



THE  
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AND  
SCHOOL  
RECORD.

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**The Dying Hindoo Boys.**

I know not in how far my little readers are prepared to die, but I sometimes feel anxious to write that which may help to make them ready for that solemn event whenever it may arrive. The Bible says, "It is appointed unto all men once to die," and yet how few of you ever think about it! You are as gay, and as light, and as careless, some of you, as if you were to live for even on the earth. Your eye, is bright, your cheek is rosy, your health is good, and you fancy you have long to live. I hope, dear reader, that it is so, and I pray that if your life is to be a useful one, it may be very long and very happy. But I know that little children are often called to die. I have seen, and so have you, the little smiling infant sicken and die upon its mother's breast. I have known the little playmate, and so have you, once all gaiety and life, turn pale and waste away till his eye was no longer bright, and his frame no longer strong, and we followed his little corpse to the cold and the silent grave. I could tell you of two boys I know of, who read the first numbers of the *Missionary Newspaper*, and

were then quite strong and happy, but who are now both gone into eternity, and we know not who next may be called to follow. It may be you—yes, you, all healthy as you are; and so I wish to say something now by which to lead you to solemn thoughts, and help to make you ready. It may assist me in doing this if I tell you about two little Hindoo boys, of whom we have lately heard as having sweetly died in Jesus. They attended the Native Christian School, conducted by the Missionaries at Berhampore, and there they learned the truths that finally saved their souls.

One of them was called Deeno, and he was only eleven when he died. He was a fine little fellow, full of affection, and very promising in talent. The Missionaries loved him much, and took great pains to give him religious knowledge. They often prayed for him, and had cause to rejoice that their prayers were answered, and Deeno was apparently given up to Christ. His lovely piety, his readiness of speech, and his capacity for learning, made his teachers hope that his life might be spared, and he might

become at last a preacher to his nation. But God saw otherwise, and took him early to himself.

He seemed to have a very tender conscience, and often, when he heard others speaking and acting wrongly, he would faithfully and kindly reprove them. Sometimes, indeed, he would reprove those that were older than himself, and this his father checked, but he would reply, "Father, they do not know they do wrong; but if I tell them of their faults, they will refrain from such conduct." He seemed also to be a child of much prayer, and sometimes when the person who had to open the school in the morning with prayer, was absent, he would stand up and very prettily perform the service in his place.

The dear boy, however, was not allowed to live as long as his friends desired. A severe disease broke out in the school about six months ago, and Deeno was one of the first to fall a victim to it; but all through his illness he shewed the greatest patience, and day by day seemed ripening for heaven. One day his parents came to see him, and, as they stood around his bed and saw his sufferings, they could not restrain their tears. Deeno saw it, and sweetly said, "Weep not for me! weep for yourselves! It will be well with me; I am going to my Saviour!"

The evening previous to his death, Mrs. Hill, the Missionary's wife, thought that he was dying, and that he could not speak, and, wishing to know his state of mind, she took him by the hand and said, "Deeno, are you happy?"—He answered, "Yes?" "Do you feel your love to God increase?"—"Yes!" "There will be no weakness in heaven—no sin in heaven, Deeno!"—His intelligent eyes brightened at the words, and he emphatically answered, "No! no!"

Soon after this he took a little food, and seemed revived. His father was sitting by him, and, looking earnestly

at him, he said, "Father, I am not your's—I am the Lord's. Father, did Jesus die for sinners? Then believe in him; pray to him!"

He spoke no more after this, but shortly after fell asleep in Jesus.

Another little boy in the same school died of the same disease. His name was Simon, and he was only seven years of age. His death was more sudden than that of Deeno, for he was only seized in the morning, and was a corpse before the evening. A catechist that was present, and saw that he was dying, said, "Simon, are you afraid to die?"—"No!" he answered, "I am going to my Father's house." "Your father's house!" he said, "where is that?"—He directly raised his dying head, and pointing up towards heaven, he said, "My father in heaven!" "But are you not a sinner?" asked the teacher.—"Yes!" he said, "I know I am a sinner; but my heavenly Father sent his only Son to die for sinners. If he calls me, why should I be afraid?" These were his last words. He then turned himself upon his side, and, without a struggle, breathed out his soul.

My dear reader, it is for you to believe in the same Saviour that these dear boys did, and then you will be found as happy and as calm at last.

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

### The Blind Girl.

Little Mary Dale was playing on the side-walk before her father's house.—Ellen Green saw her, and running to her called out, 'Mary! Mary! come and play with me in the sand bank.'

'No, Ellen, my mother has forbidden me to play there.'

'Oh, do come; we'll have a good time, and she'll never know it.'

'No, I can't disobey her. You know it would be wicked.'

'Well, go along then! I don't want you to play with me,' said Ellen, quite

angrily ; and giving Mary a sudden push, threw her upon the side-walk, and then ran away. Mary's bonnet flew off, and the side of her head struck hard against the pavement. She lay as if insensible. Her mother saw her from the window, and hastening to her took her up in her arms, and carried her into the house. She was soon able to speak ; but there was a great pain in her head, and a mist before her eyes so, that she could see nothing distinctly. A physician came and prescribed for her relief, but in vain ; her sight grew dimmer and dimmer, until she could not see at all. She was blind. When she had been quite blind for several days, she asked her mother, "Can I never see again?"

'I fear not my dear child,' was the answer.

'Jesus could open my eyes, if He were here. He made the blind to see.'

'He is not here, my child, to open blind eyes now ; but he is continually giving sight to blind souls, which is a greater blessing to those who understand it.'

'I think I know what you mean, mother ; making those who did not care any thing about God, and who never thought anything about him, to see his love to them and feel his presence, and love him for his goodness.'

'You understand something of what I mean. If you should be blind all your life, my child, yet if you should see God with your mind as your reconciled and kind Father, and Jesus as your full Saviour, you will be happy. The light of his presence will be better to you than the light of the sun and the smile of his love sweeter than the face of parents and friends.'

'I think I do love God mother, and that he loves me, and seems to smile upon me. I feel a sweet peace in my heart, and love everybody. I am not vexed, because I am blind, because God has let me be so.'

'Do you love Ellen Green, then?'

Yes mother ; and I am sorry for her. She must feel grieved for what

she has done, and I think she does not know how pleasant it is to feel that God loves her. Couldn't she come and see me sometimes? Perhaps it would do her good.'

It was told Ellen that Mary wished to see her. Ellen seemed very troubled when she went into the chamber where Mary sat quietly holding her hands, and whispering to herself sweet verses she had learned when she could see. When she heard that Ellen was come, she took hold of her hand, and spoke very kindly to her.

'I can't play much with you, Ellen ; but I wanted you to see how happy I am. God is very good, even to blind people.,'

The tears came to Ellen's eyes, and one of them fell on Mary's hand.—Don't cry Ellen. It is best for one to be blind, or God would not have permitted one to become so ; and perhaps, when you see one blind, you will be sorry for the bad temper that sometimes makes you unkind, and will learn not to get angry any more.—Ellen still wept, but could say nothing.

A few days afterwards, she went to lead Mary out to walk in the beautiful sunshine ; and it was pleasant to see how careful she was that no harm should happen to the little blind girl. But oh ! how sad and sorrowful she looked ! and though Mary smiled and talked of the fresh air, and the sweet smelling grass and flowers, and the songs of the waters and the birds, and of God in all of them, and seemed very grateful and happy, Ellen looked unhappy and miserable. Those blind eyes continually reproached her with her sin. There was no peace for her till she had sought and found the forgiveness of God ; but even now, when she looks on Mary's pretty, sightless face, joy dies within her, and her spirit lies low in humility. She will never cease to mourn for her great sin of anger ; by which, though she meant it not, and little dreamed to do such harm, she put out the eyes of her friend and playmate.—*Lamp of Love.*

### The Monarch and the Tomb.

King George the Third had a strong desire that the last resting place for himself and his family, should be in the same sepulchre, and in one less public than Westminster Abbey.

After several consultations with Mr. Wyatt, His Majesty's architect, the tomb house at Windsor was ordered to be erected.

When Mr. Wyatt waited upon the King with his finished drawings and plans of the building, he explained how he proposed to arrange it for the reception of the remains of royalty.

King George went minutely over the whole particulars, and after a few proposed alterations, the design was approved. When Mr. Wyatt was leaving the room he expressed his regret at having occupied so much of his Majesty's time, but that he had purposefully gone into all the details, in order to avoid having again to bring so painful a subject under his notice.

With a look of pious resignation, the good old monarch, sweetly replied, "Mr. Wyatt, I request that you will bring the subject before me whenever you please. I shall attend with as much pleasure to the building of a tomb to receive me when I am dead, as I should to the decorations of a drawing-room to hold me while living; for, Mr. Wyatt, if it pleases God that I should live to be ninety, or even a hundred years old, I am willing to stay; but if it pleases God to take me this night, I am ready to go."

Teach me to live that I may dread,  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die that so I may,  
Rise joyful at the judgment day.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.  
Ps. xc. 12.

### The Children's Friend.

Thou Guardian of our youthful days,  
To thee our prayers ascend;  
To thee we'll tune our songs of praise;  
Thou art "the Children's Friend."

From thee our daily mercies flow,  
Our life and health descend;  
Lord, save our souls from sin and woe,  
Be thou "the Children's Friend."

Teach us to prize thy Holy Word,  
To all thy truths attend;  
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,  
And love "the Children's Friend."

Lord draw our youthful hearts to thee,  
From every ill defend;  
Help us in early life to flee  
To thee, "the Children's Friend."

Oh may we taste of Jesu's love,  
To him our souls commend;  
For Jesus left the realms above,  
To be "the Children's Friend."

Let all our hopes be fixed on high,  
And when our lives shall end,  
Then may we live above the sky  
With thee, "the Children's Friend."

To love Jesus is to become like Him;  
to be like Him is to be a blessing; to  
be a blessing is worthy the aspiration  
of an angel.

### The Little Child's Morning Hymn.

Dear Lord, to-day to Thee I'll pray,  
And gladly sing thy praise;  
And ask Thee now to teach me how  
To serve Thee all my days.

Teach me the road to that abode  
Where Jesus lives with Thee;  
Jesus, who gave himself to save  
A little child like me.

Teach me to say the truth always,  
And never tell a lie;  
For liars dwell in fires of hell  
With Satan, when they die.

Make me a mild and gentle child,  
My parent's will to do;  
Christ did fulfil his Father's will,  
Make me obedient too.

Oh! God above, fill me with love  
In Thee, and all my race;  
That when I die, my soul may fly  
With joy to see Thy face!



Anglo-Saxon Gods Worshipped in Britain During the Heptarchy.

OUR PAGAN ANCESTORS—NO III.

The Druids—of whom I gave you an account last month—were not our only idolatrous forefathers; when their power fell, other superstitions followed. They were greatly reduced and at last uprooted by the Romans, who conquered the island about 1700 years ago. With the Roman government came some of the Roman gods; at a very early period good missionaries came from Rome, and preached the gospel in the country. A great many people thus became Christians during the time of the Romans, about whom I shall tell you in a future Paper, and for some hundred years there was a mixture of Roman and British idolatry, and Christianity, through the south and south-west of the island.

In about the year of our Lord 448 the Romans retired, and the Britons, unable to defend themselves from the Picts from Scotland, invited over the Saxons from Germany. These Saxons were heathens and idolators. They came in great numbers, and not only conquered and drove back the Picts, but conquered the Britons too, and divided the country into seven small

kingdoms, which we call "*The Heptarchy*," from words that mean seven governments. Idolatry now again overran the country; and, through a few Christians were still left chiefly in Wales, the most of the people worshipped false gods.

Amongst other gods were the following from which the days of our week are taken, and I have put down the Saxon names of the days, from which you will see how our names have come:—

THE SUN, . . . . .	or the Sun's-day.
THE MOON, . . . . .	or the Moon's-day.
TUISCO, . . . . .	or the Tw's-day
WODEN, or ODIN, . . . . .	or the Woden's-day
THOR, or THUNNER, . . . . .	or the Thunre's-day.
FRIGA, . . . . .	or the Friga's-day.
SATURN, . . . . .	or the Seterne's-day.

Besides these, they had many others. Of these I may mention three goddesses, one called RHEDA, another ESTRE, and a third HERTHA. Reda had sacrifices offered her in the month of March, and which was therefore called "*Rhed Month*." Eastre was worshiped with peculiar rites at the time of Good Friday celebrations, and which still keeps up her name in *Easter*. Hertha is supposed by many to be the

goddess of Nature, as her name means, "*Mothei-Earth*." An ancient writer tells us that there was an island in the ocean devoted to this goddess. In this island was a beautiful grove within which was a sort of car, covered with a fine covering, under which the goddess was supposed to live, and so sacred, that no one but the priest might touch it. On certain great days this car was carried forth by cows, and the people marched with great rejoicings about it. It was taken to a certain lake, and there washed by slaves, who were always drowned after, as an offering to the goddess.

Their chief god was Woden, or Bodin, or Odin, for he is called by all these different names. He is supposed to have been the same god as is now worshiped in Thibet, Burmah, India, China, &c., under the name of Budh. This Woden was considered the father of all the other gods, and his wife Freya, the mother of all. He was therefore called "*All-Father*," or universal parent. He was supposed to govern all the kingdoms and all gods. Thor was said to be his son, and next in rank to Freya, and Hertha, his daughter. Of their different gods they had images of brass, and iron, and wood, and stone. Some of these idols are pictured for you at the head of this account, and another will be given you next month.

To all these gods they offered different marks of honour, and to some they presented even human sacrifices. After great battles, in which they were victorious, it is said they offered the tenth of their captives; and, on certain great national events, they tried to get the favour of their gods by human blood. In the month of February, they offered cakes to the sun, and which was therefore called "*Sol-Monath*." Some think this gave rise to our custom of making *pan-cakes* about that time. September was a month of religious ceremonies and was therefore called the holy month; and in November, cattle were offered to certain gods.

They had many temples and priests. The priests were both men and women. The men attended to sacrifices, and the women pretended to be able to foretell future events.

Such were some of the dark and heathen practices of our forefathers.—I shall tell you more, if spared, another time; but now must close. How good has God been to us to send us that glorious gospel, which has done away with all this superstition

"Wonders of grace to him belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song!"

### The Ten Sick Men.

It is very common to meet sick people in the streets, but did you ever see ten sick people all standing together? I think not. Yet once ten very sick people were seen together. They were called lepers. What is a leper? It is a man whose skin is covered with a white breaking-out, and whose flesh is beginning to crumble away. Sometimes the ends of his fingers drop off, and then his hands or his feet, till only the stumps are left. It would make you sad to see one of these poor lepers. But oh, how very sad it must have been to see ten lepers standing together. I will tell you why they all kept together. It was because they were not allowed to be with people who were well—not even to touch them; so what could the poor creatures do? They did not like always to be alone, and they were glad to keep company with each other. They were not allowed to walk in the streets of a town, lest they should touch the people who were passing by; they were obliged to be in the country, amongst the trees and the fields. It is pleasant to be in the country—yes, very pleasant for people who are well, but it was not pleasant for the poor lepers; no place was pleasant for them.

One day, as the ten lepers were all together, they saw a man coming along the way, and going towards a village. They knew who this man was; they must have seen him before. But do

you know who that man was? He was the greatest man who ever lived in this world. Was he a king? He was greater than all the kings—he was the king of kings and yet he was a poor man. How could this be? I will tell you how it was. The Son of God had come down to live in this world. God, his Father, had sent him down here that he might die upon the cross for our sins. We are sinners, and the Son of God died that our sins might be forgiven. The Son of God was called Jesus. Oh, he was so kind and good, but he chose to be very poor. He could do wonderful things, and make sick people well only by speaking a word. The ten lepers had heard of this, and when they saw Jesus passing by, they called out very loud, "Jesus, Master have mercy on us." They did not dare to come near Jesus, but they hoped he would hear their voices. And he did hear them, and said, "Go show yourselves to the priests." Now, the priests were ministers. God had said that when lepers were made well they should go first to the priests, and be looked at by them before they walked again about the streets. So when these lepers heard Jesus tell them to go to the priests, they knew that they should soon be well.

As they were walking towards the place where the priests lived, they grew well. Those hands that were covered with white sores, were now the same brown color they had been before. If the lepers looked at each other, they saw faces that were of a sickly white become rosy and healthy. And when the lepers saw this, did they go on, or did they turn back? One of them turned back, and only one; all the rest made haste to go to the priests. Why did that one turn back? It was that he might go to Jesus and thank him. As he went along, he praised God for his goodness with a loud voice. When he was sick, he had asked to be cured with a loud voice; and now he was well, he thanked God

with a loud voice. This was right.

When he came to Jesus, he fell down at his feet with his face to the ground and thanked him. Then Jesus said, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger." Now Jesus knew that this man who had come back was not of his own country. He was a stranger, or a foreigner, and he came from a land where the people knew very little about God, yet he loved God better than the other lepers did.

There are many people who pray to God when they are unhappy, and who forget to thank him when they are happy again. Is there a boy reading this book who was once in great distress? Had you once no food in the house? Did you pray to God for food? Did you get food? Did you thank God for it? Whenever God has given you any thing, or made you well, or got you out of trouble, he expects you to thank him. He knows how many men and women and children he has helped. Perhaps there were one hundred people very ill last night, and God has made them all better this morning, and perhaps only one thanks him. Then God says, "Where are the ninety and nine?"

God knows your name. If you do not thank him, he says, "Where is that little boy or that little girl? Why does not he come and thank me? I have been very kind to him." Do you know the greatest kindness God has ever shown you? He has given his Son to die for your sins. Did you ever ONCE thank God for sending Jesus Christ to die upon the cross that you might not go to hell? If you have never thanked him yet, begin this day, and say, "O Father, I thank thee for sending the Lord Jesus Christ to die upon the cross to save sinners."

You may read this history in Luke 17, 11-19.





Tuahine, one of the First Fruits of Tahiti.

Tahiti, one of the most beautiful islands of the South Seas, was one of the first places to which the London Society sent missionaries. When they arrived, the island seemed a paradise, and the natives a kind people to dwell among; but after living there a short time, they found that they were guilty of the most horrid crimes, and after labouring for many years, had at length to flee for their lives, without seeing any fruit of their labour. On their return, one of the missionaries, on going into the bush for meditation and secret devotion, heard a sound of prayer. It was one of the natives, who had been impressed by some remarks of the King Pomare, and in company with another of the natives, had given himself to be a servant of God. This other individual was called Tuahine, and was the means of gathering a little band of Christians in the sequestered valleys of Tahiti, where they spent much time in conversation and prayer. As Christianity spread, Tuahine was very useful in teaching his brethren, and assisting in translating the Bible into the language of the South Seas. When Mr. Williams

removed to Raiatea, Tuahine accompanied him, and rendered important assistance both in the schools and the church, more especially when Mr. Williams was absent on his missionary enterprise: He was much respected by the people of Raiatea, and was much missed by the church at his death in 1827. The following is the copy of a letter which he sent to Mr. Williams on his deathbed:—

“Oh dear friend, my blessing attend you and your family, through Jesus Christ our Lord. I have written this letter on the day that my body is completely destroyed by sickness. I am convinced of the near approach of death, for I perceive that my illness is very great. I write with great difficulty, for my eyes are now dim in death. I write you my dear friend, about my family; do not let them remain at Raiatea, take them to Tahiti in your own large boat. They belong to Papatee. There are their parents and their lands. My perplexity is very great, occasioned by my dear family crying and grieving around me. They say, who will convey us back to our lands? I refer them to you;

replying, Mr. Williams is our friend. We miss you very much in my illness, and grieves greatly at your absence. Now, my dear friend, let me entreat you not to forget my dying request. Do not follow the custom of my countrymen, and say, when I am gone, 'Oh, it is only the command of a corpse.' This is what they say, and then sieze his little property. I have been endeavouring to lengthen out my breath to see you again, but I cannot. My hour is come when God will take me to himself, and I cannot resist his will. And now my dear friend, the great kindness you have shown me is at an end. Your face will not see my face again in the flesh. You and I are separated. Dear friend, I am going now to the place we all so ardently desire. May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you and your family!

"O take care of my family.  
"TUAHINE."

### Botanical Papers.—No 9.

ON THE FLOWER.

*The Corolla.*—This is generally the showy part of the plant; it is sometimes wanting as in nettles and willows. It consists of a number of leaves called petals, which are either distinct, as in the Rose or united as in the Foxglove. The petals are composed of minute cells containing colouring matter, and delicate spirals, all being covered with a thin skin. The coloured cells are distinct, and thus a dark colour may be at one part and a light colour at another. How exquisitely are the colours of flowers diversified, and their hues arranged, whether blended, or separate, they are evidently under the control of a taste which never falls short of the perfection of elegance.

The colours are arranged in two marked series, yellow and blue. A plant belonging to the yellow series may exhibit all the tints of white, yellow and red, but it does not appear to have the power of be-

coming blue, so also with a plant of the blue series. It, too, may become white, red and blue, but generally refuses to become yellow. The Tulip, Dahlia, and Rose belong to the yellow series; the common Harebell to the blue. There are some apparent exceptions especially in cases such as the Pansy, when blue and yellow occur on the petals of the same flower; but it remains to be proved that a petal, truly yellow, can be changed by the art of the gardener into blue. The real odours of flowers reside generally in the petals. These are owing to volatile matters, the particles of which are diffused through the air. Some colours are associated frequently with certain kinds of odours, thus dark brown flowers have usually a very disagreeable smell. Sunshine has a marked effect in developing the odours of flowers. Hence, in warm climates the air is perfumed with fragrant scents. In many cases alternate showers and sunshine bring out particular odours; in some they are intermitted, and given out only during night.

*The Stamens.*—These form the third series of parts in the flower; they are considered like the other parts, as modifications of the leaves. They consist usually of two parts, a stalk supporting two small cellular bags, which are called the anther lobes. The anther contains a powder often of a yellow colour, called pollen which is essential to the production of perfect seeds. This powder is discharged from the anther, which opens by means of slits or of hinges as in the Laurel, or holes, as in the Rhododendron and Potatoe. Many beautiful arrangements are made for ensuring the proper application of the pollen to the upper part of the pistil. The agency of winds, of elasticity, of irritability, and of insects, is called into operation in different cases. In the Barberry, the lower part of the stamen is very irritable, and when touched it moves forward to the pistil; in the Hazel when the pollen is in one

set of flowers and the pistil in another, the leaves might interfere with its application therefore they are not produced till the pollen has been scattered. In the case of firs which have their flowers arranged as in the Hazel stamens at one place and fruit bearing cones at another, the Evergreen leaves are very narrow, and the quantity of pollen is very great, so as to ensure it reaching the young cones.

In America the pollen from the Pine forests is sometimes carried by winds to a great distance, and falls like showers of sulphur. Insects are often made the means of securing the production of seed. How often do we see bees collecting the yellow powder, and while providing for the food of their young, aiding in dispersing the pollen. The honey-like matter secreted by flowers render them attractive to insects; it is produced by an alteration of the starch, which occupies the cells at the bottom of flowers.

*The Pistil.*—This is the central part of the flower, and is composed of one or more folded leaves or carpels. It may consist of a single carpel, as in the Pea, or of several, either distinct from each other, as in the Peony, or combined as in the tulip. The parts of the pistil are the stigma or rounded top; the style, or stalk, and the ovary containing cells which become seeds. The grains of pollen when discharged from the anther, are applied to the stigma and after lying on it for a certain length of time, they send out tube-like prolongations; these tubes reach the rudiments of the young seed in the ovary, and by this means the embryo plant is formed. After this the pistil undergoes marked changes, by which it becomes the fruit containing the seed, in the interior of which is the young germ.

### Thou Weapest, Childless Mother.

Thou weapest, childless mother!

Ay, weep—'twill ease thine heart:

He was the first-born son,

Thy first, thy only one—

'Tis hard from him to part!

'Tis hard to lay thy darling

Deep in the damp, cold earth—

His empty crib to see,

His silent nursery,

Once vocal with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber

His small mouth's rosy kiss;

Then waking with a start,  
By thine own throbbing heart,  
His twining arms to miss!

To feel, half-conscious why,  
A dull, heart-sinking weight,  
Till mem'ry on thy soul  
Flashes the painful whole  
That thou art desolate!

And there to lie and weep,  
And think the live-long night.  
Feeding thine own address,  
With accurate greediness,  
Of every past delight;

Of all his winning ways,  
His pretty, playful smiles;  
His joy at sight of thee,  
His tricks, his mimicry,  
And all his little wiles.

Oh! these are recollections  
Round mothers' hearts that cling,  
That mingle with the tears  
And smiles of after years,  
With oft-awakening.

But thou wilt then, son-mother!  
In after years look back,  
(Time brings such wondrous easing.)  
With sadness not unpleasing,  
Even on that gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, 'My first-born blessing,  
It almost broke my heart  
When thou wert forced to go,  
And yet, for thee I know  
It was better to depart.

God took thee in His mercy,  
A lamb, untasked, untired;  
He fought the fight for thee,  
He won the victory,  
And thou art sanctified.

I looked around and see  
The evil ways of men  
And oh! beloved child!  
I'm more than "reconciled"  
To thy departure then.

The little hands that clasped me,  
The innocent lips that prest,  
Would they have been as pure  
Till now, as when of yore  
I lulled thee on my breast?

Now (like a dew-drop shrined  
Within a crystal stone)  
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!  
Safe with the source of Love—  
The EVERLASTING ONE.

And when the hour arrives,  
From flesh that sets me free,  
Thy spirit may await,  
The first at heaven's gate,  
To meet and welcome me.

**It's all Light.**

The pious William Gordon was once discoursing to a friend on his rapid approach to death, and the delightful hope he was permitted to entertain of the remission of his sins, and his full, unlimited pardon with God, through the atonement of a reconciling Saviour. It was not long before his decease, and his friend, in order to strengthen, if possible, his hopes, and administer fruits of further consolation, read a verse of the twenty-third Psalm: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

"Yes," said the dying saint in reply "yes, if He were not with me, how dark it would be! but *it's all light.*"

It was all *light* to him. Not a cloud hung over his heavenward prospect. Not a sound of grief nor a murmur of impatience rose from his lips. His illness was protracted, but this did not appal his spirit. It rather served to disencumber it of all earthly hindrances. With him, to draw nigh unto death was to draw nigh unto heaven.

Spectacle after spectacle burst upon his sight, glory after glory, revelation after revelation of distant and hitherto unapproachable splendour, so that the thousands who gathered from time to time at his bedside were favoured with descriptions of blessedness which banished skepticism and overawed unbelief.

Do you ask why it was that heavenly visions were disclosed to his expectant soul? Let him answer in his own expressive language: "I threw all my burdens upon Christ." And then light came, great light, pure light, brighter light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

That day was the dawning glory of his soul in the realms of happiness above the stars.

"It's all light!" No language could express more clearly the full shining of God's countenance. There rested not

within his bosom a doubt of Christ's sufficiency to save sinners. His confidence in Jesus was perfect, firm, deep rooted; and as there was not a doubt to trouble him, therefore there could not be one sin to alarm, since the blood of Jesus was sufficient to wash every sin away. If "it's all light" to the dying believer, "it's all dark" to the soul unreconciled. This is the teaching of reason, revelation and Divinity. If heaven delights the one by its splendour, hell affrights the other by its gloom. If Jesus throws open the gates of glory, and allows visions of immortal beauty to rush out and enrapture the believer on his death-bed, He may also prostrate the dreadful bulwarks of hell, and send damned spirits forth to terrify the infidel heart ere its entrance into perdition. Grant, O Father in glory! grant, in Thy infinite goodness and love, that all of us may be permitted to encourage the weeping friends who stand at our pillow when we die, by the expression of this holy consolation, "It's all light!" God can surround the death-bed of every believer with this radiance from His throne. O that you, dear reader, and I, and all whom we hold in affectionate remembrance, and all to whom relationship has endeared us, may be thus encompassed, thus illuminated, and whisper, as the flame of nature dies out in its socket, "It's all light."—

*Chris. Int.*

**The Saviour's Love.**

How great is the love  
Which Jesus hath shown!  
He came from above,  
From heaven's bright throne,  
That he might deliver  
His children from hell,  
And take them for ever  
In glory to dwell.

He died on the cross,  
And pour'd out his blood  
To bear their dread curse,  
And fit them for God.  
For love so amazing,  
His name we adore,  
And would him be praising  
With saints evermore.



The Garden of Gethsemane.

Of all gardens, the Garden of Gethsemane is the most interesting and hallowed. It lies at the foot of the Mount of Olives, a few steps beyond the Kedron, and seems likely, if not the veritable place where Jesus agonized, to be not far from it. It is beautifully situated, and though greatly altered from what it was in the days of Christ, is so solitary and retired, as to make it seemingly a fit place to which he and his disciples might resort for prayer. It is surrounded by a low fence, but the soil is bare, no verdure growing on the spot, except eight very ancient olive-trees, which though not so old as the Christian era, are probably the young trees that sprung directly from those under which the Saviour prayed.

One of the most interesting accounts we have of Gethsemane, is that given by Mr. McCheyne, in his account of the visit paid to it by him and his companions.

“Early one morning,” he says, “two of us set out to visit Gethsemane. The sun had newly risen, few people were upon the road, and the Valley of Jehoshaphat was lonely and

still. Descending the steep of Mount Moriah, and crossing the dry bed of the Brook Kedron, we soon came to the low wall inclosing the plot of ground which for ages has borne the name of Gethsemane. Clambering over, we examined the sacred spot, and its eight olive-trees. These are very large and very old, but their branches are still vigorous. One of them we measured, and found to be nearly eight yards in girth round the lower part of the trunk. Some of them are hollow with age, but filled up with earth, and most have heaps of stones gathered round their roots. . . . The road to Bethany passes at the foot of the garden, and the more private footpath up the brow of the hill passes along its northern wall. Looking across the Kedron, the steep brow of Moriah, and the battlements, and top of the Mosque of Omar, shut in the view. At evening, when the gates of Jerusalem are closed, it must be a perfect solitude. Our blessed Master must have distinctly seen the band of men and officers sent to apprehend him, with their lanterns and torches, and glittering weapons, descending

the side of Moriah and approaching the garden. By the clear moonlight, he saw his three chosen disciples fall asleep in his hour of agony; and by the gleam of the torches, he observed his cruel enemies coming down to seize him and carry him away to his last sufferings; yet 'he was not rebellious, neither turned away back' (Isa. 1. 5). He received the bitter cup that was given him to drink, and said, 'shall I not drink it?' (John xviii. 11.)

We read over all the passages of Scripture relating to Gethsemane, while seated together there. It seemed nothing wonderful to read of the weakness of those three disciples, when we remembered they were sinful men like disciples now; but the compassion, the unwavering love of Jesus, appeared by the contrast to be infinitely amazing. For such souls as these he rent this vale with his strong crying and tears, wetted this ground with his bloody sweat, and set his face like a flint to go forward and die. 'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Each of us occupied part of the time alone, in private meditation, and then we joined together in prayer, putting our sins into that cup which our Master drank here, and pleading for our own souls and for our far distant friends. It is probable that Jesus often resorted to this place, not only because of its retirement, but also because it formed a fit place of meeting, when his disciples, dispersed through the city by day, were to join his company in the evening, and go over the hill to Bethany" (John xviii. 2.)

#### Papeiha's Labours in Rarotonga.

Having succeeded in discovering Rarotonga by the help of Roman-tane's directions, the vessel safely arrived at its destination, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Williams. The Raratogans also who had sailed with him, when they saw their own island, were filled with

delight; and one of them, called Vahineino, with Papeiha, went on shore in the boat. Meeting with a most favorable reception, they told the people how the other islands had renounced idolatry and they had brought them teachers to tell them the word of God that they might do the same. The king was delighted, and returned with them to the ship, where he was delighted to see his own cousin. They rubbed noses most cordially, and fell on each other's neck and wept. The same evening, they all went on shore, with the two teachers and their wives.

In the meantime, however, a powerful chief, who had conquered the principal part of the island, had come with a large retinue for the purpose of taking one of the female teachers as his wife. As it was with great difficulty that they escaped, it was intended to leave the island altogether and to take the teachers to some other place. Papeiha, however, being unwilling to leave them without instruction, offered to stay at Rarotonga himself, if Mr. Williams would send Tiberio, one of his companions in Roiatea, to help him. This proposal was gladly agreed to; and accordingly, this devoted man, taking nothing with him but the clothes he wore, his New Testament, and a bundle of books, bade them all farewell, and went on shore. The ship which contained his friends and all his other property, spread its sails and was soon out of sight.

On reaching the shore, Papeiha was conducted to the house of old Makea, followed by an immense crowd, who were talking all the way what they would do to him. One said, "I'll have his hat;" another, "I'll have his jacket;" a third, "I'll have his shirt;" but they did not carry their threats into execution, for the chief called out, "Speak to us, oh man that we may know the business on which you are come."—Papeiha replied, "I have come to instruct you in the knowledge of the true God, and the way of salvation by his

Son Jesus Christ." He then told them how the people of Tahiti and other islands had burned their gods, and destroyed their maraes, and advised them to do the same. Immediately the people burst out into an exclamation of surprise and horror—"What! burn the gods; what gods shall we then have? and what shall we do without the gods?"

The five Christian Rarotogans who had arrived with Papeiha, continued to join with him in the worship of Jehovah and formed a little church in this heathen island; by degrees others joined them, and Papeiha was continually preaching the word of God to all who would come to hear him.

Shortly after this he got a message from Tinomana, the chief of one of the districts that was much oppressed by the others. Papeiha showed him what an advantage it would be, if Christian love were to prevail. There would be no human sacrifices—no wars—no oppression. Tinomana replied that he would wish to burn his gods, but he was afraid they would strangle him in the night. Papeiha told him he need not be afraid, for they were only pieces of wood, and could do him no harm.

After evening worship Papeiha spread his mat, and lay down to sleep; but Tinomana brought his also, and told him he had come to learn to pray. Papeiha was delighted with this request and commenced a short prayer, which the chief repeated after him; but being overcome by fatigue, he dropped off to sleep. He had scarcely closed his eyes however, when the chief awoke him, saying, "I have forgotten it; go over it again." After causing him to repeat it many times, he once more fell asleep; but the same thing was done over and over again during the night, so that Papeiha could scarcely get sleep, in consequence of the chief's anxiety to learn to pray. Oh, that children of this country were as anxious to learn! In the morning Papeiha returned home, and Tinomana accompanied him part

of the road, repeating as he went the prayer he had learned.

As Papeiha carried his Testament with him, and read it while he was walking, the people used to say, "There is the god of that man! what a strange god it is! he carries it about with him, and he is talking to it just now."

When Tiberio arrived five months after, they visited all the principal chiefs, and conversed with them. Some received them kindly, others mocked them, and even threatened to put them to death. A few days after their return a priest came to them, and asked them if they would take care of his little boy. They asked him why. He replied that he had determined to burn his idol, and he was afraid the gods would kill his son. The teachers told him they would be happy to take charge of his little boy, but he need not be afraid of the gods, for they could do him no harm. Leaving the child with the teachers, he went home, and returned next day, carrying a large idol on his back, and a great crowd of people following him, and scolding him for his impiety, in wishing to burn his god. "There he is," said the priest as he threw down the heavy idol on the ground, "bring out your saw and cut off his head." Tiberio immediately brought out his saw; but no sooner did the people see him begin to draw it across his neck, than they set up a dismal howl, and ran off in all directions, fearing that all the heathen gods would be raging on account of the insult.—Tiberio, however was by no means afraid, but sawed of his head in a few minutes; and when the people peeped out from the bushes where they had hidden themselves, they saw Papeiha and all the rest of the Christians making a fire of the idol, and roasting bread-fruit on the embers. This was to show the people how little they were afraid of the gods. "Come here," said they, "and eat some of this bread-fruit that we have baked; but they were too terrified to allow a morsel to enter their

mouths ; they even expected some of the Christians to fall down dead as a punishment for their conduct, But when they had looked a long time, and seeing no evil come upon them any more than if they had baked their victuals on a common fire, they began to think that surely the gods could not be so very powerful as they believed.

This was the first idol that was burned in Rarotonga ; but it was not the last, for in less than ten days other thirteen were committed to the flames ; and Tinomana the chief sent for Papeiha and Tiberio to say, that now he was determined to become a Christian, 'What do you wish me to do ?' said he. The teachers advised him to destroy his maraes and burn his idols. "Come with me, then," said he, "and see them destroyed." On reaching the marae, he said to one of his followers, "Take this firebrand and set fire to the marae." he did so, and in a few minutes the temple, the altar, and the unas or carved ornaments, were in a blaze. Four great idols were brought and laid at the teachers' feet who after reading a portion of Scripture, took of all the cloth that was wrapped around them, and divided it among the people ; they then broke them in pieces, and burned them to ashes.

Some of the people were much enraged at the chief, others were astonished at his madness as they called it, and it was feared that a war would be the consequence. In this however, they were happily dissatisfied, Tinomana and his people were not molested. On the contrary, Pa, the principal chief of the powerful party, sent for Papeiha and Tiberio the week after, and told them that he also had resolved to burn his idols.

Makea was among the last to embrace Christianity. His idol was a goddess called the great Rangatira, and when he burned her temple and herself he met with great opposition from those who continued to reject the gospel, and the Christians generally received great

provocation. One man, while passing through their district, was most severely beaten, and one of his ears was nearly torn off. This led to a war, in which the Christians were victorious ; but the mode in which they revenged themselves on their enemies subdued their hearts. According to custom, they led them by their long hair to the sea-side, and presented them as prisoners to the chiefs. The heathens expected that they would be put to death, and expected no mercy, when they remembered what provocation they had offered to the Christians. Instead of this, however the chiefs invited them to Jesus as their Saviour, and gave them their lives and their freedom. To this they replied, that now they were convinced that this was the true religion, and Jehovah the only true God ; they therefore united with their Christian brethren in their worship, and on the following day the remaining maraes of Rarotonga were demolished, and the rejected idols were carried in disgrace and laid at the feet of the teachers.

#### The Light-House and the Missionary Box.

About twenty-two years ago, a poor but pious widow, the keeper of a light-house on the Kentish coast, obtained a missionary box, and resolved to devote to the cause of Christ, all the money that might be given to her before twelve every Monday morning.

On the next Monday morning a gentleman visited the lighthouse, and seeing her in the attire of a widow, gave her a sovereign.

The poor woman was perplexed ; so large a sum would be of great service to her during her present pressing wants—the doctor's bill was unpaid too—she asked the advice of friends ; one advised one way, another the contrary. At last she resolved to ask God in prayer what she ought to do with the sovereign. She rose from her knees convinced that it belonged to the missions, and she at once put it into the



box. God, who is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, was not unmindful of her faithfulness.

In the course of the day a widow lady of high rank, with her daughter and several attendants, called to inspect the lighthouse. She made several inquiries of the poor widow, and before she left, put a piece of gold into her hand.

Two days afterwards, one of the pages came with a letter from the lady, kindly stating that she felt much interested in the family, and begged their acceptance of £25 from herself, and £5 from her little daughter, who was also much concerned for their welfare.

Our young readers will be delighted to learn that this noble benefactress was the *Duchess of Kent*, whose "little daughter," (then the Princess Victoria) is now the beloved **QUEEN OF ENGLAND**.

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## SCHEME OF LESSONS FOR 1855.

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**9.**—The Jailor—Acts 16. 25-34. Guard against getting a mere intellectual knowledge of the Gospel.  
**16.**—Athens—Acts 17. 16-34. How should a teacher treat a scholar and their conviction.  
**23.**—The Exorcists—Acts 19. 13-20. The danger of teaching truths the teacher has not felt.  
**30.**—Ephesus—Acts 19. 24-41. Seek to possess and diffuse a Christianity that can give up the world.
- OCTOBER 7.**—Eutychus—Acts 20. 6-12. How can a teacher increase his own love for his scholars.  
**14.**—Agabus—Acts 21. 10-17. How can a teacher gain the affections of his scholars.  
**21.**—Paul apprehended—Acts 21. 26-40. How should a teacher oppose pride in his scholars.  
**28.**—The Council—Acts 23. 1-12. Importance of keeping the souls immortality before the mind.
- NOVEMBER 4.**—Felix—Acts 24. 22-27. What are the most common excuses for not closing with Christ now? and how should they be met?  
**11.**—Agrippa—Acts 26. 24-32. The importance of getting your scholars to be decided Christians.  
**18.**—Tempest—Acts 27. 14-32. How to destroy the false hopes of the souls safety.  
**25.**—Shipwreck—Acts 27. 33-44. The necessity of continued watchfulness to prevent us either working when we should trust or trusting where we should work.
- DECEMBER 2.**—Milita—Acts 28. 1-10. Beware of a sanctity that does not consist in being useful.  
**9.**—Rome—Acts 28. 15-31. What can a teacher do for his scholars when he cannot attend the school.  
**16.**—The Whale—Jonah 1. Beware of seeking an excuse for neglecting known duty.  
**23.**—Ninevah—Jonah 3.—Returning to God is returning to sincere obedience.  
**30.**—The Gourd—Jonah 4. A Gods forbearance with his people,—he reasons when he might justly punish.