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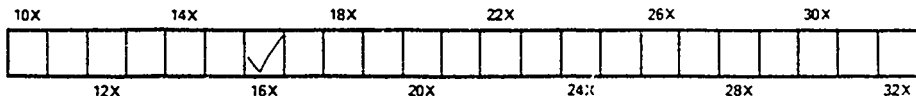
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Rev. J. A. Brock.

Vol. II.]

[No. 10.

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

OCTOBER 1, 1845.

Terms: 1c per Annum, in Advance, exclusive of Postage.



Come over and Help us!

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

MONTREAL:
PRINTED BY J. C. BECKET, SAINT PAUL STREET.

1845.

TO OUR READERS.

The *Record* appears this month, for the first time, in a new Dress. It wants its usual Coloured Cover, and our readers thereby gain four pages additional reading matter. The present is a "Specimen" number, and as the size of paper is not altered, it will be a matter of indifference to those who bind their numbers at the end of the year, whether we henceforth publish our little magazine in this present form, or revert to its former one. In either case, the numbers will equally well admit of being bound up at the close of the volume. We are aware that some may not consider the change any improvement, and we think it but right to state the reasons which have induced us to propose it. They are these:—

1st. Although the circulation of the *Record* has by no means decreased, we find that the receipts are not sufficient to pay the expenses of its publication, more especially this year, since each number has been illustrated by a woodcut. We mention this, to stir up our friends generally to increase our circulation. In these circumstances, finding that dispensing with a coloured cover materially diminishes the expense, we have thought it right to endeavour to do so.

2d. By this method, printing on one entire sheet, we shall be able in all cases to despatch the *Record* by post, at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ d per copy.

3rd. By this arrangement, whilst the outside pages will be occupied with interesting advertisements, these will, in binding up the Numbers, be cut away, and still the reader will have the advantage of four pages more letter press than at present.

We shall be glad to have the ideas of our correspondents as to the propriety of the change.

Since the above was in type, we have been compelled, in addition to the changes then contemplated, to dispense with the usual Wood-cut—from the difficulty we experience in obtaining them. Our last number was sent out without a new cut—and the present number has been delayed beyond its time, and even after waiting thus long, we are now obliged to issue it without one. For these reasons we have resolved to discontinue our woodcuts until we can effect the importation of a few from the London Religious Tract Society in the spring, when we will be able not only to give more of them, but also, we trust, of a superior class,

THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. II.]

OCTOBER 1, 1845.

[No. 10.

THE JEWS.--No. II.

(Continued from page 116.)

DEAR CHILDREN,—We told you, in our August number, something of the history of the Jews—God's ancient people—who were scattered when the city of Jerusalem was destroyed, and who have now for eighteen hundred years been wanderers over the earth. We told you that from the year (A. D.) 800 to (A. D.) 1200, the Jews had some rest from persecution, but after that time their trials began again to be very sore. We have not room in this little monthly magazine of yours to tell you very much; but we will give a few examples of their sufferings. Perhaps you know that about that time, when the Popish church was very powerful, thousands of soldiers and others who called themselves Christians, went from England, France, Spain, and many other countries, to the Holy Land, to fight against the Saracens—a wild people who were followers of Mahomet the false prophet, and who were then masters of Jerusalem and all the country around.—These expeditions from Europe were called “the crusades,” and the people who went thus to fight against the fierce Saracens were called

“crusaders.” Although these crusaders said that they fought for the sake of the true God, they were mostly fierce and cruel men. How unlike Christ they were! When the meek and holy Jesus breathed out his spotless soul on the cross—put to death by the wicked Jews—his prayer for them was, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” The crusaders, unlike Jesus, when they fell in with Jews, put them to a cruel death. So dreadful were the cruelties inflicted on them, that in Germany and the north of France, many Jews slew their wives and children, and afterwards themselves, rather than fall into the hands of their cruel enemies.

About the beginning of the 15th century, a great many Jews left the faith of their fathers, and were called Christians. The most of these, however, were suspected of being insincere; and a great many stories were told of them; that, for instance, “they dressed their stews and other dishes with oil instead of lard—abstained from pork—kept the Passover—ate meat in Lent—sent oil to replenish the lamps in the Jewish Synagogues,” &c. The “Inquisition,” which perhaps you know was a secret and dreadfully cruel tribunal of the Popish church, was very active in finding out all these things about those miserable men, and in the first year of its establishment, (A. D. 1481) two thousand persons were actually burnt alive by these blood-thirsty priests. This happened in Spain. Eleven years after this, the Jews, to the number of eight hundred thousand, were driven out of Spain, and suffered dreadful hardships. In Portugal too they were persecuted.

In the north of Europe, the persecutions of the Jews were equally severe. One or two examples we must give. In the year 1348 a dreadful disease, something like the cholera, which killed so many people in Canada and other parts of America a few years ago, visited Europe. It was called the *Black Death*. It carried off immense numbers; and

the ignorant people not knowing how to cure it, declared that the Jews were the cause of it—that they had poisoned the waters and polluted the air with magical arts. The Jews of course declared that they were not the cause, and showed that many Jews as well as others, died of the disease; but the people would listen to no reason. In a town called Strasburg, the ignorant people, led on by the priests, laid hold of the Jews, tortured them, until some, maddened with pain, said they were guilty. The infuriated mob then laid hold of all the Jews in the city—old and young—men, women and children—plundered their houses, and made a large heap of their furniture and goods. On this pile they placed all these wretched Jews, to the number of *two thousand*, and, horrible to relate, set it on fire, and *burnt them all alive*. The place where this took place can be seen in that town to this day, and is called *Brand Strasse*, or Fire Street.

In England the Jews were as ill treated as in other countries. Wicked, avaricious Kings coveted their wealth and took it from them by force: and the Israelites were despised and hated by the whole people. Perhaps many of you remember one remarkable instance of persecution during the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, when the Jews living in the town of York seized the castle in that town and shut themselves up in it; and when they were besieged, buried their gold and silver, slew their wives and children, and then having set fire to the castle, put themselves to death also, rather than fall into the hands of their enemies. In the year 1290, the Jews were exiled from Britain, and for four hundred years afterwards, no Jew could go there except secretly, and at the risk of his life.

The Jews, you know, always look for a Messiah to come—some one who is to gather them together to Jerusalem, and make of them a great nation. About two hundred years ago a Jew, by the name of Sabbathai Sevi, gave him-

self out as the promised Messiah. He applied to himself the words of Isaiah, xiv. 14:—"I will ascend above the height of the clouds,"—and asked his disciples one day whether they had not seen him carried up into the air. The Jewish Rabbies excommunicated him, and he fled to Gaza, in Palestine. From Gaza, he went to Jerusalem along with a Jew, by name Nathan Benjamin, who declared that he had learned in a vision that Sevi was the true Messiah, and that he himself was Elias the forerunner. Sevi left Jerusalem and went to Smyrna, there, although all the Rabbies were against him, the people favoured him, and he presumptuously took the name of "King of the kings of the earth." Many of his followers, men and women, pretended to have got the gift of prophecy, and this movement caused a great excitement among the Jews in Europe and Asia. His friends wished the imposter to go to the Sultan of Constantinople, take from him his crown, and proclaim himself a sovereign. He at last agreed to do so, and sailed for Constantinople in a small vessel. When he arrived at that city, instead of dethroning the Sultan, he delivered himself up to him. The Sultan treated him kindly, and sent him to the castle of Sostos, where his friends were allowed to see him and have intercourse with him. At length one day the Sultan sent for Sevi, but they could not speak together except through an interpreter, for the Sultan could not speak Hebrew, and Sevi could not speak the Turkish language. When the Sultan asked whether Sevi said that he was the true Messiah, he was so frightened on account of the Sultan's presence that he could not answer one word. The Sultan said that if he was this great "deliverer," he would test his pretensions by aiming three poisoned arrows at him, and if they left him unharmed, he himself would believe on him. If he did not allow this experiment to be tried, he must either abjure his religion and turn a Mussulman, or be put to death. The imposter, terrified by this

threat, did not hesitate long, but declared, "I am a Mussulman." His followers, when they heard this, were struck with consternation, but he very coolly declared, that it was the will of God he should turn a Mohammedan for a time, and quoted in his defence the tradition "That the Messiah must remain some time with unbelievers." Many of his ignorant disciples believed him, and also became Mohammedans. Sevi shortly after died in prison.

In our next, we will try to tell you something of what has been done by Christians to send the Gospel to the Jews.

A DIALOGUE ABOUT JESUS.

FOR INFANT SCHOLARS.

[From the Teacher's Visitor.]

The children to be divided into two sections; those in one class to ask the questions, and those in the other to repeat the answers.

QUESTION.. Who came from heaven to bleed and die?

ANSWER ... Jesus, the Son of God, Most High.

Q..... But why did Jesus suffer thus?

A..... He suffered, bled, and died for us.

Q..... Were our sins then on Jesus laid?

A..... They were; he bore them in our stead.

Q..... Will God forgive what we have done?

A..... Yes, if we ask through Christ, his Son.

Q..... But will he hear what children say?

A..... He will, if with our hearts we pray.

Q..... Will Jesus help us if we try?

A..... He'll send the Spirit from on high.

Q..... What will the Holy Spirit do?

A..... Teach us to pray—our hearts renew.

Q..... Is Jesus still the children's friend?

A..... His love to children knows no end.

Q..... Does Jesus still the children bless?

A..... He does, with truest happiness.

- Q..... And may we all to Jesus come ?
 A..... Yes, in his heart there yet is room.
 Q..... O should we not this Saviour love ?
 A..... All other friends far, far above.
 Q..... And surely we should praise him too ?
 A..... Yes, and we'll gladly join with you.
- ALL SINGING. { Jesus, the Lord, let us adore,
 And love and praise him evermore.
 Glory to Jesus Christ be given,
 By all on earth, by all in heaven.

Sketches of Missions.

MISSIONS OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

(Continued from page 123.)

You have now, dear children, heard something of the commencement of the India Mission under Dr. Duff. To tell you even a small part of the wonders God hath wrought among the poor Hindoos, would fill a great many little tracts, and take more room than can be spared. These sketches are meant not to satisfy your curiosity, but to excite it, and lead you to inquire and search for more information. The present state of this Mission can be merely noticed, as the Foreign Mission in South Africa also claims your attention. You remember the difficulties and discouragement amidst which Dr. Duff opened his school in 1830. At the last examination in January, 1845, the school numbered between twelve and thirteen hundred boys, and many of the elder pupils having come to see the God of the Bible to be the God of truth, are now amidst the greatest persecution even to cruel bonds and imprisonment saying to their teachers, "we will go with thee, and thy God shall be our God."

In India, as in every heathen land, there is a great prejudice against the women being taught anything. They are considered of no value, and not worth the trouble of being taught. Dear girls, you especially ought to have a missionary spirit, because it

is the Gospel that has given you all you enjoy. When the Missionaries and their wives first went to India, they found no way of getting at the poor little girls, even when the boys were allowed to come to school, the girls were shut up at home. But now there is a change, a discovery has been made that girls have minds to understand, and souls to be saved. It is now found possible to gather these neglected ones into small schools, and to impart to them the knowledge of a Saviour,—even that Jesus who was ostentunes while on earth cheered by the sympathies, and aided by the ministrations of the devoted women who, with Mary, sat at Jesus' feet.

And now let us explain a little more fully the state of the mission at present in India. There are Missionaries in Calcutta, Madras, Puna and Nagpur. The Institution in Calcutta, just mentioned, is said to contain more pupils than any Missionary establishment of the kind in all India—and at Bombay and Madras the Missions are flourishing. The last two years have been years of much trial and suffering to the Missionaries connected with this Society, but the word of God has increased mightily, and the glory of God has shone forth from behind the thick cloud, and shed a great light. The letters in January, 1844, say "The late accounts from India are full of glad tidings." The little churches in Calcutta and Bombay have each received a new member, while at Madras the Missionaries have been called to witness the hopeful departure of one of their pupils to the church above. The two youths admitted to the church were Sal Behari Dé, and Narayan. Of the first, Dr. Duff says, "He is the cleverest young man in the institution, and has studied under me for four years without any apparent impression being made; one evening he came to me to express his deep concern for the salvation of his soul, his convictions were strong, and through grace he declared himself resolved to separate from idolatry, friends, and all, and embrace Christianity. A few pupils have been removed in consequence of his baptism, but their places have been

already more than supplied, as the number of new applicants, last admission day, was even greater than usual." This Convert is now supported by the children attending a Sabbath School in the city of Glasgow, in Scotland. Of Narayan, at Bombay, we need only say that he is the elder brother of the little boy Shreeput, or Dada, whom his heathen friends carried away from the Mission House, when he had fled there, in order to be brought up a Christian.

In September of the same year, Dr. Duff again writes, "We are fairly fixed down in our new location, and everything is proceeding with its usual quietness and uniformity. The actual number of scholars this month is one thousand and fifty-four, being, I believe, the largest number in any single institution in India, still our arrangements are not completed. What we pray for is the Spirit, the outpouring of divine grace. We feel we can do everything but convert; we can come up very close to the edge of conversion, but there we stand still, gazing on, helpless, seeing that God alone can save a soul." For some time this much desired blessing seemed to be denied, and instead thereof came a severe and trying bereavement. Two youthful converts of the highest promise were suddenly snatched away by the hand of death, but as it has been often found by God's people, the darkest hour is that which immediately precedes the dawn, so the Lord visited his servants and turned their mourning into joy. The most recent accounts contain a narrative of the conversion of a man and his wife, the circumstances of which possess a more than common interest; this occurred in the latter end of April, 1845.

Umesh was a student in one of the higher classes of the institution. For two years his mind had been under deep religious impressions, and his father, fearing an inclination to embrace Christianity, took him from the institution and placed him under great restraint. Although only sixteen he was already married, his wife being about ten years of

age, and her he had instructed in the doctrines of the Gospel. She soon saw the worthlessness of idolatry, but could not make up her mind to leave all and follow Christ. One day as they were reading together the "Pilgrim's Progress," they came to that part where at last Christian resolves to forsake all, and flee from the city of destruction. The young wife paused here and said to her husband, "Is not this exactly our position? Are we not now lingering in the city of destruction? Is it not our duty to act like Christian—to arise, forsake all, and flee for our lives." To this her husband joyfully agreed, and together, after many difficulties, they made their escape, and took refuge at Dr. Duff's. Their parents used every effort to draw them back to idolatry, but without success. In the May following, a young Hindoo, who had been eight years in the institution, came to Dr. Duff for baptism, and very soon after, another Hindoo came forward for the same purpose. The immediate effect of all the excitement caused by these conversions, has been, meantime, to decrease the attendance, but the wonder is, that the storm of opposition has not shaken it to its foundation. It is still the most numerously attended in Calcutta. "It is the doing of the Lord, and wondrous in our eyes."

The Mission in South Africa, Cafferland, has had its own difficulties to struggle with, though of a different nature from those that had to be met in India. The natives of this country are generally very heavy and stupid, for a long time they did not seem to have any minds at all, and lived and died just as their cattle did. But the Gospel has burst their bands, and delivered them to life and energy. There are among those who have been brought to Christ in that distant land instances of noble and self-denying endurance for the sake of Christ, no where surpassed. Hena was the daughter of a great chief, after her father's death her brother wished to give her in marriage to a heathen, who was to give him a great many cattle in exchange. Hena would not consent, and made her escape to the Mission house, where she acted as a servant, some time after her friends again got her into

their power, but no art or persuasion could prevail, and she at last was allowed to follow what she felt to be the right path. After many years sowing, with little fruit, the beginning of the harvest is now appearing. The last letters state the baptism of several, who gave good reason to believe they are new creatures in Jesus, and also, several who are desirous of admission to the church, and are at present under instruction.

We will next take up the Jewish Mission.

ONE OF THE HIDDEN ONES.

You will all remember reading about Elijah, the prophet, flying from Jezebel, and hiding in a cave in the mountains. He thought he was the only man in all the country that served God and thought upon his name, and that had not bowed his knee to Baal; but God came to him there, and told him he had still five hundred people who had not bowed the knee, about whom he knew nothing. God has still many such, and I shall call them "the Lord's hidden ones," because they are hidden from our sight. Sometimes we meet with some of them, and are surprised to find them knowing God, when we thought they must be still in the greatest ignorance about Him. I am going to tell you about a good man that was unknown as a man of God till a Christian friend was permitted to find him out.

He was an old negro, and lived in a remote plantation on the island of Jamaica. No mission station was established near the place; no church was built, no school conducted, and no means employed to lead the people to know the Lord. They lived in heathen darkness, and grew up, and went down to death, none caring for their souls. Amongst these people, the negro I am speaking of grew up. He was a slave, and worked like other slaves from month to month in the broiling sun as long as his strength would allow; and when he grew too old to labour, and his limbs became quite

feeble, and sickness seized him, then his master, having no further use for him, sent him away to an hospital in the town of Kingston, many miles from where he had been brought up. Some kind Christian friends heard of his arrival, and went to see him in the hope of being able to save his soul. They found, however, that they could not understand his language, as he only spoke a mixture of broken English and his native tongue. With some difficulty they got a Christian friend who could understand him, and asked him to visit him. The good man expected to find the negro in quite a heathen state, and began to talk to him as such: but what was his surprise when he found him to be a converted man, believing in Jesus as his Saviour, and rejoicing in the thoughts of going to live with him for ever. He was asked how it was, if he had ever heard a missionary preach, or seen a Bible, or had a tract? But no! he had never heard a sermon, he could not read, and he had never seen a Bible. How then had he come to believe in Christ! for, as you know, the apostle says, "Faith cometh by hearing," and unless we hear and understand the Gospel, we cannot possibly believe it. His story was very simple, and it was this. He said that long ago, when he was young, a missionary used to come and preach the Gospel, and expound the Scriptures in a plantation about eighteen miles from where he lived. Amongst those that used to go and hear him was a negro from a neighbouring estate, who became deeply interested in all he heard, and was at last brought to believe in Christ himself. This man used to repeat to those around him what he heard the Missionary say, and amongst his most attentive listeners was this aged negro. His mind was deeply impressed with the truths his companion told him; he began to inquire seriously about his soul, and was at last brought to Christ. Years rolled away, but the work of grace once begun went on, and now that the old man was lying on his death-bed, he reaped the happy fruit of his

being thus taught the truth. His Christian friend was delighted to hear his story, the tears rolled down his cheeks with joy, and he could not but bless his God who had so wondrously saved a soul from death. He knelt down by the old man's side, and there these two disciples poured out their united prayers to him they loved in heaven. His friend often called to see him after this, and one morning, finding he had spent a sleepless night, he asked him if he did not find it long and dreary? "Oh, no!" he said, "me quite happy, me lie on my bed and tink about Jesus my Saviour!" He soon after this died in great peace and joy.

Does not this story give us,

1. An encouraging instance of good being done where least expected;

2. A delightful illustration of what the Spirit of God can do even by the humblest means; and,

3. A useful lesson to us all to tell, however simply, to those around us what we know of Christ.—*Children's Missionary Newspaper.*

THE SILENT PREACHING OF THE BIBLE.

A COLPORTEUR'S STORY.

(Altered from the *Bible Society Reporter*, for February, 1845.)

France is professedly a Roman Catholic country, but vast numbers of the people are infidels. There are few Bibles to be found in that country; and what are there are chiefly circulated by colporteurs—good men who carry packs of Bibles on their backs, and go from place to place disposing of and selling them to all who will receive them.

One day, as the mayor of a Commune in France was talking to his little girl and to his brother, there came by a colporteur, and asked him to buy a Bible. He spoke also of the good things which were to be found in the book. The mayor made light of it all, and pretended that what he said might do well enough for a set of children

or old women, but that it was too ridiculous to be believed by any man of sound sense and judgment.

The mayor's little daughter, who was about eight years old, listened very attentively to this conversation; and as her father said the things in the book were fit for children, she wished very much to see it, and she earnestly begged her father to buy one for her. He bought one directly in a joke, and gave it to her. Her uncle was a more determined infidel than her father; and he was very angry with his brother for giving the Bible to the little girl. He would have laid violent hands on the colporteur, if the mayor had not interfered and sent the good man away.

After the colporteur was gone, the mayor and his brother had a sad quarrel about the Bible. The brother insisted that the little girl should give it up, and that it should be destroyed; and her father declared that he would keep it in spite of him, and let his daughter read it. After a long and angry dispute, the brothers parted, swearing that they would never see one another again.

The mayor's brother had a little son, and he and the mayor's daughter were great friends. Though the fathers had quarrelled, the cousins visited one another just as much as before. When the little girl began to read her Bible, she was greatly delighted with it; and she talked about it so much to her cousin, that he begged she would lend it to him. He was soon just as much interested in it as she, and his father at length became curious to know what was in the book that his son was so fond of reading. When he thought no one saw him, he opened the Bible and read, and soon he was even more deeply interested than the children had been.

The little girl wanted her Bible back again, and begged her cousin to return it, but the father kept making excuses for not returning it. At last the little girl was so tired of the excuses her cousin brought her that she complained to her father, and begged him to get her Bible back. The mayor was much surprised to hear that the Bible was in

his brother's house, and he thought he had got hold of it to burn it, but he soon found it was not so. The Bible was unhurt, and, more than that, his infidel brother was reading it. This made him more anxious to get the book back. "The Bible," he said, "belongs to me : I should like to read it, and I cannot bear the thought of my brother seizing on my property." He sent a message to demand the book, but the brother refused. The quarrel became hotter than ever, and the mayor even talked of going to law.

Meantime the brother continued to read the Bible diligently. He became sensible of the folly and wickedness of his former infidelity, and his ardent wish at length was to yield obedience to the teaching and the commandments of God. While in this state of mind he was taken ill, and he sent to his brother, begging that he would come and see him, and promising to restore the Bible to him. They met, and were reconciled. The conversation of him who had now become a Christian was blessed to the other. They agreed that the Bible should be their joint property ; that, when they could not read it together, they would read it by turns ; and that they would pray for an opportunity of obtaining a copy of the precious volume for each.

It was some time before their prayer was granted, but at length, eight years after the first colporteur had visited them, another came that way. Very differently was he received. The brothers bought Bibles for themselves, for the two young cousins, for other members of their families, and even for their poor neighbours, and rejoice together in the possession of God's precious word.

THE IDOL-GOD REJECTED.

In the month of February, last year, a Reader went to a village not far from Cuddupah, in India, to instruct the heathen. He found there about ten people gathered

together near a well: they had assembled to offer worship to Brahma. A mere *rough stone* is the representation of this god, as he is not allowed to have any image or temple. After instructing the people for a short time, some of them said to him, "You are often telling us that our idols are without life, and that it is in vain to worship them, since they cannot *do* anything. Are you able to take away our god and *destroy* it?" To this he replied, "Yes, I am able to take it up, and throw it away; but I am afraid that, out of zeal for your god, *you* may do me some injury." To this they replied, that *they* would not do him any injury, even if he did take it up, and throw it away. "However, our god is *very* powerful," said they; "and, if you take it up and throw it away, you will immediately vomit blood at your nose and mouth, and *die*. Our *god* will do this to you, but *we* will not do you any injury." After the Reader had obtained their consent, he first struck the idol with his foot, and then threw it away. After they had waited a little time, expecting that some evil would overtake him, the Reader asked them if any evil *had* happened to him; they replied, "No, not now; but you will die by the morning." He then returned to his village, and about ten days afterwards came again. The people, seeing that he was still alive and well, said to him, "Now we see that our gods *are* all vain, and we do not mean to worship them any more." Of this number twelve continued steadfast to their word, and have relinquished all idolatry.

Dear children, this is only a single instance; but many such are constantly occurring. God is overthrowing the idols of the heathen. He has said they shall be *utterly abolished*. They are but wood and stone. They cannot deliver them that trust in them; and it is very affecting that little boys and girls should be taught to pray to a mere *block of stone*. But the Lord alone shall be exalted, 'or *He* is the true God and an

everlasting King. May His glory soon fill the whole earth!

SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLAR AND HIS FATHER.

A Father said to his son, who was at a Sabbath School, and had attended to what he heard there, "Carry this parcel to such a place. "It is Sabbath," replied the other. "Put it in your pocket," replied the father. "God can see in my pocket," answered the child.

MISSIONARY PIGEONS AND PIG.

(From the Children's Missionary Newspaper.)

The children belonging to a Maternal Association at _____ have a Missionary station of their own in Jamaica; a school taught by a Christian man and his wife, who were formerly slaves. The whole expense of the school is paid by these children. They paid in £30 as their annual subscriptions in January. Some have exercised self-denial that they might have money to give. One boy last year, of his own accord, went and sold a pair of beautiful pigeons of which he was very fond, and he told his mother that he never felt such a glad heart as when he was giving the money for the children's mission. He said, "You know, mother, they were the only thing I had of my own to give." She replied, "Yes, my dear boy, they were entirely your own, so you had a right to do as you pleased with them."

This year the same boy asked his parents if they would allow him to feed a pig to be sold for the mission school in Jamaica. They gave him leave, and he has for some months past taken great pains to collect food for the pig. At the monthly meeting of the Maternal Association, he sent a request by his mother that the ladies would buy the pig, which they instantly agreed to do. His father

advanced him £1 10s upon the pig, that he might pay his money at the same time with the other children, but he hoped when the pig was sold to get rather more than this.

Missionary Intelligence.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held its Annual meeting in New-York, on the 9th of last month. Our readers will recollect that we gave a short outline of this great Society in our second number of this volume. The work of the Lord is prospering. In Africa, in Greece, and in Syria, the Missionaries are sowing the word in hope. Amongst the Mahrattas in India, in the large Islands of Borneo and Sumatra, and at Siam—the Missionaries have so much to do in preaching the Gospel, that they are earnestly begging for more Missionaries. In the Providence of God, China with its 300,000,000 of inhabitants, is now no longer shut out from the Gospel, and the American Missionaries are labouring in preaching and circulating good religious books in the Chinese language. Then if we turn to the Sandwich Islands in the Pacific Ocean, we find that, connected with this Mission, there are now about 22,000 professing Christians. The Board have Missions too, amongst the North American Indians—and some of these, especially that to the Choctaw Indians, has, during the past year, been specially blessed by God.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This Society has lately suffered the loss of a very devoted Missionary, the Rev. Mr. MACK, who was pastor of the Church, and tutor of the College at Serampore, in India.

He died in May last after a few hours illness, of cholera. And since that, the Rev. Dr. YATES, a very learned Missionary, who for thirty years has been in India, labouring at the great work of translating the Bible into the native languages of the East—was obliged to leave India for England, in June last. He died on the 3rd of July, on the passage home, and is buried in the Red Sea. This Society, under his care, printed and circulated in India more than 50,000 copies of the Scriptures, during the past year, all printed in languages spoken in the East.

REVIVAL OF SPIRITUAL RELIGION AMONG THE CAFFRES.

The faithful Missionary in Caffreland has laboured long with but little to encourage his heart and reward his toils. At intervals the blade and the ear, in feeble promise, were indeed visible, but the full corn in the ear it was seldom his joy to reap. But the Lord of the harvest has not forgotten to be gracious, and the devoted labourers are now beginning to gather the fruits of his mercy. We are truly thankful in being able to present, as confirmatory of this statement, the following passage of a letter, dated in December last, from our brother the Rev. Henry Calderwood, of the Blinkwater station, in Caffreland:—

About six weeks ago we had a most delightful and refreshing Sabbath with our Caffre congregations. It has given us a fresh impulse, and we needed it. I preached from the last three verses of Matthew, and enjoyed much freedom. The evening before and that morning, I felt a peculiarly strong desire that we might be made really sensible of the Lord's presence among us; and, blessed be his name! notwithstanding my great unworthiness, an abundant answer to prayer was given. What I trust were gracious desires, his faithfulness fully realised. My hearers had evidently gone along with me from the beginning of my discourse, and one and another began to manifest considerable feeling—still there was nothing very unusual.

But when I came to speak of the command to publish the glad tidings to all,—observing that this command was addressed to the whole Church of the ascending Redeemer, and that each member of his Church must do something towards its accomplishment: and when I spoke of their own relatives still unbelievers,—wives, husbands, children, brothers, sisters, parents,—alluding to many dead in darkness and sin; the feeling of the

people became greatly excited. My own spirit was strongly moved. I never before uttered audibly in the pulpit an ejaculatory prayer, but on that occasion I was constrained to do so. And, as I lifted my hands and my heart to heaven and exclaimed, "O thou King of kings, reveal thy power to us now and touch our hearts," there was one instant, universal, burst of deep and evidently genuine feeling.

I generally discountenance the manifestation of strong emotion in the chapel; but on that occasion I dared not, and, indeed, could not, utter a word to check what I saw to be true feeling. My own mind was greatly solemnised. Not one seemed unmoved. Even the most careless and hardened were, for the time, overawed. Several members of the church, who knew my dislike generally to this kind of excitement, hurried out of the chapel that they might give vent to their feelings in the open air. It was almost impossible to proceed. I judged it better, indeed, to close the service: this was done by prayer, amid general weeping and sobbing. I simply added, "Go now and seek God, every one of you alone."

I was much impressed, humbled, and encouraged, when, as the people retired, I observed that not one spoke a word—all withdrew in silence, and went directly to the bush for prayer. Having myself retired alone, I could not keep long from my knees. It was truly an exciting occasion. In the afternoon, according to appointment, I baptized three Caffres: two men—father and son—and one woman. There was a fine, calm, halcyon, feeling. May the Lord carry on his own work!—*Mag. Lon. Mis. Soc.*

P o e t r y .

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR

INVITED TO AID THE MISSIONS.

Dear child, if now you love the Lord,
And truly prize his holy word,—
Then shall you wish that others may
Possess that lamp which lights your way.

If you have learn'd what God hath done,
Through Christ, his well-beloved Son,—
Then shall you wish that all may know
Jesus, who saves from guilt and woe.

Then shall you seek, in early youth,
To aid the cause of God and truth,

And pray that heathen lands may be
Bless'd with that light which shines on thee.

Then shall you, from your little store,
Rejoice to give, and wish 'twere more ;
Praying your mite may yet impart
Joy to the poor benighted heart.

Think of the Missionary's toil—
An exile from his native soil,
Parted from home and kindred dear,
Whose friendly smile his heart might cheer.

Oh, think of him, and often pray
That God would guide him on his way,
And that the blessing may be given,
And heathen children train'd for heaven.

MISSIONARY HYMN FOR A CHILD.

BY RICHARD HINE, M.D.

Lord ! can a simple child like me,
Assist to turn the world to Thee ?
Or send the Bread of Life to hands
Stretched out for it in heathen lands ?

Will this poor mite I call my own
Lead some lost Hindoo to Thy throne ?
Or help to cast the idols down,
Which midst the groves of Java frown ?

Oh ! yes ; although the gift be small,
Thou'lt bless it, since it is my all ;
And bid it swell the glorious tide,
By thousands of Thy saints supplied.

Yon mighty flood, which sweeps the plain,
Is fed by tiny drops of rain ;
And ocean's broad unyielding strand
Consist of single grains of sand.

Thus may the offerings children bring,
Make Gentiles bow to Israel's King ;
If owned by that resistless power,
Which curbs the sea, and forms the shower.

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