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VOL. X.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

No. 10

A Mother's Last Prayer.

BY MRS. ANN STEPHENS.

“First our flowers die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.”

I was very young, scarcely beyond the verge of infancy; the last and most helpless of the three little girls who were gathered around my poor mother's death bed. When I look on the chain of my varied existence—that woof of gold and iron woven so strangely together—the remembrance of that young being who perished so early and so gently from the bosom of her family, forms the first sad link which ever gives forth a thrill of funeral music when my heart turns to it—music which becomes more deep-toned and solemn as that chain is strengthened by thought, and bound together by the events of successive years. The first human being that I can remember was my invalid mother, moving languidly about her home, with the paleness of disease sitting on her beautiful features, and a deep crimson spot burning with painful brightness in either cheek. I remember that her step became unsteady, and her voice fainter and more gentle day-by-day,

till at last she sunk to her bed, and we were called upon to witness her spirit go forth to the presence of Jehovah. They took me to her couch, and told me to look upon my mother before she died. Their words had no meaning to me then, but the whisper in which they were spoken thrilled painfully through my infant heart, and I felt that something terrible was about to happen. Pale, troubled faces were around that death pillow—stern men, with sad, heavy eyes—women overwhelmed with tears and sympathy, and children that huddled together shuddering and weeping, they knew not wherefore.

Filled with wonder and awe I crept to my mother, and burying my brow in the mass of rich brown hair that floated over her pillow, heavy with the damp of death, but still lustrous in spite of disease. I trembled and sobbed without knowing why, save that all around me was full of grief and lamentation. She murmured, and placed her pale hand on my head. My little heart swelled, but I lay motionless and filled with awe. Her lips moved, and a voice tremulous and very low came faintly over them. Those words, broken and sweet as they were, left the first dear impression that ever

remained on my memory—"Lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil." This was my mother's last prayer! in that imperfect sentence her gentle voice went out forever.—Young as I was, that prayer had entered my heart with a solemn strength. I raised my head from its beautiful resting-place, and gazed awe-stricken upon the face of my mother. O, how an hour had changed! The crimson flush was quenched in her cheeks, a moisture lay upon her forehead, and the grey mysterious shadows of death were stealing over each thin feature, yet her lips still moved, and her deep blue eyes were bent on me, surcharged with spiritual brightness, as if they would have left one of their vivid, unearthly rays, as the seal of her death-bed covenant. Slowly as the sunbeams pale at nightfall from the leaves of a flower, went out the star-like fire of her eyes; a mist came over them, softly as the dew might fall upon that flower, and she was dead. Even then I knew not the meaning of the solemn change I had witnessed, but when they bore me forth from my mother's death-bed, my heart was filled with fear and misgiving.

All were overwhelmed with the weight of their own sorrow, and I was permitted to wander around my desolated home unchecked and forgotten. I stood wondering by as they shrouded my mother, and smoothed the long hair over her pale forehead. Silently I watched them spread the winding-sheet, and fold those small pale hands over her bosom, but when they closed the blinds, and went forth, my little heart swelled with a sense of unkindness in shutting out the sunshine, and the sweet summ. air which had so often called a smile to her lips, when it came to her bed fragment from the rose thickets, and the white clover-field, which lay beneath the windows they so cruelly darkened. The gloom of that death chamber made me very sorrowful, but I went to the bed, turned down the linen, and laid my hand caressingly on the pale face which lay

so white and motionless in the dim light. It was cold as ice. I drew back affrighted, and, stealing from the room sat down alone, wondering and full of dread.

They buried her beneath a lofty tree on the high bank of a river. A waterfall raises its eternal anthem near by, and the sunset flings his last golden shadows among the long grass that shelters her. I remember it all; the grave with its newly broken sod—the coffin placed on its brink. The clergyman with his black surplice sweeping the earth, and the concourse of neighbours gathered around that grave, each lifting his hat reverently as the solemn hymn swelled on the air, answered by the lofty anthem surging up from the waterfall, and the breeze rustling through the dense boughs of that gloomy tree.

Then came the grating of the coffin as it was lowered into its narrow bed, the dull; hollow sound of the falling earth, and those most solemn words of "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes." With mournful distinctness were all these things impressed on my young mind, but my mother's last prayer is written more forcibly than all, in characters that but deepen with maturity. It has lingered about my heart a blessing and a safeguard, pervading it with a music that cannot die. Many times, when the heedlessness of youth would have led me into error, has that sweet voice, now hushed for ever, intermingled with my thoughts, and like the rosy links of fairy chain, drawn me for my purpose. Oft when my brow has been wreathed with flowers for the festival, when my cheek has been flushed, and my eyes have sparkled with anticipated pleasure, have I caught the reflection of those eyes in the mirror, and thought of the look which rested upon me when my mother died—that broken supplication to Heaven has come back to my memory, the clustering roses have been torn from my head; sad, gentle memories have drank the unnatural glow from my cheeks, and my thoughts have been

carried back to my lost parent, and from her, up to the Heaven she inhabits.—The festival, with all its attractions, have been lost in gentle reflection, and I have been “delivered from temptations.”

Again, when the sparkling wine cup has almost bathed my lips, amid merriment and smiles and music, has the last sad prayer of my mother seemed to mingle with its ruby contents, and I have put away the goblet that I might not be “led into temptation.” When my hand has rested in that of the dishonorable, and trembled at the touch of him who says in his heart there is no God, as that voice seemed to flow with its luring accents, I have listened to it, and fled as from the serpent of my native forests.

Again and again, when the throbbings of ambition have almost filled my soul, and the praises of my fellow-men have become a precious incense, the still small voice of my mother's prayer has trembled over each heart-string, and kindled it to a more healthy music. In infancy, youth, and womanhood, that prayer has been to me a holy remembrance—a sweet thought full of melody, not the less beautiful that there is sadness in it.

The Right Hand.

BY ROBERT PAUL, ESQ., EDINBURGH.

I remember residing, during a summer while yet a child, in rather a solitary place on the sea-shore; and that on one occasion our family was aroused and disturbed at midnight by a violent knocking at the door of the house. I remember, also, that my mother arose from her bed (for my father was away from us at the time), and that she called out in a loud and firm voice, “Who is there?” The answer was, that some poor ship-wrecked sailors, not knowing where they were, sought direction and assistance. My mother, however, was too prudent and wise to run the risk, at that hour of the night, of opening the door. And her caution was fully

justified, when in the morning we ascertained that the disturbers of our repose were not what they represented themselves to be, but some very suspicious and worthless characters, who were prowling about in search of prey.

I have a very strong recollection of the state of dreadful terror into which we, the children of the family, were thrown by the event; and especially by the thought, which I can vividly recall as having rushed into my timid mind, that *my father was not at home*. I had a notion—natural enough in a child—that if he were but now with us, all would be safe; but that, because he was absent, every one of us should certainly be murdered!

The same feeling possessed me in the later years of my childhood. When walking with my father in some country road, if a surly mastiff or wild-looking cow came across our path, I can remember how my fearful heart found courage, during such an alarm, in clinging to him, and in strongly and tenderly *laying hold of his hand*. Deep and constant with me was the impression, that so long as I had hold of my father's hand, no mischief could befall me.

Out of this little recollection of mine, I would fain, my dear young friends, gather something profitable to you.

You are in a world of uncertainty and danger. Worse than thieves of this earth are those who break into the house and home of your hearts, and rob you of your peace—of your souls. More fierce than any beast of the field is one, who, if he could, would devour you.

But in the midst of danger, the children of God have a Father in heaven, who loves them far more than any earthly father can do,—who is never for a moment absent from their side, and who has all power to protect and defend them. To Him you may cleave, and be safe. Take hold of His right hand, and you are secure.

To take hold of the right hand of another is at once an acknowledgment

of our helplessness, and the expression of our confidence. Hence David says unto God in the Psalms xvii. 7, "O thou that savest by *thy right hand* them which put their trust in thee, from those that rise up against them;" xvii. 35, "*Thy right hand* hath holden me up;" xx. 6, "Now I know that the Lord saveth his anointed, with the saving strength of *his right hand*;" lxiii. 8, "My soul followeth hard after thee: *thy right hand* upholdeth me;" cviii. 6, "That thy beloved may be delivered: save with *thy right hand*, and answer me;" cxxxviii. 7, "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, *thy right hand* shall save me;" cxxxix. 10, "If I dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, *thy right hand* shall hold me." And answering beautifully to all these expressions, we find God,—even He "whose right hand hath spanned the heavens" (Isaiah xlvi. 13), whose "*right hand*" is exalted, and "doeth valiantly" (Psalm cxviii. 15),—saying to every one that trusteth in him, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee;" "I will uphold thee with *the right hand* of my righteousness" (Isaiah xli. 10).

But as it was Peter that took the lame man by *the right hand* and lifted him up (Acts iii. 7), so it is not we that take hold of God's right hand, so much as He that takes hold of ours. Hence David says, Psalm lxviii. 23, "Thou hast holden me by *my right hand*." And in harmony with this, the Lord says in Isaiah xli. 13, "I the Lord thy God will hold *thy right hand*, saying unto thee, Fear not: I will help thee."

Dear readers, are ye afraid of God's wrath because of your sins? Grasp the hand of Jesus, seize it, and press it, cling to it, and keep it—and give him yours. Yea, lay hold of him with both your hands; say, "I stretch forth *my hands* unto thee." He is the man of God's *right hand*, and will save you. Be to him, each a *Benjamin*, which means "the son of the right hand."

God has a right hand, where there

are pleasures for evermore. But he has also a left hand. Read Matthew xxv. 33, 34, 41, and consider this. You and I shall ere long be either on the one hand or the other of the Judge; which of them shall it be?

To the Wind.

BY MRS. R. A. SEARLES.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit."—BIBLE.

Busy wind with sweeping wing,
Ever stirring, restless thing;
Whither come you—on your way,
From the dewy caves of day?
Whither bear your burden on
O'er the grassy slope and lawn?

Whither come you—spicy thing,
From the rosy grot of spring?
Bearing fragrance on your breath
From the daisy-spangled heath;
Whither go you—onward now,
Breathing notes of music low?

Whither come you—from the rill?
Or from out some mossy dell?
When you fan the fainting air,
Breathing life and freshness there.
Whither go you—tireless sprite,
Onward, onward! day and night?

Whither come you—sighing breeze,
Sadly moaning through the trees?
Can thy wail a requiem be,
Borne from off the rolling sea—
Bearing on o'er wave and land,
Tidings to some orphan band?

When you rock the stormy deep,
Or, leap down the craggy steep,
Bursting from that mighty Hand,
Strewing havoc o'er the land,
On thy desolating path—
Then, thou art a thing of wrath!

When the glowing cheek you kiss
Leaving prints of happiness,
Gently stooping from above—
Now, thou art a thing of love.
Whence come you—or whither go?
Who, thy secret place may know?

Thus is he of spirit born,
Meaner tracks he meekly scorns;
Ever moving to and fro,
O'er the moral waste below;
Mystic power around him breathe,
Swaying human sympathies.

Now he routs a thousand foes—
Now he melts for other's woes;
Now with drooping pilgrim weeps,
Now his brow with gladness steeps;
Ever changing, still the same,
Hid with Christ his secret name.

—N. W. Christian Advocate.



A Sabbath-Truant.

Look at that boy. What is he doing? He is playing truant from the Sabbath-school. It is a Sabbath evening in summer. Alick has been careless and idle all the week. And this afternoon he has not been in church; he has taken up with some wicked boys, and he has been away with them rambling in the woods, catching birds and cutting sticks, breaking the holy Sabbath.

He knows it is time for school. He saw all the boys and girls gathering together, and he slept away out of the house, lest his mother should tell him to go. But he is determined not to go to the Sabbath-school. He cannot say his lessons; and will be afraid to look his teacher in the face.

The ways of transgressors are hard. Here is the picture of a poor boy who is setting at nought God's holy commandment.

Reader, are you a Sabbath-scholar? Be sure that you are regular and punctual in attending the school. Let nothing hinder you, except illness, or some other necessary cause.

Think of the trouble and pains your teacher takes, in trying to do you good. Perhaps he prays for you, and visits you when you are sick, and pleads with you when you are alone, to be reconciled to God. Perhaps he spends time late at night, when he ought to be asleep,—preparing lessons to interest you at the class on the Sabbath; and then, when he goes to meet you, thinking he has something to say that will be sure to interest you, he finds that

you have not come! Dear reader, it is as true of kind Sabbath-school teachers as it is of parents,—if you behave to them with carelessness or neglect, you will perhaps repent of it when it is too late.

“Remember I am with you, and the good Lord over all.”

They came in the night of sickness and fear, those gentle words of soothing. When the fever-touch was on the weary frame, and the very heart was faint. “I am with you.” How cheering is the thought that the strong one on whom we in our weakness lean, will not fail us, that the loving eye keeps vigil in the time of darkness, even as in the light of joy,—that the true heart, beats in sympathy with all our wants, our weakness, and our sorrow. But if so soothing be such memory of mortal love, and watchcare, how inexpressibly dear the thought, that a *Higher* power—a more sleepless eye—an arm of greater strength—a love which is above all others, encircles both. The Lord of heaven and earth, who heareth the young ravens when they cry, is even our keeper, our Father, and our Friend.

Oh! when the night of despair seems closing upon us, when sickness and sorrow are nigh—when even the winged angel comes hovering o'er—when the waters of life are cold and troubled—though the waves are about to overwhelm and we turn shuddering from the deep waters, let us not fear as those without hope, for rayless though our way may seem, a bright

star is shining down upon it—the star of God's love.

Remembering this, strength comes again, and hope is brighter than the morning, to all who trust in God's dear love, and those whom He hath given.

My Native Land.

“ Before all lands in East or West,
I love my native land the best,
With God's best gifts are teeming.”

To the mind of the aged and weary traveller, “My native land,” are words ever calling up the tenderest reminiscences. His mind delights to wander far back into the past, reviewing the scenes of his early days, recollections of which sweep o'er his heart with such irresistible force, that, seeking no longer to restrain nature's course, he weeps—his bosom throbs with irrepressible emotions, and the longing desire to behold once more his “native land” pervades, and fills with anticipated joy his soul. Where'er the country that claims his birth be situated, in the scorching tropic or freezing Arctic, in the sunny South or chilling North, his affections still cluster around it as their centre.

To the wandering Italian no zephyrs are wifted so balmy as those which fan his far-off cloudless land. The Scotsman boasts the romantic and imperishable grandeur of his highland home. The son of Erin ne'er sees place so fair or spot so green as his own Emerald Isle. Nor ever hears the honest Switzer music more thrilling, entrancing, and soul-subduing than those simple strains, every note of which is endured by vivid associations and pleasing memories, of his picturesque and beautiful country.—Huge icebergs, extensive glaciers, eternal snows, unbroken solitudes are the scelander's pride.

Dwells there a man on the face of the earth whose soul has never been drawn by invisible yet powerful ties to his native land—the place of his nativity—his earliest home, where tend-

ed by a father's care and a mother's love, he has been nurtured, educated and prepared to take his part in the ever-rolling battle of life. The state of such an one is vividly portrayed in the following lines of Sir Walter Scott:—

“ Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
‘This is my own—my native land !
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there be, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
‘The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

Little Ellen.

Some years since while residing in the city of Philadelphia, I went out one morning to visit some sick persons in a part of the city which was almost entirely inhabited by people of the lowest and poorest class.

I had completed my business and was turning my steps towards home, when a woman miserably clad, and bearing the marks of great poverty, approached me and asked if I would visit her little girl who lay sick in a house near at hand. I consented to do so, and followed her into the cellar of an old dirty looking house, groping my way in almost utter darkness through one room into another back of it, where no ray of light was apparent, and where I was compelled to pause while my conductor lighted a bit of tallow candle, and discovered to my view a little girl some six or seven years of age lying on a bed of rags and straw in a corner of the room. She was a pretty child, but her flushed countenance and parched lips, showed plainly that disease was busy with her young frame ; while her emaciated form as surely indicated that unless she was soon relieved, the hours of her earthly existence would be speedily numbered.

As I approached the little sufferer, her mother spoke to her, and said, "Ellen, I have brought the Doctor to see you!" The child raised both her hands and exclaimed, "O sir, won't you try and make me well? Do you think you can make me well by Saturday?"

I told her I would do all in my power for her, and added, "Why do you wish to be well by Saturday?" She replied, "because the next day was Sunday. and I want to go to Sabbath School!"

Her mother told me that a few Sabbaths previous to her illness she had been taken to the Sabbath School for the first time by a kind lady, who found her in the street, and that she became deeply interested in the school, and was unwilling to be absent for a single Sabbath. The mother also said that Ellen had repeatedly besought her to get some medicine that would make her well, because it would grieve her teacher to have her so long absent. The poor woman did not know what medicine her child needed, and had no money to procure it had she known, so that she was unable to comply with the request of her daughter.

After conversion with Ellen and her mother a short time, and giving such directions as I deemed necessary, I took my leave, promising to call again soon.

Fortunately the illness of little Ellen was of short duration. She and her mother were removed to a better dwelling, where the means used for her recovery were fully blest; and a few Sabbaths after while visiting the Sabbath Schools on ——— St. I saw among the happiest of the happy faces there assembled that of my little patient, Ellen.—*Herald and Journal.*

"The Sabbath Breaker."

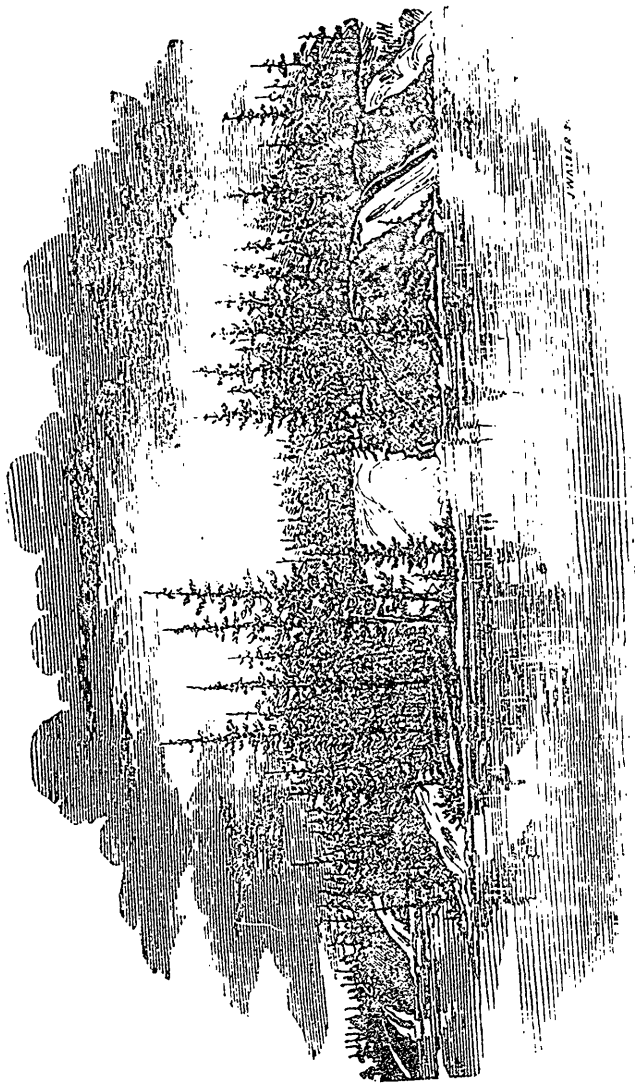
In a quiet village, on the shores of a beautiful lake, lived a man of some wealth. He disregarded the Sabbath entirely, and pursued his business or pleasure as best suited his convenience. He commenced building a boat, principally for pleasure excursions on the lake. While he was

proceeding with the enterprise, which, it was whispered abroad, would afford opportunity for Sunday sailing, he was called on by a minister, who inquired about the boat, and expostulated with him, as the enterprise would increase the wildness and immorality of their village. "I am afraid," said the minister, "your boat will prove a Sabbath-breaker." The man looked him in the face, and with much assurance said, "Yes, it will; and that's just what I'll name my boat. I've been thinking some time what to call her, and you have just hit it. I thank you for the suggestion.—The boat shall be called, '*The Sabbath Breaker.*'" As he said this, he bade the minister good-day, with a chuckle at his evident surprise and mortification.

The building went on, and especially on Sabbath. She was soon ready to be launched, and was launched on Sabbath, and named, "The Sabbath-breaker," amid the cheers of some twenty or thirty half-intoxicated men. An old sailor or two shook their heads at the way she struck the water; but the folly usual to such an owner hid his eyes to the truth. She was rigged and fitted for an excursion. She must go out on Sabbath. A general invitation was given, and numbers crowded on board. On the steamer was floating the name in large letters, "The Sabbath-breaker." She put out. Several, seized by an indefinite dread, as they read the name over them, sprang on shore: others would have done so, but she was off. She sailed well enough for a while. The timid felt reassured, and music and mirth began. But scarcely four hours had elapsed, when the boat was struck by a flaw of wind, which came very suddenly upon her. Confusion reigned on board.—Scarcely an effort was made. She keeled almost instantly over, and sank to the bottom. Now, what an outcry! But soon all was over. Forty souls, mostly youths, had found a watery grave; and just above the surface of the lake floated the flag, bearing the inscription, "The Sabbath-breaker"; proclaiming to all the passers by, that there is a God in heaven who will not be despised with impunity.—*The Appeal.*

Rapides des Chats.

The *Rapides des Chats* are situated at the Eastern extremity of a magnificent lake, of the same name, which is in fact an extension of the river Ottawa. The shores of the lake Des Chats



RAPIDES DES CHATS.

are woody and generally flat to the northward, with a pebbly or rocky beach; to the southward they are higher, sometimes attaining an elevation of 80 or 100 feet. In extreme length it is fifteen miles, and in mean breadth about one; but its northern shore is deeply indented by several sweeping bays, by which extensive points are formed, sometimes contracting the lake to a width of scarcely a mile, while in others it is three. The surface of the waters is prettily studded with occasional islands, richly wooded, and so situated as to diversify most agreeably the natural beauties of the soft, sweet scenery of the lake. The calms of the Ottawa are peculiarly glassy and beautiful, and its waters are much esteemed for their softness. Between Government Island and the north shore dash, in swift and violent eddies, the *Rapides des Chats*. These rapids are three miles long, and pass amidst a labyrinth of varied islands, until the waters are suddenly precipitated over the falls of the Chats, which are from sixteen to twenty feet in height. There are fifteen or sixteen falls on a curved line across the river, regularly divided by woody islands, over one of which is effected a portage, in passing from the top to the bottom of the falls.—*Selected.*

The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1853.

Irish Scripture Reading School Fund.

Though we are entirely ignorant of the writer of the following letter, yet we take much pleasure in giving it a place in our columns:—

RESPECTED SIR,—Enclosed I send two dollars for the Irish Fund, as you mentioned that the money collected for it would be remitted to the Parent Society in August. I hope this mite will be in time. So assured am I of the British now being engaged in the

only true mode of *conquering* Ireland, by converting its inhabitants by the Spirit, which is the Word of God, that I would willingly give thousands of pounds towards the blessed object; but in very truth I have nothing in the shape of pounds. Surely, Sir, it is a blessed thing to feed the hungry, and at the same time pour the heavenly light of the Gospel on the benighted soul. I must earnestly pray the Master, that many efficient workers be raised up for the work. O that Protestants would but see, that as God has blessed them with liberty to read the Bible, they are called upon by Him to send the Light of the World into dark places, and to study how the call can be best answered! Truly, when men live at home at ease, they know little, and care little for those abroad who are destitute of the blessings they are enjoying. The cause is, that although the Bible is free, and often read and even quoted, its *spirit* is not secured by earnest *secret prayer*. Public prayer is excellent; but the Author of our religion enjoined, both by precept and example, the greater efficacy of private prayer, and never can He depart from his own precious promise of sending the Spirit of Truth into the minds of His servants, to bring all His words to their remembrance as the occupiers requireth. When one who has enjoyed the benefit of constant public means of grace at home is deprived of them all by coming to this country, and from various causes unable to travel in search of such, then let such take the Bible, read, study, pray for light, for understanding, for a meek and patient spirit to receive instruction as a young child, and assuredly the value of the Bible will be made known, its secret meaning opened, its promises, past, present, and to come, made plain to the eye of faith, and so the *mountains of difficulties removed*. True, the future can only be seen by the eye of faith, but by it they are seen to be *true*, although the times and seasons are in God's hand alone.

Your little *Sabbath School and Missionary Record* was sent to us before we had ever heard of it, and truly it has been a blessed seed sown by the wayside. Both to old and young it has been a treasure, by furnishing many topics of conversation, suggesting new ideas, and opening up sources of information which have been pursued to the fountain-head and found true, without doubt, as my family and self have so experienced, and so have many others. May your labors be rewarded a hundred fold in this present life, and lead you to life everlasting. I do believe you have done the amount of good you have by simply relying on the unchangeableness of Faith, its majesty, its purifying tendency, and its unconquerable strength. You have avoided the common error of assigning particular punishments to particular sins,—a very dangerous and unworthy mode of explaining what God does. He whose ways are not as men's ways, nor his thoughts as men's thoughts, sends not his thunderbolt as man's weak hand would direct it. Behold the good men perishing for lack of food on a hashle shore, where they had gone to preach Christ crucified, was God angry with them because he sent not the birds to feed them? Ah, no; their journal continued till death bears record of the truth of Christ's promised gift to those who, loving him, do his commands. Heavenly peace was theirs, and from their dead bodies shall living waters flow to refresh thirsty souls who are longing for righteousness.

God bless you, Sir. The writer's hand is aching with a rheumatic affection of old date. May yours be spared for good.

A MEMBER OF THE
E. C. OF SCOTLAND.

Presbyterian Domestic Missions.

The General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church met in Philadelphia in May last. The Report of the Board of Missions, on

their Domestic Missions, is a very interesting document. We allude to it for the purpose of general information respecting the Church of God, and to provoke our own branch of the Church to love and good works. The following passage will indicate the extent of their Domestic Missions:—

"There were 515 missionaries in commission, 23 less than the year previous; 838 churches and missionary stations supplied; 32 newly-organized Churches; 1,843 persons admitted on examination, and 1,287 on certificate: making a total of 2,930. The number of members in connexion with missionary Churches, 19,966; Sabbath-schools, 432; Sabbath-school scholars, 19,123, and teachers, 3,121; baptisms, 1,876; houses of worship erected and finished, 45. These returns are more than *one-third short* of the real returns, as of our 515 missionaries, 180 have failed to send in their special reports for the Assembly."

PROPER MISSION FIELDS.—The Presbyteries of the Presbyterian Church answer to our Annual Conferences, as they administer the missions within their bounds as our Annual Conferences administer the domestic missions within their bounds respectively. This leads us to say, our brethren of the Presbyterian Church are careful to apply their money and men where there is a strong probability that a *self-sustaining* Church will be the fruits of the mission in a reasonable time. We have long thought that in our domestic missionary work we should pay more respect to this than we have been accustomed to do. We should not weaken ourselves by too great diffusion: we should occupy those places only which we can hold to advantage, with promise that they will shortly become *self-sustaining* Churches. In this way our domestic missionary work will be continually passing into *self-sustaining* Churches. Hear the Presbyterian Board:—

"The progress of *self-sustentation* has been most gratifying. Seventy

four Churches and missionary fields, served by fifty-six ministers, have gone off the Board, *by their own reports, self-sustaining*: a saving for general missionary purposes of some six thousand dollars or more. Our Presbyteries have come up to the work of self-sustentation, and are carrying out the views and principles of the Assembly. The Board has done its work during the year promptly and happily, and with a very few exceptions, every application for aid has been met to the full amount asked for."

RELATION TO THE CHURCH.—The following paragraphs set forth truly the relation of the Domestic Missions to the body of the mature and established Church:—

"Our Church is found in more or less strength in every State and Territory, with a very few exceptions; and the labours of our missionaries have been faithful and arduous. They are a noble band of ministers, and are accomplishing a great work, both for our Church and our country. Our missionaries literally have been the fathers and founders of our Church in all our past history. What would we have been without our missions?

"While we have had some pleasing revivals, it has been a year of general spiritual dearth: a fact calling for humiliation and earnest return to God on the part of ministers and people.

"Two new Synods have been organized by order of the Assembly, chiefly the fruit of domestic missions—the Synods of Iowa and Arkansas; and we have on the floor of the Assembly this year our first Commissioner from the Synod of the Pacific. Welcome the Pacific! We shake hands across the continent! Texas has been receiving accessions of missionaries and ministers, needed greatly in view of her own destitutions, and in view of future operations in Mexico, whenever that country shall be thrown open to our missionaries."

China.

A letter from the Rev. Dr. Wiley, one of the Methodist missionaries, dated Fuh-Chau, May 27th, gives the following intelligence:—

"You will have heard, through our brethren at Hong-Kong, an account of the difficulties which have unexpectedly arisen at Amoy, and which threw us in immediate danger here. This movement has come upon us all very suddenly, and without any previous indications. As yet the insurgents have no connection with the Northern revolutionary army; but doubtless the insurrection is only another expression of the rebellious feeling arising throughout the country. Brother Doty, of Amoy, informs us that the rebels have addressed a communication to the army in the North, proposing to join it, and that the immediate object of the movement is the capture of this province, which they design to present to the new emperor.

"On the 20th instant a large part of their force left Amoy *en route* for Fuh-Chau, which, they say, they will attack by sea and by land. We are now in daily expectation of their arrival here. The people are considerably excited, but the authorities have succeeded in persuading them that there is no danger of an attack on this city, which does much to calm them, and which will probably have the good effect of keeping things quiet until the rebel forces are upon us, when we think we will be in safety. It is scarcely to be expected that all things will pass off so smoothly at Fuh-Chau as they did at Amoy. This is the provincial city, and is defended by a Tartar garrison, which will, of course, present some resistance to the rebel troops. The people will offer no resistance. As far as we can learn, they are in favor of the insurrectionary movement, and will be glad when they are placed under new masters, though they would like the transition to be made without a contest. We must have a battle at Fuh-Chau. The contest will probably be short and principally confined

to the city. All the missionary families have concentrated themselves on the island, and together we will await the attack.

"We have no indication that either party has any wish to interfere with us. On the contrary, from the rebels we have positive assurances of their protection after they have reached the city; and our hope is that the present authorities will be able to keep down all riotous excitement until the forces of the rebels come upon the city. Yet we know not what awaits us. A severe trial lies before us, and we must meet it. May God give us grace to meet it with Christian fortitude and resignation, and enable us to glorify him in the midst of these trying times! We do not yet know to what additional means of safety we shall be obliged to resort. Perhaps we shall be compelled to resort to the river and leave our houses for a few days. God is with us and gives us his grace, and enables us with confidence to rest all the consequences with him.

The Waldenses.

Rev. Jeane Pierre Revel, D. D., Moderator of the Waldensian Synod, having recently made a brief visit to the Churches of this country, we take occasion to put before our readers some items in relation to that people, which we trust will prove interesting.

The doctor came hither on a mission to the American Churches, from the TABLE OF COMMISSION of the Synod of which he is Moderator, for the purpose of making known the position of that ancient Church in the valleys of Piedmont, which was, for long ages of darkness, at once a suffering Church, a testifying Church, and a missionary Church. They maintained the truth, when all the rest of Christendom was buried in worse than Egyptian darkness. They were the *impersonation* of their admirable motto and device, — a lamp surrounded by seven stars, the whole encircled by the words: LUX LUCET IN TENEBRIS, — "The light shineth in darkness." They suf-

fered for the maintenance of the truth, and they endeavored, by their wonderful missionary efforts, to keep alive the truth and diffuse it through all the southern and middle parts of Europe, penetrating even into Asia Minor, during centuries before the days of Huss or Luther. For this purpose they had a theological school at *Pra del Tor*, in the valley of the Angrogna, and nearly in the centre of their country, where they educated their young ministers, where their synod often met, and whence their missionaries set out, two by two, on foot, on their long tours, and where they "rehearsed upon their returns to the brethren" the history of their labors, their trials, and their joys.

A long night of affliction hath been the lot of these children of the light. They have, however, for the last one hundred and sixty years been exempt from persecutions, but not (till 1848) from *oppression*, in many forms. For the last twenty-five years a great work of preparation has been going on among them, chiefly by the help of friends in England and Holland, in the establishment of primary schools, female schools, grammar schools, a normal school, and a college, which has now about eighty-five students and eight professors. It is a handsome and convenient edifice, has a library of several thousand volumes, and a good chemical and philosophical apparatus. More than four thousand youth are in these, 156 schools of various grades, and among them are many promising young men.

John Knox—His Character & Origin.

Of all great men in history there is not one whose character is more simple and intelligible than that of John Knox. A plain but massive understanding, a courage which nothing could shake, a warm, honest heart, and an intense hatred and scorn of sin; these are the qualities which appear in him; these, and only these. There may have been others, but the occasion did

not require them, they were not called into play. The evil which was to be overcome had no strong intellectual defences; it was a tyrannical falsehood, upheld by force; and force of character, rather than breadth or subtlety of thought, was needed to cope with it.

He was born at Haddington, in the year 1505. His family, though not noble, were solid, substantial landowners, who for several generations, had held estates in Renfrewshire, perhaps under the Earls of Bothwell, whose banner they followed in the field. Their history, like that of other families of the time, is obscure and not important; and of the father of John, nothing is known, except that he fought under the predecessor of the famous Lord Bothwell, probably of Flodden, and other of those confused battles, which answered one high purpose in hardening and steeling the Scotch character, but in all other senses were useless indeed. But it is only by accident that we know so much as this; and even the first eight and thirty years of the life of his son, which he spent as a quiet, peaceable private person, we are left to gather up what stray hints the after recollections of his friends could supply, and which, indeed, amount to almost nothing. We find that he was at school at Haddington; that he afterwards went to the University of Glasgow, where, being a boy of weak constitution, and probably his own wishes inclining in the same direction, it was determined to bring him up to be a priest. He distinguished himself in the ordinary way; becoming, among other things, an accomplished logic lecturer; and, at the right age, like most of the other Reformers, he was duly ordained. But what further befell him in this capacity is altogether unknown, and his inward history must be conjectured from what he was when at last he was called out into the world. He must have spent many years in study; for, besides his remarkable knowledge of the Bible, he knew Greek, Latin, and French well; we find in his writ-

ings a very sufficient acquaintance with history, Pagan and Christian: he had read Aristotle and Plato, as well as many of the Fathers; in fact, whatever knowledge was to be obtained out of books, concerning men and human things, he had not failed to gather together. But his chief knowledge, and that which made him what he was, was the knowledge, not of books, but of the world in which he lived, and the condition of which must have gradually unfolded itself to him as he grew to manhood. — *Westminster Review*.

The Little Chamber on the Wall.*

BY F. A. CRAFTS.

The gay, with mirthful songs and dance,
Will cheer a noble guest;
But undisturbed with empty forms,
Elisha here had rest.
The king rides by in royal state,
As thousands prostrate fall;
The din of fame invadeth not
The chamber on the wall.

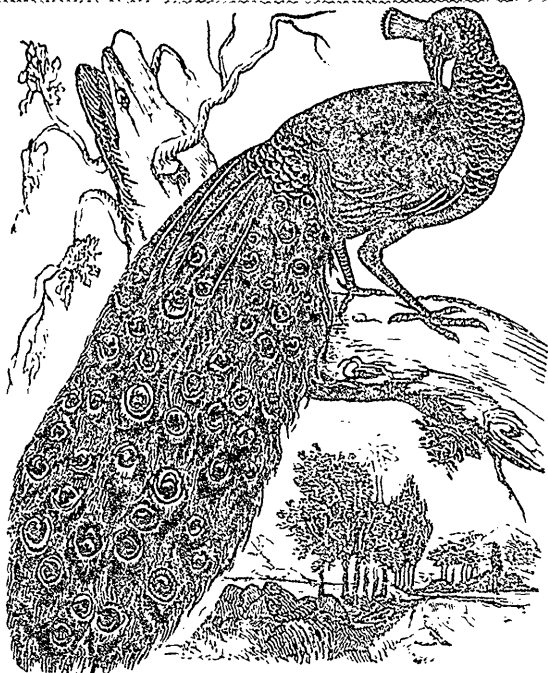
No useless furniture adorned
The prophet's hallowed room,
But still beneath this humble roof
The heart reposed at home;
The table for the frugal meal,
A chair and bed were all,
Yet calm contentment dwelt within
The chamber on the wall.

Upon that bed a mother laid
The body of her son,
And raised her tearful eyes to heaven,
With "Lord, thy will be done!"
Then love restored the spotless soul,
And rent death's sombre pall,
And joy unutterable illum'd
The chamber on the wall!

Within the rock-built citadel,
Men hide from danger near;
While sleep forsakes a downy bed,
And gives her place to fear;
But what, for harm, by day or night,
Can o'er the good man fall?
The holy cherubim o'er spread
The chamber on the wall!

Westport, Conn., Aug. 3.

*2 Kings iv. : 8-27.



The Peacock.

Peacocks, in a wild state, though now rarely found, are sometimes seen, in large flocks, on the islands of Java and Ceylon. When this bird was first brought into Greece, many centuries ago, the people prized it so highly, that a sum equal to fifty dollars of our money was paid for one peacock. When Alexander was in India, he saw these birds flying wild, in vast numbers, and was so struck with their beauty, that he ordered those who killed or disturbed one of the birds to be severely punished; and in Greece, for some time after the introduction of the bird into that country, a large price was paid for the privilege of seeing it.

The peacock is among the most beautifully dressed birds in the world, and I am sorry to say that he seems to be too well aware of his beauty himself. He struts among his companions—I beg pardon of all military men in general, and sundry pompous ones in particular—like a general at the head of his brigade. But his voice! The ravings of a screech owl are more tolerable than this music. I doubt if there is a bird on the face of the globe that could scream a more frightful solo. And yet he seems to consider himself a most excellent singer. Doubtless he supposes that nearly all are charmed with his soft,

melodious notes, and that, if any of them are not so charmed, it is owing, unfortunately for them, to their education having been neglected, so that they have no musical taste. That is the way with pride, all the world over. It is not confined to any country, or to any race of the animal creation, or to either sex. The peacock is not the only creature that is vain of his beauty and accomplishments. You can find this same vanity, if you search for it with sufficient care, in men and women, and boys and girls. But it is a foolish thing, wherever you meet with it. True merit is not often found in company with pride and vanity. I have generally found, in my acquaintance with mankind, that those people were proudest who had the least to be proud of. It is among the ranks of the poorest singers that one meets with the most self-conceit. Do you think that Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale," as she is called—the sweetest singer, probably, on the face of the globe—do you think she is puffed up with pride on account of her talent? Not she. She is one of the most humble and modest of women. She has too much merit to be conceited.

But I must stop talking in this strain, or you will say I am preaching, instead of telling stories about birds.—*Woodworth's Stories about Birds.*

Horace Walpole.

Horace Walpole was in his day "the glass of fashion, and the mold of form," valuable for little besides his epistolary style, in the material in which his own nothingness is inclosed, as in amber, till it has acquired a certain conventional value. Rank, fortune, humor, were all his own; yet he lived for few things which were not frivolous, and maintained the contemptible character of a male gossip. What his thoughts of death were, the following passage from his letters will demonstrate:

"I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever submit to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I do not wish to see, and tendered and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! Let the god do its worst as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs."

His letters, written at the end of life, some of which were to Miss Hannah More, show that, though occasionally much disgusted at life, religion exerted no influence whatever. Indeed, even in writing to that lady, he omitted no opportunity of satirizing both piety and its followers. Yet he confessed himself a disappointed man, though he could not forbear to jest at his own approaching desolation. Living and dying, he was the same heartless and selfish voluptuary. "I she be quite content," he writes, "with a sprig of rosemary [the symbolical language of the rosemary is remembrance: 'I'll remember thee.' Sprigs of it were often thrown upon the coffin when it had been lowered into the grave] thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust."

Mouths.

From the Child's Paper.)

It is curious to see how many different kinds of mouths there are, each adapted to a different kind of food, the different ways of taking the food, and the different places where the food is found.

The human mouth has a good set of tools for biting and chewing, with the hands to wait upon it, to prepare and bring it food. The rough tongue, the broad cutting teeth of the horse, with his long neck, fit him for browsing in the pastures, and gathering up his food from the earth. The mouth of a chicken is a pair of nippers, long, sharp and bony, to pick up the corn and little seeds.

The woodpecker's mouth has not only to find the food, but it has to work pretty hard for it. It feeds upon the worms and insects which live in the hollows of old trees, and they have to be taken out some way or other. For this purpose it has a long, sharp, hard bill like a mallet, and with this it chisels and taps and taps, and was probably very busy getting its dinner, when the poet went out in the woods and heard him, and wrote the song,

"The woodpecker taps the hollow beech-tree," which has made the woodpecker a famous little bird ever since. He keeps on working until a hole is deep enough to reach the poor worm, when he darts out his tongue and seizes it. This tongue is made on purpose, for it is long, sometimes darted out two or three inches beyond the bill, and at the end it is sharp and long, and set with little teeth like a saw, only running backwards like the barb of a fish-hook. There is now no escape for the worm; it is hooked and drawn into the woodpecker's mouth, and made a meal of.

All this is very curious; yet very different is the butterfly's mouth, for the butterfly eats honey, and the flowers sometimes stow their honey down in little cells, quite out of the way. But the butterflies have an instrument to work with; their tongue is hollow inside like a tube, made of a great many little rings, moved by little muscles. When it is not in use, it is coiled up, so as not to be in the way; but when it is wanted, it is unrolled and darted down into the bottom of a flower, and the honey is sucked up through it,

very much as boys sometimes suck cider through a straw.

As you study the mouths of other insects and other birds and other animals, and the finny tribes, you will find this wonderful adaptation of the mouth to obtaining the proper food. These different mouths could not have "happened so;" they could not have *made themselves*; could they? Does any body seriously suppose they could have come by chance? The study of mouths brings out a degree of skill and contrivance which could belong only to a great, intelligent, contriving mind, and it forms a deeply interesting chapter in the great book of God.

Endurance of Pain.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

A very remarkable difference exists between persons as to their capability of bearing pain; generally those of high sensitiveness and intellectuality, whose nerves, in common parlance, are finely strung, evince the greatest susceptibility. To them a scratch or trifling wound, which others would scarcely feel, is really a cause of acute pain. The late Sir Robert Peel presented this condition in a marked degree; a slight bite from a monkey at the Zoological Gardens, sometime before his death, caused him to faint; and, after the sad accident which took him from among us, it was found impossible to make a full and satisfactory examination of the seat of injury, from the exquisite torment which the slightest movement or handling of the parts occasioned. Some serious injury had been inflicted near the collar-bone; and a forcible contrast to the illustrious statesman is presented by General Sir John Moore, who, on the field of Corunna, received his mortal wound in the same situation. The following is the account given by Sir William Napier:—

"Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence, but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed on the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen

the dreadful nature of the hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, (the present Lord Hardinge,) a staff officer, who happened to be near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me;' and in that manner, so becoming a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight."

From the spot where he fell the general was carried to the town by a party of soldiers; his blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great, yet such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those around him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery; hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "No, I feel that to be impossible."

Several times he caused his attendants to stoop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope; the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. . . . His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends, and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength failed fast, and life was extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice!" And so he died.

Important Change—Good News.

We have great pleasure in communicating to the subscribers and friends of the *Record*, that we have effected arrangements by which, hereafter, they will receive their papers from this office FREE OF POSTAGE.