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No. 6.

The Bishop and the Birds.

A bishop who had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" thus explained the matter to an intimate friend:—

Many years ago, a little boy resided at a village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the wood to pick up some sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper-berries, and carry them to a neighboring distiller, who wanted them for making Hollands.

Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He was quite aware it was vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking while he was gathering the

juniper-berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons.

One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird trap, and he asked one what that was for. The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting a trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the juniper berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, went to the wood, and he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He then put them in a basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the presence of the schoolmaster. In a

few words he told how he caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster, "you do not look as if you could afford much presents. Tell me your price and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides?"

"I would rather give them to you, Sir, if you please," said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy who stood before him, with bare head and feet, and trousers that reached only half way down his legs.

"You are a very singular boy," said he, "but if you will not take money you must tell me what I can do for you; as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything that I can do you?"

"O yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else."

"What is that?" asked the schoolmaster, smiling.

"Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling upon his knees; "O dear, kind Sir, teach me to read!"

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all leisure hours, and learned so rapidly that the teacher recommended him to a nobleman residing in the neighborhood. The gentleman who was as noble in mind as in birth patronized the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The poor boy profited by his opportunities; and when he rose, as soon he did, to wealth and honors, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms.

"What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was my self."—*Home Companion.*

Mother Symington.

About one hundred years ago a clergyman in Massachusetts had a respectable neighbour belonging to his parish who was notoriously addicted to lying;

not from any malicious or pecuniary motive, but from perverse habit. The minister was every day grieved by the evil example of his neighbour. This person was Captain Clark, a friend of the clergyman in all temporal matters, and a man useful in the parish. But his example was a source of much inquietude to the divine. He was determined to preach a sermon for the occasion. Accordingly he took for his text, "Lie not one to another." He expatiated on the folly, the wickedness, and evil example of lying, in such a pointed manner, that nearly every person present thought that the clergyman was aiming at the captain. The service being ended, some one said to the captain, "What think you of the sermon?" "Excellent! excellent!" he replied; "but I could not for my life keep my eyes off old Mother Symington, thinking how she must feel for he certainly meant her." This story was told by a daughter of the clergyman, who heard the sermon; to which she added: "When you see any folly or vice exhibited from the pulpit, before you look out for a Mother Symington, look within yourself, and see if Captain Clark is not there." Her advice had some effect, and may have again.—*Belger's Clergy of America.*

The Sleeping Disciple.

Unavoidable cares and toils through the week, deprivation of nightly rest, age, and disease may excuse some for sleeping in the house of God; but there are professing Christians who indulge the inclination to sleep without the shadow of an excuse. They offer no resistance to the approach of the somnolent spell; they place themselves in a position to invite the overpowering stupor; they yield themselves up to the power of the soporific influence as willing slaves; they lose the identity of hearers in that of sleepers. Their appearance is that of non-interest and spiritual declension.

The disciple of Christ should feel that it is not an unimportant matter—

that his example may become a pillow on which the conscience of the unbeliever may slumber. If he indulges the sentiment that it will make no material difference with his influence whether he is awake or asleep, or if he is so indifferent to the character of his example as not to resolve the matter at all, he will not be likely to oppose a strong resistance to the inclination to sleep. On the other hand, if he views it in a *serious* light, this alone will nerve him somewhat against the powerful spell. He should also consider how God regards *unnecessary* sleep in his earthly temple. God knows, in each instance whether it admits of a plausible excuse or not. To him the vows of the disciple are to be performed. Hence when a Christian enters the sanctuary to indulge in a sleep which he might resist, it must appear peculiarly irreverent in the sight of the King of Heaven. If a person were to enter into the presence of an earthly king or governor, with the professed object of honoring him, it would not be regarded a very respectful audience if he should fall into deep sleep while in his presence. How much more irreverent is slumber, which might be resisted, when we enter the place of worship to pay our vows to the most high God!

Christian disciples should study to learn the cause of their inclination to sleep in the sanctuary. If the cause be excessive toil through the week, no remedy is at hand except to toil less. If it be slothfulness and surfeiting, then early rising and abstemiousness will bring relief. If it be an unventilated or an over-heated house the remedy is readily suggested. If it be a habit, though binding with fetters of brass, there is mental and physical energy enough, if unimpaired, to destroy it. If it be an attitude favorable to repose, then another posture can easily be assumed. And if it be a lack of interest in the religious services, then earnest prayer and self-examination will soon remove it.

There may be more virtue in the act

of some in resisting the stealthy approach of sleep in the house of God, than is usually supposed. There are those who are always wakeful. In whatever place they are, this intolerable lassitude never steals upon them. Perhaps Providence has allotted them a sphere in life where they are comparatively strangers to care and wearisome toil; or, constitutionally, they may be better prepared to render wakeful attention. Of course, the virtue of preserving a wakeful interest in all such examples is far less marked than where one is compelled to summon all his energies to resist the drowsy influence. The virtue of the resistance is proportioned to the strength of the insidious spell.

A Theme for a Poet.

I SING the men who left their home,
Amidst barbarian hordes to roam,
Who land and ocean cross'd,
Led by a load-star, mark'd on high
By faith's unseen, all seeing eye,
To seek and save the lost;
Where'er the curse on Adam spread,
To call his offspring from the lead.

Strong in the great Redeemer's name,
They bore the cross, despised the shame,
And, like their Master, here,
Wreath'd with danger, pain, distress,
Hunger, and cold, and nakedness,
And every form of fear;
To feel His love, their only joy;
To tell that love, their sole employ.

O Thou, who wast in Bethlehem born,
The Man of sorrows and of scorn,
Jesus, the sinner's Friend!
O Thou, enthroned, in final right,
Above all creature-power and might;
Whose kingdom shall extend,
Till earth, till heaven, Thy name shall fill,
And men, like angels, do Thy will:

Thou, whom I love, but cannot see,
My lord, my God, look down on me,
My low affections raise;
The spirit of liberty impart,
Enlarge my soul, inflame my heart;
And while I spread thy praise,
Shine on my path, in mercy shine,
Prosper my work, and make it Thine.

—Montgomery.

General Review of Foreign Missions.

The following classified view of Foreign Missions was prepared by the Cincinnati *Chronicle*, two or three years ago, from tables published in the Foreign Missionary *Chronicle*. It will give the reader a pretty correct idea of the progress and condition of the Foreign Missionary work of the various Protestant Churches:—

AMERICAN BOARD.

Missionaries.	131
Assistant missionaries.	33
Native assistants.	169
Communicants.	34,506
Scholars.	11,327

ENGLISH WESLEYAN.

Missionaries.	175
Assistant missionaries.	39
Native assistants.	123
Communicants.	76,729
Scholars.	29,739

ENGLISH EPISCOPAL MISSIONARY.

Missionaries.	117
Assistant missionaries.	34
Native assistants.	1,147
Communicants.	9,171
Scholars.	35,700

ENGLISH BAPTISTS.

Missionaries.	90
Assistant missionaries.	90
Native assistants.	121
Communicants.	38,594
Scholars.	9,261

INDEPENDENT LONDON MISSIONARY.

Missionaries.	161
Assistant missionaries.	22
Native assistants.	116
Communicants.	900
Scholars.	1,505

METHODIST, AMERICAN.

Missionaries.	26*
Communicants.	1,548
Scholars.	491

* At this time we have in Africa alone 22 ministerial missionaries; 28 assistant missionaries, including the wives of missionaries and interpreters; 20 teachers of day-schools; one principal of the Academy at Monrovia, and one secular agent. It has under its care 1,265 members, of which 88 are native converts, and 163 probationers; making, in all, 1,428 communicants.

In addition to these are our missionaries in China South America, Germany, and those we support in France.—*Editor of Missionary Advocate.*

EPISCOPAL, AMERICAN.

Missionaries.	14
Assistant missionaries.	2
Native assistants.	1
Communicants.	50
Scholars.	750

PRESBYTERIAN, AMERICAN.

Missionaries.	42
Assistant missionaries.	7
Native Assistants.	6
Communicants.	136
Scholars.	944

UNITED BROTHERN.

Missionaries.	187
Communicants.	18,375

SCOTCH FREE CHURCH.

Missionaries.	28
Assistant missionaries.	3
Native assistants.	75
Communicants.	20
Scholars.	3,800

FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

Missionaries.	13
Assistant missionaries.	3
Native assistants.	2
Communicants.	571
Scholars.	1,013

GERMAN.

Missionaries.	25
Assistant missionaries.	3
Native assistants.	35
Communicants.	79
Scholars.	1,941

GOSPEL PROPAGATION.

Missionaries.	44
Native assistants.	254
Communicants.	2,664
Scholars.	7,399

SCOTCH ESTABLISHED.

Missionaries.	6
Assistant missionary.	1
Scholars.	940

SOCIETIES FOR THE JEWS.

Missionaries.	35
Assistant missionaries.	54

Grand Aggregate.—The total number of all persons enumerated in the Missionary Church of different denominations is as follows:—Missionaries, 1,147; assistant missionaries, 211; native assistants, 2,140; communicants, 184,268; scholars, 124,816.

The distribution of the missionary effort is more instructive than the number. It shows where the effort has been most successful, and under

what circumstances. The localities of the missionary effort may be thus described :—

Islands of the Pacific.—Missionaries, 107, assistant missionaries, 34 ; native assistants, 121 ; communicants, 41,468 ; scholars, 27,540.

The great body of missionaries and communicants in the Pacific are in three places—the Sandwich Islands, under the exclusive charge of the American Board; the Georgian Islands, under the care of the Independent London Missionary Society ; New Zealand, which is divided between the labors of the English Wesleyans and the English Episcopal Church Society. They have all proved fruitful grounds of missionary labor.

West Indies.—Missionaries, 305 ; assistant missionaries, 16 ; native assistants, 40 ; communicants, 112,200 ; scholars, 16,590

The societies which have occupied this field have been the English Wesleyan, the English Baptist, the United Brethren, and the Independent London Missionary. Their chief places of effort have been Jamaica, Trinidad, Antigua, the Bahamas, Danish Islands, &c. The negroes of the West Indies were the chief subject of missionary effort, and the great number of communicants there shows how successful has been this religious enterprise among them. The English Wesleyan missionaries alone have 55,000 communicants in those islands. It must be remembered that most of the slaves of the West Indies were, previous to this effort, positively heathen. Even yet great numbers of them adhere to "devil worship." These missions to the West Indies were the preparation for the abolition of slavery in the British Islands. One of the most distinguished of the British missionaries there testifies that unless there had been the twenty years' previous labor of the missionaries, it would have been impossible for Great Britain to have abolished slavery in the West Indies.

India and Ceylon.—India is, all and

all, the most important of the missionary fields ; and there is scarcely a doubt that through the missions there, the whole of the vast empire of Great Britain in Asia must at no distant day receive and adopt the principles and worship of Christianity. The following are the results of missionary effort in India and Ceylon :—

Missionaries, 33 ; assistant missionaries, 50 ; native assistants, 1,377 ; communicants, 10,944 ; scholars, 61,344.

The reader will see by the above, that the missionary enterprise is, in India, conducted upon the true method of introducing a new civilization among a people. This is by employing native workers. In India we see a strong body of native workers employed, whose agency is chiefly in the great number of schools, which show, as above, no less than sixty thousand scholars.

Five-sixths of the Indian missions are under the care of the English missionaries—chiefly Episcopal and Baptist. The result proves them to have been very successful.

Africa.—Missionaries, 186 ; assistant missionaries, 27 ; native assistants, 129 ; communicants, 16,680 ; scholars, 16,447.

These missions are almost all English—Episcopal and Wesleyan chiefly. The principal localities are Sierra Leone, Cape of Good Hope, and South Africa and Liberia. At Sierra Leone the missions are under the charge of the Episcopal Missionary and the Wesleyans. In South Africa they are of the Independent London Missionary and the Wesleyans. In Liberia the majority of the missionaries are American Methodists.

In America, the missionaries to the Indian tribes are all American—chiefly under the care of the American Board.

In review of the facts stated above, it appears that the chief and most successful of the Protestant missions have been in the West Indies, India, Ceylon, Sandwich Islands, Mew Zea-

land, Georgian Islands, South Africa, and Sierra Leone. In the Island of Jamaica, the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand and Hindostan, the success of missions has certainly been equal to, and beyond any enterprise, conducted by the same number of persons in any form of civilization.

The number of persons employed, at one time, are three thousand four hundred and ninety-nine. The result is fifty-two communicants and thirty-six scholars to each person engaged in the business of evangelism. Is the result in Christian countries themselves equal to that? If it be, it certainly does not very greatly exceed it. Unless the "signs of the times" are very incorrectly read or interpreted, the greatest and most enlightening paganism of the world—that of Hindostan—is rapidly giving way before the double attack of science and Christianity. It must be a faint heart—a skeptical intellect—an unprogressive spirit, which sees nothing in the steady advance of missions, and the yet more rapid movement of government and conquests over pagan lands, to foreshadow the speedy and permanent triumph of Christianity, both in name and substance, over the crumbling civilizations of the world.

For any purpose of progress, both paganism and mahomedanism have long ceased to exist. The moment the nations which sustained them ceased to be in advance of physical civilization, they ceased to advance in anything; they had nothing spiritual to commend. They are now crumbling out of existence, like the stones of an ancient wall, from which the mortar has dropped away, and on which the water is constantly dropping.

Men may prepare, before another generation has passed away, to see wonderful things. The new civilization will bloom in fresh glory over the wasted fields. The spiritual will take its pace in the advance of the new order, and a sublime and triumphant harmony govern Christian civilization.

The Two Angels.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Pass'd o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses heaved with plumes of
smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crown'd with amaranth as with
flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt
oppress'd,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending at my door, began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The Waters sink before an earthquake's
shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had fill'd and haunted me,
And now return'd with threefold strength
again.

The door I open'd to my heavenly guest.
And listen'd, for I thought I heard God's
voice;
And knowing whatso'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice

Then with a smile that fill'd the house with
light,
"My errand is not Death, but life," he said:
And ere I answer'd, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pausing descended, and with voice divine,
Whisper'd a word that had a sound like death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hush'd and darken'd
room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If he but wave his hand
Themists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of life and death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er
Who, then, would wish or dare believe in this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?
—Putnam's Magazine.

Are You a Christian?

Are we in Christ? Do we walk after the Spirit, and not after the flesh? Are we spiritually minded? Is Christ in us? for "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Are we led by the spirit? Do we say, "Abba, Father?" Do we suffer with Christ? for then only shall we reign with Christ. Are we, in one word, Christians?

To be a Christian is not to subscribe a creed, or to chant a prayer, or to sing a hymn, or to come to the Lord's table: it is to be changed in heart and nature; so that in all places, in all companies, in all employments, in all disputes, in all debates, in all undertakings, the glory of Christ,—the safety of souls,—the high present and eternal happiness of man, shall be your chief aim, and God's word shall be your conclusive directory. Hearing a sermon is of no more merit than kissing a cross, or kneeling at an altar, or sharing in a splendid ceremony. Our work begins when the address of the preacher closes. It is meant that what we hear in the sanctuary, we should take home to our hearts and consciences and either reject or accept it. It is the bitterest mockery to come constantly to the house of God, to hear faithful sermons, join in evangelical prayers, and afterwards go home with no real or permanent influence on the heart, no change of course, of character, of conduct, of views, of thoughts, of affection, of love. To come to the house of God is not so much duty as precious privilege. To hear the sermon is not the end of our coming to the house of God: it is to receive instruction, impulse, motive, hope, so real, that all will help to make the week-day toils more holy and the week-day heart more happy.

Let no one say, "We are so busy in the world that we cannot take up seriously the affairs of our soul." Want of time, in this matter, never can be an excuse. God has placed us

here for one grand purpose, to ripen for eternity. If in travelling to a distant spot we spend the whole day in gathering flowers, till night come upon us when we can no longer travel, the guilt is entirely our own. To be rich is not necessary, to be great is not necessary, to be celebrated is not necessary, but to be a Christian is necessary. All else can be dispensed with, except an answer to the question: "What must I do to be saved?" And until that question is settled, and settled in the very depths of our hearts, and in the light of God's countenance, all our religion is but a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

I asked you, reader, Are you a Christian? Are you, in heart and conscience, a child of God? Are you living as such, counting your present sufferings, if you suffer, not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed? If you are resting on the crucified for acceptance, looking to the glorified for happiness, then the eyes that now see through a glass dimly, shall soon see face to face; those hands that hold trembling the cup of sorrow, will soon wave the palm; those heads that are bowed down beneath a burden of care shall be encircled with everlasting garlands; and those sad voices that have often been heard in the night in agony, "Wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" will yet be heard again saying: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever."

"Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,—
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

—Voices of the Night.

East India Cottage.

Nature has wonderfully maintained the compensating principle in the midst of all her apparent inequalities and partialities. The inhabitants of a frozen zone are fitted by constitution and range of mind for their home; blest with contentment, they admire the snowy wastes, luxuriate in feasts of "fat things," and wrapped in reindeer robes defy the keenest blasts of an arctic latitude. There the stars, those night lamps with which the Creator has emblazoned the sky, shine with burnished splendor, ice fields glisten like silver, and mountains of snow radiate ten thousand minor lights to beautify the vast solitudes, where the Greenlander and white bear divide the right of possession. It is possible that the hardy sons of the North feel as keen interest in managing their kajaks, amid the cold billows of the Arctic Ocean, as the expert Indians of the South Pacific experience, while darting towards the shore of some reef-bound island, on the bosom of a returning wave. The principle of adaptation secures happiness to both classes.

When the scanty gleanings of an Icelandic harvest are gathered, and stores of moss, dried flesh, and other necessaries are arranged by thrifty Icelandic housekeepers, the bustle of their short summer's labors is suspended. The cold is soon too intense to admit of much stirring about. A lamp hanging from the centre of a large room burns continually, and there those simple and honest people convene, passing the long winter cheerfully, blessing a kind Providence for casting their lot in "the best land the sun ever shone on."

From the hut of the Esquimaux, cemented with ice, to the light and elegant proportions of an East Indian cottage, man has displayed his taste and skill in the construction of his habitations, and adapted them to the variations in climate and natural features in different parts of the world.

Far away from the rugged shores of

the frigid zone, fanned by a gentle wind, the tufted palm, the graceful cane, and broad-leaved banana, wave their wide-spread verdure round Oriental homes. Here nature has atoned for ardent heat, by the abundant growth of every thing beautiful and enchanting in the animal and vegetable kingdom. Green jalousies adorn the houses, and in the day time exclude the sun, while in the evening, the air softly sways delicate muslin curtains that fall down before the open windows, and every breath comes freighted with spice odors, or balmy with perfume of rose gardens. The East Indian, reclining on a luxurious divan, sipping his miniature cup of coffee, or regaling himself with cooling fruits, dreamily revolves some mystic doctrine of faith. Filled with grand and over-wrought conceptions, he calls out to his attendants to rehearse to him some legend of the past, some wonderful tale of the early ages of the world, when, according to his sacred books, Earth was yet pure, and mankind progressed from one stage of excellence to another.

The story teller is an important personage in the establishment of a wealthy Oriental. His office is privileged, half servant, half companion; at one moment, with a profound salaam, he offers the well filled hookah to his master, and in another perpetuates some witticism, or relates some unheard-of prodigy, to beguile the time.

The inhabitant of India loves to adorn his dwelling with a fanciful style of furnishing—shading fairy pictures in folds of costly drapery, dazzling the beholder with bunches of variegated feathers, which glisten or emerald, and gold, and silver hues, in arresting the attention by a beautiful cabinet inlaid with pearl—the *toute ensemble* is elegant in the extreme. Just, however, as the eye grows weary of the luxurious divans, the cashmere shawls that lie in graceful display, and the dusky-browed at-

tendants plying huge fans, and turns from them all, beautiful and *recherché* they are, he spies as through a glass door a fountain throwing its pure streams upon a plantation of Bengalee roses that peep out to view.

Like the natural productions of that country, graceful and stately, yet gorgeous, beautiful, and growing rapidly, the Oriental mind, vivacious and expansive, takes deep root upon grand foundations, and throws out conceptions which are at once fostered, and forced to maturity. We who live in a medium latitude possess a great fund of enjoyment in appreciating the beauties of both extremes of temperature. The glowing imagery that enfolds Oriental subjects, the magnificent scale upon which nature has laid out the vast plains of Asia, or upreared the lofty mountains of the torrid zone—the almost miraculous growth of vegetation,—and above all, the untold myriads, each a germ of immortality, that inhabit that part of the world, furnish us with most interesting themes of reflection,—themes, without which, our range of thought, enriched as it might be with grand and beautiful topics derived from nature's wonders in the arctic regions, and in our own zone, would be comparatively poor.

—*Maple Leaf.*

The Art of Listening.

There is a caricature of Charlet's, representing an old sergeant, with that air of severe gravity peculiar to old soldiers, discoursing on facings and pipe-clay, for which they have quite a feminine weakness. The sergeant is saying to a recruit—"Immoveability is the beauty of a soldier's exercise!"

And I should like to say much the same thing, if I could give it as amusing a type as the old sergeant, that "the most important thing in conversation is—silence!" In truth, knowing when to be silent is as much an art as seizing the right moment for throwing out a jug of water in a crowded street,

or asking the guard of a slow train, "When shall we get in?"

But the rarest thing of all is knowing *how to listen*. I am acquainted with a lady, whom I have seen every day for the last twelve years, and who, thanks to a charming vivacity of mind, has never, in all that time, allowed me to finish a single sentence! People like her imagine they always know, from the first words you utter, what you are going to say; and so, without waiting to hear it, they cut you short, and reply with volubility and energy to what you did not say and never intended to say, nor even perhaps thought.

It would be a good plan to say to these people, "Suppose you could condense into a single sentence the wisdom of Bacon, the wit of Pope, and the eloquence of Burke,—be sure not even such a sentence could afford half as much pleasure to the person you have interrupted, as his own sentence would have done, if you had allowed him to finish it."

Another kind of person is busy, while you are speaking, in thinking how he shall answer you properly. His brains go off on this scent at the first sound of your voice; and while he is seeking for something new and witty in the cupboards of his mind, he can spare but a small part of his attention for following you, and his reply *may* be ingenious and witty, but it will be inapplicable.

I will not stop to mention those people who are incapable of sustaining their attention, and who therefore stare at you with a stupid, astonishing air, like a sheep; giving a weak smile from time to time, never in the right place, and generally very much in the wrong.

Truly the back-headed compliment once paid to a very dull gentleman, was not without wit and perspicuity,—that "he had a great talent for silence." It is a talent some people would do well to cultivate.

Silence and talkativeness have been

the frequent themes of poets. Shakspeare says of a chattering:—

“O, he's as tedious

As is a tired horse, or railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.”

Cowper describes a similar character thus:—

“Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But to *king* is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.”

Young, in a felicitous manner, thus adverts to the advantages of listening:—

“A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.”

The Old Pine—Pleasing Similitudes.

“You see the old tree is cut down!” remarked a friend one day.

“What old tree?” we asked, glancing through the low window by which we were sitting.

“The old pine tree,” said our informant.

“Is it,” we rejoined, “why I hadn't noticed it,” and looking in that direction, we saw at once that it was but too true, for there it lay with all its goodly boughs prostrate upon the earth. It had lain there but a few hours and we had failed to note its absence. We wondered that we had; for it had often intercepted our vision as we watched the passing re-passing of carriages and persons upon an elevated point of the road a little distance beyond it. Insignificant as the event might seem, we could not avoid feeling a pang of inward regret, as if a long cherished friend had fallen. We had been accustomed since the early days of childhood, to recognize its graceful form as constituting one of the familiar objects of life and home, and in our young and girlish days we had frequently passed an hour of a summer's day up among its friendly branches,

some of them growing so near the ground as to give it an easy ascent. But of latter years it had been despoiled of its lower limbs, and was now a tall, stately tree, flourishing in all the regal splendor of a mighty forest monarch, and assuming a position similar to that of the goodly cedars of Lebanon. Its tough, earthly fibres had become firmly imbedded in its native soil from the growth of many years, but its triumphal reign was over, and it had fallen beneath the heavy stroke of the woodman's axe!

The fall of that noble tree was suggestive of some pleasing and interesting thoughts. It was an evergreen! The blighting, withering breath of many a winter's reign had blown fiercely upon it, chilling its spiral foliage and congealing the surface of the gentle stream near which it grew; but with cheerful endurance it had abided the stern exhibitions of his will, retaining its summer verdure and loveliness amid all his gathering storms! So with that heart whose supreme affections centre in God. *No winter is experienced there!* No changes of season or place make any change in that mind.

The winds of adversity may sweep around it, and the storms of affliction may beat against it—yet its comforts and consolations are abiding—its foundation sure, while the lovely graces of the Holy Spirit with which it is adorned shine out the more resplendently. O how tranquil, how serene is the life of that Christian who loves God with all the heart where Je-us reigns alone! How free from worldly strife and ambition! As he journeys on to the celestial city, how sweetly doth he sing—yea, joyfully sing—

“None can tell the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove:
All may enjoy a Saviour's love,
Mercy's free! mercy's free!”

The falling of that tree was unobserved and uncared for save by a few. Thus it often is when the humble believer falls in death. Within the pale

of the church where he had a name and a place—in the lowly and it may be limited sphere in which he labored to cultivate Emmanuel's ground, he was appreciated, loved and cherished. His name even was ointment poured forth. But beyond this, no sympathies were awakened, no deep heart-felt emotions were stirred. The grave closes over him in silence, and the world passes onward in its march to fame and high renown, filling up its round of sensual pleasure and enjoyment.

The toppling down of that massive column from its natural foundation effectually destroyed its affinity to the vegetable world; yet its usefulness ended not there. Go ask the proprietor what he intends doing with that valued timber? So when the good man dies, he is taken from time, his relation to earth is absolved, and his sphere of usefulness exchanged, but it will live on, and on, through the succeeding cycles of eternity. Not will his usefulness here have wholly ceased, for, "he being dead yet speaketh," and his pious example, and his holy and devoted life will still exert a saving influence over the hearts and lives of some he has left behind.

Gurleyville, Conn. ADELAIDE.

Anecdote with a Moral.

A friend not long since told us a story in relation to one of our subscribers, which contains a moral for husbands, and also furnishes an example for wives which is not unworthy of imitation under similar circumstances:

The subscriber referred to, said to our friend in the presence of his wife that it had been his intention to call at the *Record* office, to pay up his arrearages, and discontinue his paper. His wife very promptly asked:

"Why do you intend to discontinue the paper?"

"Because," said the husband, "I am so much away from home on bus-

iness, and have so very little time to read, there seems to be very little use in taking the paper."

"Yes," responded the wife, it may be of little use to you, but it is of great use to me. I remain at home while you are gone, and I wish to know what is going on in the world. If you discontinue the paper, I will go straight and subscribe myself."

As the paper has not been discontinued, we suppose the wife's reasoning was conclusive.

The moral of this incident must not be overlooked. A husband should consider the gratification and profit afforded his wife and children by the paper, as well as his own, and not discontinue it simply because he may not have the opportunity to read it regularly. And further, it may remind some good husbands, not now subscribers, that it is their duty to take the paper, that their wives and children may know what is going on in the world.

Charlie.

"Mother," said a little boy, coming up to her one day, and looking earnestly into her face, "what does it mean to give your heart to God?" "Charlie," said she, putting down her sewing, "do you love anybody?" "I love you," answered the child, with a look of surprise; "I love my father, and my sister, and Henry."

"Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, and me. It means to love us; and giving your heart to God, means to love him." The child's face looked bright with a new thought, as his mother spoke. "And you ought to love God best, because God gave you your father and mother, and brother, and sister, and everything you have; and he gave you his dear Son Jesus Christ, to die for you, and make you a good boy."

Though Charlie was only a little more than three years old, his little mind loved to light upon subjects like these, as if it were feeling its way after

God and heavenly things. "I do want to give my heart to God, mother," said the child; "how shall I do it?" And then his mother taught him a little prayer expressive of his want, when the child kneeled down beside a chair, and clasping his small hands together, prayed in tones so heartfelt, that the mother felt that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings there might go forth acceptable worship. "From that good hour," she now says, "I believe Charles became a child of God." His child-life did not disappoint her hopes. He was always trying to live like Jesus. Charles is now a man, one of the best of men; and he said he had one of the best of mothers.

Prohibition—A Song.

By JAMES CHALLEN,—Editor and Publisher of the Ladies' Christian Annual.

Prohibition, prohibition!

Let us form a coalition

Strong and mighty as the mountains,
Thundering—like their gushing fountains,—
Flowing now and flowing ever
'Till it swell a noble river.

For a voice is heard in sadness,
Heard in wailing and in madness,
Which shall turn to joy and gladness,
Louder still—and louder sounding
O'er our hills and valleys bounding,
From our sisters and our brothers,
From our fathers and our mothers,

Prohibition sternly crying!

Prohibition for lying!

Prohibition for us singing!

See the foe is from us flying?

Prohibition! prohibition!

Let us form a coalition,

Like our fathers, who a story
Won immortal fame and glory;
When their rights had been invaded
Chained, insulted, and degraded.
Up they rose, like clouds in heaven
By the gathering tempests driven
When the gnarled oaks are riven.
Hark! The voice is louder sounding,
O'er our hills and valleys bounding.—
From our sisters and our brothers
From our fathers and our mothers.

Prohibition—sternly crying:

Prohibition—for the dying!

Prohibition—for the sighing!

See the foe is from us flying.

—Philadelphia.

Counsel to Parents.

Be very vigilant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frost of May nip his blossoms. While he is a tender twig strengthen him; while he is a new vessel, season him: such as thou makest him, such commonly thou shalt find him. Let his first lesson be obedience, and the second shall be what thou wilt. Give him education in good letters, to the utmost of thy ability and his capacity. Season his youth with the love of his Creator, and make the fear of his God the beginning of his knowledge. If he have an active spirit, rather rectify than curb it, but reckon idleness among his chiefest faults. Above all things keep him from vain, lascivious and amorous pamphlets, as the forerunners of all vice.

As his judgment ripens, observe his inclination and tender him a calling that shall not cross it: forced marriages and callings seldom prosper. Show him both the mow and the plough, and prepare him as well for the danger of the skirmish as for the honour of the prize. If he choose the profession of a scholar, advise him to study the most profitable arts. Poetry and mathematics take up too great a latitude of the soul, and, moderately used, are good recreations, but bad callings, being nothing but their own reward. If he choose a trade, teach him to forget his father's house and his mother's wing: advise him to be conscientious, careful and constant. This done, thou hast done thy part; leave the rest to Providence, and thou hast done it well.—
*Quarles.**

The more ideas a man has of other things, the less he is taken up with ideas of himself.

Gold goes in at every gate except heaven's.

*It may be well to note that this writer was well qualified, from his own experience, to give counsel to parents, being himself the father of eighteen children.

"I Did as the rest Did."

This tame, yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did"—has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or the gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing as the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers, and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but, alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others learn,—to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several other useless matters. In time they marry: their husbands are unable to support their extravagance: and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

The sinner, following the example of others, puts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till, unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare. And he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

Tobacco.

We have a list of no less than EIGHTY-SEVEN diseases caused by tobacco. We are to infer, also, that

when a greater degree of attention shall have been given the subject, the number will be found still greater. Medical men, too often themselves slaves of the tobacco-habit, have not, as a class, hitherto been sufficiently observant concerning the effects of this narcotic. These diseases, it will be seen, are many of them among the most dangerous and most painful to which the human body is subject. No other narcotic or stimulant—probably not even alcohol itself, destructive as it is to life and health—is capable of producing such varied effects. The writer has been thus particular in this department of the subject, under the impression that it has not generally been sufficiently considered in essays of this kind.

ITS EFFECTS ON THE MIND.

The effect of tobacco upon man's *mental* and *moral nature* have been, in part, anticipated in the foregoing remarks. Any narcotic, the use of which is capable of causing hypochondriasis, hysteria, epilepsy, mental imbecility, and insanity, must of necessity, if employed habitually, become detrimental to the intellect and the morals *in proportion to the extent of the abuse*. Besides, it is a recognized principle in nature, THAT WHATSOEVER ENFEEBLES THE BODY MUST, IN THE END, AND IN THE SAME DEGREE, ENFEEBLE THE MIND. "A sound mind in a sound body," is the physiological law. This every tobacco-user violates.

The *moral* reasons why tobacco should not be used, as a luxury, by any human being, are numerous, some of the more important of which will now be stated.

In the first place, a man has no right to destroy his health. Health is "the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss." It is the most precious of all earthly gifts. What greater blessing can there be than a state of perfect bodily and mental health? Almost every tobacco-user is convinced that the habit is detrimental to

his physiological well-being, and yet he goes on, good or bad as he may be by profession, unremittingly in his downward course. Nor has a man a right to *enslave* himself. The tobacco habit is proverbially stronger than any natural appetite—stronger even than *that for food*. So enslaved does the tobacco-user become to the narcotic, he prefers it to the society of his best friends.

ITS FILTHINESS.

The *filthiness necessarily consequent on tobacco-using* is of itself a great moral evil. "Cleanliness," says Jeremy Taylor, "is next to godliness." That it is impossible for a tobacco-user to be a cleanly person. His mouth, which, more than all other parts of his system, should be cleanly, is a very sink of nastiness. That which he ejects from it is more loathsome than the dog's vomit or the sow's mite. Men have plainly no moral right thus to defile themselves, or to inconvenience those about them by their defilement, as in a thousand ways tobacco-users must.

Nor is it by filthiness alone that the slave of tobacco does injustice to others. It is a most flagrant wrong for him to pollute and poison the atmosphere which his fellows are compelled to breathe. This is done everywhere, and almost perpetually, by the votaries of the weed. What hater of tobacco who has ever travelled, but for a single day, from his own domicile, has not been outraged in this way?

What right has a tobacco-user to contaminate his own household even with the effluvia of tobacco? What right to hold in his lap his own darling child, giving off into its innocent face the pestiferous poison at every breath? What right to sleep even with another person, his skin and lungs exhaling at every moment their noisome filth?

ITS EXPENSIVENESS.

The magnitude of the moral evils connected with the use of tobacco will become still more apparent when it is

remembered that there are at least *two million tons* of the article raised annually in the world, and about one-twentieth part of this enormous quantity in the United States alone. The duty levied upon tobacco in Great Britain, in 1852, was £4,260,741, equal to a poll tax of about two dollars per head. Poor men in the city of New York (where tobacco is very cheap) expend five, ten, or twenty dollars annually, for this article. Some, who are better off, lay out eighty or one hundred dollars in the year. In New York city more money is expended daily for cigars alone, it has been estimated, than for bread. The United States and Great Britain alone, it is estimated, spend enough annually on tobacco to support ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL at average rates. More money is wasted annually in this way, in Christian countries alone, than would be necessary to place a Bible in the hands of every family in the world. Civilized countries spend more for tobacco than would be required for establishing free schools throughout every habitable land.

It were well, likewise, for the slaves of tobacco to inquire as to what class or classes of persons are most addicted to its use. We are compelled to admit that the abominable thing does too often find its way into the pulpit, and perhaps still oftener into the deacon's pew, or upon the judge's bench. In general, it is a different sort of persons who are most addicted to the habit. "I find," says an extensive observer of human nature, "that the most wicked and abandoned individuals in the community use tobacco; that boys and young men who are becoming more and more depraved; that low, dissolute, profane men, idlers, engaged in amusements alone, night-walkers, theatre goers, gamblers, and licentious persons, are almost invariably chewers or smokers.—*Dr. Shew on Tobacco Diseases.*"

Little Willie.

Little Willie was a lovely boy; but death chooses earth's fairest flowers. While we were looking at his pale, lifeless form, we could not help saying, "Is this Willie?" Yes, even this pale, lifeless, yet beautifully-molded clay before us, is all that is left of little laughing Willie.

Are not those fair locks that lie so caressingly upon his brow the same? His eyes are closed as in slumber; but will he not soon awaken and greet us all with a smile? Will not his merry shout be heard ringing through the household, while friends rejoice that his young life is spared, and that his presence among them is each day adding some new joy to their domestic bliss, which care and toil might render irksome? No, that can never be again. Those eyes are closed, never to be reopened until they are unsealed, to gaze upon the glorious face of their heavenly Father in the morning of the resurrection.

We cannot say, "Weep not;" but rather, "Let your grief find all the balm it can in tears." "Jesus wept." By tears, the agony burning in your torn hearts may become softened; while friends are coming and going, and by kind words and deeds showing how deeply they sympathize with you, their own moist eyes saying, "Let us weep together; for we, too, have lost an idol."

Let us all remember that it is God, even the Most High, that has taken "little Willie" home, and none may question his wisdom in so doing; for his ways are not as man's ways, and none may question the wisdom of his goings forth. But let us rest assured that while the storm to us is the fiercest, and the sky the darkest, his hand is above the tempest. The great Supreme is working for your good. Doubtless, God foresaw that his dawning mind needed a ho'er sphere, where-in it might expand, without the limits which sin has set on earth.

Rejoice, then, that his spirit now dwells in a land of glorious perfection, beyond the reach of the rust and pollution of our present abode. Take away his little cup and pail; he will no more bear them and their little treasures about in his dimpled hands: they are now cold, and folded above his pulseless breast. Take down his plumed cap from the wall, hide all his playthings from the sight of those so deeply bereaved—Willie will need them no more. Let us become even like him in childish meekness, that we, too, may inherit with him the glories of heaven. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." — *Sunday School Advocate.*

Dream Not, but Work!

Dream not, but work! Be bold! be brave!
 Let not a coward spirit crave
 Escape from tasks allotted!
 Thankful for toil and danger be!
 Duty's high call will make thee flee
 The vicious—the besotted.

Think not thy share of strife too great;
 Speed to thy post, erect, eia'e;
 Strength from above is given
 To those who combat sin and wrong,
 Nor ask how much, nor count how long
 They with the foe have striven!

Wage ceaseless war 'gainst lawless might;
 Speak out the truth—act out the right—
 Shield the defenceless.
 Be firm—be strong—improve the time—
 Pity the sinner—but for crime,
 Crush it relentless!

Strive on, strive on, nor ever deem
 Thy work complete. Care not to seem,
 But be a Christian true.
 Think, speak, and act 'gainst mean device;
 Wrestle with those who sacrifice
 The many to the few.

Forget thyself, but bear in mind
 The claims of suffering human kind;
 So shall the welcome night,
 Unseen o'ertake thee, and thy soul
 Sinking in slumber at the goal,
 Wake in eternal light!

—*London Christian Reformer.*

SCHEME OF LESSONS FOR 1854.

SERIES No. 1.—CONTINUED FROM APRIL NUMBER.

DATE.	SUBJECT.	READ.	TOPICS FOR MEDITATION FOR SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.
Oct. 1	Labourers Hired.....	Matt. xx. 1-16.	<p>1. Are you engaged by Christ to labor <i>for life</i> in winning souls to him?</p> <p>2. The teacher who does not feel his ignorance, is not fit to be a teacher.</p> <p>3. Watch for anxious inquirers, and treat them wisely.</p> <p>4. Love to Christ should perfume all your words and actions.</p> <p>5. Remember you are under a King's commands, as well as a Saviour's love.</p> <p>6. When you cease to do good, you will cease to get good.</p> <p>7. Rather let your actions go before your profession, than your profession outstrip your actions.</p> <p>8. Your first work is to get your scholars to give God his due.</p>
— 8	Bartimeus Cured.....	Luke xviii. 35-43.	
— 15	Zaccheus Called.....	Luke xix. 2-10.	
— 22	Jesus Anointed.....	John xii. 1-11.	
— 29	Christ's Triumphal Entry.....	Luke xix. 29-44.	
Nov. 5	The Fig-tree Cured.....	Matt. xxi. 18-22.	
— 12	The two Sons' Trial.....	Matt. xxi. 28-32.	
— 19	Parable of the Husbandmen.....	Mark xii. 1-12.	
— 26	The Wedding-garment.....	Matt. xxiii. 1-14.	
Dec. 3	Giving Tribute.....	Luke xx. 20-26.	
— 10	The Widow's Mites.....	Mark xii. 38-44.	
— 17	The Ten Virgins.....	Matt. xxv. 1-13.	

SERIES No. 2.—CONTINUED FROM APRIL NUMBER.

DATE.	SUBJECT.	READ.	COMMIT.	DOCTRINES.
July 2	Isaac.....	Gen. xxiv.	<p>2 Cor. vi. 14.</p> <p>Rom. viii. 30.</p> <p>John i. 51.</p> <p>John i. 14.</p> <p>How. xii. 3, 4.</p> <p>John xiv. 26.</p> <p>Acts vii. 9.</p> <p>Tit. iii. 5.</p> <p>Pea. cv. 17, 18.</p> <p>I Cor. xv. 47.</p> <p>Pea. cv. 21, 22.</p> <p>Rom. viii. 7.</p> <p>Heb. xi. 21.</p>	<p>Dangers of Bad Companions.</p> <p>Christ Invites All to Come to Him.</p> <p>The Lord Guides His People.</p> <p>Christ Omnipotent.</p> <p>Prayer, the Believer's Refuge.</p> <p>Jesus Arose from the Dead.</p> <p>Necessity of being Born Again.</p> <p>Duty of Children to Parents.</p> <p>Duties of Brothers to Each Other.</p> <p>Life to Sinners, in Christ.</p> <p>Character and Duty of Rulers.</p> <p>The Martyrs of the Bible.</p> <p>Examples of Dying Saints.</p>
— 9	Jesus in Galilee.....	Jn. i. 35-51; Mt. iv. 18-25.		
— 16	Jacob's Vision.....	Gen. xxviii. 10, 22.		
— 23	Christ's Miracles in Cana.....	John ii. 1-11; iv. 43-54.		
— 30	Jacob's Fear and Wrestling.....	Gen. xxxii.		
Aug. 6	Christ's First Public Passover.....	John ii. 12-25.		
— 13	Jacob's Sons.....	Gen. xxxvii.		
— 20	Christ and Nicodemus.....	John iii. 1-21.		
— 27	Joseph a Slave.....	Gen. xxxix.		
— 3	John's Last Testimony to Christ.....	John iii. 22-36.		
Sept. 10	Joseph a Ruler.....	Gen. xli.		
— 17	John's Imprisonment and Death.....	Matt. xi. 2-6; xiv. 1-14.		
— 24	Jacob's Dying Blessings.....	Gen. xlix.		