavenly things. He often turned to it and looked upon it, and thought about the children who had thus been saved out of heathen darkness. He thought, too, what a mercy it was for them to have been taught by Missionaries, and to have had the Gospel preached to them. So much was he moved by these thoughts that he would often say: "O that I could see the children of the heathen turning from dumb idols to praise and serve God, with my own eyes!" This desire grew stronger and stronger and his prayers became more earnest as he grew in years. At length God granted the long-

cherished desire of his heart. He was called to study for the ministry, and became a Missionary of the cross. He has often since then seen the heathen turning to God, and has been the means of bringing many, both young and old, to believe in Christ as their Redeemer, this Missionary is still alive, and one of the most useful of the Paris Missionary Society's agents. He has long been a faithful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord in the midst of South Africa, has passed through many dangers in preaching the gospel of the Son of God, and has furnished many interesting accounts of the people among whom he labours, and which have appeared in this Magazine. His Station amongst the heathen is more than six hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope, in the interior of the country. There he lives almost alone.

But when the love of souls leads the servants of Christ into these solitary spots, He whose word they obey goes with them, and helps them in their work, and makes them cheerful and happy, so that they do not repent the choice they have made, but are thankful to be where he has sent them.

Still it is often a great trial of faith

and patience to dwell in a wilderness, far from home and friends, with no one to talk to or visit but the untutored heathen. We make no such sacrifices for Christ or our fellow-creatures; and surely it becomes us to pray for those who do, and to help as much as we can to bring about the time when the desert shall smile as the garden of the Lord.

The following extract from one of the letters of this good Missionary will show what the gospel can do in the hearts of the heathen, and how much of the spirit of that gospel some of them show in seasons of sorrow:—

“Paul Moperi, the brother of King Moschesh, lately accompanied my friend, the Rev. M. Arbousset, to Cape Town, and is now returned to his family. How did he rejoice as he saw his beloved wife, respectably clothed, coming to meet him! Their children—Josephine, Mari  ne, Sophia, and Apollos—were running by her side, and the little David, who had been born during his father’s absence, was in her arms. I was present at this meeting, and could not help shedding tears of joy. ‘Be happy,’ said I, reaching my hand to the affectionate woman. ‘Yes,’ answered she, ‘and blessed be you, messenger of Christ, who have brought to us the word of life!’ Indeed, all have reason around us to thank that word for every family comfort they enjoy.

Eight days later, however, I was again with Paul and Eliza and wept with them over the coffin of their beloved David. After I had offered them a few words of comfort, Paul addressed his wife in the following manner; ‘Thou knowest, Eliza, that the chiefs of the Basutos are accustomed to distribute their cattle among their people, that they may look after them. If a chief wishes to have one of his oxen back again, he sends a servant to fetch it; and if he does not find the person to whom it was intrusted at home, he waits till he comes. Something like this has happened with our child. Thou hast told me it was sickly from its birth,

and thou hast more than once supposed it was about to die. Without doubt, therefore, the Angel of Death sent by our Almighty Father, had approached the child; and because he did not find me at home, he returned back, and said, “Lord, the man to whom thou didst intrust this child is still far distant.” Then has God graciously waited a little. He has even allowed that I should look upon my son in life for a whole week long; and then the angel has fulfilled his commission. What shall we therefore say to this? Was not our David the heritage of the Lord? We will praise our Heavenly Father, and beg of him for grace, that we may soon find our dear child again in the world above.”

We then sang a verse of a hymn, of which the following is a translation:—  
 “Pilgrims and strangers, as our fathers were,  
 Shall we always live in this low place?  
 Where shall our sorrow and our weeping end?  
 With Jesus who is in Heaven.”

—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

### May-Day in California.

Many of our readers will no doubt be glad to hear of the Sunday-school cause in California, which we are pleased to say to them is rapidly advancing and becoming highly interesting—blessing the children and the country. Since the close of our conference I have had the pleasure of organizing ten new Sunday schools, gathering in some two hundred and sixty children, and about as many grown persons into our Bible-classes. Among these we have persons of different nations, lands, languages, and colors: among them a few Chinese, Digger, or California Indians, and even a Mohammedan from Calcutta, giving us fine missionary schools and work.

During this month we have had a number of truly interesting Sunday-school celebrations, instead of May-day and pic-nic, or, as father Gruber, of Pennsylvania, had it, “old Nick’s parties.”

The first and most interesting one I

witnessed was the Sacramento celebration—truly pleasant and gratifying to all. Over two hundred and fifty children and one hundred and fifty gentlemen and ladies accompanied the procession, while hundreds participated, by their interest, approbation, smiles, and pleasure. All seemed delighted, to see the pleasing sight and happy throng going through the city, in the beautiful and commodious coaches drawn by splendid horses, gratuitously and cheerfully furnished to the school by the California stage company, friends and citizens.

We spent the day in one of our beautiful California groves and flower gardens, in recreation and interesting enjoyment. I would send you a programme of our exercises if it were not too long. We had music, singing, speeches, and recitations by the school. Addresses were made by his excellency Governor Bigler, Rev. E. Merchant, Rev. W. Oliver, and your unworthy agent. Quite a number of resolutions were passed, and cheers given on and for the occasion.

Your little readers can scarcely imagine what a fine time our little girls and boys enjoyed in gathering our beautiful flowers of a thousand tints, so abundant that they strewed the very grove, coaches, and way with them, and bearing them back to throw to their friends, as they passed through the city.

Brother E. L. Barber, long and well-known, is the efficient superintendent of this banner school of California to whose labors it is more indebted than to those of any other one.

This was celebrated our May-day upon the Pacific Coast,—a scene long to be remembered, leaving a salutary influence.

Other Sunday schools in other towns celebrated the day in a similar manner. Others are deferring and preparing for the 4th of July for their celebrations.

Thus our public occasions are turned to good account. We are now

making efforts to circulate from one to two thousand copies of the Sunday School Advocate through our state, and will soon send the order. We feel that the Sunday school is blessing California. The Lord is with us.—*Sunday School Advocate, N. Y.*

### Last Composition of Jas. Montgomery

Among the hymns for the Sheffield Sunday-school Union, to be sung on Whit-Monday, June 5, 1854, is the following, recently composed for the occasion by James Montgomery, and, probably, his last poetical composition:—

“ Welcome, welcome, glorious day,  
When the children, year by year,  
Alf in Whitsuntide array,  
On their festival appear.  
Not with sound of trumpet and drum,  
Nor death weapons in their hands;  
Though with banners spread they come,  
Humble, peaceful, happy bands!

With the Gospel-message shod,\*  
Fearless faith their sevenfold shield;  
And their sword, the Word of God,  
Who shall foil them in the field?  
While a holy war they wage,  
Through strange perils and alarms,  
Satan's malice, wiles, and rage,  
And the world in Satan's arms.

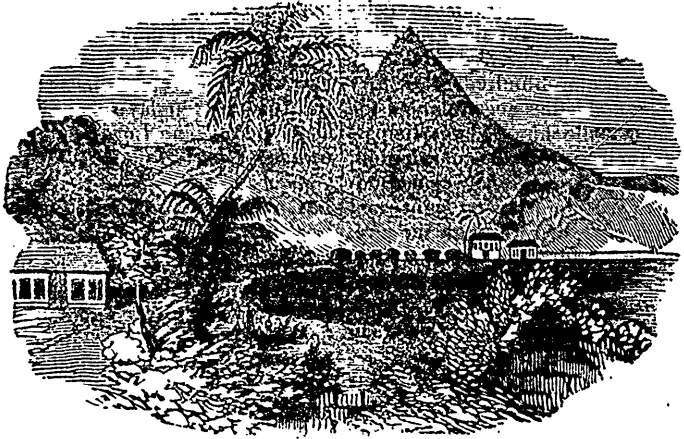
Prince Immanuel at their head,  
These, where'er they face a foe,  
By their teacher captains led,  
Conquering and to conquer go:  
Still a self-renewing race,  
As the elder rise in life,  
Young recruits supply their place,  
To maintain the endless strife.

For all time his roll hath ead'd  
And the dead in Christ arise,  
(Heaven, and earth, and hell reveal'd  
Unto all created eyes)  
Soldiers, vohant for the truth,  
Shall this holy war prolong;  
Men and angels, age and youth  
Sing the Church-Triumph n's song

Learn we now that wondrous strain,  
In our schools, our homes, our hearts,  
‘ Worthy is the Lamb once slain!’  
In all languages all parts:  
Then the countless chorus swell,  
Round His Throne, with glad accord,  
Never more to say ‘ Farewe!’  
But ‘ For ever with the Lord!’†

\* Ephesians vi. 10 to 18.

† 1 Thessalonians iv. 17.



View of Upolu.

### Gems of the Ocean.

Give wings to your imagination, young reader. Soar away over land and sea to the far off and wide-spreading Ocean denominated the Pacific, and there poising your wing, look down upon the innumerable islands that lie scattered over that vast extent of water. There they stand, earth's loveliest spots, all beautiful by reason of their natural scenery, their glowing verdure, their pleasant climate, and their brilliant sky. I call these islands, 'Ocean Gems,' and so they are. Gems in the sight of the naturalist, because here some of nature's rarest works are found; gems in the estimation of the philanthropist, because here he has found a fine field producing laurels for his brow; and gems in the view of saints and God and angels, because from these islands of the Southern Sea, bright souls have gone up to glory; there the cross has triumphed; and often from their shores, there mingle with angel-songs and voices, the sweet offerings of holy prayer and praise to heaven.

Over these Ocean Gems I want you for a little time to pause and look about you, while I present to you some brief descriptions of their character.

More than one sort of island meets the view. There are the beautiful volcanic islands, some of which have towering mountains rising to the height of from 10,000 to 15,000 feet. These are the most beautiful of all the islands. The immense mountains rise directly from the sea, and tower away, till their lofty peaks are lost amidst the clouds above. The most fantastic shapes are assumed by these mountains. Here, one stands out like a vast pyramid; there, another like a tall spire; and there, a number together, giving you the idea of the rugged towers and strong walls of some gigantic castle. Running in between these noble mountains, are deep valleys abounding with scenes of exquisite beauty and grandeur. There grow the stately palms, the noble bread fruit, the elegant cocoa-nut, the great banana, the Brazilian plum, besides many other vegetable productions of tropical climes. Trees of gigantic size, and splendid with foliage, always green. Here, beauty, wildness and grandeur, all mix together, and produce scenes of loveliness unequalled upon earth.

There is no doubt that these mountainous islands are of volcanic origin, and that, at some very remote period, they were pushed up from great depths

in the sea by the action of volcanoes. There is evidence that, at some time or other, they have all been under water; for on the tops of the highest mountains yet reached, corals, shells and other marine substances, are found. You may think what a heaving there must have been below to raise up these hills; what earthquakes to rend them asunder; and then, perhaps, what burning and boiling on the island for ages, till the volcanoes had cooled down, or burned out their fire, and left the place fit for man to live on. Then, following the volcanic in order of beauty, are the crystalure islands. These are thought to have been at one time coral, but being upheaved by some great convulsion to from 100 to 500 feet as they now stand above the level of the sea, and thus exposed to the action of air, and light, and sea, for many ages, the rocks have become hard and bright, and are now crystalized carbonate of lime. These islands are not so magnificent as these above named, but extremely beautiful, and though less rugged, are even more clothed with a fine and luxuriant vegetation than those with loftier and more broken hills.

Still lower than these, only a few feet above the level of the sea, are the far-famed coral islands. These are often small, and always flat and low. The soil on them is very thin, and the vegetation in general less luxuriant, though some of them are very fertile and beautiful. These islands are universally believed to be the work of the little coral insects, which, beginning their labours far down in the sea, have toiled on with constant perseverance, adding particle to particle of the lime they gathered from the surrounding sea, till they had piled up a wall of many hundred feet in height, and reached the surface of the ocean. There their work has ceased, and the rolling waves have done the rest to finish the island for the residence of man. Sand, rubbish, trees, sea-weed, and other matters, have gradually been washed upon the island, so forming a

sort of soil on its surface in which trees and plants might grow. Seeds have been dropped by birds, or brought by the sea, and by and by the island has been covered with lovely shrubs and trees.

Such are the gems of the ocean. Fancy yourself as placed like a bird in the air, high up above the lofty hills of the island of Upolu; and now look far and wide upon the sea, spreading out on every hand. Just below you is the Samoan group, with Savai Upolu, Tuituila, and others of the volcanic class. Some hundreds of miles to the south-east are seen the Hervey islands, one of the largest of which is Aitutaki. Far to the east of these again are the Society islands, the chief of which is the ill-used but ever deeply interesting island of Tahiti, and beside it the lovely little Eimeo. East of these you see the Dangerous Archipelago, studded with little islands; and on, far to the north of these, the Marquesas group. Looking due north—far as the eye can reach you catch a glimpse of the Sandwich islands, where Hawaii, the largest is still burning and boiling away. On to the west and north-west, innumerable islands are to be seen; and coming nearer, and close at hand, are the New Hebrides, the Figii, the Friendly, and other groups. All these islands are more or less filled with people. Many of them are yet covered with pagan darkness, but about 200 have now been claimed for Christ; and from their lovely groves, sweet songs and holy prayers go up daily to His throne, the delightful earnest of *all* being some day converted by his love.

#### Joys and Sorrows of Sunday-School Life.

At the opening and reorganization of our school on this charge, it may not be inappropriate to let the friends of the good cause know something of our school, its success the past year, our number this year, and our prospects for the future.

Our number, as I have it from the superintendent, is about one hundred

and twenty, and we are encouraged to hope for further increase in numbers. The School progresses in great harmony; the superintendent, teachers, and scholars seem to have but one object, and that is, to do and get good. It is a subject of great rejoicing that any of our youthful friends, through the instrumentality of Sabbath teaching and instruction connected with pastoral labor, have become scholars in the school of Christ; but so it is: seven, during the past year, have, as we trust given their hearts to the Saviour, and give evidence of a work of grace by the life they live.

But while we have been called to rejoice in the salvation of some of our youthful friends, we have been called to pay the last tribut of affection to one of the brightest ornaments in our school, Melina L., who has long been a beloved member of our school is no more. That dreadful disease consumption, brought her to an early grave. She lived well, and died well: "That life is long which answers life's great end." She lived to glorify God, and will doubtless enjoy him forever. She early became a member of the school, and at proper maturity became a teacher, and continued such until health failed, and she was obliged to relinquish a task which, in health, she delighted to perform.

Ere our tears were dry, and our weeping over, another of our young friends was transported from earth to the Paradise above—Mary W.—"Death loves a shining mark." Mary had for a length of time been afflicted, but she endured patiently her long sickness. She was always dutiful to her parents, affectionate and kind to her brothers and sisters, mild and gentle in all her intercourse with friends—none saw her hut to love. In her last days Mary gave her heart fully to the Saviour, and died in hope.

I would urge upon my young friends and members of Sunday schools, in view of God's merciful and gracious

manifestations in the salvation of some, and the providence that has removed others, to consider upon their latter end, and lay up treasure in heaven.—*Sunday School Advocate, N. Y.*

[FOR THE RECORD.]

### Caution to Parents.

How often the remark is heard, "What a pretty little girl that is!" I dare say some of you have heard it, and perhaps have wished yourselves in the place of those so admired, and have even thought how happy such children must be who have pretty faces, and to have fine clothes to wear. But, my dear children, such things cannot make children happy any more than grown people. As to beauty, be each contented with the share that God has given you. But remember that it is right for you to take care that your persons are agreeable to your friends—as far as cleanliness and neatness can make them so. Never waste a minute in regretting that your hair is not black; if it is so, be quite sure it is best for you—but take care that it is tidy and clean—that is your part.

If your eyes are grey, don't fret because they are not blue; but be sure to turn them away from what is wrong—notice well the beautiful works of creation, and take care that no eye shall ever behold them wearing the proud look, which is abomination to God. Believe me, the plainest children may be lovely to their friends, by a kindly, gentle spirit shining in all their actions and words.

I was very much impressed with the wide difference between beauty and amiability a few months ago, in the case of a little girl with whom I happened to meet. If I had met her in the street I dare say I should have been very likely to say, "What a lovely child!" her complexion was so very fair, her eyes the colour of a clear summer sky, bright fair hair, and a figure straight and well-formed, together with a dress so neat, though

plain, that there was something very prepossessing in her first appearance. Now, I spent some time under the same roof with the pretty little creature, and very soon I saw the fresh fair face red and swollen with crying, the smooth forehead wrinkled, the lips pursed up, and indeed the whole face so changed you would scarcely have known it. What was the cause of all this? You perhaps think that some one was unkind to her. No, that was not the cause. She had very kind friends indeed, who did all they could to make her happy. "Perhaps she was sick," some kind little one may say. No, she was blessed with good health. Well, what do you think it was? Why it was just this—she had a *naughty temper*.

One day, a kind aunt of this little girl told her to do something she did not choose to do, so her evil spirit burst out in a way really dreadful to witness. The lady put the child outside of her room-door, saying she must stay there till she was a better child. So the little girl (I shall not tell you her name, because I do hope she will yet be a better girl, and I do not wish to expose her,) began to scream and shout and rage so frightfully, that I was astonished. The whole house rang with her voice. She kicked the door of the room till she was quite tired, and then mounted the ballustrade of the staircase. Just after she did this, the servant-maid saw her, and very mildly said, "You'll fall, Miss." "You lie," she screamed, "I will not." "Oh dear," thought I, "the old proverb is true"—"*Pretty is that pretty does.*" H. S.

### A Hint to the Young.

A really Christian young man must always exercise a considerable influence in the home where he dwells. Man-kind, judging from experience, seldom look for religion in the young; so that when it is found there, it has all the effect of a surprise.

Some travellers in a coach were disputing on the claims of the Bible to belief. One of them embraced the side of infidelity, while another stoutly maintained the truth. Most of his fellow-passengers sided with the infidel, and he was about to enjoy a triumph, when a young man, who had previously sat silent, took up the argument, and opposed his views with as much modesty as earnestness and zeal. The infidel was evidently more abashed by the opposition of the young Christian than encouraged by the approbation of the rest; and afterward he said to him, "I did not expect so much religion in you who are so young; I fear there must be more in it than I thought."—*Hughes's Portraiture of a Christian Young Man.*

### The Two Wesleys;\* or The Two Wellingtons.

BY ISAAC H. JULIAN.

(From *National Era*.)

One, of the iron frame, and heart of steel—  
The Destroying Angel's peerless Minister—  
Bruited o'er earth by Fame's loud trumpet-peal  
Strode proudly to the gory heights of War;  
The other, with a will as firm, as bold,  
A spirit, and a heart of living flame,  
To gather Christ's last sheep into his fold,  
To save and bless his cringing species, came  
The one prevailed o'er Europe's Conqueror—  
The other triumphed over Sin and Death.  
Which was the hero? Who's the nobler man?  
Which did the richer legacy bequeath?  
Eternity alone can fully tell.  
When the dread Judge shall part the heirs of  
Heaven and Hell?

\* It is something peculiar in the hand of Providence, that the John and Charles Wesley family had the offer of a large estate, but, fearing the temptation of riches, declined accepting it. The offer was then made to another Wesley, or Wellesley family of which Arthur was the youngest son, and was accepted. It was this property and title, inherited by an older brother which brought Arthur into public employment so very young. I have never doubted that the talents of John Wesley were equal to those of Arthur Wellesley, though exercised in a different occupation. But what a change, and what a misfortune in the world, if John Wesley had lived the rich Duke, in a formal, political religion, without a sermon, or a book or any religious act of his, in the world!—*Advocate of Peace.*





VIEW OF THE GEORGIAN SPRINGS, NEAR THE OTTAWA.

FERGUSON.

### The Ottawa River and its Valley.

We present our readers in this number an engraving which faithfully represents one of the many beautiful scenes on the Ottawa River. This mighty stream, with its many beautiful lakes, wooded islands, and great cascades, is beginning to attract the attention, not only of the lumberman, but also of the pleasure traveler, who loves to gaze upon the beautiful and sublime works of nature. Ottawa is an Indian word, and signifies *the ear*,—but why this noble river should be called the ear, we have no means of ascertaining. If our red brethren call it the ear of the St. Lawrence, it is, indeed, an exceedingly long ear, and takes in sounds from a wide extent of country. The word is accented on the second syllable by the Aborigines, and pronounced Ot-taw-wah. This mighty river is nearly one thousand miles in length, and drains eighty thousand superficial miles of territory, one half of which is yet unexplored, and only occupied by wandering families of Indians and their wild game. But for the *voyageurs* to Hudson Bay, the foot-print of the white man would seldom be seen in this great wilderness. Here we have a country spread out before us, eight times as large as the State of Vermont, and capable of sustaining several millions of inhabitants, with a noble river coursing through it, resembling the Rhine in its length, and the Danube in its volume. In the spring, or the first of summer, the water passing in this river is equal to that flowing over Niagara Falls, and twice the common volume of the much celebrated Ganges.

Many of its tributaries, which scarcely have a place in a map, if they ran in other sections of our globe, would be celebrated in story and in song, and thousands of pilgrims would be wending their way to visit them. It is a curious fact, that three of the great rivers of Canada,—the Ottawa, St. Maurice, and Saguenay, take their

rise not far apart in the unbroken forest of the North, and roll on to the glorious St. Lawrence, which bears them to the Atlantic Ocean. The time is not far distant when thousands upon thousands will ascend the Ottawa, for the purpose of viewing its beautiful lakes and picturesque islands, its grand rapids and sublime cascades, as they now descend the noble St. Lawrence to behold its beautiful scenery.

The cut which we introduce to our readers is a correct picture of the Georgian Springs, whose mineral waters are beginning to attract the attention of the public. It is a beautiful little spot, but a few rods from the banks of the Ottawa. In front of a bluff of blue limestone, at the base of which the waters bubble up, is a beautiful lakelet, nearly a mile long, and about half a mile wide, which, in a still moonlit night, looks like a large mirror set in a frame of wooded hills. A creek, navigable for small boats and canoes, issues from the centre of this beautiful sheet of water, opposite the Springs, and runs into the Ottawa. Flocks of deer once resorted to these Springs to slake their thirst in its saline waters, and crop the green herbs that grew upon the shores of this lakelet. And of late years the attention of the inhabitants has been turned to the importance of Sabbath Schools. The Canada Sabbath School Union has sent several agents to this district, who have organized numerous Sabbath Schools, which promise much good, and are now exercising a beneficial influence, especially in the better observance of the Sabbath.

Before we close this brief article upon the Ottawa and its beautiful scenes, we would say a few words of the lumbermen. It is a fact worthy of being recorded, and long retained in memory, that these hardy and industrious men cheerfully engage in their laborious work, on the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating

drinks. This is creditable to both employer and employée. Once, large quantities of intoxicating beverages were used in the logging camps upon the Ottawa and its tributaries;—but now the cask or the jug is seldom seen in the timber-forests. They have become a Maine Law unto themselves and the liquid-poison no longer fires their brains, weakens their arms, or renders the blow of the axe uncertain and unprofitable. Such an example among this hardy and labourious race of men, is worthy of all praise, and ought to be followed by those in the less toilsome and more fashionable walks of life.

#### How Emily began the Day.

Emily arose very early one May morning. The light of day shone in through her curtains, though the sun was not yet risen. Robins and blue birds were at their morning songs, and the sweet smell of spring flowers came into the chamber. Emily's first thought was, Oh how good God is! And even before she dressed herself she looked up to heaven and gave thanks. While she was dressing herself she kept thinking of the goodness of her heavenly Father. But when she had finished putting on her clothes, she went to a private corner of her little room, kneeled down, folded her hands, and prayed to God. She thanked him for preserving her during the night, and for giving her good friends and a sweet home. She confessed her sins, and asked forgiveness for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ. She prayed for the Holy Spirit, to teach her and purify her heart. She begged that God would be with her, to bless her all the day long. She also asked for blessings on her dear parents and her little brother, and all her friends.

After rising from her knees, Emily sat a little while at the open window, to breathe the fresh air, and to see the green trees and meadows, the beautiful flowers, and the numerous

animals, great and small. She enjoyed all these things the more because she had been thinking of the blessed Creator, and because she loved him. Then she sung a little hymn which her dear mother had taught her. After which she took her own Bible and read a chapter with great attention. There were two verses in the chapter which she committed to memory.

Emily next put on her bonnet and went out to take a short walk; for she knew that it was her duty to take care of her health. The sun was now up, and every thing looked very beautiful. She strolled down the green lane, and admired the blossoms of the trees. She saw the cows going in a long row to the pasture, and the sheep nipping the grass on the hill-side. She drank out of the spring at the end of the lane, and laughed to see the frogs leaping into the pond. Then she returned to do a little sewing in the porch, while her little brother played at her feet.

Presently her father called her in to family worship, where she was serious and attentive; and then the bell rang for breakfast. She went to the table with sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and a fine appetite. These are the effects of early rising and a good conscience. There was a little time for play before the school hour came, and she made herself ready before her companions came along. Then she tripped off to school with a light heart, and found the whole day happier because she had begun it aright.

Every little reader must own that this was a good way of beginning the day. But there was nothing which every little reader may not imitate. All children may attend to early rising, neatness, prayer, scripture, and exercise; and those who begin every day in this manner will be apt to find every day happy. Those who spend their days properly when they are young, are the persons who will be useful and pious when they are old.

It is a blessed thing when little children are taught from their infancy to begin every day with God; and if any boy or girl who reads this knows that he or she has not done so, it is a good time to begin. Let to-morrow be the day for getting up early, for secret prayer to God, and for reading the Holy Scriptures.

#### Peter Waldo.

This rich Merchant of Lyons lived about seven hundred years ago; his name was Peter Waldo. He had become a man of wealth by his industry, but his money and his merchantise could not satisfy his mind as to the great question, "How shall a man be just with God?" He knew he was a sinner, his conscience told him so; he knew he was not fit to die; and when he asked, "What must I do to be saved?" he was not satisfied with all the answers that the priests of the Papal church gave him. The Bible would have told him? but Waldo had not that holy Book. Rich as he was, he had not that best of all treasures; the few copies which then existed were shut up in the houses of the priests. Besides, they were all written in Latin, so that a person had to be learned in order to read a Bible, provided he could by any means get sight of one. At length Peter Waldo was so happy as to own a copy of God's word. It taught him the "new and living way of approaching God, through Jesus Christ, the only Saviour and Mediator. It told him that a contrite and believing heart is what God requires; it was *heart service* that was the "reasonable service." Before, he was perplexed and troubled; now, he was peaceful and glad. Peter Waldo felt like a new man; the burden was gone from his soul; light was there, and comfort, for he had found mercy through faith in Christ Jesus. When the people came to him for alms, men, women, and children, he not only supplied their bodily wants, but he opened the Scriptures and in-

structed them in the blessed truths of God's word. He went out among the cottages of the poor, the sick, and the dying. He taught them about the great and precious work of Christ Jesus.

There was one thing which he now desired more than any thing else; that was, to get the Scriptures translated into the language of the people. The Bible in Latin was no book for the people, and the priests did not wish the people to have it in their own tongue. They had rather have the people ask them what was in it, and then they could deceive them. "The people *must* have it in their own tongue," said Waldo; and he set about the work of translation himself, and got able persons to come and help him. It was a very great labour, but was at length completed; and this was the *first translation of the whole Bible into a modern language*; it was done by or at the expense of this rich merchant. Did ever a rich merchant do a better work? Having been translated, it could not be printed and immediately circulated, because this was before the art of printing was known. Written copies had to be made with the pen, demanding long and patient labour; and, when finished, a complete copy was worth a large sum of money. How different it is with us, who can have a beautiful Bible for twenty-five cents!

But this great service was not enough for Peter Waldo. He was not only the founder of a *Bible Society*, but he began to form a *Missionary Society*. Great numbers had learned to love the Saviour in his neighborhood, and these he sent out two by two, into all the region around; they even carried the gospel into other lands, and multitudes came to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, through the humble efforts of these "poor men of Lyons," as they were called.

It is not to be supposed the priests looked quietly on all this time. The

Popish archbishop of Lyons became very angry. "If you teach any more," he said to this rich Christian merchant, "I will have you taken up for a heretic, and burned."

God's blessed truth, however, cannot be burned out, or rooted out, or put out, by any way of men's devising. God himself will take care of it. In spite of the anger of their enemies, in all the countries whither Peter Waldo and his missionaries went, the truth made its way, converting and comforting many souls. Thus were planted the seeds, the little seeds of true Bible religion, which, three or four hundred years afterward, sprang up and aided in promoting the great Reformation—that Reformation which established Bible religion again on the earth, and gave a great blow to the power of the Pope.

But what became of Peter Waldo? After doing much good, and presenting a noble example as a Christian, he went into Bohemia, where he peacefully died, in the year 1179. From that time to the present day his name is held in great respect, not because he was a great merchant or a rich man, but because he gave up himself and his all to the service of our Lord Jesus Christ, and because he was the first to give the whole word of God to the common people in their own language.

#### A Useful Little Word.

A faithful mother gave to her son, as her dying counsel, these words, "My son, learn to say *no*." She did not intend that he should be discourteous in his conversation, rude and impertinent to his superiors, or unkind to those who sought his kind offices, but that he should firmly and promptly resist all temptations to sin, and all efforts to draw him aside from the path of duty and safety. Her counsel was but another mode of expressing the sentiment of the wise man, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." What a world of wisdom

is treasured up in that brief sentence! what amazing interests depend on the fidelity with which it is obeyed!

How many a youth would have been saved from ruin, had he early learned to say "*no*!" How much danger would he have avoided from vicious companions, and from all the temptations to sin which a wicked world spreads before him, if he would reply to every unhallowed association, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God!"

"No!" It is a very small word; but what a tide of evil it may be made to resist! How often, if promptly and boldly uttered, it would save the heart from a world of pain and sorrow! How often, for want of it, children and youth are drawn away into paths, the end whereof is the ways of death! Many a terrible wreck of hope, and reputation, and morals has been made, for the simple want of that firmness and decision that says to enticement to sin, "*No*."

It is thus that the drunkard is often made, and evil habits acquired which lead the soul to ruin: while he who begins life with a resolution never to consent to the allurements of wicked companions, passes along in safety and peace.

How then may children learn to say *no*?

1. By becoming acquainted with God's law.
2. By seeking divine guidance, to enable them to understand and apply it.
3. By seeking divine assistance to help them in temptation.
4. By seeking divine grace, to take from their hearts all evil inclinations that render temptations successful.
5. By so loving God, and his law and service, that all sin will become distasteful to them.

Will my young readers bear these directions in mind, and thus learn to say "*no*?"—*S. S. Visitor*.



### The Chinese Husbandman.

The Husbandman belongs to a privileged class of the population in China: In importance, immunity, and honour, he is next to the Mandarin and the man of letters, and from the remotest antiquity, his avocation has been styled "The grand science of the citizen and of the prince." The great maxim of the government has been, that agriculture is the true source of national prosperity and wealth, and, keeping this principle in view, they have in practice afforded every possible encouragement and security to the cultivators of the soil. Even the Emperor himself thinks it not beneath him once a year to be a tiller of the ground, for on the arrival of spring-time, he repairs in splendid pomp to a piece of land marked out for the purpose, attended by his suite of officers, and prostrating himself on the ground nine times, in a prayer prepared by the Court of Ceremonies, he invokes the benediction of Tien, the God of heaven, on the industry of himself and of his subjects. Then as the High Priest of the Empire, he sacrifices a bullock, during the offering

of which, a plough, drawn by a pair of oxen, and richly ornamented, is brought to the Emperor, who, throwing aside the robes of majesty, puts his hand to the plough, and in the presence of his princes, mandarins, and peasantry, opens up a few ridges of land, and casts in the first seed of the season,—a ceremony which is performed on the same day by the viceroys of the different provinces throughout the kingdom.

Perhaps two-thirds of the inhabitants of China are employed in the manual labours of the field, and, without exaggeration, they may be spoken of as the happiest and the most independent of the nation, for "although they pay to the amount of a tenth annually to the Emperor, they have neither priesthood, nor poor to support, unless the poor of their own families, for whom all classes are bound to provide. Of the extent of land brought under culture, it is impossible for us to speak with precision, but from the latest census published by order of the government, there are about 640,576,381 English acres under proper tillage, the greatest part

of which is devoted to the production of food for man alone.

"In China," observes Mr Medhurst, "the natives make no use of butter or cheese, and very seldom of milk; the principal animal food is pork, which is generally home-fed; they have few horses for travelling, pomp, or war, and the only cattle they keep are such as are needed in husbandry; hence, there are no grazing farms, no meadows, and very little pasture; while every acre of ground capable of cultivation is turned up by the spade or plough, in order to afford sustenance for the teeming inhabitants. A common is quite unusual throughout the eastern half of China; while parks and pleasure grounds are proportionably scarce, as the anxiety to satisfy the appetite prevails over the desire for amusement."

The great staple article of food is rice, of which there are two crops annually, but besides this, in some districts, the Chinese agriculturist cultivates barley, maize, millet, wheat, peas, beans, and other garden vegetables not indigenous to Europe. In the culture of the first mentioned article, which is their staff of life, the growers display great industry and ingenuity in their system of irrigation, and their economy of water, which is indispensable to its produce.

#### Have you Found your Brother?

"He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We found the Messiah; which is being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Je-us."

"Philip findeth Nathaniel, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses, in the law and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth."

So it ever has been: so it is now. The poor blind sinner is led to Jesus: the eyes of his understanding are enlightened with the light of life; and straightway, with gratitude and joy, he cries:

"O that all the blind but knew him,  
And would be advised by me;  
Surely they would hasten to him,  
He would cause them all to see."

The sinner, discovering the plague of his heart, is induced to try the balm of Gilead, and the physician there; and as spiritual health begins to rejoice his soul, he exclaims to his dying brother:—

"There is a great Physician near,  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;  
Seen in his heavenly smiles appear  
Such ease as nature cannot give."

Some weeks ago a man and his wife being tenderly admonished by a Christian friend were persuaded to visit the long neglected house of prayer. The spirit of Christ opened their eyes, and they were led to see the need of mercy, and sought and found a God ready to forgive. With thankfulness and love, in conjunction with the friend before alluded to, these new converts sought to bring other careless ones to the sanctuary; and the Lord has been pleased graciously to own and bless these efforts, and two other couples have united themselves with the people of God.

That was a blessed Sabbath, when this Christian friend, with these six souls, sat at the table of the Lord, to commemorate his dying love. O who can tell the far reaching results of this simple Christian effort? This friend did no more than every disciple can do. Who cannot say to his brother, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel?"

"Would you win a soul to God?  
Tell him of the Saviour's blood,  
Once for dying sinners spilt,  
To atone for all their guilt."

These converts are heads of families: all of them have little children to train up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." There are now three more family alters in the world: the world is richer, brighter, and purer for these; and when we can estimate the usefulness of a Doddridge,

we may learn how to value pious parental example and instruction.

Dear reader! fellow Christian! follower of Jesus! where is thy brother? Are you earnestly, and prayerfully, and wisely seeking to win his soul? or are you sleeping over his immortal interests?

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,

Lest these lost years should haunt thee in the night,

When death is waiting for thy numbered hours

To take their swift and everlasting flight;  
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,

And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed,

Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;

An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest."

—N. Y. Observer.

### Painful Regrets.

Bulwer, a man of genius, and greatly admired by some, said in a letter to a gentleman in Boston, in 1843, "I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life chasing pleasure where it is not to be found."

How much better if Bulwer had discovered his mistake at an earlier period! Had he employed his gifted mind in strengthening the cords of virtue, in repressing unholy passions instead of fanning them, how different would have been his review of life!

"I am gloomy and unhappy!" Richard Baxter said no such thing at the close of his useful life. He had written much, but he had not "chased pleasure where it is not to be found." John Bunyan made no such record at the close of his life: nor did Owen, or Edwards, or Brainerd, or Wesley, or Fuller, or Scott, or Payson. Men will reap as they sow, in spite of all their hopes and efforts to the contrary. We have often thought of the Italian actor in Paris. He was gloomy and unhappy, like Bulwer. He consulted a physician. His physician advised

him to mingle in scenes of gaiety. "Especially," said he, "go to the Italian theatre, and if Carlina does not dispel your gloom, your case must be desperate indeed." "Alas, sir," replied the patient, "I myself am Carlina; and while I make all Paris full of laughter and merriment, I am dying with melancholy and chagrin." What a commentary on those pleasures in which so many indulge to keep up the spirits and drive away melancholy!

### The Value of The Soul.

How beautiful the setting sun!

The clouds how bright and gay!

The stars, appearing one by one,

How beautiful are they!

And when the moon climbs up the sky,

And sheds her gentle light,

And hangs her crystal lamp on high,

How beautiful is night!

And can it be I am possess'd

Of something brighter far?

Glews there a light within this breast

Outshining every star?

Yes: should the sun and stars turn pale,

The mountains melt away,

This flame within shall never fail,

But live in endless day.

This is the soul that God hath given:

Sin may its lustre dim;

Yet Jesus Christ came down from heaven

To lead us back to him.

### "Onward."

BY V. W. BLANCHARD.

Onward! what magic in that word!

Its sound, the heart's emotions wake

With thrilling power whenever heard,

Which oft in battle kingdoms shake;

Or when the heart by love is stirr'd:

For He who saves for Jesus' sake,

Gives martyrs strength to dare the stake.

Then let your motto "Onward!" be,

God's just commands to e'er obey;

And from the vile and wicked flee,

And to your Maker ever pray,

For Jesus' sake, with love, that he

Will crown your faith, till you can say,

"I long to leave this house of clay."

Let Sabbath schools now act their part,

With Christ their Captain, faith their shield

With ranks united, hand and heart,

That mighty weapon, "all-prayer," wield;

And "Onward charge," till 'neath this dart

Each sinner quits the long-fought field,

And to its power does humbly yield.

—Sunday School Advocate, N. Y.



## SCHEME OF LESSONS FOR 1854.

## SERIES No. 1.—CONTINUED FROM JUNE NUMBER.

DATE.	SUBJECT.	READ.	SUBJECT FOR SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.
Oct. 1	Parable of the Talents.....	Matt. xxv. 14-30.	1. The danger of doing nothing for Christ
— 8	The Last Judgment.....	Matt. xxv. 31-46.	2. Are you ready to meet your scholars at the judgment-seat?
— 15	Judas' Bargain.....	Matt. xxvi. 14-25.	3. Beware of sacrificing the spiritual good of yourselves or others for wealth, comfort, or pleasure.
— 22	The Last Passover.....	Luke xxii. 7-18.	4. Christ and his love, a lesson suited for the youngest.
— 29	Washing the Disciples' Feet.....	John xiii. 1-17.	5. Is there any service for the good of your scholars you are too proud to do?
Nov. 5	The Lord's Supper.....	1 Cor. xi. 23-28.	6. The duty of training up your scholars to be professing members of a Christian church.
— 12	Christ's Agony.....	Matt. xxvi. 36-46.	7. From Christ's agony learn the value of souls.
— 19	Christ Betrayed.....	Luke xxvi. 47-56.	8. How may a Sabbath School Teacher specially betray Christ?
— 26	Peter's Denial.....	Luke xxii. 54-62.	9. The dangerous influence of opinion on Sabbath School Teachers.
Dec. 3	Judas' Death.....	Matt. xxviii. 3-10.	
— 10	Christ before Pilate.....	Matt. xxviii. 11-53.	
— 17	Christ before Herod.....	Luke xxiii. 4-12.	

## SERIES No. 2.—CONTINUED FROM JUNE NUMBER.

DATE.	SUBJECT.	READ.	COMMIT.	DOCTRINES.
Oct. 1	Christ and the Woman of Samaria.....	John iv. 1-42.	John vii. 38, 39.	Water an Emblem of the Spirit.
— 8	Israel's Oppression.....	Exod. i.	Acts vii. 19.	The Lord knows the trials of his People.
— 15	Jesus at Nazareth.....	Luke iv. 16-32.	John i. 11.	Duty of Searching the Scriptures.
— 22	A Deliverer Raised.....	Exod. ii.	Acts vii. 34.	The Lord alone can save from Trouble.
— 29	Christ's Sermon on the Mount.....	Matt. v. 1-20.	Matt. iv. 23.	Holiness brings Happiness.
Nov. 5	Judgments on Oppressors.....	Exod. x.	Psal. iii. 9.	Examples of Divine Judgements.
— 12	On Almsgiving and Prayer.....	Matt. vi. 1-21.	1 Cor. xiii. 3.	Duty of Giving Alms.
— 19	The Passover.....	Exod. xii. 21-36.	1 Cor. v. 7.	Mercies should be Remembered.
— 26	The Strait Gate.....	Matt. vii. 1-14.	Luke xi. 13.	God Answers Prayer.
Dec. 3	Israel's Deliverance.....	Exod. xiv. 1-18.	Heb. xi. 29.	Praise Due to God.
— 10	Miracles at Capernaum.....	Matt. viii. 5-17; Mark i. 23-35	Luke xv. 19.	Examples of Faith.
— 17	Israel in the Wilderness.....	Exod. xxvii.	Heb. iii. 17.	The Lord, the Shepherd of his People.
— 24	The Leper and Paralytic Cured.....	Matt. viii. 1-4; ix. 1-8.	Psal. li. 7.	Examples of Humility.
— 31	Shortness of Life.....	Job xiv. 1-4.	Rom. xii. 12.	Time Flies Fast.