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THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

VOL. I.]

JUNE 1, 1844.

[No. 6.

THE ORPHAN REFUGE.

DEAR CHILDREN,—We are now about to give you an interesting account by a correspondent of the *Children's Missionary Magazine* in England, of Mrs. WILSON'S Refuge for Orphans, at Calcutta, in India. Its origin was as follows:—

“A kind lady who once lived in England, and spent her time in instructing English children, was so grieved to think of all the superstitions in which those poor ignorant heathen were living, that she resolved to leave her home, and her friends, and her native country, and to go out to India, to try whether something could not be done to afford them Christian instruction. When she had been a very short time in India, and had made known her intentions among the poor heathen, they were filled with surprise and joy. Several women collected round her, and smiting their bosoms with their right hand, with one voice cried out,—‘*O what a pearl of a woman is this?*’ When they had heard her plan, and were asked whether they would be willing to send their little girls to her school, two or three of the mothers at once exclaimed. ‘Our children are your's. We give them to you!’ Thus encouraged, she commenced her work. A school, called the Central School,

was established at Calcutta, at which there are now 300 children.

After she had been some little time in India, Miss Cooke was married to a Missionary sent out by the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. Isaac Wilson, therefore she is now Mrs. Wilson. Her husband died a few years ago.

When Mrs. Wilson's School became known, many poor friendless Orphans were sent to her care for instruction. Some of these poor children were picked up in the woods, having been deserted by those who ought to have taken charge of them, some of them were saved from being made living sacrifices to their gods, which I will tell you more about by and bye; others were rescued from famine, and one little girl now bears on her arm the mark of a Jackall's bite she received in the wild jungles. At length, the number of these poor orphans so increased, that the Central School, which was originally intended only for day scholars, could not contain them all. Mrs. Wilson got kind friends to assist her, by giving her money, and built a large handsome stone-house on the banks of the Ganges, at a place called Augripatta, on purpose for their reception. This building is known by the name of the ORPHAN REFUGE. As soon as it was quite ready to receive them, Mrs. Wilson and all her orphans, now amounting to more than a hundred, bade farewell to the Central School, and went down the river in boats to the Orphan Refuge, for the house stands in the midst of a wild jungle or wood, which has been partly cleared away to admit of its erection, and there is no direct road to it from Calcutta, except by water. The Bishop of Calcutta, who has often visited the Refuge, says it is one of the prettiest sights he ever beheld, to see these hundred children—children saved from death and starvation—children with no families to obstruct their reception of the Christian faith—safely seated in this Refuge, with their Bengalee New Testaments before them, and being wholly trained in “the nurture

and admonition of the Lord." In writing to one of his grand children, he says :—"The little children, whom you, my L. wish to hear about, have very dark skins, but are very sharp and clever, and learn very quickly. They write upon sand spread on boards, or on plantain leaves. I have heard many of them read the Gospels, and repeat their Catechisms very nicely. They learn Dr. Watt's First Catechism. They look quite beautiful with their white muslin dresses, edged with a pretty red border, thrown over their heads; their little teeth are so extremely white, that when they read, their countenances appear very striking." The dress alluded to, consists of a single long piece of white muslin, called a *saree*, for the little natives of India do not wear frocks and bonnets, and pinafofes, as you do. This dress is wrapped round their waists, and goes round their head and shoulders, falling down on one side, constitutes their only garment. As soon as any orphan arrives at the Refuge, she is sent down to the river to be bathed, has her hair cut short, washed from the Ganges' mud with which it has been besmeared, her ornaments, nose-rings, bangles, &c., taken off and broken, and she is dressed in a nice clean *saree* like the other children. The habits of India are so different from those of our own country, that I think you will like to hear a little about them. The Orphans wait upon each other, for they have no servant to wait upon them; the elder girls nurse and attend to the little ones, cook the food, clean the rooms, &c. India is a very warm climate. The Orphan Refuge is a handsome building, with very large airy rooms, and large windows, which open into verandahs thrown around to screen them from the heat of the sun, which, during the middle of the day, is so intensely hot, that scarcely any one ventures abroad. There is a school-room and a dining-room, rooms up stairs for Mrs. Wilson's three assistants to live in, a working-room, &c.

The children do not sleep in beds as we do, but on mats spread upon the floor in long rows, and they lie

thirty in a row. In warm weather they have no covering; in cool weather a blanket each is allowed them. At their meals, and during school hours, they do not sit upon forms or benches, as our children do, but upon the floor, with their legs crossed. The whole lower floor, during School hours, is covered with circles of little girls about it, sitting round a monitor, or elder girl. Little Bamboo frames support their books, and they read altogether, or alone, as their lesson is from the Bible or Spelling-book. They do not have breakfast, dinner, and supper, as we have, but only two meals a day, one at *eleven* o'clock, called *tiffin*, and another meal, at *six*. At each meal they eat only the same food, consisting of rice and currie. The elder girls boil the rice, and mix the currie, (a sort of hot spice,) and bring it into the dining-room, in four large wooden tubs with handles. No tables are needed, the children sit on the floor in long double rows, with a plate made of baked clay, or a plaintain leaf, placed before each. The elder girls, as they carry down the tubs, throw a handful or two of this rice mixture on each plate, as they pass. According to the custom of the country, neither spoons, knives, nor forks are required, but grace is sung by the elder girls in turn, and when all have finished eating, the plates or leaves are carried away. They have regular School hours every day. The elder girls are taught English, the others learn Bengalee: they are taught to read, write, spell, work, &c. Two or three afternoons in the week are devoted to embroidery and worsted work, for their dresses are so simple, that very little *plain* work is required, but the ornamental work, which is really beautifully done, and many specimens of which have been sent to England, is sold for the benefit of the Institution. They make little baskets of coloured worsted, and work large handsome mats, for flower pots to stand upon, in Berlin wool. Great attention is paid to their religious instruction; Mrs. Wilson, the kind lady at the head of the whole establishment

devotes an hour regularly, morning and evening, to reading the Scriptures, and explaining them to the children, and praying with them. When they first enter the Refuge, they are Heathens, for they are all born of Heathen parents, who know nothing of the true religion of Jesus Christ.

Such is the influence of good example, and so greatly has God been pleased to bless Mrs. Wilson's instruction, that all her girls are become professing Christians, and among the 130 now under her care, not one continues in Heathen darkness. They never leave the Institution until they marry, and Mrs. Wilson allows them only to marry the native converts from Mirzapore School, or other Christian Schools. Thus new Christian families are formed in different parts of India, and it is through means such as these, that we trust the 'knowledge of the Lord,' will in time 'cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.'"

TO THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.—Isaiah xl. 11.

(Continued from page 71.)

II. WHAT JESUS DOES FOR HIS FLOCK.

1. *He died for them.*—"I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." This is the chief beauty in Christ. The wounds that marred his fair body made him altogether lovely in a needy sinner's eye. All that are now and ever shall be the sheep of Christ, were once condemned to die. The wrath of God abode upon them. They were ready to drop into the burning lake. Jesus had compassion on them, left his Father's bosom, emptied himself, became a worm and no man, and died under the sins of many. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." This is the grace of the Lord Jesus. Every one in the flock can say, "He loved me, and gave himself for me."

2. *He seeks and finds them.*—We would never seek

Christ if he did not seek us first. We would never find Christ if he did not find us. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." I once asked a shepherd, "How do you find sheep that are lost in the snow?" "Oh," he said, "we go down into the deep ravines, where the sheep go in storms; there we find the sheep huddled together beneath the snow." "And are they able to come out when you take away the snow?" "Oh, no; if they had to take a single step to save their lives, they could not do it. So we just go in and carry them out." Ah! this is the very way Jesus saves lost sheep. He finds us frozen and dead in the deep pit of sin. If we had to take a single step to save our souls, we could not do it. But he reaches down his arm and carries us out. This he does for every sheep he saves. Glory, glory, glory be to Jesus, the shepherd of our souls! Oh, children, let Jesus gather you. Feel your helpless condition, and look up and say, Lord help me.

3. *He feeds them.*—"By me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." If Jesus has saved you he will feed you. He will feed your body. "I have been young," says David, "and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written—the Lord will provide.

He will feed your soul. He that feeds the little flower in the cleft of the craggy precipice, where no hand of man can reach it, will feed your soul with silent drops of heavenly dew. I shall never forget the story of a little girl in Belfast in Ireland. She was at a Sabbath School, and gained a Bible as a prize for her good conduct. It became to her a treasure indeed. *She was fed out of it.* Her parents were wicked. She often read to them, but they became worse and worse. This broke Eliza's heart. She took to her bed, and never rose again. She desired to see her teacher. When he came he said,

"You are not without a companion, my dear child," taking up her Bible. "No," she replied,—

"Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I ask no more."

She had scarcely repeated the lines when she hung back her head and died. Beloved children, this is the way Jesus feeds his flock. He is a tender, constant, Almighty Shepherd. If you become his flock, he will feed you all the way to glory.

III. JESUS CARES FOR LAMBS.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom." Every careful shepherd deals gently with the lambs of the flock. When the flocks are travelling the lambs are not able to go far, they often grow weary and lie down. Now, a kind shepherd stoops down and puts his gentle arm beneath them and lays them in his bosom. Such a shepherd is the Lord Jesus, and saved children are his lambs. He gathers them with his arm, and carries them in his bosom. Many a guilty lamb he has gathered and carried to his Father's house. Some he has gathered out of this place whom you and I once knew well.

Before he came into the world Jesus cared for lambs. Samuel was a very little child, no bigger than the least of you, when he was converted. He was girded with a linen ephod, and his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him every year. One night as he slept in the Holy place, near where the ark of God was kept, he heard a voice cry "Samuel!" He started up and ran to old Eli, whose eyes were dim, and said, "Here am I, for thou calledst me." And Eli said, "I called not, lie down again." He went and lay down, but a second time the voice cried "Samuel!" He arose and went to Eli, saying, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." and Eli said, "I called not, my son, lie down again," A third time the holy voice cried, "Samuel!"

And he arose and went to Eli with the same words; then Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child, therefore Eli said, "Go, lie down, and it shall be if he call thee thou shalt say, Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth." So he went and lay down. A fourth time (how often Christ will call on little children!) the voice cried "Samuel! Samuel!" Then Samuel answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!" Thus did Jesus gather this lamb with his arm and carried him in his bosom. For "Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him; and the Lord revealed himself to Samuel in Shiloh." (1 Sam. iii.)

Little children, of whom I travail in birth till Christ be formed in you, pray that the same Lord would reveal himself to you. Some people say, you are too young to be converted and saved. But Samuel was not too young. Christ can open the eyes of a child as easily as of an old man. Yea, youth is the best time to be saved in. You are not too young to die, not too young to be judged, and, therefore, not too young to be brought to Christ. Do not be contented to hear about Christ from your teachers; pray that he would *reveal himself* to you. God grant there may be many little Samuels amongst you.

Jesus cares for lambs still. The late Duke of Hamilton had two sons. The eldest fell into consumption, when a boy, which ended in his death. Two ministers went to see him at the family seat, near Glasgow, where he lay. After prayer, the youth took his Bible from under his pillow, and turned up to 2 Tim. iv. 7, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" and added, "This, sirs, is all my comfort!" When his death approached, he called his younger brother to his bed, and spoke to him with great affection. He ended with these remarkable words, "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a Duke, but *I shall be a King.*"

Let me tell you a word of another gentle lamb, whom

Jesus gathered, and whom I saw on her way from grace to glory. She was early brought to Christ, and early taken to be with him where he is. She told her companions that she generally fell asleep on these words, "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me;" and sometimes on these, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." She said, she did not know how it was, but somehow she felt that Christ was always near her. Another time she said, "I think it's the best way to make myself as loathsome as I can before him, and then to look to Jesus." When seized with her last illness, and told that the doctors thought she would not live long, she looked quite composed, and said, "I am very happy at that." She said she could not love Jesus enough here, that she would like to be with him, and then she would love him as she ought. To her tender and watchful relative she said, "I wonder at your often looking so grave. I'm surprised at it, for I think I am the happiest person in the house. I have every temporal comfort, and then I am going to Jesus." After a companion had been with her, she said, "Margaret quite entered into my happiness; she did not look grave but smiled; that showed how much she loves me." When sitting one evening, her head resting on a pillow, she was asked, "Is there any thing the matter, my darling?" "Oh," she said, "I am only weak. I am quite happy. Jesus has said, 'Thou art mine.'" Another day, when near her last, one said to her, "Have you been praying much to-day?" "Yes," she replied, "and I have been trying to praise too." "And what have you been praising for?" "I praise God," she said, "for all the comforts I have. I praise him for many kind friends, you know he is the foundation of *all*; and I praise him for taking such a sinner to glory."

These are a few of the many golden sayings of this lamb of Christ, now, I trust, safe in the fold above. Would you wish to be gathered thus? Go now to some lonely place—kneel down, and call upon the Lord

Jesus. Do not leave your knees until you find him. Pray to be gathered with his arm, and carried in his bosom. Take hold of the hem of his garment, and say, "I must not—I dare not—I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

O seek him in earnest, and seek him in time,
 For they that seek early shall find;
 While they that neglect him are hardened in crime,
 And never can come to this pure blessed clime—
 They perish in anguish of mind.

Sketches of Missions.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

In following out our Sketches of Missions, the London Missionary Society is the next which claims attention. It was established in 1795, two years after Mr. Carey went to India, under the Baptist Missionary Society. An English Clergyman, named Dr. Haweis, was one of the founders of this society, and the father of its first Missionary enterprise to the South Sea Islands. Captain Cook, the great traveller and discoverer, had visited these islands, and in the name of King George III. taken possession. He wrote many wonderful and interesting accounts of them. The climate was said to be most delightful—the scenery was represented as most enchanting—the productions of the country wonderful—the manners and customs of the people as altogether new and peculiar. Thus these fairy islands were much talked of, and those who loved the Lord, and remembered that the heathen were given to Christ for an heritage, and that his glory should cover the islands of the sea, became very anxious that the Gospel should be carried to these far countries. So when the fathers and founders of the London Missionary Society met to consider in what part of the world they should commence their work of mercy, it was decided to commence the Mission among the numerous islands of the Southern Ocean. In a short

time ten thousand pounds were subscribed, and a spirit of prayer and supplication was poured forth, among Christians of all denominations ; a sure earnest of a spiritual harvest. The labours of the society were begun on an extensive scale. A ship was purchased, called the *Duff*, placed under the command of Captain Wilson, a zealous servant of God, singularly qualified for the important trust. Twenty-five Missionaries embarked in the *Duff*—they were safely landed at the Tahitian and Friendly Islands. They were at first kindly received by the inhabitants. The king gave them a house and a piece of land, stocked with bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees ; and soon, by the help of interpreters, they began to instruct the natives, and urged them to abolish the dreadful customs of child-murder and human sacrifices. After a little time troubles arose. The natives stole every thing within their reach, and on one occasion four Missionaries were attacked and stripped of their clothes, and then dragged through a stream of water. Several lost their lives for Christ's sake, others were obliged to leave their posts ; but some remained, daily hazarding their lives from love to the souls of those who sought to destroy them. For sixteen years they appeared to labour in vain, and spend their strength for nought ; not a single native was converted, and the idolatry and cruel practices of the people were carried on unchecked, when just at the time that there were some thoughts of giving up the Mission, God was pleased to grant great success. The idols were cast down and sent to England, and the natives received the instructions of the Missionaries with gladness. This was the commencement of good things. Island after island was brought under the influence of the Gospel ; and in a few years, there was not one of any importance within two thousand miles of Tahiti to which the glad tidings of salvation had not been conveyed. A description of the natives of one island will give an idea of all the rest. Mr. Williams writes :—On the arrival of our vessel at Aitutaki, we

were soon surrounded by canoes; the natives were exceedingly noisy, presenting all the wild features of savage life; some were tattooed from head to foot, some were painted with pipe-clay, and yellow and red ochre; others were smeared all over with charcoal—they were dancing, shouting, and exhibiting the most frantic gestures. Our little boy, about four years of age, was the first white child they had ever seen, he attracted much wonder and admiration, all the natives were desirous to rub noses with him, which is the way they salute each other: the chief offered to take him, and make him king, but as we were not ambitious of royal honours for our child, we declined the offer. The chief enquired for the teachers who were to be left to instruct his people in the knowledge of the true God; two were landed among these wild barbarians. He received them with great delight, saluting them in the usual manner.

(To be Continued.)

A Lesson for those Children who never come to the Sabbath School in time.

One Sabbath evening, a Missionary was walking up and down in the verandah before his house, in the island of Aitutaki. The sun was just setting behind the waves of the Southern Ocean, and the labours of the day were over, and in that cool, quiet evening hour, the Missionary was lifting up his heart to God, and asking a blessing on his people, his schools, and himself. All was hushed and still, except a little rustling in the leaves of a mimosa tree close by; he fancied a breeze was springing up, and continued his lonely walk, but again he heard the rustling, and again, and again, till he felt sure that it could not be the wind alone, so he parted the long leafy branches of the tree, and passed beneath. What did he find there? Three little boys! Two were fast asleep in each others arms, but the third was awake, and it was he who had

stirred the minosa leaves. "What are you doing there, my children?" asked the Missionary. "We are come to sleep here, Teacher," said the boy. "And why would you sleep here, have you no home?" "Oh yes, but if we sleep here, we are sure to be quite ready when the first school-bell rings in the morning." "Do your parents know about it?" "Mine do; but these little boys have no parents, they are orphans."

Now the nights in the South Sea Islands are not cold and damp like ours, but the kind Missionary looked round, and he felt sure a heavy rain was coming, so rousing the sleeping ones, he led the three littl' fellows into the large porch of his house, where they might rest in safety; and, oh, it rejoiced his heart to know that they thus loved to come to school, to "hear of heaven, and learn the way."

Suppose these little islanders could look from their distant homes, into some of our Sabbath schools, what would they think of the many late comers who walk idly into their places when half the business of the class is over? And are there none of our young readers who feel reproved by this story, and who will try to shew their teachers, next Sabbath, that they have profited by this "lesson from heathen lands?"

Missionary Intelligence.

WESTERN AFRICA.

We wish in this number shortly to lay before our readers some little intelligence with respect to Missions in the West of Africa, which, as most children know, is one of the great divisions of the earth. Africa is a vast continent which has never yet been fully explored by civilized people, though here and there a faithful Missionary of the cross is attempting to enlighten its benighted inhabitants. From the journals of some Missionaries who are sent out by the Church Missionary Society of England, and who

are stationed in the Timmanee country, we glean the following information. The people among whom they labour are not savages or pagans, but Mahomedans; that is they are followers of Mahomed the false prophet. Mahomed was born in Persia, about the end of the sixth century of the Christian era, and buried in Mecca, in Arabia. To his tomb great numbers of his followers make pilgrimages every year. He professes to believe in God whom he called Allah, and claims to be his prophet. He wrote a book called Al Koran, which is the Bible of all his followers.

Mr. Schmid, one of the Protestant Missionaries, gives an account of a conversation which he had with a Mahomedan Priest, called Solimanuh Bunduh. He found the Priest reading one of the Arabic tracts which the Missionaries had distributed. When Mr. S. asked him how he liked the tract, he replied, "they must be true: the Bible they are taken from tells the same; but I cannot understand how a man can be born anew when he is old."

I explained to him, says Mr. S., that every man was born and grew up in sin, and was therefore, in need of a new life; which he could not receive except through repentance and faith in Jesus Christ the Son of God, in whom alone God can be pleased with sinners. He appeared not only pleased, but asked me also whether he could not be baptized and still remain a Mahomedan Priest. To which I answered; "Baptism is granted to those only who truly repent of their sins, and believe in Jesus Christ: and if this be the case with them, they cannot believe in Mahomed any longer! for light cannot agree with darkness, neither truth with falsehood." After he had told me many things about Mahomed, and how he esteemed Jesus, I said, "Our Bible declares Jesus Christ the Son of God to be the only Saviour of sinners. Al Koran never admits that." I quoted Acts iv. 12: on which he said, "This passage Mahomed has left out." Then I took his Bible, showed him several passages of the Old Testament referring to Jesus Christ, and said, "I can never believe Al Koran to be an authentic book nor Mahomed a true prophet, because he has only taken parts of the Holy Scripture, and confounded the truth with his

own fancies; wherefore he will be punished according to the Word of God, Rev. xxii, 18, 19. I was very glad when I heard this old Mahomedan Priest confess: 'All that you say is true: the Bible lives in your heart. I see all the Prophets prophesy of Jesus Christ; but none speak of Mahomed.' On leaving him, he thanked me much for what I had told him; and my earnest prayer was, that the Lord might give His blessing to that which he had given me an opportunity to speak."

The Missionaries are severely tried by the carelessness and enmity of their hearers. On Sabbath, the 7th of August last, Mr. Schmid remarks, that he went as usual to the king's yard to preach, but the natives were engaged at some law meeting, and he had to wait till they had finished, and even while he was preaching, some went away, some were talking and laughing, while others were attentive. "It often grieves my very heart," says Mr. S., "to see those people so shamefully profaning the Lord's-day, abusing the name of God Almighty in their quarrels, and finishing by repeating some forms of prayer." If we preach morality, they do not contradict it; if we convince them of their sinfulness, they confess that as all men are sinners, they are sinners too: though at other times they are forward enough to say, "Mahomedans cannot lie, nor steal, nor do any thing wrong;" and even if they confess themselves to be sinners, they cover their sins with their prayers, which they make five times a-day, and with their annual fasting: but when we preach the only way of Salvation which is in Christ Jesus the Son of God and Saviour of sinners, then all their attention is at an end; they begin either to laugh or to mock, or they go away.

The cross of Christ then is the stone at which they stumble, they will not believe in the only real Saviour. We beg every reader to put the question to himself or herself, do I believe in Christ, do I desire him as my only, all sufficient Saviour. If you do, happy are you, if not, what better are you than the poor Mahomedans of Timmaee, nay your sin is greater than theirs.

But it is pleasant to hear of the good fruits of the Gospel, and we now give, in the Missionary's words, an account of the death of a hopeful young Mahomedan.

"Aug. 14—To-day I was informed that a young man, a Mahomedan, named, Surih Timbih, had died of the measles.

He had often been with us, when translating; and I am not far from thinking that he died in the Lord Jesus. I have often seen him meditating on the Arabic Bible which Mr. Thomson presented to him before he left: but I suppose that he was too timid to make a public confession of his faith. A friend from the Colony, who visited us a short time ago, wrote to me respecting him:—Surih was in the habit of coming to my lodging nearly every evening, to read the Scriptures with me. He asked me repeatedly to take him to the Colony with me; and give him a little room in my house, that he might read with me. He expressed his earnest desire to be able to read the Scriptures in English; and, in answer to my repeated question, declared his belief that Jesus Christ was the Son of God.”

Poetry.

A MISSIONARY THOUGHT FOR CHILDREN.

I saw a little child at play
Beside a glassy pool,
When soft the dancing sunbeams lay
Upon the waters cool.

I saw him cast a little stone
Into the peaceful tide,
And watch the wavelits, one by one,
Spread circling far and wide,

I thought upon a purer wave,
For all the nations given,
The precious blood a Saviour gave,
To make us meet for heaven.

Dear children, if your hearts you bring,
Where those bright waters glide,
As spreads each gently circling ring
Upon that quiet tide;

So from each heart beneath that wave
Sweet influence may spring,
Some distant heart from death to save,
Some soul to heaven to bring.

Far as the ocean's waves are spread,
Far as earth's shores extend,
So far that heart its love may shed,
So far its prayers may send.