

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

"Be not weary in well doing."

THE  
**MISSIONARY**  
AND  
**SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.**

VOL. VII.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1850.

No. 6.



The Goddess Gunga, and the River Ganges.

The profits of this publication go to the funds of the Canada Sunday School Union.

**Montreal:**

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. C. BECKET.

1850.

TERMS: 1s per Annum in Advance, Exclusive of Postage.

"Search the Scriptures."

"A wise son heareth his father's instruction : but a scorner heareth not rebuke."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

The annexed simple scales and intervals should be practised every day; first with the syllables do, re, mi, and C, D, E; or with the figures 1, 2, 3, &c., which will greatly facilitate the cultivation of intonation, pronunciation and taking the intervals accurately. In reading a tune, apply the figure 1 to the key-note, or tonic, and count the distance up or down, slow and distinct, paying strict attention to the time, and let the eye precede the voice at least half a bar.

Do 1      Re 2      Mi 3      Fa 4      Sol 5      La 6      Si 7      Do 8

Ah . . . . .  
C      D      E      F      G      A      B      C

Do re mi      Do mi      Re mi fa      Re fa

Thirds.      Fourths.

1 2 3 1 3, &c.      1 2 3 4 1 4, &c.

Do.... Mi.... So.... l      Si.... Do.... La.... Fa.... Ri....

a..... a..... a..... a..... a..... a..... a..... a.....

**Major Keys with Sharps.**

G      D      A      E      B      F#

**Major Keys with Flats.**

F      Bb      Eb      Ab      Db      Gb

**Minor Keys with Sharps.**

E      B      F#      C#      G#

**Minor Keys with Flats.**

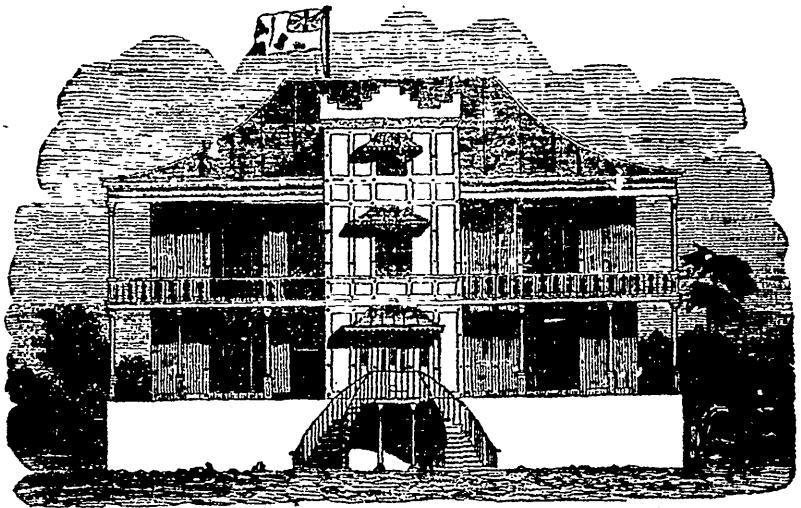
D      G      C      F      Bb      Eb

THE MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VII.]

JUNE 1, 1850.

[No. 6



(King Eyamba's Iron Palace.)

**PRESENTATION OF A BIBLE TO EYAMBA.**

On Sunday morning at seven o'clock we went ashore, all of us. Mrs Edgerly, Chisholm and Miller, had not yet seen Eyamba. Captain Becroft, Dr King and one or two other gentlemen accompanied us. As we walked through the town, Mrs Edgerly was an object of great curiosity to the people we met. We had our meeting in the state room of his iron house. It is really a fine room, about 50 feet by 30; handsomely furnished with sofas, mirrors and pictures, carpeted and papered and painted, and not crowded too much, but ill kept. There was a peacock walking about in it. We opened all the windows and doors to get air in and drive out the peacock. Pity such a fine apartment is not kept in good order. This palace, as it may be cal-

led, was made and furnished in Liverpool, and cost a great deal of money.

Presently King Eyamba and his chiefs came in. They had each a wrapper of Manchester cloth round his loins, and strings of beads and brass rings on some of their necks, ankles and wrists, and good hats, black, white and brown, on their heads. Eyamba seated himself in a chair with a canopy over it; four sofas were wheeled around; a small table was then placed in the centre, on which the Bible was put. All being seated, I stood up and made a short address to "King Eyamba and gentlemen of Duke Town," explaining our objects. Then I opened the Bible, and told them what book it was, its authority and value, and something of its contents. I then presented him with it, and concluded with

prayer. They all sat silent and attentive. He thanked me for the good book, and thanked God too. Then Mr Edgerly addressed him and them in a few very suitable sentences. Then Chisholm and Miller did the same very well. One of the chiefs asked Captain Becroft, if the lady would speak too. He said not now, but when she have a meeting with the women, she will speak to them. Those assembled were the chief men. When done, I shook hands with them, and asked them severally if they understood what we said. They said "Yes, understood; the word good." King Eyamba then began to speak about going over the land, but checked himself saying, "We talk of that to-morrow, to-day is God's Sunday." All went off very well and comfortably. Who that reads this account, can help breathing the wish, Oh that the words spoken in reference to another visit, were true here also, "to-day is salvation come to this house?" Returning to our boat, crowds surrounded us to look at Mrs Edgerly, "*bakara wan*," the white woman, as they cried out, running round her and before her. The females showed especial curiosity on the occasion.

#### HEATHEN EXORCISTS.

"Exorcists!" I fancy some young reader will say. "What are they, mama? I never heard of such people before;" Well, then, I will tell you.—They are persons who pretend to have power to cast out devils from those who are thought to be possessed by them. In Siberia, the priests made the poor Buriats believe that *they* had this power. But they were as false as the people were foolish, for they knew very well that they could do nothing of the kind. Yet, as they got money by it, these wicked deceivers managed to keep up this belief.

Near the Mission House which was burnt down, there lived a stout old lady. In that country fat people are thought to be better than others, be-

cause it is supposed they have not been forced to work, and have had plenty to eat. And so this lady, who was the widow of a Chief, passed for a great and a rich woman. What foolish people they must have been, to suppose that it is a bad thing to work, and a good thing to be idle! God made us for labor. He has placed us in a world where, without labor, we cannot be happy or useful; and he will soon call us to an account for the *deeds* we have *done* in the body. Though we are not to be saved for the sake of *our* works, but for the sake of what *Jesus Christ* did and suffered for us, yet, if we believe in him, and love God, we shall be sure to try to be good and to do good. But the poor Buriats knew nothing about such things; they only cared about getting rich, and living at ease. "God was not in all their thoughts." But I must tell you about this old widow.

She lived in a large tent. This tent was so near the Missionary's house, that he and his family could easily see what was going on there. One morning, they found that something unusual was to be done in it, but they did not know what this could be. They therefore watched the tent, and noticed a number of men, dressed in red and yellow, waiting outside of it. These were Buriat priests. And then, a little way off, they saw a large fire, and near the fire, a white horse, and a white lamb, tied to a pole which had been fixed in the ground. After a little time, they heard a great noise in the tent of drums, timbrels, and bells, like that which the priests make in the temples. "There is some worship," they said, "at the widow's tent." And so there was; but it was very strange worship, and for a very strange purpose. I will tell you what it was for, and all about it.

The old widow had been very ill.—The priests came to see her; and, as they knew she could pay them for their trouble, they thought it was a good opportunity of getting money. And this was their plan. They told her that she

had an evil spirit; that it was this spirit which made her ill; and that the only way in which she could get better was to have it driven out. They pretended to discover this both by their sight and by their smell; and certainly, if not in this, they were very quick-scented in some things, where they were likely to draw money out of the people. And, somehow or other, most of those sly fellows always found where there was an evil spirit to be cast out; and so, on the morning of the day I am speaking about, dozens of them had come to the old widow's tent. And, as a priest is always welcome to the tent of a Buriat, and it would be thought a wicked and dangerous thing to send him away, the widow could not get rid of any of her visitors.

Now, as the work for which the priests met was not very easy, it was necessary that they should be strengthened to perform it by plenty of good meat and drink; and therefore, as many oxen and sheep were killed as they desired. Having made a good breakfast at the widow's expense, these wretched deceivers began their task. In the first place, they walked about the tent muttering and jubbering some strange words, which neither they nor anybody else understood. Then they took a basin of milk and water, and having spat into it, they made the sick woman drink some of this filthy mixture, and then wash herself with what was left. By doing this, they told her she would be made very holy. After preparing themselves in this way for the work, they brought into the tent a large leather bag stuffed with straw, and having a long string tied at the mouth. And what do you think this bag was for? It was to put the devil in, as soon as they could catch him, that, having tied him up, they might carry him away. Then one of the priests, with a whip in his hand, began to run round the tent whipping the air. This man was supposed to be chasing the evil spirit. Many people were standing near the tent, and looking in while the priests

were thus at work, but neither they nor the old lady could see the spirit.— This power none possessed but the priests. "We," they said, "and we only, can see the spirits, because we are half gods. You common people cannot see them." All this the ignorant Buriats believed, as they watched the priest who ran round the tent.

For some time, this running and whipping were kept up, the people staring, and expecting every minute to hear that the evil spirit had been tired out and run down by the priest. And, at last, when he thought he had done as much in this way as was necessary to deceive the weak woman and her friends, all at once he pretended to lay fast hold upon the demon, and with much ado to force him down into the bag, while he was struggling to get away. Then another priest who was standing by, took hold of the string, and, in a great hurry, tied up the mouth of the bag as tightly as he could. Having done all this, they made the woman and the people believe that they had now got hold of the author of her sickness, and would carry him away to a place where he could hurt her no more.

For this purpose, the white horse was led up from the pole where he had been fastened, to the tent, and something was lifted up upon his back.— But what was it? It was very large, it had to be held up, or it would tumble off, and, stranger still, it looked something like the fat old widow. It was the sack which held the evil spirit, dressed up in the very best silk robe of the old lady. Slowly the horse moved towards the fire, and when he had got to it, the bag was taken down from his back, and the silk dress was taken off from the bag (for this was too good to be burned), and then the bag was flung into the fire. To make the thing complete, the horse ought to have been killed, that the evil spirit might ride home upon his back, and the white lamb ought to have been killed too, that the spirit might have

some food on his journey. But the priest thought that both horse and lamb would be as useful to them as they could be to the demon, whom they had sent about his business; and they therefore contrived to persuade the people, that if *they* rode the one, and ate the other, it would do quite as well; and, if all they said had been as true as this, the people might have believed them.

After these things were done, the priests went back to the old lady's tent, and made her fancy that she would now very soon get well. She then gave them presents of horses and sheep, and they went away well pleased with their day's work.

How much does such people want the knowledge of God! But ah! they do not think so. When the Missionaries spoke to them about Him who made the world and sent his son to die for our sins, they would say, "Our gods suit us. We would rather give our money to the priests, that they may take care of our souls, and get us to heaven, than do what you say."—They needed to be taught for a long while before they believed the Gospel, but at last some of them did believe it; and soon you will hear something about these converts from among the heathen.

#### SAMOAN PUNISHMENTS.

\* Before the Gospel was taken to Samoa, and just laws were passed to protect the persons and property of the people, some of the punishments which criminals suffered were very strange, and very severe. If any one was proved to be a thief, or had insulted a traveling party, or had dug a pit-fall, or took a comb out of the head of a married woman, he was condemned to suffer for the crime in one of the following ways:—

He was forced to take a large sharp stone, and strike his head and breast with it, until the blood flowed down in streams. While he was doing this, a Chief stood by; and if the poor crimi-

nal seemed inclined to spare himself by striking gently, he was commanded to strike harder, and if he did not obey the order, the war club of the savage Chief instantly smote him to the ground.

Or if he did not suffer in this way, he was made to bite a poisonous root, which no sooner touched his lips than it caused them to swell and give him dreadful pain.

This was a common punishment in former times; but instead of it, some were sentenced to throw a poisonous fish, which was covered with sharp spines, into the air, and then to catch it with their hands. As every wound made by the spines gave severe pain, this penalty was much dreaded.

The thief commonly had his hands and feet tied together with strong cords, and a pole having been passed through them, he was carried to the heathen temple, and hung up outside, with his face towards the burning sun, for several hours. The sufferings of the criminal in this situation were very great.

Or, if he was spared this sentence, he was tied by the feet, and then hung, head downwards, from the top of a cocoanut tree.

But all these punishments are now done away, and, instead of them, criminals are fined, or sentenced to work hard in making or mending the roads.—*Juv. Mis. Mag.*

#### CHILDREN'S MISTAKES OF RELIGION.

Children make many mistakes about religion.

They too often imagine that some great event must be the means of converting their souls to God, as well as of giving a direction to their future course in life.

They are prone to think that they must wait to be religious, until some particular time arrives, when they will find every thing favors their conversion.

They are equally in danger of thinking that they have it in their own power to come to terms with God when they please, so that they need not trouble themselves about it *now*; that ano-

ther day, when they are older, will do as well for them as the day that is already throwing its shadows around them, in which to choose for themselves whether to be "the children of God," or continue the "children of the Wicked One." These mistakes are very dangerous.

All the Bible tells us, is that NOW is the accepted time, NOW is the day of salvation.—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

### LITTLE LESSONS.

#### ABOUT FATHER AND MOTHER.

Next to the fear and love of God who made you, it is your duty to love, and honour, and obey your father and mother. This is the command of the Lord in his Holy Word; and it is very right.

For who, when you were a little helpless baby, watched over you, and kept you from harm? who fed you and clothed you, and were always ready to help you when you could not help yourself?

Of old time, when the Jews were the people of God, if a son were stubborn and would not obey the voice of his father, or mother, all the men of the city stoned him with stones till he died.

But the Lord was very good to those who loved their parents, as he said in that promise, "Honour thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Our Lord Jesus also, when he was a child, was subject unto his own parents, and thus he grew "in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." Try to be like Him.

#### LOVE TO BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Now there is one more thing for little folks to regard, and that is, they should live in peace with their own brothers and sisters. This is right and good. Dont you think it is?

For you have all the same father and mother, who provide your food and clothing. You live in the same house, and perhaps sleep in the same bed,

and you eat and drink, and talk and play with each other.

Should you not then try to be good friends? and if you should not agree, ought you not to forgive each other, and so be good friends again?

And mind one thing; your brother or sistor love you more than any other boy or girl in the world, and were you to die, they would weep very much for you. And this shews that they love you.

For it is not a pleasant thing surely, to be always falling out. It is much better to live in peace and love. Your parents will be happy to see you do so, and the great God will be pleased with you.—*Little Child's Magazine.*

### H Y M N.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
O! how I long for thee;  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearls—  
Thy gates are paved with gold.

Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,  
My study long have been;  
Such dazzling news, by human sight,  
Have never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord!  
Why should I stay from thence?  
What folly's this that I should dread,  
To die and go from hence?

Reach down, O! Lord, thine arm of grace,  
And cause me to ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er heap up,  
And Sabbaths never end.

Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,  
Him will I go and see,  
And all my brethren, here below,  
Will soon come after me.

My friends, I bid you all adieu;  
I leave you in God's care,  
And if I never more see you  
Go on, I'll meet you there.

And when we've been ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.



Con Spirito.

# STRONG,\* C. M.

J. F.

T.

Alto.

Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne,

Alr.

B.

F

P F

Ten thousand thousand, are their tongues, Ten thousand &c., But all their joys are one.

P F

F

\*In memory of the late Rev. C. Strong, Pastor of the Am. Pres. Church, by a member.

# JERUSALEM, C. M.

Alr.

B.

Jer - u - sa - lem my happy home, O how I long for thee;

Alr.

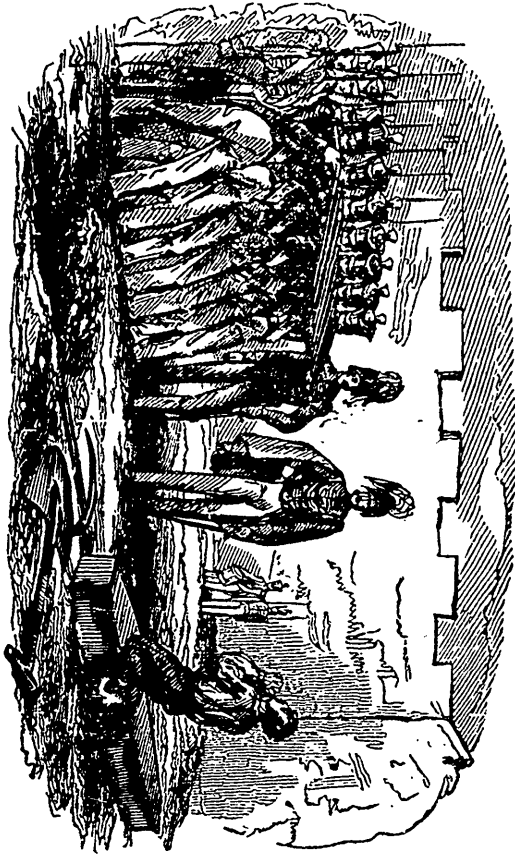
B.

When shall my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see.

## CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

When I was in the West Indies, writes a missionary, I heard of a poor soldier who had been condemned to die, and I wished to see him in his cell. On applying to the gaoler, he allowed me to do so, on condition that I should be enclosed in the dungeon during the intervals of meals, for some hours. That, in a West Indian dungeon, was not a

very agreeable thing. However, as I had a sincere desire to talk with this man, I submitted to the condition, and was shut up with him. I began to inquire about the state of his mind, and, to my astonishment, he went on to detail, in a most interesting manner, how he had found his way to the Redeemer. Knowing that no pious person had visit-



ed him, I wished to be informed how he had obtained his light; when he gave me the following narrative:—

“Oh, sir,” he said, “I was a scholar in a Sunday school at Nottingham. I was a very bad boy, and was expelled from the school twice, in consequence of my conduct. I cherished evil prin-

ciples in my heart, because I was an exceedingly dissipated young man. In a fit of intoxication, I enlisted as a soldier, and, in a few days, left my native land. Soon afterwards, I was sent out to this country; and I fear my conduct has broken the heart of my widowed mother. After I had been in this country some

time, I did not like the army, and deserted. I was apprehended and flogged. I deserted again. I was betrayed by a companion, apprehended, and am now sentenced to die. When I came to this loathsome place, I was as dark and as ignorant of God as it was possible for any sinner to be. I meditated vengeance against the person who had informed on me and against my judges; and I thought that I would be amply revenged, if I could but escape from my place of imprisonment; but, when left alone to my own reflections, I thought of the Sunday school at Nottingham, and, all at once, the instructions which I received there flashed upon my mind. I wept—I prayed—my heart was broken—and I found my way to that Saviour who had so often been named in the school to which I refer; and, blessed be God," said he, "he has manifested his love to my heart, and saved me from the fear of death."

The time came when he was led forth to be shot. When we arrived at the place of execution, his conversation, and the whole of his proceedings, told the tranquillity of his mind. He knelt upon his coffin—prayed for himself, for his regiment, for his mother, if still alive—and expressed himself in terms of confidence and hope. The commanding officer appeared deeply affected, and evidently, felt much reluctance in performing his painful duty. At length, however, in a tremulous voice, he said, "Make ready! present! fire!" and, in a moment, that interesting soldier lay a bleeding and lifeless corpse.

Now here was bread found after many days. That Sunday School teacher at Nottingham had no idea that he had done any good to this young man; when he left the school, he had no hope concerning him; and yet the seed, which had been scattered in Nottingham, produced glorious fruit in a West India dungeon. The conversion of a child seems to be but a little matter in the estimation of this world; yet he who succeeds in converting a child, performs a greater work than he who saves

a city from the plague, and a country from an invading foe. Yes, he gives a moral impulse to society, which may be felt, in a few years, at the very antipodes, and, at last, appear in ten thousand happy spirits before the throne of God.—*Teacher's Offering.*

#### JANE L.—

Jane L.— was beloved by all her associates in the Sunday school, she was so kind and gentle in her manner; and, though a scholar, yet involuntarily she taught as well as learnt; and one of the first lessons she taught was *punctuality*. She was never known to be too late at school, but uniformly, as we one by one took our accustomed seats, we found Jane in her place before us, quietly studying her Bible. Another lesson which Jane taught her school-fellows by example, was *diligence*.—Jane loved the Scriptures, and she used to search them as a mine where hidden treasure was to be found; nor did she search in vain: "They that seek me early," saith the Lord, "*shall find me.*" And this blessed promise Jane realized; she found the pearl of great price, or, in other words, she knew and loved the Saviour; and one blessed result of this knowledge was love for the souls of others. Jane had pre-eminently a *missionary spirit*.

There was an incident in Jane's connection with the Sabbath scholars which made a deeper impression on their minds than perhaps any other lesson which her example set forth. Two or three of the girls had met one Saturday at Jane's home to enjoy a pleasant chat together, and so it was that the conversation turned on what young people often like to talk about—their hopes and plans for the future: "How I wish I were fifteen!" said one of the little group "for then I shall have much more time to do what I like than I have now." The others expressed wishes of a somewhat similar kind; but Jane remained silent and thoughtful, till at last one of the party exclaimed, "And

wouldn't you too like to be fifteen?" "Oh, yes," she replied, with tears in her eyes; "I should like to be fifteen, for then I would not be thought too young to commemorate the dying love of my blessed Saviour!" And ere long this wish was gratified; and she sat down at the table of her Lord a meek, and loving, and humble disciple. Years have passed on since then, and Jane still continues to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour; she is, indeed, "a living epistle of Christ, known and read of all men."

And now, dear young friends, having introduced you to Jane L——, we shall leave her example for your consideration; and may you get grace to follow it. Remember especially the four points of imitation which we have mentioned: 1st, Her punctuality as a Sunday scholar; 2d, Her diligence; 3d, Her missionary zeal; and, lastly, Her ardent love to Christ. Punctuality, diligence, and missionary zeal may possibly exist without any real or heart-love to Christ; for the Pharisees of old were punctual, diligent, and zealous.—But love to Christ is the never-failing mark of a true Christian; and, just as the disciples went to their Master, and said: "Lord, teach us to pray;" so should each of you, dear young friends, go to Jesus now, and say, "Lord, teach me to love thee."

#### ANECDOTES.

##### THE BOY THAT SAVED HIS FATHER.

—In a late meeting of the General Association of Iowa (United States) a member, to show the importance of sustaining the Sunday-Schools, stated, that a little boy, brought into the school with others, found there almost the only religious influence that ever reached his mind. The seed of the Word sprung up, and bore fruit unto eternal life. This result was secured, notwithstanding the most adverse influences at home, opposed to the work of grace. At length the young disciple was suddenly attacked with that fatal disease, cholera; but while dying,

he had his reason, and conversed about his future state, his hopes and prospects, and admonished others to prepare to follow him. His conversation, his influence, were blessed to his wicked father. The meekness and patience of his little child, and his evident anxiety for the salvation of others, were seen to be the fruits of that new character which he had acquired in the Sabbath-school. And when that profane and godless opposer of religion heard from the lips of his child, as he sunk into the arms of death, this last message of affection and of piety—"Father, do not grieve so, for if you'll be good, you can come to heaven too," he was convinced of the reality and saving power of his child's faith, and was pierced with conviction for sin in view of his own want of it. This was the means of his salvation. That child is now in heaven. That father is now in the church, a useful and consistent member, walking in the strait and narrow way, and blessing, by his influence, that Christian community beyond the Mississippi.—*New York Evangelist.*

THE RIGHT CHORD TOUCHED.—Several years ago, a benevolent lady, who was spending the summer at the residence of Judge C \* \* \* \*, near Newport, R. I., known as the Glen, founded a Sunday-school at a country meeting-house in the neighbourhood, and became at once superintendent and teacher. A few years afterward, while on another visit to the Glen, the Judge informed her that one of her former scholars in the school (the daughter of a neighbour) was a raving maniac. "I will go and see her," said the lady, "and perhaps I can arrest her wandering mind." She called on the parents of the young lady, and expressed a wish to see her. They told her that it would be of no use, as their daughter would speak to no one. The lady persisted, and, accompanied by the father and mother, went to the room of the maniac, whom she found standing with folded arms, her hair

dishevelled, and her eyes fixed with a vacant stare! "Mary, do you know me?" said she, approaching and taking her hand: but the same wild gaze, and a retreating step, was the only answer. "Don't you know Miss \* \* \*, who used to be in the Sunday-school?" At the word "Sunday-school," her face was lighted up with a sweet smile, and she said, "O yes! I know you now, and I remember all about the happy hours I spent in the Sunday-school." Can't you repeat some of those sweet hymns you learned there?" said Miss \* \* \*, as she gently drew to the bedside, and sat down. "If you will tell me the first lines," she replied, "I think I can." The lady gave her the leading words of several familiar hymns used in the school, and suddenly, as if by magic, reason for a while resumed her vacant throne, while Mary repeated hymn after hymn, and conversed with her for a long time upon kindred subjects connected with the school. "The right chord had been touched." The association of the Sunday-school had made an indelible impression upon her mind, which was revived at the mention of the very name! The parents' hearts leaped for joy, as they beheld their daughter, although but for a little while, "in her right mind," and, with tearful eyes, gave their Sunday-school friend their warmest thanks for her visit.

**A FACT FOR THE THOUGHTLESS.**—A gentleman, some time ago, when passing through one of the wards in St. Luke's, had his attention directed to a poor lunatic, who startled him with this question, "Sir, did you ever bless God for your reason?" The visitor, started at the question, honestly answered, "No." "Nor did I," said the afflicted man, "and God took it from me."

**DR. CHALMERS AND HIS BIBLE.**—His regular and earnest study of the Bible was one of the first and most noticeable effects of Mr. Chalmers' conversion. His nearest neighbour, and most frequent visitor, was old John

Bonhron, who, having once seen better days, was admitted to an easy and privileged familiarity, in the exercise of which, one day, before the memorable illness which issued in the conversion of Mr. Chalmers, he said to the young minister, "I find you aye busy, sir, with one thing or another; but come when I may, I never find you at your studies for the Sabbath." "Oh, an hour or two on the Saturday evening is quite enough for that," was the reply. But now the change had come, and John, on entering the manse, often found Mr. Chalmers poring intently over the pages of the Bible. With his accustomed freedom, he one day said, "I never come in now, sir, but I find you aye at your Bible." "All too little, John—all too little," was the significant reply.—*Sunday School Magazine.*

### BE KIND.

There are many reasons why we should be kind to each other.

1. There are none so low as not to be able to return some favour. We may be thrown into circumstances in which the poorest beggar along the road might relieve us.

2. There is great pleasure in being kind—There is no true happiness to be derived from treating others unkindly, and unkind acts cannot fail to make us more or less unhappy; but a kind act will be a blessing to us; we feel comfortable every time we think of it.

3. We impart great happiness to others by being kind to them. What pain an unkind act, or even a cold look will inflict, especially upon those who really need sympathy. But a kind act or look gives ease to an aching heart; it is the sunshine of the soul.

4. The great reason for being kind is, it is right; duty requires it. It is suited to the relation we sustain to each other, as creatures of the same God, made of the same flesh and blood, travelling to the same world of spirits, where we shall have to give an account how we

treat each other; then never unnecessarily wound the feelings of any.

### TRUTH.

Truth is the foundation of virtue. An habitual regard for it is absolutely necessary. He who walks by the light of it has the advantage of the mid-day sun; he who would spurn it goes forth amid clouds and darkness. There is no way in which a man strengthens his own judgment, and acquires respect in society so surely, as by a scrupulous regard to truth. The course of such an individual is right and straight on. He is no changeling, saying one thing to-day and another to-morrow. Truth to him is like a mountain landmark to the pilot; he fixes his eye upon a point that does not move, and he enters the harbor in safety. On the contrary, one who despises truth and loves falsehood is like a pilot who takes a piece of drift-wood for his landmark, which changes with every changing wave. On this he fixes his attention, and, being insensibly led from his course, strikes upon some hidden reef, and sinks to rise no more. Thus truth brings success; falsehood results in ruin and contempt.

### THE BLIND NEGRESS.

A blind negro woman of the west coast of Africa, was asked whether she knew Jesus, when she made the following reply:—"If I were to say I know him, I fear I should speak an untruth; for I do not know him as I ought to know him. But, if I were to say I know him not, this would also be wrong, for I feel his presence in my heart."

She was then asked, whether it was not a great grief to her that she could not read the Bible, when she answered: "I can read it through the eyes of others; my sister reads to me portions of God's Word, and I feel my heart strengthened, and light comes into my mind, as the sun rises or bursts through a cloud. It looks like a stranger coming and knocking at my door in a dark night, and I arise and let him in, but find he is no

stranger, for he speaks the words, and brings the comfort I have had before." Again she said, "I think I only know in part, but I shall know Jesus altogether when I die and go to his house above."—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

### LOVE OF THE BIBLE.

The Rev. T. Humberstone was naturally of a generous disposition; but when he was about six years old, a fit of selfishness seemed to seize him, so that he saved up every penny of his pocket-money like a little miser. At length, having got a certain sum, he told his friends that now he had enough to buy his *great* wish, and at once he set off, as they supposed, to buy some new toy. But in a little while he returned, his countenance bright with joy, and, unpacking a parcel which he had brought under his arm, he cried, to their surprise, as he took off the covering, "Now I have it; *my own too!* Oh how I have longed for one of my own!" It was a new Bible.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

### DONT HURT IT.

When you are walking out in the fields, dont tread upon the little worm or creeping thing that crawls across the path. Step on one side and let the creature live. It would be cruel in you to tread on such a little thing with your heavy foot; and what good would it do you to see it all crushed to pieces. Surely you do not love to do cruel things. He who is cruel when he is young will grow up to be more cruel when he is old. A cruel king, when he was a boy, began by being cruel to poor little flies, and when he was a man and a king, then he was cruel to men and women, and put many to death. Do not you do as he did. But be tender and kind to poor little insects. You should not forget that the **LORD** made them as well as you.—*Little Child's Magazine.*

## PICTORIAL NUMBER.

We intend to send to all who have paid up *all arrears* to the end of the present year, an additional copy of the *Record*, composed entirely of Wood-cuts, of superior style. We hope our subscribers and friends will appreciate this effort to afford full value for their money, and come up to the conditions, so that all may be served with a copy. We may have occasion to notice this matter again, and simply announce the fact at present.

## TEACHER'S CORNER.

DEAR CHILDREN.—Permit one who loves good children, to say to you, through the press, what I should delight to address to you, in your different schools, had I opportunity.

In the United States, where I have been travelling for five months, I have spoken to a great number of Sunday Schools and other schools. And I tell all the children of every school I visit, to guard against *bad books, bad company, and everything hurtful and unnecessary*.

I need not tell you that strong drink is hurtful and unnecessary, for the many thousands who fall into a drunkard's grave every year, must convince you, that alcoholic drink is a poison, and makes many act like fools and madmen. I warn you also to guard against the use of tobacco. Thousands of lives, and millions of pounds are sacrificed every year in Great Britain and the United States, by the use of these, and other unnecessary articles. Ask God for Christ's sake to keep you from all that is hurtful, and enable you to practise all that is good.

I rejoice to witness such a striking contrast between the present time and forty years ago, when I found no Sunday School in Canada, or the United States. I passed through Canada, as far west as Sandwich, and as far south as Richmond, Virginia, without finding a Sabbath School, and but very few week-day schools. Now, blessed be God, I find both multiplied, but not to that extent which I could wish, though yearly increasing.

Dear young friends, your privileges are great, and your responsibility is in the same proportion. Let me advise and earnestly entreat you to improve all your time, in prepar-

ing to be useful in this world, and for happiness in heaven. I tell all the children whom I address, if I never should meet them in this world, I wish to meet them in that blessed mansion where the Saviour and all the wise and good will forever dwell.

That God, for Christ's sake, may prepare us for that happy meeting, is the prayer of your friend,

THADDEUS OSGOOD.

Montreal, May 28, 1850.

Philipsburgh, April 24, 1850.

DEAR SIR.—In perusing the supplement to the *Sabbath School Record*, I was gratified to see a few statistics, testing the ability of the children in committing to memory the "Word of Life," and which induces me to give the following statement of the Philipsburgh Union Sabbath School, for one quarter only, ending 31st March, 1850, which will no doubt be a stimulus to others to do likewise. One child, aged 11 years, committed 1,415 verses; four of 9 years committed over 200 each; ten of 6 years, 60 each; and twenty small boys that cannot read, committed 368; the whole number of verses recited by the whole school, was 4,192. The school at present is in a prosperous condition, and measures are taking to procure a new Library, as an encouragement to the scholars.

W. HICKOX, Supt.

## TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Remember you are dealing with souls which are to live eternally; that they are now, like the melted silver, capable of receiving impressions that will last forever. Then stamp upon them the image of Christ; and though it may show but faintly now, God will bless your faithful, prayerful labour, and bring out that image to shine as a star in glory. Remember that Christ, the great Teacher, is your pattern, and that, in order to be a faithful teacher pleasing God, you must be like him.

Like him in prayer. The stillness of night and early morn witnessed his early supplications.

Like him in teaching. The hearts of his hearers burned within them, and their souls were quickened at his words.

Like him in spirit. Peaceful, meek, humble, and pure in heart.

Like him by the way. Ever uttering words of comfort and kindness to all who came to him troubled.

Like him at all times. Doing the will of your Father in heaven.

Like him in knowledge. Possessing the knowledge of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

# EXERCISES ON THE INTERVALS.

Thirds.

A musical staff in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It contains a sequence of eighth notes and rests, with a slur over the first four notes. The notes are G4, A4, Bb4, and C5. Below the staff, the letter 'Ah' is written.

Fourths.

A musical staff in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It contains a sequence of eighth notes and rests, with a slur over the first four notes. The notes are G4, Bb4, C5, and D5. Below the staff, the letter 'Ah' is written.

Fifths.

A musical staff in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It contains a sequence of eighth notes and rests, with a slur over the first four notes. The notes are G4, Bb4, C5, and D5. Below the staff, the letter 'Ah' is written.

Sixths.

A musical staff in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It contains a sequence of eighth notes and rests, with a slur over the first four notes. The notes are G4, Bb4, C5, and D5. Below the staff, the letter 'Ah' is written.

Sevenths.

A musical staff in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It contains a sequence of eighth notes and rests, with a slur over the first four notes. The notes are G4, Bb4, C5, and D5. Below the staff, the letter 'Ah' is written.

Octaves.

A musical staff in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It contains a sequence of eighth notes and rests, with a slur over the first four notes. The notes are G4, Bb4, C5, and D5. Below the staff, the letter 'Ah' is written.



# THE KEY-BOARD OF A PIANOFORTE.

WITH THE NOTES BY WHICH THE KEYS ARE REPRESENTED.

The diagram illustrates the correspondence between musical notes and piano keys. It features two staves of musical notation at the top, with notes placed on specific lines and spaces. Below these are two rows of piano keys, each with a letter indicating the note it represents. The first row of keys shows the sequence G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F. The second row shows the sequence F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F. The notes G, A, B, C, D, E, and F are shown on both staves and are linked to their respective keys in the diagram below. The notes G, A, B, and C are shown on the first staff, while D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, and F are shown on the second staff.