

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

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

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

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

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.

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

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					✓						



# THE MISSIONARY AND SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD

FOR  
OCTOBER,  
1851.



THE  
MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH  
SCHOOL  
RECORD

TERMS: 1s per Annum, in advance, Exclusive of Postage. The profits of this publication go to the funds of the Canada Sunday School Union.

Montreal.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY JOHN C. BECKETT.



# SCHOOL LIBRARY

CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES,

18mo.

- |    |  |     |  |
|----|--|-----|--|
| 1  | Anecdotes.—The Young.                          | 57  | Natural History The Feather.—The Song Bird |
| 2  | do Sunday Schools.                             | 58  | do Instinct of Birds.—The Annual male      |
| 3  | Aunt Upton.                                    | 59  | do The Coral-Maker.—The Sea-Star           |
| 4  | Ban de la Roche.—David Saunders                | 60  | do The Lobster.—The Fish                   |
| 5  | Barth's History of the Church                  | 61  | do The Hand.—The Tongue                    |
| 6  | Bible, its own Witness                         | 62  | do The Eye.—The Ear                        |
| 7  | Blind Celestine                                | 63  | do The Sense of Smell.—The Dewdrop         |
| 8  | Burder's Sermons to Children                   | 64  | do The Spring.—The Lake                    |
| 9  | Campbell's Journey to Lattakoo                 | 65  | do The River —The Sea                      |
| 10 | Catherine Gray.—Alphabet of Hearts             | 66  | Newton's Twenty-one Letters                |
| 11 | Children's Stories.—Little Stories             | 67  | Osage Captive.—The Promise                 |
| 12 | Columbus' Life and Times                       | 68  | Parables of the New Testament explained    |
| 13 | Convenient Food.—Christian Prudence            | 69  | Peak Tippet                                |
| 14 | Davy's Sermons to Children                     | 70  | Pious Music                                |
| 15 | Emily Rowland                                  | 71  | Play Hours                                 |
| 16 | Example of Christ.—Marshman's School Dialogues | 72  | Raven's Feather.—Morning Star              |
| 17 | Faithful Nurse                                 | 73  | Rites and Worship of the Jews              |
| 18 | Fireside ; or Family Religion                  | 74  | Roll's Plumbe                              |
| 19 | Flight of the Camisards                        | 75  | Scripture Similitudes                      |
| 20 | Footprints of Popery                           | 76  | Simple Stories.—Pleasant Stories           |
| 21 | Goodness and Mercy, or Deborah Curtis          | 77  | Stories from Switzerland                   |
| 22 | Goodrich's Child's Book of Creation            | 78  | Sunday Readings                            |
| 23 | Hints to Girls on Dress                        | 79  | Swedish Shepherd Boy                       |
| 24 | James' Anxious Inquirer                        | 80  | Thornton's Early Piety                     |
| 25 | Joseph Maylin.—Youthful Disciple               | 81  | The Floods.—Negro Infant School            |
| 26 | Journeys of the Children of Israel             | 82  | The Lime Tree.—The String of Beads         |
| 27 | Katherine                                      | 83  | The Traveller                              |
| 28 | Kind Words, by Uncle William                   | 84  | Todd's Lectures to Children                |
| 29 | Kindness to Animals                            | 85  | To-morrow ; or, R. Benton                  |
| 30 | Learning to Think                              | 86  | Two Apprentices                            |
| 31 | Learning to Feel                               | 87  | Waste not, Want not                        |
| 32 | Learning to Act                                | 88  | Workhouse Boy                              |
| 33 | Letters to the Young                           |     | 32mo                                       |
| 34 | Little Ann                                     | 89  | Blossoms and Fruit                         |
| 35 | Little Jane.—J. A. Spence                      | 90  | Encourager                                 |
| 36 | Little Robert's First Day at the Sunday School | 91  | Grandfather Gregory                        |
| 37 | Lucy Morley.—Accounts of Pious Children        | 92  | Grandmamma Gilbert                         |
| 38 | Manners and Customs of the Jews                | 93  | History of Joseph Green and his Sister     |
| 39 | Memoir of John M. Mead                         | 94  | Missionary Gleanings                       |
| 40 | do of Mary Lothrop                             | 95  | Missionary First-Fruits                    |
| 41 | do of Two Sons of a Clergyman                  | 96  | My Sunday Scholars                         |
| 42 | do of Samuel Kilpin.—Miss Campbell             | 97  | Orphan's Friend                            |
| 43 | do of John Hooper.—Ann C.                      | 98  | Pike's Persuasive to Early Piety           |
| 44 | Midshipman in China                            | 99  | Richmond's Annals of the Poor              |
| 45 | Miracles of Christ Illustrated                 | 100 | The Village                                |
| 46 | Missionary Book for the Young                  |     |  |
| 47 | More Kind Words, by Uncle William              |     |  |
| 48 | Morell's Family Memorial                       |     |  |
| 49 | Motherless Family                              |     |  |
| 50 | Napoleon Bonaparte                             |     |  |
| 51 | Natural History.—The Seed.—The Leaf            |     |  |
| 52 | do The Flower.—The Fruit                       |     |  |
| 53 | do The Grass.—The Ant                          |     |  |
| 54 | do The Honey Bee.—The Spider                   |     |  |
| 55 | do The Gail Insect.—The Fly                    |     |  |
| 56 | do The Nest.—The Egg                           |     |  |

The above books are all bound and have been selected with great care from the extensive stock of the London Religious Tract Society; and sent out on such favourable terms as to enable the Committee of the Sunday School Union to sell them at 1s or £2; and owing to their low price cash must be paid for all sales. There are still a few of the £3 10s libraries on hand.

# THE MISSIONARY

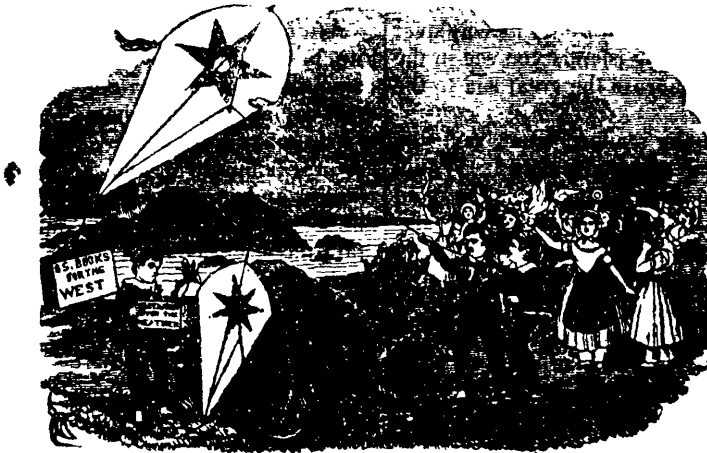
AND

## SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VIII.

OCTOBER 1, 1851.

No. 10.



**The Gospel Kite.**

The Committee of the Canada Sunday School Union, have to return their sincere thanks for the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Bullard, Secretary of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Union, for the use, in exchange for an equal number of their cuts, of some of the illustrations used by that society. The above is the first we introduce; our readers will observe that the story which follows it is intended for readers in the United States. Of course, while we wish all success to our brethren in that country, we must not forget that we have a work to do in Canada, and that all we can do is too little for the thousands that are uncared for here. Our readers will be able of themselves, to apply the lesson intended to be conveyed by the narrative:—

A boy in Connecticut, eleven years of age, was one day very busily engaged in his play.—And who does not love to witness the joyful sports and hear the merry laugh of glad-hearted children? Of course, we do not mean to intimate that any one would be pleased to see and hear these things on

the *Sabbath*, in the house of God and in the Sabbath school, &c! But on suitable occasions, it is delightful to behold the joy and pleasure with which children enter into their various amusements.

Well, the amusement in which this lad was so busily occupied, was that of making a little *kite*. But, while his hands were actively engaged in his play, his thoughts were towards the benighted heathen, and he was studying ways to send them relief. By and by he looked up to his father and said, very seriously,

“Father, I wish I had a string to my kite that would reach clear to the heathen.”

“Why, my son,” said the father, “what would you do with it if you had?”

“I would send the gospel to them,” quickly replied the boy.

“How *could* you do that?” inquired the father.

"I would make a *great* kite," said he, "and then I would tie a little Testament to it, and if I only had a string long enough, I would send it away to the heathen!"

And here he is, in the picture, sure enough, with his kite leaning against a great rock, tying on his little Testament. See, it is marked, "Testament for the Heathen," and there is his *great* ball of twine. How earnest he looks. Soon this gospel kite will be on its way over those high, rocky islands you see in the picture, and across the great sea to the heathen.

Now, young readers, what say you to this kind of amusement? Would not every boy who reads this, be glad to make a little kite and send a Testament to some poor heathen child? And would not several of you be willing to unite in making a kite large enough to send out a Bible with large type, so that some of the *old* heathen who have poor eyes, if they have learned to read, may read the story of the Saviour? Would you not love to do it?

And we have another inquiry to make. Would not *all* our young friends, —the members of all our Sabbath schools—boys and girls too, (for we think it would be perfectly proper for the girls to have a hand in the work)—would you not like to join together,—the children in one family, or class, or school, or sewing circle,—in making a great kite, big enough to send out a *whole library* of books to some of the many, *many* destitute Sabbath schools, scattered all over the Great Valley of the Mississippi? Would you not love to do it?

But, perhaps, some one may say, "Supposing we should make such a kite, where can we get a *string* long enough to reach all the way to the West?"

"Ah, young friends, we have a *very interesting* fact to tell you on that subject. Here at Boston, No. 13 Cornhill, we have a string long enough to reach all the way to Iowa—yes, to the most distant, needy Sabbath school,

in our country!! We *know* it will, for we have already sent out, by means of this string, *hundreds* of libraries, all over that western country, costing *many hundred dollars!* Now shall we have the *kite*? This same string will be abundantly sufficient to send out *all* the kites that shall be made—though every Congregational Sabbath school in *New England* should make one.

After mentioning this story of the kite, in a Sabbath school, a little boy came and brought us a note, containing \$10, saying, "A lady has sent you this to help make a little kite." And many are the churches, and schools, and classes, and sewing circles, and juvenile societies, and gentlemen, and ladies, that have engaged in this delightful work, and they have already sent out from *one* to *ten* libraries each. And many and cheering are the letters of grateful acknowledgment which they have received in return, from the schools to which the libraries were sent: and these letters have more than rewarded them for all their efforts.

Look at the picture again: See! here is a *whole Sabbath school*, just sending off their library to the West. What a beautiful kite! What a fine box of books! And what pleasure is bearing in every countenance, as they swing their hats and handkerchiefs, and send up their glad shout of joy!

A minister in Franklin county, wrote some time since, as follows: "A little girl, four or five years old, called the morning after you left, and brought this beautiful little red-covered, pocket Testament, that I send you,—and she wished it fastened to your kite-string, that you have down at Boston, which reaches out west." That Testament has been sent according to this little girl's request, unless, indeed, it be in that very library, you see in the picture, now on its way.

We suppose our readers all understand what we mean by the *kite*. It is the little *money* you will contribute to buy the books: and the more *money*,

the bigger the kite and the larger the library. From \$10 to \$25 worth of books are usually sent in each kite. And the *string* is the Mass. S. S. Society. And there is not a longer, safer or more beautiful *kite-string* in the land.

We only add the request, that all who read this story, will read it or tell it, to their young friends who have not seen it, and endeavor to enlist them in the business of making kites and sending libraries to the West.

We hope this story will be the means of inducing every Congregational Sabbath school in New England, that has not already done it, to make at least *one kite*, to aid in sending libraries to the destitute.

### The Indians of Hudson's Bay

Do you know where the Hudson's Bay Territory is? Take the Map of North America, and find Hudson's Bay. All the land between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific Ocean is called the Hudson's Bay Territory. This large country, three thousand miles from east to west, and twelve hundred miles from north to south, belongs to England, and is under the management of a company of merchants, called the Hudson's Bay Company.

This country is very thinly inhabited by Indians. They do not cultivate the ground, but spend their time in hunting bears, squirrels, beavers, and other animals which live in the country. They hunt these animals that they may get their skins, which they sell to the merchants, who give them in exchange for the skins, guns, powder, shot, blankets, hatchets and knives. The skins which the Indians get, are sent to England, and make those beautiful furs which the English ladies find so comfortable when made into muffs, &c. These Indians are heathens. They worship what they call the "Great Spirit"; and when they die, they know not what will become of them, but imagine they shall go to a place where there are large

hunting-grounds, and where they will roam about by the banks of rivers, and find plenty of game. The women are the slaves of the men: they do all the work, and bear all the heavy burdens.

To this country Peter Jacobs went as a missionary some years ago. The stories he tells of the poor Indians are very sad. They suffer a great deal from cold and hunger. The winters are long and very cold; the ground is covered with snow for many months; and as the Indians have no settled towns or villages, and no stores of food laid up for their long winters, they very often die of hunger. When the missionary and his family were taking their dinner, scores of hungry Indians would come into the room where they were, and, sitting around them, would eagerly watch every mouthful they eat. Peter Jacobs says, "I could not swallow my food, it stuck in my throat when I saw these poor starving creatures looking at us; and I often gave them some of our food." They did not always wait for the food to be given them, but would sometimes carry off the dinner, pot and all; and when they had eaten all up, would bring back the pot, and say they were much obliged. Peter Jacobs himself often suffered great hardships. Sometimes he was forced to eat wild cats and rats. The best food was permican, that is, dried beef ground into a powder. A handful of this put into a pot of water, with some fat and oatmeal or peas, and boiled, is considered a very good dish.

You may suppose that in so cold a country, Peter Jacobs often had great hardships in travelling. Wrapped up in skin coats, he could manage pretty well in the day-time, but at night it was very cold. Without tent or bed, what was he to do? I will tell you. First he spread upon the ground some skins, then he lay down on these, and covered himself all over with all the blankets and furs he had. His head and face all were covered up, not a

hole was left at which the cold could get in. Thus he lay snug till morning. When it was time to rise, the question was, how was he to get up? the snow had fallen in the night, and was frozen on to the blanket that was over him. He was covered with a sheet of ice; so he calls to a man, who comes with a great stick, and gives a few blows on the blanket, breaks the ice, clears it off the blanket, and then he can get up.

There are not many Indians in this country who have embraced Christianity. It is very difficult to teach them, or to try to civilize them, because they will not settle to live in any one place, but are always roaming about and hunting. If they listen to the missionary for a time, they soon go away and forget what they have heard.—*Juvenile Offering.*

#### A Story for a Sunday School.

Little Sarah Joy lost her mother when she was very young. She could just remember seeing her mother lying pale and weak, and of being lifted on to the bed where her mother was lying, that they might kiss each other. She noticed that her mother's eyes were full of tears, and she remembered that she said to her, "My dear little girl, be a good child; I shall always watch over you, and whenever you need assistance, be sure to call for me, and I will come and help you." She did not know why this was said to her, but in a day or two, she saw her mother carried away, and put into the ground, and then she never saw her again. Her father went to sea, and little Sarah did not like the housekeeper, for she did not seem as kind as her mother had been. She wondered what her mother meant by saying she would always watch over her, and she did not know how to call for the assistance of one she could not see. She believed her mother, however, and always when she did anything, supposed her mother to be looking right at her.

This often prevented her from doing wrong, for she knew that her mother would be pained to see her doing anything that was improper. But once, when she was very angry, because she was not allowed to go to a party, she was very impudent to the housekeeper, and even told her father that she did not care for him. He ordered her to be sent to bed very early, and told her he was glad her poor mother did not see how naughty her little daughter could be.

After Sarah was left alone in bed, she remembered the last words of her mother, and wondered whether she really was watching over her. "Mother," said she, "my dear mother, why do you not come and help me, now that everybody is against me." She then began to weep bitterly, and looking at the candle through her tears, soon fell sound asleep. She immediately dreamed that she was sitting on her mother's knee, and the first question she asked her was, why she did not help her as she promised. "I did not promise to help you when you were doing wrong," said her mother. "But you do not watch over me as you said you would, dear mother." "I do watch over you," said she, "and can always see you, though you do not see me." "How shall I know when you are looking at me?" said little Sarah. "When you feel in your heart that you are doing right, you may know that I see you, and am helping you, and when you feel that you are not doing right, you may be sure that I not only see you, but that I am pained to find my little daughter doing what I disapprove." "Dear mother," said little Sarah, "I will never give you pain again, if I can help it, and I hope you will forgive me." "I do forgive you," said her mother, "but you must ask God to forgive you too, for He, too, is always looking at you, and His forgiveness is more important than mine." "How shall I ask His forgiveness?" said Sarah. "Just as

you would ask mine," said her mother.  
"You may say—

"Father, forgive Thy little child,  
And help her every day,  
To grow forgiving, kind and mild,—  
To love Thee, and obey."

When Sarah awoke next morning, she remembered all she had dreamed, and she went right down to her father, and told him she was sorry she had been so naughty, and she hoped he would forgive her, for she was going to be good. Her father kissed her, and promised to love her, and then she looked round to see her mother, because she knew she must be pleased with what she had done.

Always afterwards, when Sarah was inclined to be angry, to tell a falsehood, to be selfish or disobedient, the thought of her mother would soon check her, and then she would say the little prayer her mother taught her in the dream.

When Sarah grew up, every body loved her, she was so gentle, so kind, so forgiving, so ready to help every-body, and so anxious to make every-body happy.—*New York Organ.*

### The last hours of Tabitha Alden

Tabitha Alden, who lived near Gravesend, in Kent, was the daughter of a minister. She was much instructed in the Holy Scriptures and her catechism by her father and mother, but there appeared nothing extraordinary in her till she was between seven and eight years old. About which time when she was sick, one asked her what she thought would become of her if she should die? She answered, "she was greatly afraid that she should go to hell."

Being asked why she was afraid of going to hell? she answered, "Because she feared that she did not love God."

Again, being asked how she knew that she did not love God? She replied, "what have I done for God ever since I was born? And besides this, I have been taught that he who loves God

keeps his commandments, but I have kept none of them at all."

Being further asked if she did not wish to love God? She answered, "Yes, with all her heart, if she could, but she found it a hard thing to love one she did not see."

She was advised to beg of God a heart to love him. She answered, "that she was afraid it was too late."

Being again asked whether she was not sorry that she could not love God? She answered, "Yes, but was still afraid that it was too late."

Upon this, seeing her in such a desponding condition, a friend of her's spent the next day in fasting and prayer for her, and then asked her how she did? She answered with a great deal of joy, "that she now blessed the Lord, loved the Lord Jesus dearly, and felt that she did love him: O," said she, "I love him dearly!"

"Why," said her friend, "did you not say yesterday that you did not love the Lord, and that you could not? What did you mean by speaking so strangely?" "Sure," said she, "it was Satan that put it into my mind; but now I love him; oh, blessed be God for the Lord Jesus Christ!"

After a while, some of her friends, standing by her observed more than an ordinary earnestness and fixedness in her countenance: they said one to another, See how earnestly she looks, sure she seeth something.

One of them asked what it was that she fixed her eyes upon so eagerly? I am persuaded, said one that was by, she seeth death coming.

"No," said she, "it is glory that I see, it is that which I fix my eyes upon."

Another asked her what glory was like? She answered, "I cannot say what, but I am going to it; will you go with me? I am going to glory. O that all of you were going with me to that glory." With which words her soul took wing, and went to the possession of that glory, of which she had before some believing sight. She died when she was between 8 and 9 years old.



## Incidents of an Hour.

A little boy five or six years old perhaps, and with a face flushed with anger, caught hold of a little girl three or four years old, and treated her very rudely, pulling her hair and almost choking her. Upon being reproved for such cruelty, he said, "She scratched me right on my cheek first!"

Two little girls, five or six years old, were running along, and one said to the other, "If she strikes me again, I'll strike her in the mouth. I will."

Two lads twelve or fourteen years old were going from work, and as they past us, one replied to something the other said, "Go to h—," using the word which the Bible applies to the place of everlasting punishment, and which we do not choose to repeat.

A poor old horse, with a useless leg had been turned out on the commons, and a boy of ten years old, perhaps, was throwing chips and stones at him, for the pleasure (!) of seeing him attempt to run.

The above incidents met our eye in an hour's walk in the heart of the city. Probably a hundred just like them occur every hour of daylight the year round. We see half a dozen of them, and others see the rest. They betoken the various stages in the rank growth of the seed which the enemy has planted. Sunday, infant and daily schools, well organized and faithfully conducted, are exerting an influence which gently removes these noxious weeds, and opens the soil to the sun and shower.

Why is it that such multitudes are suffered to have their own way? Why are not these corrective agencies multiplied and improved, and brought to bear on every child in the land while yet there is hope? Must the little street-brawler, be left till he grow into an armed rater, or the malignant passions of infancy be indulged till their strength is exhibited in some street-fight or a cold-blooded murder!—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

## "I Will go to My Father."

"I will go to my father," said little Amy, who was in a difficulty and knew not how to proceed. The case was this—When her sister's birthday was at hand, Amy, (who was much younger than Alice,) wished to do her a kindness. She wished to send a few birthday verses, but then she could not write them herself. What was to be done? After a little consideration she resolved to go to her father.

Hardly can a child in a difficulty take a wiser course than that of asking a parent's advice. Who can love a child with a parent's love? Who is more capable of giving good counsel to a child than a parent.

If it be a good thing to go to an earthly parent in difficulty or trouble, it is still better in such a case to go to our Heavenly Father, who is ever "more ready to hear than we are to pray," and "willing to give more than we either desire or deserve." How encouraging are the words of our Lord, "Come unto me; hear and your soul shall live," Isa. lv. 3. How sweet is the invitation of the Redeemer, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi. 28.—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

## Anecdote of Isaac Milner.

Isaac Milner, (afterwards dean of Queen's College, Cambridge.) was a poor boy and while toiling on to eminence by painful self denial, he had to perform the lowly office of a waiter in one of the College dining halls. It is recorded of him, that in waiting at dinner upon the heads of the College, the young student let fall a tureen full of soup, to the no small disappointment, doubtless, of the hungry guests. A smart rebuke was administered to him for his carelessness.

"When I am in power, I will abolish this nuisance, gentlemen," was his reply.

A hearty laugh was the result,—so unlikely did it seem that the raw, uncouth, blundering lad should ever rise to be Vice-Chancellor of his university. Yet in a few years he did attain that eminence, and had the satisfaction of fulfilling his boyish declaration, and relieved the poor students from the disagreeable burden which he, in his own youth, had borne.



### The little Blackguards' School.

Many of the readers of the "*Youth's Penny Gazette*" have heard of John Pounds. There are few more remarkable men. He was a stout, strong boy till fifteen years of age, when he fell and broke his thigh bone, and otherwise injured himself, so as to be a cripple ever after. Being determined to do all he could to earn his bread, he betook himself to the business of a cobbler, which afforded him a comfortable support.

About the year 1818, John Pounds took upon himself the care of a little deformed nephew,—the son of a brother who followed the sea. The little fellow's feet turned inwards, and overlapped each other, and he was beside very feeble in body.

Having seen the iron pattens, with which a neighbor's child had been provided by an eminent surgeon, he ingeniously contrived, by fastening together the soles of old shoes and boots, an imitation of them that effectually cured the distortion. This child became a chief object of his care and affection ever afterward. He reared him; at a proper age put him apprentice to a fashionable shoemaker, and they lived together till the end of his days.

His attempts and success in the work of education arose out of this connection. When his nephew was about five years old, he applied himself to fulfilling the office of school-master to him. After a time, he thought he would learn better if he had a companion; he obtained one, then added another, and went on gradually increasing the number; and found so much pleasure in the employment, that he resolved to extend the same benefit to others whom he saw around him, in that very populous and poor neighborhood, quite destitute of instruction. The first addition to his charge was the son of a poor woman, who went about selling puddings; her homeless child, unable to accompany her, being left in the open street, amid frost and snow, with no other shelter than the over-hanging of a window.

As he became fond of the work of tuition, he gradually increased his numbers, until at length he became school-master-general to all around whose parents were too poor or too careless to provide them with other schooling. His establishment often averaging forty at a time, including about a dozen little girls, who were

always placed on one side by themselves as we see in the engraving.

His humble workshop was about 6 feet wide, and about 18 in depth; in the midst of which he would sit on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage; some of whom were reading near by, or writing from his dictation, or showing their sums; others seated around on forms or boxes, on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet so small was the room and so deficient in the usual accommodations of a school, that the scene appeared to the observer from without, a mere crowd of children's heads and faces.

Owing to the limited extent of his room, he often found it necessary to make a selection from among several subjects or candidates, for gratuitous instruction; and in such cases, always preferred, and prided himself in taking in hand, what he called "the little blackguards," and taming them. He has been seen to follow such to the wharf, and hold out a roasted potato to them to induce them to come to school.

His modes of tuition were principally of his own devising. With the very young, especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their use. Taking a child's hand, he would say, "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say, "What do I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might become turbulent; but he invariably preserved the attachment of all.

Some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they have ever had; and this has enabled many of them to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the amount of crime.

He never sought any compensation for these labors; nor did he obtain any except the pleasure attending the pursuit, the satisfaction of doing good, and the gratification felt when, occasionally, some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, would call to shake hands, and return thanks for what he had done for him in infancy. Indeed, some of the most destitute of his scholars have often been saved from starvation only by obtaining a portion of his own homely meal!

He taught many of the boys to cook their own plain food, to mend their own shoes; sent them to Sunday-Schools for religious instruction, and in order to encourage them, and enable them to make a creditable appearance, on these occasions, procured, (with the aid of friends,) clothing, which they were allowed to put on at his house to be restored to his custody in the evening. He was both doctor and nurse to his little flock; did what he could to cure their chilblains, and heal the many ailments, and the cuts and bruises, to which poor children are continually exposed; and in cases beyond his skill and means, procured assistance for them from others. Besides, for the juniors, he was not only master of their sports, but also maker of their play-things.

### The Shepherd King.

(Continued.)

DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS.

David is again a member of the royal household,—not as formerly,—the simple shepherd boy, taken from his flocks on account of his musical skill and summoned to the king's presence, when the dark hour was upon him;

to dissipate the melancholy of an unquiet spirit. He appears in a new character—the deliverer of Israel—the avenger of her injuries—the victor in the combat—the hero and favorite of the nation. But the highest honors are not the most secure—the foot planted on the summit of the lofty mountain is more apt to totter, than in toiling up the ascent. David might well say as he often did, “Trust not in princes. It is better to trust in God than to put confidence in princes.”

Scarcely had the echo of the triumphal song in which David is recorded to have slain his ten thousand died away, ere the unwelcome praise roused in the jealous heart of Saul every dark passion of revengeful hatred, and the very climax to David's glory became the first step in his downfall. The king's hatred was not less powerful because unjust. David was not yet prepared for the kingdom. His succession was quite as sure when a fugitive and an outcast as when the favorite companion of the king's son; but David must be led into the wilderness; he must be brought through much tribulation, that his experience might be a precious legacy to the Church of God in all ages.

One sweet remembrance of his brief sojourn at court, David carried to his wilderness abode—the love of Jonathan.

It was no common bond that knit the soul of Jonathan with the soul of David. Every circumstance—every motive of policy—tended to make them open enemies; and yet Jonathan—who is to be supplanted in his kingdom, deprived of his birthright by David—loves him as his own soul. Here, indeed, is grace rising superior to nature; the will of the flesh brought under, and the will of God reigning in the heart. Jonathan's whole conduct towards David is perhaps the most touching instance of deep, true, disinterested affection; and we may well challenge any fabled legend to produce its counterpart.

But all that Jonathan's most watchful love can do, is to warn his friend that danger is near. For this purpose he arranges a meeting in the field, where he promises to bring David tidings if there is any appearance of a favorable change on the part of Saul. The signal agreed upon was the position of a certain arrow, and the direction given to the attendant

to find it. With a heavy heart Jonathan drew the bow which was to lodge the arrow in such a position as would at once crush the hopes of David, who lay hid in the vicinity. But so it was. These friends, joined in such tender affection, were permitted but one last interview—one last embrace. “And they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded.”

The commencement of David's wanderings, which seem to have extended over a space of six years, is marked by a terrible catastrophe, involving the death of no fewer than 85 persons attached to the priesthood. Bitter, indeed, must have been David's self-reproaches when the tidings were brought by Abiathar, the sole survivor, that Saul, indignant at the assistance given to David by Abimelech, the high priest, of bread and the far-famed sword of Goliath, issued his cruel orders that they should all be slain. No wonder David pleads so earnestly, “Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation.”

At this period, David's life was one of continual danger and hair-breadth escapes. His dwelling at one time the cave of Adullam, at another the recesses of the forest of Hareth; now taking refuge within the city of Keilah, again wandering in the wilderness of Ziph. By special direction he escapes from “the town that hath gates and bars” just in time to defeat the stratagem of the king, who is about to surround the place and close every avenue of egress; at another time he had almost fainted and given up, as he sees Saul and his men compass the mountain round about to take them. No friendly refuge is near—no way of escape presents itself—capture seems inevitable; when lo! there is a halt in the pursuit, a message, sudden and urgent, reaches the king, “Haste thee and come, for the Philistines have invaded the land.”

David had by degrees assembled a large force, about 400 men. His brethren and all his Father's house were the first to join him in the wilderness. In all probability, they were involved in his disgrace, and shared his danger; for we find he settled his father and mother in the land of Moab until better times should come, not wishing to expose them to the privations he endured. His company was

not one David could feel much sympathy with. Every one that was in distress, every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves with him. To provide food for such a number must have been of itself an arduous task: and we find that this band of lawless foragers were often made the rod in God's hand to chastise the Philistines, and, at the same time, a provision was secured for their own wants, "they brought away much cattle." The story of Nabal, however, shows they did not wantonly plunder, but rather sought as a free gift the necessaries they might have extorted by force.

David was not without tokens of encouragement. In the wilderness of Ziph, in a wood, the faithful Jonathan sought his much loved friend, and strengthened his hand in God. "Fear not, he said, for the hand of my father shall not find thee." How affecting, how soothing to the outcast David such words! David might truly say, Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman.

Twice was David placed in circumstances of strong temptation. His unrelenting enemy lay asleep at his feet—a single blow and all his sufferings were terminated. He might exchange a cave for a palace—his wanderings, his privations for honor, dignity—the secure possession of a throne—and had not God delivered Saul thus into his hands? No! God's time was not yet; the work must be all his own. Like Joseph of old, David would not seek promotion through sin, "The Lord forbid that I should stretch forth my hand against the Lord's anointed." Saul, hardened, wicked as he was, could not resist the conviction of David's noble conduct, "Thou art more righteous than I," he confesses in the moment of grateful contrition; yet not less strenuously does he, after a short interval, prosecute his cruel pursuit. At length David seems to be wearied out. His very faith, which had till now proved so strong, begins to fail. He forsakes his strongholds and takes refuge with Achish, king of Gath. He is hospitably received—the city of Ziklag is given to him—here he settles the wives and families of his followers. This was David's way of deliverance, and presently he finds it

full of difficulty and danger; he has but exchanged one peril for another, and he has not the presence of God with him now. he is required to go and fight against Israel, his own people, the chosen of the Lord! He is filled with perplexity, when again the Lord interposes for him, and brings him out of this trouble. He returns to Ziklag, and there his punishment awaits him. The city so lately peopled by all who are near and dear, is silent as the grave—the dwellings a mass of ruins—the inhabitants all carried captive. The people enraged and agonized at their loss, spoke of stoning David, as the cause of this terrible calamity; but he in his distress cried unto the Lord, was directed to pursue after the Amalekites, and recovered all the captives, returned to Ziklag, and there abode until tidings of more import reached him.

(To be continued.)

### The Child Coming to Jesus.

BY R. M. M'CHEYNE.

Suffer me to come to Jesus,  
Mother, dear, forbid me not;  
By his blood from hell he frees us,  
Makes us fair, without a spot,

Suffer me, my earthly father,  
At his pierced feet to fall;  
Why forbid me? help me rather:  
Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run unto him;  
Gentle sisters, come with me;  
Oh! that all I love but knew him,  
Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,  
Bid me not forsake the cross;  
Hard to bear is your reviling;  
Yet, for Jesus, all is dross.

Yes, though all the world may chide me—  
Father, mother, sister, friend—  
Jesus never will forbid me;  
Jesus loves me to the end.

Gentle Shepherd, on thy shoulder  
Carry me,—a sinful lamb!  
Give me faith, and make me holder,  
Till in heaven with thee I am.

—Child's Companion.

### A Child a Teacher.

A Jew had for a long time argued with me, says a foreign missionary, when a little Christian child entered my room, repeated the ten commandments, and expressed her satisfaction at having learned her lesson so well. The Jew also was rejoiced when he heard the little girl speaking with so great reverence of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. I now asked the little one whether, with her heart, she had always obeyed these commandments; whether she truly loved her Saviour; and whether she did all that she did from love to him. The child began to cry, and said this was by no means the case with her; for she was frequently naughty and fretful, and, with loud lamentations, she began to complain of the wickedness of her heart. Ere the proud Jew became much embarrassed. He felt how he, an old sinner, stood there in the hardness of his heart, before a little girl bewailing her sins. And when, with deep emotion, she went on in the same way, he stopped his ears, exclaiming, "It is enough! it is enough!" and ran out of the room. Here I remembered, our Saviour, who, when his disciples indulged in vain speculation, placed a child in the midst of them.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

### TEACHER'S CORNER.

#### A Solemn Contrast.

FOR THE CONTEMPLATION OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Let us contrast the unfaithful with the conscientious and consistent teacher.

The first enlists in this service scarcely knowing "what manner of spirit he is of." It was little better than a fancy, or a whim of the moment. He was persuaded into it, perhaps; or he had a sinister motive. Ere long his attendance becomes irregular. Others have to take his class, or his scholars are distributed throughout the school. As a consequence, they grow undisciplined and irregular like himself. His listlessness, his wandering from the duty of the hour, his rapid transitions from indulgence to severity, his pride, his im-

patience, his irreverence, show too plainly that he has not sought "power from on high," nor chosen for himself the "good part." He has brought the young together, and has not sought to make the contact beneficial. Evil, it has been well said, is a "fermenting principle." It spreads as leaven, and eats "as doth a canker;" and we can have no right to create circumstances in which this leaven will operate, unless we call into play a counteracting influence of equal or greater strength. The communion of mind with mind, if it do not tend to the better, will infallibly and powerfully tend to the worse. And so it is in the case supposed. The instructor and the class are soon weary of each other. Each concludes that there can be nothing to enjoy in such a relationship. The cheerless and unprofitable work is thrown up. Conceit and dissatisfaction obtain equal possession of the teacher's mind. He takes no blame to himself, and gives as little credit as possible to others. He grows, in all probability, into a critic upon the pastor, and a censor of the church. From being a "complainer," he becomes a troubler—and, at last, "goes out from us, because he was not of us." Such a man may live to be ashamed of ever having offered to take charge of the Saviour's Lambs; and may perhaps even yet be pointed out to them as one whose friendship would be a dishonor, and whose company is a snare.

How opposite the career, how different the end, of the prayerful devoted teacher! While still young, he is "well reported of by the brethren." His "profiting appears to all." He "hath favor and good understanding." Instead of being lifted up by his work, its importance ever suggests the thought of the weakness and insufficiency of man. He grows at once in humility and usefulness:—

"Content and pleased to live unknown,  
Till Christ, his life, appear."

Such a teacher will be named in the confessions of those who give themselves to the Lord and to the church. Many shall "rejoice in His light." Others may tire in the work, but he waits till called to higher service, or summoned to heavenly rest. Noticed or unnoticed, cheered or disappointed in the fruit of his labor, in company or alone, he cleaves to his charge. And "let no man take his crown." His scholars may have "ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have they not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus he hath begotten them through the gospel." And if it be asked to what are owing the correct knowledge, the decorous behaviour, the Christian hope, the early usefulness, the happy death of many entrusted to his care, the answer is, that "as a wise master-builder, according to the grace of God given unto him, he hath laid the foundation." And in the great day those will not be wanting who shall be his "glory and joy."

### Encouraging to Superintendents.

During a journey that I took last year for the benefit of my health, I spent a few weeks in the town of D., N. H. One evening as we were sitting down to tea at the boarding-house where I stopped, a travelling merchant came in and requested lodgings for the night. During the evening I became considerably acquainted with him, and found him a pleasant, well-informed gentleman.

In the course of conversation some one spoke of W. as my place of residence. The gentleman started as though a new idea had just presented itself, and looking me full in the face, he said, "Do you reside in W.?" I replied in the affirmative. "Perhaps, then," he continued, "you will be able to give me the name of the superintendent of the ——— Sabbath School?"

"O yes," I replied, "with the greatest pleasure, for I am myself a member of that school when at home, and the name of our superintendent is one that I love to repeat."

As I gave him the name, he wrote it down upon a card, and placing it carefully in his pocket-book, said, "To me also that name is dear, although I now hear it for the first time."

Perceiving that he had excited our curiosity, he continued: "Some four or five years since, I spent a Sabbath in W. I was a stranger there, but I thought I would attend public worship. I entered the first church that came in my way. I afterwards learned it was the ———. Who the preacher was, I do not know. The sermon made no distinct impression upon my mind. But I remember that Sabbath School. Mere curiosity induced me to remain in my seat, that I might see how the school was conducted. But the kind, gentlemanly manner of the superintendent, as he went from class to class, attracted my attention, and before I was aware of it, I became deeply interested in the man. This, of course, prepared me to give attention to his short address at the close of the school. He occupied only a few moments, but I recollect thinking that I had seldom heard a more impressive address.

"In the afternoon and evening I attended other churches, and other subjects took my attention.

"The next morning I started early to pursue my journey, and the events of the Sabbath were forgotten. But when far away among the hills of another State, in the deep solitude of the wilderness, the remarks of that superintendent came back to me with thrilling power. In vain did I try to forget them; in vain did I seek to turn my thoughts to other subjects—I could not banish them from my mind. They followed me for days and weeks together. In the darkness of midnight, in the still hour of twilight, and even in the crowded mart of business, those few words of death, judgment, and eternity, would come over my

mind with almost overwhelming force. I began to look upon myself as a sinner, bound to the judgment seat of an offended God. These thoughts made me wretched. Something seemed to whisper continually, 'Flee from the wrath to come.' But whither should I flee? I saw no way of escape.

"Then again, amid the darkness that surrounded me, I remembered that Sabbath School address. The advice to those children was, 'If you would be good and wise, study your Bible.' This I felt was just what my own soul required.

"I did study my Bible, and soon found peace in believing in Jesus.

"But now other thoughts rushed upon my mind. I was a father. Had I done my duty to my little son? Conscience whispered hard things upon this subject, and I hastened home to tell my child the wonders of redeeming love, and point him to 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.'

"That boy is now a devoted Christian. He has already exerted a decided influence over his classmates at school. They in their turn, will act upon other minds, and how far the influence of that address will extend, eternity alone will reveal."

R. W. A.

—Well-Spring.

### Do you visit your Scholars?

Will you take a hint from an old teacher, and do so? I have found the benefit of it in my class, and the more you visit the parents, the more interest they will take in your school. I have always made it a rule, if a child is absent, to see the parent before the following Sunday, and have found much benefit and interesting conversation in these visits. If a child in my class is absent, the parent is sure to look for my calling. A few years back I had a boy whose parents were respectable, but very careless respecting his attendance at the school, and seldom at any place of worship, spending the Sabbath as too many others do, out on pleasure. By my continual calling after the youth, and persevering efforts for his attendance, and conversation with the parents, they were led to think that there must be something (to use their own words) good in the school.

I got the boy to be regular, and in time morning and afternoon, and the parents to a place of worship; after a short time the father joined the school as a teacher, and turned out a most pious excellent man, and a great distributor of tracts on Sabbath mornings also.

This is only one result of visiting the children out of many others that could be named.

Some may plead want of time; surely we could spare a few minutes. I was at this time engaged from half-past eight in the morning till seven at night.

Try what can be done.

# AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY

No. 1.—100 Volumes, 18mo, for \$10.

*Published by the American Sunday School Union, and may be had at the  
Depository, Great St. James Street, Montreal.*

1. The Shepherd of Salisbury Ham.
2. History of the Orphan Asylum, Philadelphia.
3. History of Henry and his Bearer.
4. Memorial for Sunday-school Boys.
5. Memorial for Sunday-school Girls.
6. Jane and her Teacher.
7. Mary Grant, or the Secret Fault.
8. Happy Choice.
9. The Hedge of Thorns.
10. Lucy and her Ohay.
11. The Two Friends.
12. The First of April.
13. Robert and Louisa.
14. The Fisherman and his Boy.
15. Little Robert's First Day at the Sunday-school.
16. Stories from the Scriptures.
17. The History of Robert Benton, or "Let it Alone till To-morrow."
18. Robert Hamet, the Lame Cobbler.
19. Sketches from the Bible.
20. Helen and her Cousin.
21. Julia Changed, or the True Secret of a Happy Christmas.
22. The Little Deceiver Reclaimed.
23. The Affectionate Daughter-in-law.
24. The Good Resolution.
25. Sergeant Dale, his Daughter and the Orphan Mary.
26. George Wilson and his Friend.
27. Scenes in Georgia.
28. Life of George Wishart the Martyr.
29. Father's Letters to a Son.
30. The Gardener's Daughter.
31. Hymns for Infant Minds.
32. A Visit to the Isle of Wight.
33. History of the Patriarch Abraham
34. Memoirs of Eliza Cunningham.
35. Adam Wallace and Walter Mills.
36. Alice Brown, or the Patient Sufferer.
37. Prayers Suitable for Children.
38. The Life of Bernard Gupin.
39. Hebrew Customs.
40. The Bible is True.
41. House of Refuge.
42. Olive Smith.
43. The First Man.
44. Memoir of S. E. Bingham.
45. The First Day of the Week.
46. Week Completed.
47. Last Day of the Week.
48. Letters to Students.
49. Emma and her Nurse.
50. The Five Apprentices.
51. A Monument of Parental Affection to a dear and only Son.
52. Parting Advice to a Youth.
53. Young Freethinker Reclaimed.
54. First Falshood.
55. Little Susan, or a Memoir of Susan Kollock.
56. Jacob and his Sons.
57. Ellen Carrol.
58. Teacher's Manual.
59. Cousin Clara.
60. Catherine Gray.
61. Memoirs of Claudius Buchanan.
62. Dr. Cotton Mather.
63. Mahomed Ali Bey.
64. The Fatal Ladder, or Harry Linford.
65. Christian Martyrs, or Familiar Conversations.
66. The Lives of Clemens Romanus, Ignatius, and Polycarp.
67. Memoirs of Henry Obookiah, a native of Owyhee.
68. Fireside Conversations.
69. Anecdotes of Missionary Worthies.
70. Marten and his Two Little Scholars.
71. The Lady of the Farm House.
72. Elnathan, a Narrative Illustrative of the Manners of the Ancient Israelites.
73. The Scottish Farmer.
74. Memoirs of David Brainerd.
75. Religious Fashion, or History of Anna.
76. Clara Stephens, or the White Rose.
77. Natural History.
78. James Wilson.
79. Helen Maurice.
80. Youthful Memoirs.
81. Family Conversations on the Evidences of Revelation.
82. Barbara Ewing.
83. My Grandfather Gregory.
84. The Christian Pilgrim.
85. The Life of Thomas T. Thomson.
86. The Harvey Boys, illustrating the Evils of Intemperance and their Remedy.
87. The Thornton Family.
88. History of the Waldenses.
89. The Customs and Manners of the Bedouin Arabs.
90. The Life of Col. James Gardiner.
91. Familiar Dialogues.
92. Memoirs of John Urquhart.
93. Mrs. Hooker.
94. Winter Evenings' Conversations on the Works of God between Father and her Children.
95. History of the Mission to Orissa.
96. Edward and Miriam, a Tale of Iceland.
97. Setumel, or a visit to Jerusalem.
98. The Only Son, or the History of Jonah Ross and his Mother.
99. Charles Clifford.
100. Omar; designed to Illustrate Jewish History.



# UNION BIBLE DICTIONARY.

PREFERABLE TO ANY OTHER.

IT is unquestionably preferable to any other manual adapted to aid the young in studying the sacred volume.—*N. Y. Observer.*

FULLER THAN ANY OTHER.

It is nearly a complete summary of all the most valuable learning on the subjects embraced in it.—*The Independent.*

It is, by far, the completest and most perspicuous Bible Dictionary of its size to be found. It condenses a great amount of learning, and has a fullness of information, for which one would not look in so unpretending a volume, and which is all that most Bible readers would desire on the subject.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER.

There is probably no book, except the Bible itself, in which so great a quantity of matter can be purchased for so small a sum; and happily, it is matter of an important character, all of which helps to elucidate the Bible. It explains the meaning of words, and the names of persons, animals, and objects, which are not defined in ordinary dictionaries. The images of things are also given in pictures, wherever this method is necessary to a just perception of them, or can be made to convey a more ready and accurate idea, than a mere verbal description.—*Christian Mirror.*

It is a sort of *sine-qua-non* for a Sunday-school teacher, and should be in the hands of the more forward pupils.

THE BEST OF ITS KIND.

I feel free to express my general approbation of the "Union Bible Dictionary," as a work well calculated to extend the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and especially to be a valuable assistant to teachers and scholars in our Sunday-schools.—*Rev. Dr. Alexander.*

The mass of various and important information compressed within so small a compass is almost incredible.—*Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Mass.*

I regard the present volume as the best of its kind.—*Rev. Dr. Stone.*

Just what was wanted by Sunday-schools and Bible-classes.—*Baptist Record.*

The Union Bible Dictionary is in one vol. 18mo, (double columns,) 650 pages, 150 illustrations, 9500 references, and sold at 45 cents, by

J. C. MEEKS, Agent,

147 Nassau street, New-York.