

**THE
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Pictures from the Life of Jesus.

PICTURE II.

**JERUSALEM; OR, THE CHILD JESUS
IN THE TEMPLE.**

TWELVE years had passed, and Mary and Joseph, with the child Jesus, dwelt in the cottage at Nazareth. The people at Bethlehem would perhaps have forgotten the strange story of the angel's song, had not another and a terrible event followed almost directly upon it. The bright and shining star which led the wise men to seek the new-born Saviour, was a sign of mourning and distress to them; for when

the wise men were warned of God not to go back to King Herod, but to return into their own country another way; and when that cruel monarch found that he was mocked by those wise men, and that he who was born king of the Jews was still safe from his power, he had sent out word that every child under two years old should die, and bitter tears were shed, and mothers' hearts were broken, for love of their dear little ones whom the rough soldiers slew.

Long before that time, the God-taught prophets had foreseen this cruel deed. In Rama was there a voice

heard, lamentations and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." Jer. xxxi. 15; Matt. ii. 18. These words were spoken about 620 years before they were fulfilled, so that we learn how certain is that text—"Every word of God is true."

Something else had happened that we should bear in mind. When Mary and Joseph went up to Jerusalem to do for Jesus after the manner of the law, an old man had uttered some strange words about the greatness of Jesus. It was old Simeon, a good man, just and devout, to whom a promise had been given that he should not close his eyes in death till he had seen the Lord's Christ. But, when he looked on Jesus, and knew that He in truth was the Saviour of the world, he took him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen the salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of thy people Israel." But with these words of comfort, there came a sad foreboding of a future ill: to the young mother Simeon spoke, and while he blessed her, said, "Behold this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against; yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." Luke ii. 29—35.

There was a widow in the temple at that same time, eighty-four years old, and she gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spoke of Jesus unto all the Godly in Jerusalem. All this meant something: God did not send angels from heaven—God did not send the shining star to move across the sky—God did not let the old man Simeon and the good widow utter these strong words for nothing; he had sent Jesus into the world for a great and solemn purpose, and this was why the angels sang, and the bright star shone.

And for twelve years the history is almost silent—for twelve long years of summer's heat and winter's cold, this is all we know of Jesus—"the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him." Surely this is all we need to know.

Now among the Jews there were certain great festivals; days of rejoicing, in memory of some great event. On the sabbath they rested from their work, and no business was carried on; for they remembered that "in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day." Then there was the feast of Purim, in memory of the Jews being saved from the cruelty of wicked Haman; Esther ix. 20—32. The feast of the dedication; John x. 22. The feast of tabernacles, when the people dwelt in tents made of the branches of trees, in memory of their fathers wandering in the wilderness. There were many other feast days—the feast of trumpets, and the feast of Pentecost; but perhaps the greatest of all was the feast of the passover; this feast reminded them of the kindness of God in sparing their fathers on the night when he slew the first-born in Egypt. Exod. xii. 14.

Every year, at this feast of the passover, Mary and Joseph went up to Jerusalem. It was a solemn time, a holy service; every door was marked with blood—every family was to eat unleavened bread, with the roasted flesh of the paschal lamb, and bitter herbs. What could make Jesus, a child but twelve years old, be with his mother and Joseph at Jerusalem? He loved God's house, he loved God's people, he loved God's services, and this was why he went.

Nazareth is about seventy miles from Jerusalem, so that they had a long and weary way to go; but we do not mind the distance when we expect to meet with pleasure in the end; and so it was with them; many groups would join them upon the road, many friendly greetings, and friendly faces,

and every step would bring them nearer to the holy city. If we had looked upon them, we should have thought of the beautiful old psalm, "They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appearing before God."

What a beautiful place was Jerusalem; its streets of palaces, its flat roofed houses, its waving palms, its noble streets, the mighty hills that shut it in on every side, its walks of state, its high-raised arches, its fountains, its porticoes, and, above all, the temple blazing in the sunshine like a house of gold. and when at the high and solemn feasts, the people from all parts gathered within its walls—when many colored robes were mingled in the streets like party coloured sand, what a glorious sight it must have been; so was it when the family from Nazareth arrived—so was it when Jesus looked upon the city of palaces—the wonder of the world!

Jerusalem had ten gates, and three lofty walls, and measured, all round, nearly four miles. Travellers tell us of the dreary and barren rocks which form the neighbouring heights; but those naked rocks were in the old time covered with mould, and presented a very beautiful scene, the green grass starred with sweet and fragrant flowers.

Groups of travellers drew near from every part, through the thick groves of the mountain side, and amidst the fair gardens, the clustering vines and fig-trees. Many a weary man might stop to rest by the brook Kidron, in the valley of Jehoshaphat; and many a group might gather on the Mount of Olives. Amid these scenes, with which his future life in the world was to be so much connected, the Saviour arrived, and not one of those who came to that Passover feast could utter more earnestly than He, "I was glad when they said, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem; for glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

The feast is over, the lamb has been slain, the door-posts have been sprinkled, the unleavened bread and the bitter herbs have been eaten, and the people are quitting the city and going back to their own homes. Joseph and Mary return,—they are on their way to Nazareth; but Jesus, where is he? Does not the mother's heart yearn for her child? Is not Mary watchful over him, about whom such wonderful things have been uttered? She fancies that he is with some of their kinsfolk or acquaintance; no doubt he has joined some other party, but will soon return. The red sun cast its bright light upon the scene; the red sun sinks, and the evening time comes on; the last streak of day dies away, the pale moon and shining stars are in the deep blue sky, and Jesus has not yet returned.

Then Mary sought her child; there were doubts, misgivings, fears in her heart, as she pressed the question on each one she knew, had they seen Jesus? No; it was always the same; they had seen him in Jerusalem, but not since the feast had ended. Then was sorrow and bitterness for Mary; already it seemed that the words of old Simeon were coming true, and that a sword was piercing through her soul; oh, that Jesus should have escaped the cruelty of Herod, to be at last snatched from her in the spring time of his life.

Look again into Jerusalem streets; all seems still and quiet, but those two figures, why are they wandering there? They are Mary and Joseph seeking Jesus. For three whole days you watch them in their anxious search; presently they turn towards the temple; in all its beauty it rises up before them; they leave the busy market and the busy streets, and enter sorrowful its solemn courts. They thought not of its glory, its cedar wood, and plates of solid gold, the beautiful carvings, the cherubim, palm-trees, and flowers; the brazen sea, the brazen oxen, the altar of burnt offerings; the priests, and Le

vites in their robes, that passed and re-passed; they had but one thought, one object, one desire, to find the holy child Jesus.

See, they go into that square court, where many a greybeard enters; they stand amid a company of wise and learned men, old men, old by age, and old in their great wisdom. Notice how solemn, and yet how curious, is every face; with what deep interest each one stoops forward, and one bends down, and whispers to an aged brother—these men are the doctors of the law. What are they doing? They are not talking with some learned Egyptian, nor with some wise philosopher, poet, nor great orator, but with a child—a child but twelve years old—a child who, though he sits humbly at their feet, and hears them, and asks them questions, astonishes each one with his wisdom and his answers. The lost child is found in the temple. And as Mary and Joseph recognise Jesus, they are amazed.

“And his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing! And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?” And he went down with them and came to Nazareth.”

The actors in that scene are all gone: the temple is destroyed—not one stone remains upon another; but the story will never be forgotten. It has a voice for us, and as we think of that young child among the doctors in His Father’s house, it seems to say—Be like Jesus—be like him in his early piety—be like him in his purpose of doing God’s work in the world—be like him, thoughtful, earnest, loving, meek, obedient; and let each morning find you wiser and better than the last, that, like him, you may increase in wisdom, and in favor with God and man.

To God who reigns above the sky,
Our Father and our friend,
To him let all our vows be paid,
And all our prayers ascend.

’Tis he who claims our youthful hearts
He loves to hear us pray;
By night we’ll think upon his love,
And praise him every day.

B. K. C.

Elizabeth Lindup.

ELIZABETH LINDUP, the subject of the following narrative, was born February 17th, 1841.

Whilst she was a little child she was remarkably thoughtful, and liked to listen to serious conversation, and to sit on a little stool by her mother, when she read the Bible. Sometimes she would creep up quite close to her, and kiss her hand, and ask a great many questions about Joseph, and David, and Jesus Christ. She was, however, cheerful, and loved a game of play as much as other little ones around her, and often, in the fine weather, she went out in the fields to gather wild flowers or wandered by the shore to collect the weed and the curious shells she found there. But though Elizabeth had a better character than most little girls of her age, still she was hasty, and her parents were sometimes obliged to correct her. When she was punished, she soon owned her fault, and was never happy till she had prayed to God to forgive her. Often would she keep awake when she had done wrong, because it caused her so much sorrow. She was fond of going to the house of God and of being with good people, but her chief delight was in the Sunday School. If she could not attend, she learnt double lessons ready to repeat the next time, and was never absent when it could be helped. Her teacher says it was a real pleasure to instruct her—she was so sweet-tempered and diligent. Her hymns and scripture lessons were always repeated perfectly, and with seriousness; she generally stayed to the teachers’ prayer-meeting, and never appeared weary. After the school was over, she used to go quietly home, and tell her mother what she had been doing, and tried to remember what her teacher had said.

Her books were put carefully away, and not left about to be soiled and mislaid. She had some nice stories of pious children, which she liked to hear her mother read, and sometimes she read them herself to her brother, of whom she was very fond. On one occasion, the teacher had been asking the little girls in the class if they were prepared to die. In the evening Elizabeth was very silent, and now and then she wept. Her mother asked why she was in tears, and after awhile she said, "O, mother, I wish my heart was changed." At another time she said she had left off a form of prayer, and liked better to pray from her heart. When she was asked what she prayed for, she replied, "I pray to God to take away my heart of stone and to give me a heart of flesh. I pray, too, that I may love Him, and be obedient to my parents."

About eight or nine months before her death, her teacher hoped that a work of grace was beginning in her heart, and urged her and others to yield to the Spirit of God, and not to oppose his blessed influences on their souls. Elizabeth was much affected, and found it impossible to conceal her feelings, though she was too timid to speak much when questions were put to her. Another Sunday, when the subject of redemption was explained, and she was asked if she had any righteousness of her own she replied, "No teacher." "Well, then," continued the teacher, "what would you do if you were called to appear before God?" Elizabeth said, "When we come to Jesus, and he pardons our sins, he covers us over with his own righteousness, so that God cannot see one sin in us." This, no doubt, was her own happy case, and she is now with that glorious company "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

A short time after this, she heard the account of a young person living in the neighbourhood who had been removed by death. Elizabeth could not forget it, and at night, when she was

in bed, the little girl who slept with her thought she was crying, and asked her the reason. She said, "Oh, I was thinking what a solemn thing it must be to appear before God." About the same time, when amusing herself with her schoolfellows, she heard one of them say, "How I long for Christmas to come—we shall have a fine treat then!" "Ah," said Elizabeth, "we cannot tell but we may be in another world before that time." A friend, who overheard this remark, observed, when repeating it the day before she died, "Little did I think, dear little creature, she would be the first to go." Her parents were looking forward with pleasure to the prospect of her growing up to be a useful member of society and a comfort to them, but her heavenly Father was preparing her for a better home.

On the 6th of December, 1850, her only brother was attacked with scarlet fever, and being much attached to him, Elizabeth prayed very often to God to spare him, and she tried to interest and cheer him by reading "Janeway's Token," a book which gives some remarkable accounts of early piety. What she read affected her so much, that she could not help saying, "How pleasant it must be to die so happily!" In the course of a few days, Elizabeth and a younger sister were seized with the same disorder, and though it was thought at first that she would recover, in the course of the week there was little if any hope. From the beginning of her illness she thought she should die, and asked her mother to pray for her and not to grieve over her loss. She seemed to think more of her mother's distress than her own sufferings. At one time, she asked for her Testament that she might read, saying, "I will try not to make you unhappy by my complaints." She told her brother she was going to Jesus. At intervals she was insensible, but when she recovered, her mind was in "perfect peace." She knew that her sins were forgiven, and that Jesus loved her, and would save her. Death had

indeed lost its power to terrify, and she would say, "To die is gain!" She told her mother she should be ready to welcome her to heaven, and looking earnestly at her father, she added, "Come, father, come, too." Afterwards she sent messages to her teacher and schoolfellows, and then, collecting her thoughts, she said, "Lord, sanctify my heart, it is redeemed—my soul is redeemed with the precious blood of Jesus." Presently she repeated the following hymn:—

"O Lord, I am a little child,
That fain to thee would pray;
But am so prone to folly wild,
I know not what to say.

"Lord, teach my light and trifling tongue
To render thanks to Thee,
And mould my sinful heart, while young,
In deep humility."

She then sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." This was her last effort of the kind. A few hours before her death her mother said, "Do you know me?" She answered, "Yes—you are my dear, dear mother." Her attention was directed to Jesus, as able and willing to do more for her than the best earthly friend. She assented, and then, with a sweet smile, lifted up her little hand, and said—

"Happy, happy land, far, far away!"

These were her last words, and that evening, without a struggle or a sigh, she slept in Jesus. Thus died this interesting child, December 18, 1850, aged 9 years and 10 months. Her name will long be remembered in the village where she lived. Many tears were shed upon her grave, and her bright and simple-hearted piety has been the blessed means of leading others to Jesus.

E. R.

"What Christ has Done For us!"

(By C. W. M. Vande Velde.)

Dear Young Reader! You have often heard of Ceylon and its magnificent scenery. Perhaps you may be acquainted with Haufner's travels in that interesting Island, if so, then it will not be necessary for me to describe

its beautiful mountains and valleys, its⁸ extensive forests and rivers. Are you, on the contrary, a stranger to it,—just let your imagination have its free course; call to mind what you have seen on your travels or country tours, and from what is most beautiful in each of these sceneries, construct a fancied paradise, which, I am sure, will not fail to give you some idea of the picturesque country where the scene of my present narrative is found. Do not fear that you will form an exaggerated conception of Ceylon scenery; for its beauty is so great, that the ancients thought that the garden of Eden was situated here, and up to the present day, one of the mountains is called Adam's peak, from the footmark of our first parent, which is believed to be still existing there in a small hollow in one of the rocks. In the more southerly part of the island, the ancient imperial metropolis of Kandy is situated; no more governed by the cruel sceptre of a Ceylonese despot; but with its modernized European appearance, enjoying the blessings of peace under the protection of the British crown. Oh how dear that place is to me, and fain would I now relate how great the merciful kindness of our gracious God was to me in that beloved Kandy; but I must resist; as the object of these lines is to direct your attention to another monument of the Lord's mercy, a Ceylonese youth, then (1848) about seventeen or eighteen years of age, whom I met on one of my wanderings among the trees, sacred of old to the service of Buddha. How vividly I remember that evening which was to be my last there. The glowing red of the setting sun forming the grandest and most impressive contrast with the dark green leaves of the sacred trees around me, made the scene to be one of the most exquisite magnificence. And in perfect unison with creation around me, was the state of my mind, as I walked at the side of a dear friend, whose valued intercourse and hallowed company, I would no longer be permitted to enjoy.

But see, who is that youth there, in white flowing robes among the sacred tulips?

"Good evening, sirs, was the friendly salutation of the Ceylonese youth."

"Good evening. Who are you?"

"My name is ———, and I belong to the priests of that Buddha temple yonder; do you wish to see its interior?"

"Thank you, not at present. But pray tell us where you have learned to speak English so well?"

"I was three years with Mr Oakey, of the mission school."

"Did you really attend the mission school for so long a time? and now in the service of an idol? did you never read the Bible at school?"

"Oh, to be sure I did, especially the New Testament. I nearly knew Matthew by heart."

"But how could such an intelligent youth as you seem to be, fall back to heathenism, after having become acquainted with the service of the true God?"

"Why, my mother had taken me to Mr Oakey, but my family belongs to the highest caste; that of the priests; and as I have an uncle who is one of the principal priests of Kandy, I have the pleasing prospect of yet becoming a priest of the great Buddha."

"Do you then really think the worship of Buddha preferable to that of the invisible God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind?"

"Your religion is good, but that of Buddha is better, and only in his doctrine can true wisdom be found. To be spent in his service, and to increase in his knowledge is the only way to heavenly happiness. Every other way leads to everlasting misery."

From what you say, it appears that you have fallen back to heathenism in order to attain worldly honour; now, I am sure you must confess that this is not a noble motive. But you have also forsaken christianity to attain eternal salvation. But my good friend, does not your own conscience tell you that the way to holiness and happiness

taught in the Bible is far preferable to that prescribed by the religion of Buddha. You surely know that all have sinned and deserved God's wrath; that you also have sinned and need forgiveness, lest you should receive the merit of your transgressions. Now, you have no doubt been taught in the missionary school that free pardon and a full salvation is offered in Christ Jesus, as well as free admittance to the blessedness of heaven. You have heard that God has sent his Son to die for our sins, and that he now offers us eternal life as a free gift. And though Christ knew that we would be unwilling to be saved by him, still he loved us, even unto death. *Now what has Buddha done for you?* Has he loved you unto death? Has he borne your sins? Oh, think on these things before you give yourself wholly over to Buddha. He looked at us with a smile of self-complacency so natural to young men, without being able to give a satisfactory answer. My friend M. carried on the conversation till darkness called us home. Our whole soul was filled with compassion for that young man who so wilfully rejected the Gospel of his salvation. Well do I remember how fervently he was commended to the Saviour of lost sinners at our family altar that night. The next morning I left by mail coach, and soon I was far far away from the hill of Kandy, where a dumb idol was preferred to the living God. Once more I heard of our Ceylonese youth—that he had chosen the Lord Jesus as his Saviour? no,—that it was still dark in his soul, dark as the shadow of the tulip trees which surrounded his idol's temple."

Nearly four years had sped away on the swift wings of time, and once more my ways were directed to the East; not to the Indian East where Buddha reigns; no, to that East where the morning star of our salvation arose, to bring light and life to our benighted souls. Here my faithful M. continued to cheer me with his letters, and in one received at Sidon in a moment of deep depression, as I had been robbed by the

Arabs of Hasbeya, I read the following:—

"I must now tell you something which you will be glad to hear, was mentioned at the missionary meeting (at Colombo) last night, about a young man, a native in Kandy, who, it was hoped, was a sincere christian, who had lately been made a headman of a district (a Ratemahatmia), who had been subject to many temptations, and who, by God's grace, was continuing steadfast in the faith, and the only christian Ratemahatmia in the island. I say you will be glad to hear that this young man is the same lad as we spoke to one evening on the Castle Hill, on our way to Mr H.'s house; and who heard from us that Jesus Christ was the ark into which we might enter and be safe. All the praise and glory be to God."

My dear young reader! How great was now the happiness of our young Ceylonese; what a blessed peace arose in his soul at the thought of what Christ had done for him. But how is it with you? You too can then only be really happy and enjoy true peace when you have seriously considered *What Christ has done for you.*

The History of a Plant.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT THERE IS IN THE SEED.

The "History of a Plant" begins with the changes which take place when the seed grows. And changes most wonderful they are! You put the dry, hard grains, which you had kept perhaps for several years, and had seen no alteration in all the time, unless they became harder and drier,—you

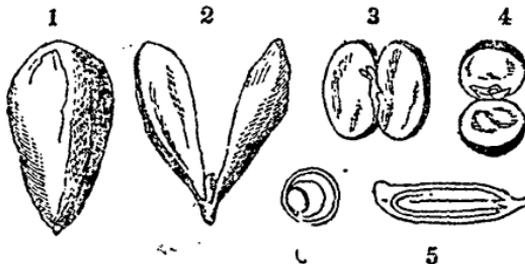
put them in the ground, not very deep and watered them; and after a little time, each grain has changed into a plant, and has a root running down into the mould, and green leaves on a stem which has pushed its way up into the air? If we had never witnessed this, and some one spoke of it, as if it happened only in other countries in which he had travelled, how surprised we should be, and what questions we should ask him! And after all, perhaps, we should think he had made a mistake, and had *fancied* that tall trees and tiny mosses, waving corn and sweet-scented flowers, had come from seeds.

If I were to show you *what there is in the seed*, you would soon see how it is that they can turn into plants; but you would not wonder the less at the change. It would seem more wonderful than ever, after you had looked at the preparations made *inside* the seed, for the time when it would have to grow. I cannot *show* this to you; I can only describe what is there, and give you a few little drawings, that you may know what I am speaking of; but if you will pay attention to what I say, though you cannot learn all there is to be known about seeds, you may learn enough to shew you, that, not only

"There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes God's glory known,"

but that every part of every plant and flower tells us that the great, and wise, and good God made it.

Let us take an acorn, a nut, or an almond, and strip off both its shell and its skin, (for I have nothing to say to you about *them* at present,) leaving only the white part of the kernel; *that white part is a little plant.* This

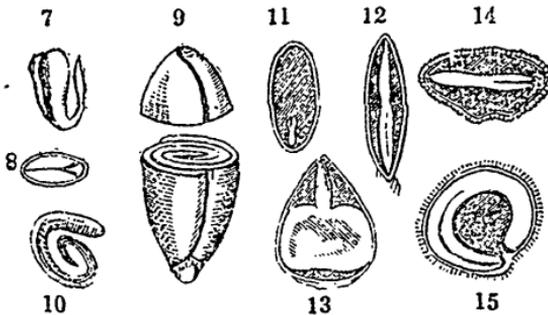


woodcut (1) represents an almond after both shell and skin are taken away; it has a crease going almost round it, by which you can split it into two parts and a little beak at the narrow end, which will not split, and which keeps those parts together. If we split it carefully, so as not to break either part off, it will look as I have represented it beside the other at (2). A part of the "beak," as I called it, stands up between the two parts of the kernel, and that is the bud out of which the stem and leaves would grow; out of the "beak" the root would thrust itself down into the ground; and these two parts, standing up like wings now, are the "seed-leaves," about which you will hear more in the next chapter. It is you see, a small plant.

But why are the "seed-leaves" so thick? They are not so much like leaves. You shall hear; For I will not make you wait till I tell you how the seed grows. When the little plant begins to grow, it wants "food," before it has either a root, or a leaf, to get any with. It would not grow at all if it had not some provided for it; and those two thick leaves are its larder and

store, until it is strong enough to gain from the kind earth, and the rain, and the soft air, what it needs for growth and thriving.

There is no end to the different ways in which this "little plant," and its first supply of food, are packed into the seed. There are some where the "seed-leaves" feed it, as they do in the almond, the nut, and in all like them. You will guess the drawing marked (3) to be a bean, and (4) to be a pea. The next are represented larger than they really are, that you may see the parts more distinctly; (5) shows you the seed of a small kind of wild mustard, cut down from end to end through the middle, in which the two "seed leaves" are folded back, so that the ends of them lie next the part from which the root is to grow; and (6) is the same seed cut across through the middle, so that you may see how those "seed-leaves" are wrapped round the stem of the little plant. In (7) and (8) you see how the "seed leaves" of the wall-flower lie side by side, after being doubled back upon the stem, just as those of the wild mustard were. The next (9) is the seed of the pomegranate; it



is cut in two, and one piece is lifted up a little way; the "seed leaves" here are rolled round each other very beautifully; and (10) is the "little plant" out of another kind of seed, the name of which you could not remember, if I told you; the two leaves, you see, have been rolled up differently from those of the pomegranate, and it is partly unrolled.

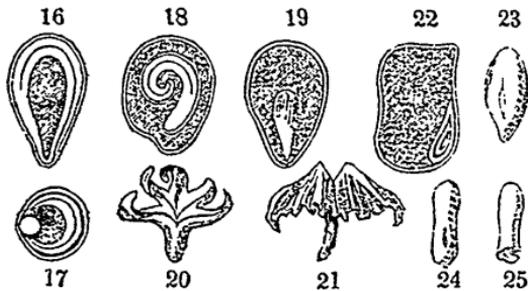
I must now show you another way in which the "food" for the young

plant is stored up, not at all like those you have seen. The woodcut marked (11) shows you a seed of the pretty little blue-bell, which grows upon heaths, cut through the middle; the young plant takes up only a little room in it,—all the rest is provision for it ready against the time when it will begin to grow. Those marked (12) and (13) are seeds of the small, sharply-stinging nettle, which I dare say you know too well, cut in two; the "little plant"

is upside down in it; and (13) shows you how broad the "seed-leaves" are. In the primrose it is laid on its side, in the midst of what it will have to live upon, as you may see in (14). Do you remember the rough seeds of that gay weed, the corn cockle? In them the "larder" is not very well supplied; but they are hardy plants, and will grow in spite of all the farmer's hoes and weeding-hooks: and (15) will show you how the little one in the seed lies all round its store, as if it were guarding it. This is more curious in the seeds of the marvel-of-Peru; it not only lies round it, as you see at (16) but, as (17), which shows the seed cut across the middle, makes very plain, it stretches the edges of its "seed-leaves" quite round its "food" the other way. The young potato plant (18) is coiled up in its well-stocked

storehouse. In most of these the two "seed-leaves" are thin and flat. In the common fir-tree (19), instead of two, there are several leaves, which lie closely together, and so there are in the lime-tree (20); and in the maple (21), instead of being flat, they are folded like a bat's wing when it is asleep.

All that I have to'd you about yet, are plants of the kind, which have *two* "seed-leaves," or more. I have not said a word about those which, like the grasses, have only *one*. But a few words will be enough for them now, along with the drawings. Perhaps you have grown Indian corn in your own little garden, and have not forgotten how the grains looked when they were cut open; (22) shows you. The little plant lies close in a corner, and you cannot see the stem and the leaf



part so plainly as in the other drawings; and all the rest of the seed is the "food" prepared for its days of sprouting. At (23) you see all that a grain of rice shows of the "little plant" in it—a narrow slit, for the first leaf to come through; and the slit is narrower still in the seed of the lords-and-ladies (24).

And now I think you can see what makes the wheat-grains so valuable to us, and what the flour they give us is: it is the provision got ready for the young plant. What robbers we are! The silk-worm spins itself a covering, and we unwind it all, and make it into dresses, ribbons, and velvets, and I do not know how many fine things! The bees gather honey from the flowers, and store it up in their waxen cells against the winter time; but we carry it

off, and use it ourselves! And so we take what the wheat had prepared for young plants of the next crop, and grind it well, and make bread of it, and call it our "staff of life!"

You have seen a cocoa-nut, with its hard thick shell, and its sweet white meat, and its "milk," as the boys call it. What a large seed it is; no, it is a great "larder," with plenty of good stuff in it; the young plant is so small, like what I have drawn at (25).

'Tis is but a very little about what there is in the seed. I have not said anything about ferns, and mushrooms, and mosses, because their seeds are like fine dust; and it would be of no use to tell you what you cannot go and look at for yourselves, until you are old enough to read the large books which

have been written about plants, and to understand more than I could put into these short chapters. But you can imagine what marvels there must be in those tiny seeds, from what I have shown you of the larger ones.

I promised you that these dear flowers should teach you something new about God; and they have done so at the very first step. We have cut open a few seeds to see what was in them; and we have found what only God's great wisdom could contrive, and only His power perform;—we have found what He alone, who made all these things, would care for them enough to do! We surely may hope that all the way through we shall see most plainly that we are studying the works of God.

THE STEPS THAT TAKE A LITTLE CHILD TO JESUS.

He invites children to come to him. And I want you dear children, to come to him. You may come. You ought to come. You ought to come now.

Were Jesus a few miles off, you think it would be easy to go to him. And I dare say you would like to see him, and hear him. Would you not? Yes, I am sure you would. But perhaps you are saying to yourselves, how can we go to Jesus now? Is he not in heaven? The Bible tells us that he was carried up into heaven; and we read that Stephen saw Jesus standing on the right hand of God. Luke. xxiv. 51. Acts vii. 56.

But, dear children, though you are on earth, and though Jesus is in heaven, yet you can come to him. You cannot come to him with your bodies, but you can come to him with your spirits, your minds and your hearts. Do you wish to know how? I hope you do. And if you are attentive, I will tell you. Coming to Jesus is a little journey, consisting of four or five steps, each of which steps your minds and hearts must take, or you will never either sit down at the Saviour's feet as scholars, or be folded in his bosom like lambs.

But of how many steps or stages, did I say that this journey consisted?

Four or five.

And must you take each and all of these steps?

Will not one or two of them do?

No. We must take them all.

Now, of the steps that you must take, the first is

THOUGHT.

To come to Jesus is to think about him. This is the first step. And the youngest child can take it. You can all think. All of you do think. You think about places and persons. You think about what you have seen and heard. You think about your parents, your brothers and sisters, your aunts and uncles, your companions and school-fellows. And I hope you have thought a little about death and the grave—about heaven and hell. And can you think about Jesus? Yes, indeed you can. Will you try? If you try, you will succeed. I hope you will begin to think about him at once, and think about him as your Saviour.

To come to Jesus, is to

DESIRE

him. This is the second step; and if you do not take this step, you will never come to Jesus. It is possible for you to think about him, without desiring him. Unless, therefore, you do something more than think about the Saviour, you will not come to him. Some children think, and even talk about Jesus, but they do not wish Jesus to save them. All those whom he saves, whether young or old, desire his salvation. Desire is hunger—the hunger of the heart for that which it really wants.

Now, dear children, as the body hungers for food, so does the heart hunger for Christ. To hunger is here the same thing as to thirst. It means to crave or desire. And little children when they seek the Saviour, cannot have peace till they find him. They have desires for Christ which Christ only can satisfy. They love the Bible which makes the Saviour known, and

they prove their love by reading it, and by trying to understand it.

The next step is,

PRAYER.

To come to Jesus is to pray to him. And a most important step it is, for you cannot come to the Saviour, if you do not pray to him. A prayer is a very simple thing indeed. It is asking another to give us something, or do something for us. Asking is praying, and praying is asking.

When Jesus was upon earth, the blind, the sick, and other diseased persons, asked him to give them their sight and to cure their diseases. This was prayer.

But the prayer, dear children, that will take you to Jesus, is a prayer for his forgiveness, for his Holy Spirit, and for a new heart. And what a pleasing sight is that of a little child on its knees, praying to be pardoned, and to be made fit for heaven! A new heart is a heart that hates sin and that loves God. And Jesus only can give this heart. And those that feel their need of it, will pray for it; and if they pray for it really and truly, they will have it. For Jesus says, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find." Matt. vii. 7.

Come to Jesus by prayer or draw near with your heart to him, and he will bless you. The next step is,

FAITH.

To come to Jesus is to believe in him. This is another step in the heart's journey to Jesus. To believe *in* Jesus, or *on* Jesus, or to have faith in Jesus, is the same thing. To believe what Christ says, is to be assured in our minds that what he says is true. To believe in, or on, the work of Christ, is to depend on what he has done to save us. And faith is explained by coming, and coming by receiving him. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not; but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name," John i. 11-12.

Here you see, that to believe in Jesus, is to receive him; and that to receive him, is to believe in him.

Remember, then that coming to Jesus is a little journey of four steps.

What is the first?

Thought.

What is the second?

Desire.

What is the third?

Prayer.

What is the fourth?

Faith.

So that to come to Jesus, you must think about him, desire him, pray to him, and believe in him.

And now let us have that beautiful hymn—

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his
fold,—

I should like to have been with them then.

"I wish that his hands had been placed on my
head,

That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when
he said,

'Let the little ones come unto me.'

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;

And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

"In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.' "

The little Blind Boy.

A GENTLEMAN once stopped in the streets of London by a stranger, who asked him, "Did you ever thank God for your reason?" I don't know that I ever did," the gentleman replied. "Do it quickly, then," said the stranger, "for I have lost mine." We are very liable to forget to thank God for his common mercies, whose greatness we can never duly estimate till we have experienced their loss. Did the young reader ever thank God for his eye-sight? The following interesting narrative will remind him of that duty:—Once there was a good little boy in

Scotland, about eight years old, who took the small-pox; and when he grew better, it was found that it had shut up both eyes, so that he could see nothing. He had been such a gentle, good boy, that all the family loved him, and led him about, and were very kind to him. He had a little sister Annie, twelve years old, who used to find amusements for him; and when it came warm weather, she would take him to walk in the country. One day they took a long walk, and sat down at the foot of a great tree. "Annie," said James, "What a pleasant day this is!—the air feels so warm and soft to my face. I hear the burn pacing the smooth stones, and the sheep and the lambs bleat: how I wish I could see them again. Hark! there is a thrush singing over our heads. O! how beautiful it used to be to sit down here, and look to the far away hills, and the clear blue sky; and see the mill yonder, and the pretty ducks in the pond. Ah! Annie, I think I shall never see these things again."

Then the little boy thought how dismal it would be to be always blind and dark, and feel so helpless and sad; and he began to cry. "Don't cry, Jamie," said his dear sister; "maybe you'll see yet. There was Daniel Scott you know, had the small-pox, and he was blind for weeks; but he got well, and now he sees as well as anybody. Besides, you know," said she, "God will do right about it, as dear mother says; and, if he leaves you to be blind, will make you happy some other way. Besides, we all do what we can for you, and I will read to you, and it will not be so bad." But poor James kept thinking of his misfortune, and sat down with his head bent upon his hands, and his elbows on his knees, and kept on crying. The flood of tears pressed their way between his eye-lids, which had stuck together, and when he lifted up his head, he cried out, "O! Annie, I can see! There's the brook, and the mill, and the sheep. O! how glad I am!" Annie was as joyful as

he, and hurried him to return home so as to tell the good news; but James lingered long, for he wanted so to look about him. "O!" said he, "how little do children know of the blessing of sight! If they had only lost it awhile, like me, they would never cease to thank God for eye-sight." You may think how pleased they all were at home. At night, when the father prayed in the family, and came to thank God for restoring dear little James to sight, he almost wept for joy. James soon got completely well; and when he grew up to be a man, he never forgot to be grateful to his Heavenly Father, that he was not blind.

The Golden City

When John was in Patmos, an angel said to him, "Come hither." So the angel carried John away, in the spirit, to a high mountain, and showed him a great city. The city was very great, and in the 21st chapter of the Revelation, (the last book in the Bible,) we have a description of it. I hope you will read it very attentively.

The first thing John saw was a wall—a high wall, built upon a firm or strong foundation. And the wall was square built. It had four sides, and all these sides were of equal length.

But of what do you think this wall appeared to be built? Not of bricks and mortar, nor even of marble, the most precious stone in common use; but of Jasper, clear as crystal. Jasper is a precious stone found in eastern countries, and is of a beautiful sea-green color; and the crystal is perfectly clear. So that the wall of the heavenly city is by John described as built of transparent jasper, or a green stone that could be seen through, spotted, perhaps, with various colors, such as red and purple. What a beautiful wall! And how large, too! "The city lieth four square. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it, are equal." It was twelve thousand furlongs high, as many broad, and just so many long.

How many furlongs make a mile !
Eight.

So that the wall of the city was fifteen hundred miles high, and as many each way, or making in the whole, six thousand miles round.

The next thing John saw was the entrance to the city; or rather, I should say, the gates. And there were twelve of them, three on a side. Three in the east, three in the west, three in the north, and three in the south. And each gate was made of pearl,—a white, hard, shining substance. What beautiful gates! There are no gates like these to any city on earth. O! no. And they teach us that everything connected with heaven is most glorious. Think of twelve gates, dear children, all made of pearl! How very beautiful! And these gates were openings into the city. And there was no getting into the city, but through these gates.

But something else was pointed out to John, besides the gates. There were twelve gates, and at these gates there were twelve angels. An angel at each gate. Beautiful creatures! And they were placed there by God to guard the city—to welcome all who were entitled to enter it, but to admit none except those who were prepared to enter. The angels had charge of the gates, and they did what Jesus told them to do. They were sure not to drive any away who came in the name of Jesus, and who had washed their robes and made them white in his blood. The angels would know that all such were true citizens; and they would at once open the gates, and let them in. Dr. Watts has this pretty verse in one of his hymns,—

“See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come;

There Jesus, the forerunner, waits,
To welcome travellers home.”

And now, dear children, should you not like to go into this city? I think you would; and therefore I shall take you in. We may go in. I mean, we may go in with our minds and hearts. But not just now. When I am ready

to go in with you in our minds and thoughts, I will tell you.

New Year's Day.

In the morning a number of the Sabbath Schools assembled according to custom in the American Presbyterian Church, and it was gratifying to see such a good “turn out”; which, considering the heavy snow-storm of the previous night, was far more numerous than could have been expected. The Rev. Dr. Taylor presided on the occasion. A portion of Scripture was read by the Rev. Mr. Marling, who also led in prayer. The Rev. Mr. McLoud—who was evidently laboring under severe indisposition—gave a solemn and at the same time happy address to the scholars, telling them of the great interest that Christ took in children when on earth, which he still continued to do, and assuring them that, amongst the many friends they had, Jesus was the warmest and kindest of them all, and that his love called for a grateful return. This was a season for getting presents, and the Saviour offered to each of them “a new heart,” and a title to “a heavenly mansion,” alluding to the uncertainty of all earthly possessions, and even of life itself, an awful instance of which had been witnessed in the immediate neighborhood only the day before.

The teachers were then addressed by the Rev. Mr. Inglis of St. Gabriel Street Church, and we seldom listened to more appropriate remarks.—In the progress of his address he alluded to the “great end of Sabbath school instruction”:—the bringing of children to the Saviour, that they might be “lambs of his flock.” It was a most important work. They were required to “teach well”—connecting the doctrines of Sinai with the doctrines of Calvary in order that the children might see that, although “sin did much abound, yet grace did much more abound,” they were to “teach patiently,” laboring to “sow

the good seed of the word," over and over, and over again; as, in the emphatic language, it was to be "*line upon line, precept upon precept.*"—They were to "*rule well,*" seeing that proper order was observed in their classes, and, amongst several other duties, the most important was, that they were to "*pray well.*" Concluding with the salutation—in the name of his brethren—of Boaz to his reapers: "*The Lord be with you.*"

The Rev. Dr. Church addressed the parents, pressing upon mothers, especially, the necessity of Faith, seeing that the young souls committed to their care were immortal, and how important it was to cherish and nourish those early beginnings of piety that sometimes, nay often, were manifested in early life, reminding all to whom the training of the young was entrusted, of what Solomon says:—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The services were interspersed with suitable hymns, and although protracted much beyond the usual time, the interest of old and young was kept up throughout. At the close a collection was taken up, on behalf of the Canada Sunday School Union. In addition to the above, we may mention that Schools in the Methodist connexion, and also of the Established Churches, met as usual, and the result demonstrated the growing interest that is taken, in this city, in the cause of Sabbath Schools, amongst all denominations of Christians.

"The Glory that Excelleth."

Did you ever try to look at the sun? Yes, our young friends will say, we have often tried it. How it dazzles our eyes! Indeed, we cannot look at it at all when it shines in its noon-day brightness. It is only in the morning or evening, or on a cloudy day, when its glory is somewhat veiled, that we can bear to look.

But how strange! When after looking at the sun, we turn again to the things around us, to the houses and

hills and trees, we cannot see them; or if we do, they appear like dim and shadowy things—without reality! The image of the sun makes us blind to everything else; our eyes seem, as it were, so filled with brightness, that there is room for nothing besides.

Yet how soon the dazzling brightness dies away! If we gaze long on the houses or the fields, they speedily lose their shadow-like appearance, and begin once more to look real and solid.

Reader, the things of the world—its occupations and its joys—appear real and lasting to the natural heart of man. We are ready to think that they will never pass away. But "*the things that are seen are temporal.*" They do pass like a shadow! Would you like so to think of them? Would you learn to keep the world out of your heart? Then look to the Sun, the Sun of righteousness! Let your soul be filled with His brightness, and it will have no room for the vanities of earth. All that is counted glorious will lose its lustre, by reason of "*the glory that excelleth.*"

But you must *continue* to look. If you withdraw your eye from the Lord Jesus; if, even for a little, you turn a glance again towards the world, the glory of the Sun of Righteousness will speedily fade from your sight—earth will again look real, and you will begin to count its pleasures sweet. Look at the Sun, then!

You may now behold him without being overwhelmed by the sight. It is true He shines brightly on this world of ours. But He does not yet appear in His noon-day splendour. He has veiled His brightness, for a time, that our weak eyes and our dark hearts may be able to look on Him without being consumed. Yet a day is coming when you will see Him as He is. If you are His, you will then look with delight on His fully manifested glory, for your eyes will no more be weak through sin. If you know Him not, His brightness will be to you as a devouring fire.

Dear young friend, how will it be with you on that day?

COURSE OF SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR 1853.

FIRST SERIES.

- Feb. 13.**—*Scripture to be read*—Gen. xxviii. 10-17. *To be committed*—John xiv. 6. *Subject*—Jacob. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—Jacob an exile—stones his pillow, but his sleep such as the Lord gives his beloved—his vision, (Christ the way, John xiv. 6)—promises renewed to Jacob—he rejoices with trembling.
- Feb. 20.**—*Scripture to be read*—Gen. xxxvii. 23-30. *To be committed*—Romans viii. 28. *Subject*—Joseph. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—In connection with the verses read, trace the principal events of the history of Joseph—see in the result an illustration of Rom. viii. 28. Joseph a type of Christ the Deliverer.
- Feb. 27.**—*Scripture to be read*—Ex. i. 22, ii. 1-10. *To be committed*—Ps. cxxxvi. 1, 23, 24. *Subject*—Moses. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—Extreme distress of the captives—time of deliverance come—means employed—the preservation of Moses—by the Egyptians themselves—apply Ps. cxxxvi. 23. Low estate—man's extremity—God's opportunity—He remembereth us in our low estate—to us too a child is given.
- March 6.**—*Scripture to be read*—Ex. xii. 29-32. *To be committed*—Matt. xxvi. 26-28. *Subject*—The Exodus. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—The last plague (what were the others?)—at length effective—people delivered not by their own strength—deliverance to be remembered—Passover—Christ kept it—connexion between it and the Lord's Supper—as they were eating he took bread—while they were doing that in remembrance of the deliverance from Egypt, he interrupted them, and said, do this in remembrance of me. 1 Cor. v. 7.
- March 13.**—*Scripture to be read*—Ex. xvii. 1-7. *To be committed*—1 Cor. x. 3, 4. *Subject*—The Rock in Horeb. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—They journeyed according to the command of God, and yet at this station no water—right way, not always the easy way—explain the sufferings—people thought they were chiding Moses—they were tempting God—Moses in his strait cried unto God—his faith—he did so in the sight of the elders of Israel. Apply, "that Rock was Christ."

SECOND SERIES.

- Feb. 13.**—*Scripture to be read*—Luke iv. 22-37. *To be committed*—Heb. iv. 12, 13. *Subject*—The word of God quick and powerful. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—Refer to the history of the widow of Sarepta (1 Kings xvii.), and to Naaman (2 Kings v.) Show the design and effect of telling these events—it touched their pride—they claimed exclusive right to favor, Acts vii. 54—the possessed—the word of Jesus.
- Feb. 20.**—*Scripture to be read*—Luke v. 12-26. *To be committed*—Luke v. 31, 32. *Subject*—Mighty works show forth themselves in Him. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—The leprosy—Lev. xiv., Isa. i. 5, 6. Retired to pray—follow his steps. The paralytic—the faith of his friends—their zeal and perseverance—(explain the way they let him down)—pardoning sin the prerogative of Deity—strange thing.
- Feb. 27.**—*Scripture to be read*—Luke vi. 43-49. *To be committed*—Pro. iv. 23. *Subject*—The tree and its fruits. The two foundations. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—The corrupt tree and evil fruit—apply to evil heart by nature and consequent wicked life—so with good tree (engrafted) and good fruit, 1 Tim. i. 5—all things new—the two foundations.
- March 6.**—*Scripture to be read*—Luke viii. 40-56. *To be committed*—Amos iv. 8, 9. *Subject*—Judgments leading the distressed to the Source of mercy. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—One people puts away Christ, another receives him—Jairus—a ruler—John vii. 48—Child—age—only—dying.—It was then that Jairus sought for Jesus—an affliction blessed (briefly note the parenthetic narrative.) Ruler's family no faith—Master likes to be "troubled" thus. Encouraged the feeble faith of Jairus—and satisfied him.
- March 13.**—*Scripture to be read*—Luke ix. 51-62. *To be committed*—Mat. v. 44, 45. *Subject*—The false spirit and the excuses. *Prominent topics of the Lesson*—Ready to suffer, ch. xii. 50—Samaritans, 2 Kings xvii. 24-33.—John iv. 9. 2 Kings i. 10.—Their spirit—and did not know it.—Follow Christ through poverty (v. 58), with a love stronger than nature's affection (v. 59-62).

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