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W. Walker



VOL. XIII.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1856.

No. 10.

Missions in China.

There are at present eighty-six Protestant missionaries busy doing their Master's work in China. Some of our readers will remember with interest, the name of Leang Afa, who was one of the first converts to the faith of Jesus in that heathen land. This aged Chinese Christian minister, after spending many years in zealously preaching the Gospel among his fellow-countrymen, has recently been removed to his rest and his reward. His labours in the ministry are said not to have been very successful, but who can tell? we are told that the pious old man toiled on in his work, and who can tell what the final issue of his labours may be? "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and *their works do follow them.*" "For thus saith the Lord: as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed, to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void; but it shall

accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper *in the thing* whereto I sent it.

BOOK AND TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

We have sometimes referred to this as a very valuable means of spreading the truth in such a country as China. Most of the inhabitants of that thickly-peopled nation can read and throughout its many provinces, the same language and books are understood when *read*. But the spoken dialects differ so much in the various provinces that when a missionary has at a great cost of time and labour learned to speak so as to be understood in one province, he would after all, be quite unintelligible if he were to attempt to preach in the other provinces. We give some extracts from the Journal of Mr. Taylor, who has been making excursions into the interior for the purpose of distributing books and tracts:

"*Thursday, 19th April.*—I determined to give away a few books, if possible, to the multitude assembled. The only place I could find to stand on, to raise me a little above the immense concourse of people, and which

was strong enough to resist the pressure of the crowd, was an iron incense vase. I mounted it with a carpet-bag of books. The noise and clamour instantly raised were deafening; and it was impossible to proceed, till something like a calm was produced. At the lowest computation, there must have been five or six hundred people present; in fact, I do not think that a thousand was above the mark. As soon as I could get silence restored, I addressed them at the top of my voice: and I must say that a more quiet, attentive audience I never saw in the open air. It was very encouraging to hear them call out, as they frequently did, *puk chow, puk chow*,—not incorrect, not incorrect. When I exhorted them to be still, and let me quietly distribute my books, they promised to do so; but no sooner was my hand raised to open the bag, than the noise commenced. Twice, when Mr. Burdon left the yard, a diversion was formed, which I availed myself of for distribution, but ere long had to stop. At last a young man, making a desperate snatch and spring at the bag, pulled it and me down—a mode of descent not very ceremonious, but certainly quick, and one which for a moment, made the people stand back; but this result was but momentary. Once in the crowd, I found it no easy thing to get out, and had much difficulty to distribute well the remaining tracts. At length, however, I succeeded in doing so, and having got into a sedan chair and about leaving the city, my servant came up, and requested me to take in with me another bag, in which a few tracts remained, to keep them from the people, to which I consented; but was not quick enough to avoid being seen by the people, who pressed on the chair, so as to break it; and I had to spring out, to prevent its coming about my ears. The man was now separated from me, and I was unable to give him either of the bags; and so had to set off, to walk to

the boat, which was more than a mile distant. This was the most difficult task I ever attempted; for I was determined to give books to none who were not able to profit by them; and a mob of uneducated people was gathered round me, determined to have some, by some way or another. To this resolution I adhered; but when I opened my bag to get out some books to give to some respectable persons, a dozen hands were inserted, and it was not the easiest thing in the world to get them out again. In one street the small bag was snatched from me, and when I recovered it had one in each hand, at which they were pulling in opposite directions; and thus I was left comparatively helpless. One of the handles of the large bag was now pulled off, and it was got open, and the people began to snatch at the books. A few were obtained when, with a sudden swing round, I got the bag from them, closed it, and as it had only one handle, they were not able to open it again. In performing this latter movement, I had astonished the people, and made them laugh heartily, as well as cleared a small space around me; but when they closed, my hat and spectacles were knocked off; the former I recovered, but the latter it was impossible to save on account of the crowd; and I was only too glad to get off to attempt it. Many of the people followed me a long way, some even to the boat, but after I got out of the city I was little troubled by them. It may be well to add, to prevent misconception, that there was not the slightest approach to ill-feeling manifested by any; it was simply the desire to possess themselves of our books that caused the stir—one competing with the other to procure a book in good season lest they should be left wanting. Being thoroughly tired when I reached the boat, and it being nearly dark, this adventure among such a crowded assemblage closed the labours of the day.”

A WHOLE FAMILY OF CHINESE CHRISTIANS.

The following interesting account of the power of the truth, and of the spread of its influence from one to another proves what may be expected to be the progress of the Gospel when the time for China's conversion is come :

"The whole family consisting of the two parents and three sons, are now members of the Christian Church. An united family on earth—I hope to meet them an unbroken family in heaven. The oldest son Gong-lo, was the first to receive the truth from Mr. Burns; then his second brother, Kwai-a, who is now living with me, prosecuting his studies, and will, I hope, make an excellent evangelist or pastor if he is spared, and continues to prosper as he now does; then the old man followed, giving striking evidence of a deep work of the Spirit of God. His youngest son, Som-a, on asking to be allowed to go to Amoy with his father to be baptized, was told that he was too young; he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To which he made the touching reply, 'Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be *easier* for Jesus to carry me.'

"This was too much for the father; he took him with him, and Som-a was ere long baptized, with some other applicants.

"The most interesting circumstance in the conversion of Hesse, the mother, is that she never had any instruction, except from the members of her own family; and as they apprehended the truth themselves, as soon as they began to communicate it to her, and they found a mind well prepared to receive the good seed of the word. From an early period she manifested a lively interest in the Saviour, and encouraged her children to obey the new doctrine. She, by the tyranny of Chinese custom, dare not come to hear for herself, but her

sons were in the habit of repeating to her as much of the sermons they heard as they could carry home; and when, at any time, they heard any exposition of scripture, during their intercourse with their teachers, they would set off to tell their mother, and return for more to convey. And so well had she profited by their instruction, that all who heard her examination were surprised at the extent and accuracy of her information, not less than at the courage she manifested in coming openly forward, with no other woman to bear her company, and in a place where she was the first, as well as the solitary confessor of her sex. It says the more for her moral courage that she is naturally timid and retiring."

In addition to those already named, he says that two other women have applied for baptism, and that six or eight hopeful male applicants were waiting for admission. At Peh-chu-ia he has been enabled to make an addition to the accommodation, by which the women can now come and hear the word preached without mixing with the men, which in China is cause of great scandal. On some occasions eight or ten women come in by their own private door, hear the sermon, and leave again, without being seen by the other worshippers.

The Foolish Rich Man.

There are a great many people, who live as if they had no souls, and as if they were never to die.

But this is very foolish,—because every one, the poorest beggar, as well as the greatest king, has a soul that will live forever. I know that I have a soul, because I find something within me, that can think and know, can wish and desire, can rejoice and be sorry, which my body cannot do. And my soul is worth more than all the world. Jesus Christ has declared, that it will profit a man nothing if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.

And we are sure, that every one must die. It is appointed to all once to die, and after death the judgment. All, in every past age have died. People are every day and hour dying around us; the young as well as the old, and the rich as well as the poor. No doubt we knew many, who were quite as likely to live as ourselves, and yet they are laid in the cold grave.

And though every one is certain, that it will be the case with him, yet but few think of this great change as they ought,—that is, so as to prepare for it.

I will tell you about one rich man, who used to speak and act, as though there was no other world besides this.

He had a great many beautiful fields of his own. They were so fruitful, that the crops of wheat, and other grain, were so large, that he was quite in trouble to know where he should lay up his wealth. The barns he already had, were by far too small.

So, after much thought on the subject, he determined to pull down his present store-houses, and immediately to build some which should be much larger, in which he should have plenty of room.

And then he thought, that he should be perfectly happy. When his design should be finished, he meant to say to his soul, "Soul! thou hast much goods laid up for many years: take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." As if corn, and wine, and oil, and worldly good, were food for an immortal soul!

So, he had just planned out what he meant to do, and how he intended to live in future. But he did not live to do anything. For at the very moment whilst he was providing for a long stay on earth, God said to him, "Thou foolish creature! this night shall thy soul be required of thee. Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

All his wealth was of no use to him; he never enjoyed it,—it did not keep

death out of his house—it did not comfort him in his dying hour. Indeed it only made death terrible.

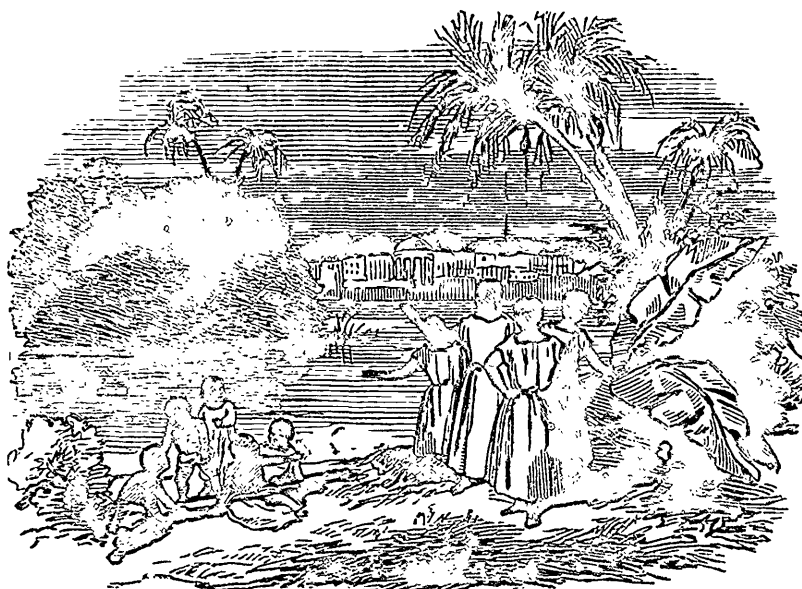
I too must die. I will think of my great change. I will ask God to give me grace to number my days, and to apply my heart unto wisdom.

I too have a soul, which must live forever. I will not forget, that the care of my soul ought to be my chief concern.

I know not when God may send to call me out of time into eternity. I will repent of all my sins, and pray, that I may be ready; that so, whenever I shall hear his voice, I may hear it with joy.

African Kindness.

A missionary was very sick, a short time since, in Western Africa. Most grateful was it, both to him and to his wife, to see how deeply the natives sympathized with them in their trial. There was one especially, a young heathen war-chief, who called every day, "well nigh heart-broken." It so happened that the good man suffered greatly from thirst and exhaustion, and felt a strong desire for some oranges. But the season for them was past; there was not one to be had. This was mentioned to Olomloyo, who immediately sent his servants into the country, to see if they could procure any; but in vain. The chief was very sorry. He said, however, that the sick man must have some; and he set off himself on horseback, galloping to several farms; at night he returned with no small delight, and brought back eleven! He took them immediately to the missionary, and waited until he saw him devour one, almost greedily.—The young chief was so pleased that tears filled his eyes. The missionary tried to thank him for his kindness. Olomloyo, however, lifted up his hand, and said, "Don't speak! I am too glad."



The Ganges.

I told you last month, young reader, of the fearful worship of Juggernaut; and this month I am going to set before you a not less cruel superstition of India—the worship of the Ganges.

In the north of India flows a large and noble river, called the Ganges. It rises amongst the Himalaya Mountains, and then, after flowing through a long and beautiful tract of country, falls into the sea, near Calcutta, by several mouths. The Hindus believe this river to have once been a goddess, called, Gunga, who transformed herself into this stream with a hundred mouths, in order to restore to life sixty thousand persons. They say that, to raise these men to life, the goddess descended to earth, and not knowing where they were, turned herself into a river with a hundred mouths, and then streaming forth, sought them out, and finding them, the moment her stream touched their dust, they all started to life and rose to Paradise. The story is very foolish, and all untrue; but it has made the river a sacred thing in the minds of the superstitious Hindus, and made them treat it as a living thing, and worship it as a good and mighty goddess.

This idea of the river being a goddess gives rise to many foolish notions on the part of the Hindus. They think it has still the power of conferring eternal life, and that to die with the feet in it, or be drowned in it, is a sure way to eternal glory. Many poor foolish people when they are dying, are thus often carried to the river, and either drowued in it, or so placed with their feet in it that they may die in the stream. They believe, too, that if they bathe in this stream they will wash away their sins; that if they think upon it wherever they may be, and utter one of their prayers, it will have the same effect, and that if they take a drink of its water it will make them most good and happy.

Certain places in the river are considered peculiarly sacred; such, for instance, as where other sacred streams join it. To bathe here, or die here, or drink the waters here, is thought peculiarly blessed, and a singularly great favour. These spots are accordingly places of great interest to the Hindus, and places of pilgrimage at certain seasons of the year.

At Allahabad, where the Jumna meets it, is one of the most sacred of

these spots, and there tens of thousands go every year to hold a sacred festival.

At Hardwar, nearer the sources of the river, some fifty thousand or more thus meet every year and bathe in the river, and drink its waters and pay their offerings.

The most costly gifts are thrown into it to secure the favour of the goddess, and none seek a blessing from it but they bring it some gift. Costly jewels, flowers, and money are often cast into it. Mothers too have been known to throw their children in, and thus look for some special blessings from the goddess.

The Brahmins teach that, if any one gives whole villages to the Ganges, he will obtain the fruit of all the other offerings made at all its sacred places; his body will become a million times more glorious than the sun; he will dwell for ages in heaven enjoying its pleasures; and that for every particle of dust contained in the villages and their lands, he shall have a year of bliss in Vishnoo's palace. But they teach that whoever doubts this shall be doomed to hell, and become an ass. By these means do these wicked men keep their power over the minds of the poor creatures they delude.

Morning and evening the Hindus look at this river to remove the sins of the day. When sick they smear their bodies with its mud. They swear in their most solemn manner when they swear on the Ganges.

Is it not melancholy, young reader, to think of this sad superstition. It is not so horrid as Juggernaut you may think, but it is just as soul-destroying. And shocking indeed is it too. Thousands of innocent lives are sacrificed to this goddess; dreadful murders of infants and others committed to please her, and scenes of wicked superstition practised that might well make our hearts bleed with pity.

One only thing can stop all these cruelties and follies—the *knowledge of the gospel of Christ*. It is for us to send it to them, and to show these poor

deluded people that the *blood of Jesus*, not the *water of the Ganges*, cleanses the soul from sin.

French Mission in South Africa.

Many of our readers know that Protestant Christians in France have sent several Missionaries to the Bassutoes, a nation of South Africa. These Missionaries meet once a year at one of the stations to pray together, and to encourage one another in their work. At these meetings they read reports from every station about what has been done during the past year, and what success has blessed their labours. They then talk about the different Missions, and form plans for the future. The last of these meetings was held in April, 1855, at a station called Thaba-Bossiou; and we will now give you a few facts taken from the reports which were read on that occasion.

At Thaba-Bossiou the devoted Mr. Casalis is the principal Missionary. It is very near the station of the great chief Moshesu, of whom you often heard. A school had been lately opened there, and the time of the report there were eighty or ninety scholars in it. Some of these were sixteen or eighteen years old, among whom are sons of Moshesh. They are taught reading, writing, singing, and the English language. During the late Caffir wars a few of the natives at Thaba-Bossiou returned to the old and wicked habits of the country, and caused great sorrow to the Missionaries. But, thanks to the goodness of God, some of them repented of their faults and forsook them. Amongst these was Samuel Mockoso, a son of Moshesh. He seemed so true a penitent that the Missionaries could not refuse to receive him back into the church. It was a solemn and interesting occasion. Moses Moussetzé, a most excellent man, and some other members, asked him some questions, in the course of which the following conversation took place:—

"Son of our chief," said Moussetzé, "may I ask you a question?"

"Yes," answered the young man.

"Well, then, tell me frankly what you are going to do among us? Do you mean to try and make us more fond of the world and its wickedness?"

"O no."

"Do you then advise us to remain Christians? After having tried the pleasures of the world, do you think our portion is a better one?"

"Certainly I do."

"If that is the case you may come among us again, and may God bless you."

Since then, Samuel has given great joy to the Missionaries and to the church by his good conduct, and it is hoped that one of his brothers will follow his example of professing Christianity.

A short time ago the chapel at Thaba-Bossiou wanted repairing. The members of the church eagerly helped in the work, and the children, too, did what they could to assist the Missionaries, and thus show how thankful they were for the blessings of the Gospel and the kindness of their teachers. A large number of them, headed by some of the sons of Moshesh, might have been seen busily at work. Some were carrying the stones, while others went to the mountains to cut the wood. In this journey Messrs. Casalis and Jousse (another Missionary) went with them, and passed the night in the open air, telling them stories and singing hymns with them around a roaring fire. No doubt they spent a very pleasant night in that fine country and climate, and the more so as one of the sons of Moshesh was kind enough to send them a fine fat bullock for supper.

We must now pass on to another Mission at a place called Carmel. The report from this station was encouraging, as several natives had lately become Christians. About two or three years ago Mr. Langa, who was the Missionary at that time, was obliged to return to Europe. One of

the natives of the station named Chuba went with him to the sea-port where he was going to embark on board a ship. This was the first time Chuba had ever seen the sea, and you may fancy how surprised he was at the sight. Should you like to know what were his first thoughts on this occasion? He says, "When I saw that immense ocean I asked myself how it was possible that the servants of God (the Missionaries) could expose themselves to the danger of crossing it so as to bring the Gospel to us? There is nothing, yes, there is nothing but the love of God which could put this thought in their hearts. Oh, how guilty we shall be if we refuse to receive that Saviour who has sent to us his servants." Although such good thoughts came into Chuba's mind, neither he nor his wife had as yet given their hearts to God. But last year an event happened which was the means of deciding them for Christ. Their little girl, whom they tenderly loved, became ill. Before dying, this child gave such proofs of piety that both her father and mother were deeply affected, and after her death they sought and found comfort in coming to Christ and following him. We have here another example of the good which pious children may do to their parents, and which gives great encouragement to those who are teaching children at home or supporting schools abroad.

There are two or three facts in connection with this station at Carmel which show how great a change the Gospel has produced in the general character of the people. We refer especially to their kindness and charity. At this station there is a poor man who suffers from a large swelling in his lower jaw. This gives his face a very unpleasant appearance, and it is very likely that the people, had they remained heathens, would have nothing to do with him, or have treated him cruelly. Sometimes, even in a Christian country, wicked people laugh at such misery; but among these converted

Bassutos the sight of this unhappy man only causes pity and sympathy. As the disease is one which will sooner or later kill him, they try to do him all the good they can; for this purpose they often go to read and pray with him; and you may be sure these kind acts are not forgotten by Him who said, "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name shall not lose his reward." There are also here several old widows who are too weak to support themselves, and are kept by the kindness and liberality of fellow Christians. What a contrast we had here to the account given by Mr. Moffatt of the poor old mother left to starve by her own sons! And here also two husbands who have no children of their own, and are considered rich in that country, may be seen bringing up and educating at their own homes poor little orphan children who would probably have been put to death if the Gospel had not been brought to their once dark land.

The report from the station Berea is also full of encouragement. More than two years ago a terrible accident happened there, which caused great distress. The mission house and chapel were set on fire by a flash of lightning and burnt to the ground. But the natives loved the Gospel too much to let the work be hindered by this. They therefore soon raised new buildings, and cheered the Missionary by showing more interest than ever in the preaching of the truth. The report mentions the case of one young Bassuto, whose conscience was awakened by an event which proves the truth of those lines—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

This young man, who never joined in public worship, was one day bathing with several companions. All on a sudden he sunk; his friends, however, managed to draw him out of the water; but he was in such a state that they thought he was dead. His heathen companions ran away; but two others

who loved the Gospel did what they could to restore him. Their efforts were successful. He was taken to his home. He remained for some time very ill; but the first thing he did when he recovered his speech was to send for a Christian to tell him of the kindness God had shown him in sparing his life. He then added, "I can hardly remember at all what happened when I sunk under the water; but I have not forgotten that, just at the moment when I thought I was going to be drowned, I asked God to forgive my sins for the sake of Jesus Christ." Since that time this young man has been an attentive hearer of the Gospel, and it is hoped that a good work has been begun in his heart.

In the next number we will give our readers other facts from these interesting reports.

Unanswerable Proof.

"A worthy woman of Turin, a fruit-seller, had received the Word of God, and read it with joy. Seated at the entrance of the bridge, in her modest shop, she improved every leisure moment, in studying the holy book. A Romish priest passed by the spot.

'What book are you reading there?' he asked.

'It is the Word of God, sir.'

'The Word of God! But who told you so?'

'God himself.'

'Himself! what folly! Has God spoken to you?—What proofs can you give me of it?'

'Sir,' replied the good woman, 'prove to me that the sun is there above our heads.'

'Why should I prove it? The best proof that the sun is there, is that it lights and warms us.'

'Ah! that is what I wish to say to you,' cried the woman triumphantly; 'the best proof that this book is the Word of God is, that it lights and warms my soul.'

The priest went away in anger."



Elijah Raising the Widow's Son.

“The Lord heard the voice of Elijah; and the soul of the child came into him again and he revived.”—1 Kings, chap. xvii, verse 22.

When it was the pleasure of the Almighty to withhold his rain and dew for a lengthened period, the prophet Elijah, warned of the coming evil, took up his residence by “the brook Cherith, which was before Jordan.” There the holy man was sustained on food brought to him by ravens, but after a time the brook was dried up, and then he repaired to Zarephath, where he saw a widow woman, and begged of her a morsel of bread, which he saw in her hand. She replied that she had but a handful of meal in a barrel and a cruse of oil, and was engaged in preparing a last repast for herself and her son, before they laid them down to die.

Elijah still pressed his suit, and assured her in the name of the Lord, that the barrel of meal should not fail, nor the cruse of oil be exhausted, till rain should again be sent to gladden the earth.

She listened to his words, and al-

lowed the prophet to share her little store, and, as he had foretold, “the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail.” Thus far all was well, but the son of the widow fell sick, and at length sank to all appearance dead, for no breath was left in him. In her grief she almost accused Elijah of slaying her son, as she seemed to think that it was in consequence of the prophet taking up his abode with her that the lad had died.

He took the lifeless boy from the bosom of his weeping mother, and solemnly appealing to the Lord in prayer, entreated that the “child’s soul might come into him again.”

Extraordinary as this petition was, God granted what the prophet desired. The child revived, and Elijah presenting him to his mother, exclaimed with holy exultation, “See, thy son liveth.”

Then the widow felt indeed con-

vinced that Elijah was a man of God. "This, said she I know, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth."

God, in numerous cases, grants to the earnest prayer of his faithful servants, blessings which it would seem to man's unassisted reason, presumption to hope for and madness to implore.

Irish Scripture Schools.

We have to thank Miss H. Campbell, Secretary of the Ladies' Industrial and Relief Association, in connection with Irish Scripture Schools, for a copy of the last printed Report. We have for some time past taken a deep interest in the operations of this Association, and taken frequent opportunities of noticing the same in the pages of the *Record*; and we are happy to say that such notice has elicited that kind of response which is most acceptable to the Committee, and, without which, their usefulness must cease. We have no doubt, however, that they will be sustained as heretofore in their important labors. We give the following extracts from the Report:—

From the Rev. Dawson Massey, Killeshen :

"October 29, 1855.—As for my schools, I am truly thankful to say, that the Lord is evidently making them a means of dispensing the light of His precious Word in this hitherto benighted place. One of our Protestant boys was playing at ball with a party of Roman Catholic boys a few days ago, when the priest passed, and said to him, 'I'll give you a penny if you tell me, in one sentence, the difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics.' The little fellow said, 'Protestants know the way to heaven, and the others don't.' 'What do you mean?'—'Protestants know that Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' was the prompt reply, and the priest turned

away abashed. The Roman Catholic children of the lane leading to our school usually attend it, and it rejoiced me when, after a short absence, the little children and their parents came out to meet me with smiles and blessings. One woman followed me with several children. I said, 'Can you repeat any verses of God's Word to shew how you love it?' They repeated the 14th chapter of St. John with a reverence and feeling that shewed they loved it. You will see how valuable is the aid which your Society gives, in the encouragement of our poor little children by a supply of food, which wins the little hearts by kindness, and supplies their wants."

From Rev. William Kennedy, Castlekerke:—

"April.—I have been much pleased with the spirit of some of the children. They are accused by Romanists attending on account of the food. They often say they would attend more regularly if they could, even were there no food, and I believe it. There is one fine boy whom I knew to be very poor. I therefore told him I would allow him some meal. 'No, Sir,' he said, 'won't take it; when I was too small to work, I was glad to get it; but now I can work, and I will earn as much working half the week as will support me at school the other half.' He does this. The money you sent me has enabled me to save from starvation many an interesting child, and instruct them in the knowledge of God's Word."

From Rev. P. Moinah, Moyru Galway:—

"August 4.—Our church was consecrated last Tuesday. The night before, a party, sent by the priest who had denounced Miss Moore (by whose exertions the funds were collected) to the chapel, came and smashed many of the windows, and did other damage. Well, blessed be God for all his mercies, we had a most cheering day,—a most lovely one never gilded the hills of Connemara. The church is built to at

commodate 250. The bishop and fifteen clergymen were present, and 260 in the body of the church. The service was read in English and Irish, commencing with an Irish hymn, which the children did justice to. Mr. Dalles preached a most heart-stirring sermon from Zech. iv. 6, 7. The congregation on last Sabbath amounted to ninety-eight; of this number, thirty-one came to the Lord's table. There are thirty-two girls at school, and thirty-eight boys. Some of the fine boys who have learned the truth at Moyrus school have gone to the Crimea; I was deeply affected when the bade me an affectionate farewell, and said they hoped God would not only give them victory over the oppressor of Russia, but would make them instrumental in doing some good among their own countrymen. Each had his Bible in his pocket, and told me it would be their companion wherever they might go. I have had letters from them since, and give the following from one of them. In August he wrote to me, — 'I hope you are long since in your new church. I trust my mother has left that old, rotten, falling building, Babylon; that the children (his younger brothers and sisters) are good, and attending both day and Sunday school; and that you are making, or rather *getting*, more converts. If God spare me, I shall send you something if I can, to help you to give the children a good Christmas dinner. I like to see them all well looked to on that day. I have drunk no ardent spirits this long time; I get an allowance for it, but am laying it up; for drink is killing thousands of my poor comrades.'

"On the 1st *October*, this young man wrote to his younger brother, — 'My beloved brother, it has pleased God to afflict me with fever and ague; well, welcome be His blessed will! has He not been most merciful in sparing me so long? If you only knew how many have been called off in a moment; but God has never forsaken me, and will, I trust, prolong my days to see you

all once more; but if not, I know we shall meet above, if not allowed to meet on earth. What an awful scourge war is! Oh! may that happy day soon come when wars shall cease from the earth. Pray for me. Give my love to mother and all the poor children. May God bless you all. I am very weak, but I pray to God to send me His Holy Spirit. All of you pray for me.'

"*October 12.*—Thanks to the Giver of all good! I am much better. Oh! dear Val, if you saw this great city of Sebastopol on the day it was taken! I was within its walls on that evening. You would think of Sodom and Gomorrah had you seen the smoke and flames of it ascending towards heaven; and then to think of the thousands of dead all about, it would sicken your heart, and make you weep for the desolations of war—that dreadful scourge of God Almighty. My dear Val, I send you £4. I shall send you £4 more in spring, if God spare me. Be careful of this, and do not apply it to foolish purposes. I know my mother could manage well, and I hope this may be of use to you all; but I trust, Val, you will act like a man. Keep to your business, keep the children at school, improve yourself, and let the world see you can and will exert yourself, and keep out of all foolish company, and God will bless you."

One of the agents connected with the Lough Corrib district, Galway, gives a most pleasing account of the lads who have enlisted from that locality. Their letters are full of gratitude to God for His preserving care, and for all the comfort they have had in reading His Word, which they take every opportunity of reading to their comrades. They write most affectionately to their parents, and have remitted considerable sums of money to them.

A considerable number of the young men educated in the mission schools have entered the constabulary, and are conducting themselves most creditably; others have received further training,

with the prospect of employment as teachers and readers.

“*October.*—It is with much thankfulness that I recal the impressions made on my mind by a sojourn in Ireland during the past summer. Some had said, that as time tried it, the system pursued by the Society for Irish Church Missions was to a considerable extent a failure, and that, in many localities, where the promise of spiritual fruit had been richest, the ingathering was scanty and its quality little worth. That there has been no retrogression is shewn by the following returns made to the Committee in London, and published by their authority:—‘The daily schools are 102, with 4530 on the roll; the Sunday ragged schools are attended by 2602 additional, of whom a large proportion are adults. The services for divine worship have increased during the last six months: in January, there were 315 English services and 30 Irish; in June, there were 404 English and 35 Irish. In January, the congregation attending them amounted to 26,671; and in June, 35,241. The same number of agents who in January paid 10,617 visits, in which they spoke to 33,318 persons, in June paid 13,728 visits, and spoke to 45,887 persons.’

“All I saw and heard was most reassuring and satisfactory. In the County of Limerick, where the Irish Society labours, I saw marks of progress. At Askeaton, the Rev. G. Maxwell has gathered a school of 25 Roman Catholics in the spite of much opposition; the children had learned a very considerable amount of Scripture, and were improving in every respect. In the city of Limerick, through the exertions of the Rev. B. Jacob, nearly 100 boys and girls of the most neglected class had been brought under humanizing and Christianizing influences. Every Sabbath above 100 adults join them, who are individually taught passages from the Bible, and attend a service arranged to meet their circumstances. On the first Sabbath, after nearly all

had dispersed, one boy remained seated. He was asked why he not go. ‘Oh, sir,’ he said, ‘just me sit a little longer here, for I ne spent such a happy day.’

“*Galway.*—In this town, the work of evangelization has been making steady progress under the able superintendence of the Rev. G. Brownrigg, in connexion with the Irish Church Missions, and although considered one of the most impracticable places in the country, Mr. Brownrigg preaches there every Sabbath to between 200 and 300 converts young and old; 200 usually at his weekly controversy class; and 150 children in the day schools, who appear to be improving fast. The infant schools was particularly interesting—many of the little things were so pretty and poor; they answered remarkably well; and some who could just speak intelligibly repeated short texts quite correctly,—thus dedicating children to Him who took little children in His arms and blessed them. The teacher said, most of them got little other food than that given in school.

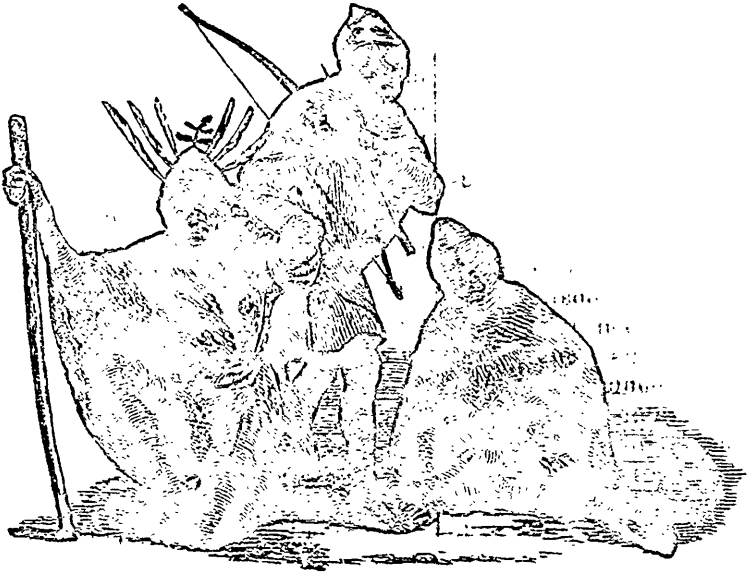
“*Aasleagh.*—With this Mission have for four years been connected and it has been a great pleasure to in any way helpers of those who personally engaged in the Lord’s service there. The direct mission labours have been so cordially supported, and with so much judicious perseverance followed up, by the Rev. David and Mrs. Plunket and Mr. Aldridge, that the young people were drawn to the school in 1847. Now in many instances filling situations of trust with credit to themselves and joy to those kind friends who days of trial and discouragement commenced and persevered in the Christian labours. The day school is attended by about 50, nearly all children of converts. From 8 to girls and boys, whose parents had gone elsewhere and were willing to leave their children, are boarded

as Aldridge in the families of Protestants and converts. The object is to have them trained as servants, or otherwise put in the way of earning their livelihood. I asked Miss A. how she could get them boarded in such respectable families for the sum of 2s. per week. She said they liked to employ her in doing good to these poor children, and did not care to make money by them. One Sabbath school near me I shall not soon forget; the eastern sun poured its golden light on the grand mountains, the thin wisps of whose crater-like summits, rising to the height of from 1500 to 2000 feet, cut sharp against the sky, the green of their long grassy slopes contrasted and combined with the rich purple and blue of the rocky crags and precipices: twisting and turning these mountains for ten miles to the Killary harbour, which seems to have appropriated to itself all the characteristic beauties of river, lake, and ocean. The evening Sabbath school meets in a cottage truly beautiful in situation, and, adding to the picturesque, were several classes seated on the grass among the trees. At 40 children were present. It was an enjoyment of no ordinary kind, to have such interesting scholars in the midst of such scenery. One of the scholars was taught by a pleasing-looking young woman, herself the first scholar of the school. Seven years ago, when with many naked, hungry, ignorant little creatures, had come to the place. Christian love cherished and nurtured them, and has already reaped a rich reward.

This Mission has evidently been undertaken in the right spirit, and begun at the right time, in the history of its country. If we seek to influence the character of a people we must begin with the youth, and if we would implant in the heart of a people the principles of the Gospel of Jesus—in the most

economical way, and in the shortest space of time,—we must imbue the mind of the rising generation with that truth, and the work is done. We have long felt that much time and effort has been frequently squandered in the Mission field where all effort was directed to the adult population, whose mind presents innumerable obstacles to the reception of the truth, who are also surrounded by circumstances which are, generally speaking, all against the work of God in the heart. These difficulties and these circumstances are not present in dealing with the young in the same measure or degree; hence, the wisdom in directing effort to them, and just in proportion to the extent of the adoption of this plan of operations—in prosecuting the work of Missions,—in that proportion will the evangelization of the world be accelerated, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

From the letter of the Secretary, who seems to have made a tour through the Mission stations, we learn that a youth can be boarded and taught for 2s. per week, which is equal to 2s. 6d. currency, or twenty-six dollars a-year, hardly any of our Sabbath Schools but could educate one scholar, and many of our schools could do more; but suppose the schools in Canada, making allowance for other calls, would take but one scholar each, while it would be but a small outlay, yet, who can calculate the amount of good, in the number having their minds stored with the truths of God's word, and thus qualified to take their place in the world. We would be happy to take charge of such contributions and forward them to the Committee.



The Bosjemans, or Bushmen of South Africa.

Some of my young readers will have heard, and some perhaps seen, some very curious people exhibited in London, and called Bosjemans or Bushmen. They come from South Africa, and are probably the lowest class of human beings in the world. It is amongst such people as these that Mr. Moffat laboured, and I have thought some account of them would not be out of place in your little Paper.

The country of these people lies to the north of the Cape Colony in South Africa, between the Orange River and a range of mountains running from Roggeveld eastward, to the Snowy mountains. It is a peculiarly barren and inhospitable tract; and sometimes whole years pass over without a single drop of rain falling. Amongst the animals that inhabit the district, and on which the people sometimes feed, are the Ostrich, the Eland-antelope, the Rhinoceros, and a sort of Sheep introduced by former settlers in the country. The poor Bushmen, however, have not always weapons sufficiently strong or suitable to attack these larger creatures, and they, therefore, generally pursue and live upon

lizards, serpents, ants, and grasshoppers. The woods abound with fruits, and there are some kind of plants the stalks and leaves of which they chew to quench their thirst. The Bushmen are very great eaters. Some travellers once gave a sheep to five Bushmen, and, though they had that day had plenty to eat, they at once killed it, roasted it, and in an hour had eaten it all. They eat their food nearly raw. The sheep was not skinned, but great pieces were cut out by them, and pushed into the ashes of a fire of wood they had kindled, and when just warmed through, were pulled out and devoured. They tear the food to pieces with their teeth, and do not use knives to cut it up.

The Bushmen have no houses nor huts, and live almost like wild beasts in the forests. In winter they sleep in caverns amongst the hills, or holes in the ground in the plains. These holes are about five or six feet long, and are of an oval shape. They are only a few inches deep, and have no roof. If there is much wind, they heap up some twigs or branches on the side from which it blows; but against rain

They have no protection. In these holes a whole family will squat themselves, each wrapped in a skin, and rolled up almost like a ball. In the summer they live chiefly in the trees, here they make themselves a sort of nest with the branches. To make these, the Bushman seats himself on a good strong branch, and then, drawing all the branches within reach round him, fastens them together like a large bird's nest, and lays grass and leaves at the bottom. It is on account of their thus living in the trees that they are called Bushmen, or by the Dutch, *Bosjeman*, *Bosje* meaning Bush. They wear very little of clothes. They have generally an antelope or sheep skin fastened over the shoulders like a short cloak, and a jackal's skin hung before like an apron. The women are dressed much as the men, only have several skins hung round their waists like aprons.

They are a very lazy race, and do no work, excepting as hunger drives them to hunt or steal, or revenge takes them go to war. When they catch plenty of food they will eat till they cannot walk, and then lie down and sleep many days, or until forced to hunt for more. They generally eat what they get, and leave their wives and children to seek food for themselves. In seeking food they show a good deal of cleverness. They make great pits by the side of their rivers, into which a sea-cow falls, and where they then sily kill it: and they have many various contrivances for catching fish. They climb about the rocks and trees, hunting for nests, and find the eggs a good sort of food. They catch and eat the most poisonous serpents, and can live for days on white ants or grubs.

Their language sounds very strange, every word has a little *cluck* before

They have very few religious superstitions amongst them, and no sort of idols. Indeed they seem too stupid to have any ideas of religious worship of themselves.

They are a great annoyance to all the people living on their border, for they frequently come down upon their cattle, and kill and carry off all they can.

You may imagine how difficult must be the work of missionaries to teach and civilize such wretched creatures. Still we hope the day is coming, when even the poor Bushmen shall be seen blessed with the gospel of Christ.

The company exhibited in London consisted of two men, two women, and one little child. They are all very wild, and shout at and beg from all who go to see them. The picture at the head of this Paper gives you an idea of them. You must think of these poor heathen Bushmen when you kneel down to pray at night, and ask God to send his glorious gospel to them all, that they may learn both the civilities we know, and the great things that will save and bless their souls for ever.

Scriptural Illustration.

JOHN iii. 16. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Mr. Nott, missionary in the South Sea Islands, was on one occasion reading a portion of the gospel of John to a number of the natives. When he had finished the sixteenth verse of the third chapter, a native who had listened with avidity and joy to the words, interrupted him, and said, "What words were those you read? What sounds were those I heard? Let me hear those words again! Mr. Nott read again the verse, "God so loved," &c., when the native rose from his seat and said, "Is that true? Can that be true? God love the world, when the world not love him! God so love the world as to give his Son to die, that man might not die! Can that be true?" Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world," &c., told him it was true,

and that it was the message God had sent to them, and that whosoever believed in him would not perish, but be happy after death. The overwhelming feelings of the wondering native were too powerful for expression or restraint. He burst into tears, and as these chased each other down his countenance, he retired to meditate in private on the amazing love of God, which had that day touched his soul; and there is every reason to believe he was afterwards raised to share the peace and happiness resulting from the love of God shed abroad in his heart."

Eternity.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

Eternity! Eternity!

How long art thou eternity?

Yet swiftly time sweeps on to thee—
Swift as the steed to victory,
The flying post, the speeding bark,
The arrow hasting to the mark.

Eternity! Eternity!

How long art thou, eternity?

As on a sphere no eye may scan,
Or where it ends, or where began;
Eternity! within thy round,
Ner spring nor issue can be found.

Eternity! Eternity!

How long art thou, eternity?

Within a circle hidest thou,
Whose centre is a constant *now*,
Whose circuit is a perpetual *never*,
Receding ever and for ever.

Eternity! Eternity!

How long art thou, eternity?

A swallow might be tasked to drain
The world's huge substance, hill and plain,
Each thousand years a single grain;
Yet wouldst thou then, as now, remain.

Eternity! Eternity!

How long art thou, eternity?

The ocean's sands and drops we count
The fraction of a whole amount;
The mighty cycles of thine age,
No calculus could ever gauge.

Eternity! Eternity!

How long art thou, eternity?

Mortal! as long as God shall be,
As long as hell's deep misery,
As long as heavenly raptures glow—
An endless bliss! an endless woe!

"Keep a Good Look Out."

"At sea many dreadful disasters have happened just for want of keeping a good look out. This is especially needful when sailing in the night, or in seas that the pilot is not well acquainted with.

There is an important sense in which the same caution applies to the voyage of life. A well-meaning little fellow has very often been 'run foul of' by a vicious boy, whom he would not willingly have for a companion; but he gets entangled with him, as vessels sometimes do, and if both do not go down together, the weakest of them is likely to be disabled and prove a wreck. Even in Sabbath schools, companionships are formed, both among boys and girls, which are any thing but favourable to their virtue and happiness; and if they had kept 'a good look out,' and counseled a little with their parents or teachers, they might have been saved from a world of trouble.

A boy that 'keeps a good look out,' will not be likely to fall into any filthy and mischievous habits, such as using strong drink or tobacco, or spending his evenings in the street, or the engine-house, or the grog-shop. He has seen enough of the end of these things, and he wisely concludes to 'leave them off before they are meddled with,' as the wise man advises us to do with contention.

Young friends! Are you keeping a good look out? The seas are dangerous; your vessel is none of the strongest; your safety lies in minding your chart and compass, and keeping 'a good look out!'"

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