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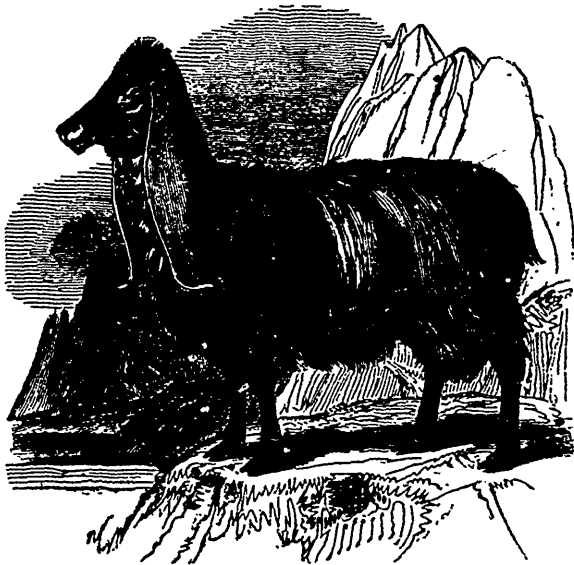
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THE MISSIONARY  
AND  
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VI. ]

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[ No. 11.



GOATS.

Goats were among the chief possessions of the wealthy in the early ages of the world. Resembling the sheep in its general structure and appearance, it is covered with hair instead of wool, and is much more active, bold, and wandering in its habits. It feeds on bark and tender twigs, and its feet are formed for leaping and climbing among rocks and mountains. Its milk is valuable for food, the hair for manufactures of various kinds, the skin for vessels or bottles, and in modern times for leather, (*morocco*.) It was a clean animal by the Jewish law, and was much used in sacrifices. The peculiar qualities of goats occasion frequent figurative allusions to them. The boldness and strength of

the leaders of the flocks are alluded to, and they are made to represent oppressors and wicked men generally. Wild Goats, now called the *ibex*, or *mountain goat*, were of the same species; but being confined to the high and almost inaccessible summits of mountains, were seldom taken, and were of little domestic use. The mountain goat is still found in many parts of Syria, and the flesh is nearly of the flavor of venison. The Bedouins make bags or bottles of their skins, and rings of their horns. When they are found among the rocks, they usually elude the pursuit of the hunter, sometimes leaping twenty feet,—but in the plains they are often taken. Their habits are alluded to, 1 Sam. xxiv. 2. Job

xxxix. 1. Ps. civ. 18. *Scape-goat.* In (Lev. xvi. 26.) we have an interesting account of the manner in which goats were employed under the Jewish law to prefigure the atoning sacrifice of Christ. It was on the great day of atonement. Two goats were taken; one to be presented as a sin-offering, and the other to stand while the priest laid his hands upon its head, and confessed over it the sins of the people; after which it was led or sent away into the wilderness; thus representing the taking or bearing away of guilt.

### The First Missionary Meeting in the South Seas.\*

In the year 1797, some missionaries from England landed on the Island of Tahiti. They had heard of the beauty of its scenery, and the salubrity of its climate; of the natural richness of its soil, and of the novel and peculiar customs of its people; and they longed to convey to them the inestimable blessings which the Gospel bestows. They toiled on for many a long year before they reaped any fruit from their labor. The reaping time, however, did come. The seed which had been cast into this soil, amidst so much suffering, and watered with so many tears, at length shot forth, and produced a rich harvest. God was "not unrighteous to forget their work of faith and labor of love." The idols of Tahiti were utterly abolished, and Christianity was embraced by the greater portion of the inhabitants.

The missionaries impressed on the minds of the converts the principle taught by the Scriptures, that those who are favored with the Gospel should also endeavor to diffuse its blessings; and it was proposed to do this by the formation of a Missionary Society. The plan was laid before the king, Pomaré, who readily approved of it. Several of the leading chiefs were also consulted; they, too, joined in the proposal.

One day the king accosted a chief of the name of Auna. "Auna," said he, "do you think you could collect five bamboo-canes of oil in a year?" He answered "Yes;" and the king said, "Do you think you could appropriate so much

towards sending the Word of God to the heathen?" Again he answered in the affirmative; the king asked again, "Do you think those who value the Gospel would think it a great labor to collect so much yearly for this purpose?" Auna answered that he did not think they would,— "Then," said the king, "think about it and perhaps we can have a combination, or society, for this purpose."

The missionaries and chiefs met the king, to draw up the principles of the Society and the rules for its regulation. The 13th of May, 1818, was the day appointed for its establishment, and a delightful day it proved.

At sunrise, prayer meetings were held. There was a service in English in the forenoon; but in the afternoon the services were entirely in Tahitian. Long before the appointed hour, three o'clock, the chapel was crowded, and yet the greater portion of the congregation were outside. It was, therefore, proposed to adjourn to a beautiful grove, a short distance off, and thither the natives repaired. It was an interesting sight. Thousands were there from all parts, dressed in their gayest attire. Nature seemed to wear the aspect of a holiday as well as the vast assemblage. The spreading canopy of leaves above sheltered them from the rays of the sun, and a gentle breeze from the ocean swept softly by, conveying, as it were, kind and joyous looks and thoughts and words from one to another. Near a large cocoa-nut tree there was a sort of rustic stand on which Mr. Nott took his station. Just in front of him sat the king, in a large arm-chair provided for the occasion, supported on either side by various chiefs and great men of the islands. The king wore a fine yellow tiputa, stamped on the part which covered his left breast with a rich scarlet flower, instead of a star. The services commenced with singing, a solemn prayer was offered, and Mr. Nott delivered a short and appropriate discourse.— Pomaré then stood up, and addressing his subjects around him, proposed the formation of a Missionary Society. He began by referring them back to the ages that were past, and to the system of false religion by which they had been so long enslaved, reminding them very feelingly of the rigid exactions imposed in the name of their imaginary gods,—for they were but pieces of wood or cocoa-nut husk. He then alluded to the toil they endured, and the zeal and diligence so often manifested

\* From an interesting little book of this title, published by Samuel Taitoa Williams, London. Price One Penny.

in the service of their idols. To them the first fruits from the sea, with the most valuable productions of their labor and ingenuity, were offered; and to propitiate their favor, avert their displeasure and death, the dreaded consequence, human victims were so often slain. In striking contrast with these dark and dismal features of idolatry, he placed the mild and benevolent motives and tendency of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the benefits its introduction had conferred; alluding to the very fact of their being assembled for the purpose which convened them, as a powerful illustration of his remarks. He next pointed out the vast obligations they were under to God for sending them his word, and the partial manifestation of gratitude they had yet given. After this, he directed their attention to the miserable situation of those whom God had not thus visited, and proposed that, from a sense of the value of the Gospel and a desire for its dissemination, they should form a Tahitian Missionary Society, to aid the London Society in sending the Gospel to the heathen, especially those in the islands of the surrounding ocean; explaining the kind of remuneration given to the owners of ships and the expensiveness even of sending missionaries. "The people of Africa," said he, "have already done so; for though, like us, they have no money, they have given their sheep and other property. Let us also give of the produce of our islands—pigs, or arrow-root, or cocoa-nut oil. Yet it must be voluntary; let it not be by compulsion. He that desires the Word of God to grow where it has been planted, and to be conveyed to countries wretched as ours was before it was brought to us, will contribute freely and liberally to promote its extension; he who is unacquainted with its influence, and insensible to its claims, will not perhaps exert himself in the work. So let it be. Let him not be reproved; neither let the chiefs in general, nor his superiors, be angry with him on that account." Pomaré seemed anxious that they should act according to the dictates of their own conscience, and not form themselves into a Society simply because he had recommended it. He wished those who approved of the proposal he had made, to lift up their right hands. Two or three thousand naked arms were instantly raised, presenting a scene no less imposing than it was pleasing. The regulations were then read, and the treasurer and secretary chosen. By this time even-

ing had begun to close in, and as the king rose from his chair, and the chiefs and people retired to their dwellings under feelings of excitement and satisfaction, the sun declined behind the distant horizon.

In this interesting manner was the Tahitian Missionary Society formed; and thus closed the first missionary meeting held in the South Seas. Other societies were formed in the neighboring islands; and as regularly as the month of May came round, so were the meetings held.— On these occasions the islanders contrasted with joy their present peace and happiness with their former misery and degradation.

### ERROMANGA.

(From Annual Report of the London Missionary Society.)

From the journal of Messrs Turner and Nisbet, who accompanied the "John Williams" in her last voyage, the following mournful facts are selected.

Of Erromanga, where the devoted Williams fell a victim to the dark and cruel deeds of preceding voyagers, our missionaries write:—

"Our prospects for that unhappy island are as dark as ever. The natives now use every scheme to get foreigners within their reach. They come off swimming with one arm, concealing a tomahawk under the other, and with a bag of sandal-wood as a bait. While the bag is being hauled into the boat, they dive under the keel, tip it over, and then strike at the white men with their tomahawks. They have taken several boats lately in this way. The 'Elizabeth,' Captain Brown, a sandal-wood barque, went ashore last February in a gale in Dillon's Bay; it is supposed that all perished in the wreck except two, who reached the shore, but were killed directly. This savage state of things is not to be wondered at, as the sandal-wood vessels are constantly firing upon them. We know of some, who, if they get a native chief within their reach, will keep him prisoner until the people fill boat-loads of sandal wood for his release. We have heard, too, of natives being first mangled on board with a cutlass, then thrown into the sea and shot at. They call this redress for previous crime; but these are the very things which have made Erromanga what she is; and they are hindering our labors to a fearful ex-

tent in many other islands. It is difficult to check the reckless conduct of such men; but the Divine judgments are finding them out. There is evidently a curse upon the trade. During the last eighteen months alone, upwards of *sixty* of our own countrymen prosecuting it have been cut off by massacres and shipwrecks."

Independently, however, of such aggravating causes, the spirit of these untutored islanders is terrific, and many of their customs horrible. The following tragic tale is selected also from the journal of Messrs. Turner and Nisbet. After describing the wreck of a British vessel, named the "British Sovereign," on the Island of Fate, they add:—

"The Captain and the rest of the crew, having escaped from the wreck, arrived at the same place, near Olatapu, on the Sabbath, on their way to the large harbor on the South-west side; *but the people of the station determined to kill them*. Some treated them with cocoa-nuts and sugarcane, while others went off to muster the district for their massacre. The tribes at hand were assembled—all was arranged; and they proceeded in company with the foreigners along the road towards the desired harbor. They walked single file—a native between every white man, and a few on either side. The chief, Melu, took the lead, and gave the signal, when every one wheeled round and struck his man. A few Tana men escaped to the sea, but were pursued and killed, with the exception of two, who fled to the bush. Ten of the bodies of the unhappy sufferers were cooked and devoured on the spot, and the rest were distributed among the various settlements. We minutely (say our missionaries) investigated the cause of this cold-blooded massacre, and are sorry to record, that we could discover nothing but a desire to procure human flesh and the clothes of the unfortunate victims."

But such revolting deeds are not restricted to *foreigners*. *Even towards their nearest kindred the wretched savages appear insensible to pity, and utterly destitute of natural affection*; and the necessity and value of christian missions in these dark lands is strikingly illustrated by the following statement:—

"Our Teachers on the Island of Fate have been the means of saving the lives of infants, which heathen custom was wont to bury alive. One child was actually buried, and then dug up again, and is now alive. Three aged women would have

been buried alive, but for the remonstrance of the teachers. This custom is awfully prevalent here. It is even considered a disgrace to the family of an aged chief if he is not buried alive; and, when the old man feels sick and infirm, he will tell them to bury him, which they do, amid the weeping and wailing of his family and friends. Persons, too, at whatever age, if delirious, are buried alive forthwith, lest delirium should spread among the family. A young man was buried thus lately. He burst open the grave, and escaped. He was seized, buried again, and a second time he struggled to the surface: then they took him to the bush, and bound him to a tree to die. Verily 'the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.'"—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

### THE CHOLERA.

We hear of the cholera, a fearful disease, which makes its appearance in places where due attention is not paid to cleanliness and the choice of proper food, and sometimes the whole country is thrown into alarm from the dread lest the cholera should come and ravage it as it did some years ago.

I will tell you what the people in Bangalore did when they were suffering from cholera. It was in the year 1831. The cholera was raging with great fury in Bangalore. There came into the town an immense giantess, who made herself look as frightful as she possibly could. She pretended to be the goddess who presided over the cholera, and as she passed through the streets and lanes of the city, she cried aloud, "Give me your plaintains and cocoa-nuts, bring me out your fowls, hand me your money; depend upon it, if you do not gratify all my wishes, I will enter into your houses to-night, and destroy you all with the cholera." The poor ignorant people were terrified at her fearful aspect and harsh voice, and they might be seen rushing out of their houses, falling on their faces before her feet, whilst they cried aloud, "O thou illustrious goddess, have mercy upon us! have mercy upon us! pardon our iniquities; send not the cholera into our houses, to destroy us and our children; preserve us, preserve us, O thou illustrious goddess." Such was the terror with which she inspired them, that they were ready to bring her everything she demanded. They

brought their sheep, their fowls, their goats, their buffaloes, and slew them, in order to appease her wrath. When she was satisfied with their gifts, she left them to go and act a similar part elsewhere.

What should we do, if threatened by cholera, or any other disease? Take all proper, reasonable means of warding off the danger, and then put our trust in God. Nothing can ever make us truly happy, nothing can quiet our hearts, but trusting in God. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."

### AN INTERESTING CALCULATION.

What a happy thing it were, if every Christian should be successful in bringing, at least, one sinner every year to Christ! It could not be said in this case that the cause of Christ was making no progress. In a very few years the millennium would arrive. Before the child of six years of age should have reached twenty, the whole world would be converted to God. The following calculation by a friend in Glasgow, lately appeared in the *Penny Magazine*. We give it here, because it is easily understood, and shows in a striking manner the importance of all Christians being constantly engaged in the work of saving souls.

Supposing that the population of the globe is 900,000,000, increasing at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. yearly; supposing, further, that among all the millions of professed Christians there are not more real Christians than there are of inhabitants in Glasgow, namely, 360,000,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. dying annually; and supposing, further, that each Christian were, by the blessing of God on his exertions, to be the means of converting one sinner each year, then the whole world would be evangelised in the astonishingly short space of thirteen years. Were such the case, the following table would exhibit the results:—

	Christians.	Population.
Jan. 1, 1849	360,000	900,000,000
" 1850	702,000	930,000,000
" 1851	1,368,900	961,000,000
" 1852	2,669,356	992,033,333
" 1853	5,025,246	1,026,134,444
" 1854	10,150,230	1,060,338,925
" 1855	19,792,950	1,095,683,555
" 1856	38,596,214	1,132,206,340
" 1857	75,262,696	1,169,946,551
" 1858	146,762,258	1,208,944,769
" 1859	286,186,404	1,249,242,927
" 1860	558,063,488	1,290,884,357
" 1861	1,088,223,802	1,333,913,835

What a happy world this would be if it were peopled with a thousand millions of human beings loving Christ, and loving one another! How happy to think of working for such an end as this! But how sad to think of spending a lifetime, or of spending even one year, without doing any lasting good, without doing anything but injury to the cause of God, and the interests of men; and this must be the case with all who quit this world and enter eternity, without contributing in some form to the salvation of the soul.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

### A PRAYING BOY IN PERIL.

On Saturday evening, two boys, about the age of fourteen, belonging to the same school, left Tahiti in a large sailing boat, with the view of going to Eimeo, an island about fifteen miles distant. They left Tahiti with a fair wind, expecting soon to be at anchor in the harbor of Eimeo. They had only got about half way across the channel, when the heavens began to gather blackness, the wind blew, the sea rose, and in a short time they were in the most imminent danger. The boat not being decked she was soon nearly half full of water, and lying over almost on her beam ends.

The boy who was steering said to his companion,

"Can you pray?"

"No," was the reply.

"Then," said he, "come and steer, and I will pray."

He knelt down and prayed that God would preserve them and deliver them from their perilous situation. God heard his prayer. Early on Sabbath morning the wind moderated and the sea went down considerably.

A breeze now sprung up from another quarter, which enabled them to run for the port they had left the preceding evening; but when they arrived near the harbor, they found the sea breaking violently all across the opening in the reef through which they had to pass. They were afraid to venture, lest the boat should be swamped. One said to the other, "Let us pray again before we attempt to go through."

They called upon God, entreating him to still preserve them. They then headed for the opening, and, in a few minutes, were carried safely through, and got on shore in time for public worship.

# MISSIONARY HYMN.

P. M

O ye who feel for o-thers' woes, Who will go? Who will go? Go

tell poor sin - ners Je - sus rose! Who will go? Who will go? Go

preach the Sa - viour's bound-less grace; Go point out Christ the hiding place, To

e - very soul of A - dam's race! Who will go? Who will go?

Go forth to Afric's teeming land;  
 Who will go?  
 Midst China's myriads take your stand;  
 Who will go?  
 Tell India's millions, "Jesus reigns!"—  
 Let countless isles resound the strains,  
 From rocks and vales, o'er hills and plains.  
 Who will go?

Go seek the scatter'd tribes which roam,  
 Oppress'd, despis'd, without a home;  
 Tell the poor Jews, "Messiah's come,"  
 And in that heart they pierced there's room  
 For all who flee th' impending doom.

Proclaim Emmanuel's power to save  
 From sin, and Satan, and the grave;

The silver trumpet sweetly blow,  
 The great salvation plainly shew  
 To black and white, to friend and foe.

Lift up the Gospel standard high,  
 Rise, Zion's watchmen! rise and cry,  
 "Behold, behold your Saviour King!"  
 His praise rehearse, His triumphs sing,  
 Till earth with hallelujahs ring.

Dear brethren, let us haste away  
 Where Jesus calls, nor idly stay;  
 Come! make His will your happy choice—  
 Go bid the wilderness rejoice,  
 Unite and say with heart and voice,  
 We will go! We will go!



THE STAG, OR MALE DEER.

**HART**, (*ail*, Deut. 12 : 15. 14 : 5. Ps. 42 : 1. Isa. 35 : 6 ;)—Dr Shaw considers this name in Hebrew as a generic word, including all the species of the deer kind ; whether they are distinguished by round horns, as the stag ; or by flat ones, as the fallow deer ; or by the smallness of the branches, as the roe. Mr. Good observes that the hind and roe, the hart and the antelope, were, and still continue to be, held in the highest estimation in all the Eastern countries, for the voluptuous beauty of their eyes, the delicate elegance of their form, or their graceful agility of action. The names of these animals were perpetually applied, therefore, to persons, whether male or female, who were supposed to be possessed of any of their respective qualities. In 2 Sam. 1 : 19, Saul is denominated “ the roe of Israel ;” and in the eighteenth verse of the ensuing chapter, we are told that “ Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe :” a phraseology perfectly synonymous with the epithet *swift-footed*, which Homer has so frequently bestowed upon his hero Achilles. Thus again : “ Her princes are like harts which find no

pasture ; they are fled without strength before their pursuers,” Lam. 1 : 6. “ The Lord Jehovah is my strength ; he will make my feet like hinds’ feet ; he will cause me to tread again on my own hills,” Hab. 3 : 19.

**DEER** (*cervus*). These beautiful and well known quadrupeds belong to the order *pecora*, or ruminating animals. They are distinguished from the antelopes by their horns, which are composed of a bony substance, caducous, or falling off annually, and again renewed of a larger size than in the preceding year. These horns or antlers always exist on the head of the male, and sometimes on that of the female. In their first or young state, they are covered by a velvet-like membrane, through which the blood circulates with great freedom. At this time the horn is extremely sensitive, the animal suffering much pain when it is roughly handled or struck. After the horn has attained its full growth, the base becomes surrounded with an irregular, tuberculous ring, called the *burr*, and the blood-vessels gradually contract and diminish, until they cease to convey blood to the



velvet membrane, which then dries, loses its sensitiveness, and finally flakes off. The form of the horns are various. Sometimes they spread into broad palms, which send out sharp snags around their outer edges; sometimes they divide fantastically into branches, some of which project over the forehead; whilst others are reared upwards in the air, or they may be so reclined backwards, that the animal seems almost forced to carry its head in a stiff, erect posture. Yet they communicate an air of grandeur, seeming like trees planted on the head of a living animal. The various species of deer, as well as the antelopes, invariably remain in their original situations, when left to themselves. Two species are common to the north of the old and new continents; five belong to North America; four to America south of the equator; four to Europe and the continent of Asia; and fourteen to India, China, and the Asiatic archipelagos.

### THE CHANGE WHICH THE GOSPEL MAKES.

Mr. Buzacott, of Raratonga, related the other day in Finsbury Chapel, the following anecdotes:—

“At our last May meeting of the Young,” said he, “we assembled in a beautiful chapel, not quite so well finished as this, but as good a one as could be built, by my dear friend, Mr. William Gill. At the close, an old warrior got up, and begged the privilege of addressing the children. He began—‘Children, you live under a very different dispensation from that under which we lived, when I was a child. Then, children were not safe away from their parents; they dared not stray out of their district, for lions—human lions—prowled about, seeking whom they might devour.’ I knew a man who had a nice little son, of whom he appeared fond. On one occasion, caressing the little fellow, he said, ‘Son, you will some day become a warrior.’ This was the highest compliment that

the parent could pay to the child; and the latter was very much gratified. In process of time, the child became a little, stout, plump fellow; and the father said to him, ‘Son, my appetite for you I cannot control.’ ‘What!’ replied the son; ‘I thought you told me I was to be a warrior?’ ‘I did; but your head looks so fat and so nice;’ and without further ado, he killed, baked, and actually ate his own son. This produced no further emotion in the island (such was its awful state of degradation at that time!) than would have been produced in our country, by a parent ill using his child. But these human lions have now, many of them, become lambs; I will illustrate this by another fact. I was once very powerfully struck with the fulfilment of that beautiful passage, recorded in Isaiah—‘The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the falling together, and a little child shall lead them.’ Our chief, Makea, of whom you have heard and read much, and who is frequently mentioned in Mr. Williams’s work—was one of these savage lions. He was accustomed to prowling about, with an immense club over his shoulder; and it was his savage delight to butcher whoever came in his way. After he became, I trust, a child of God, I called to see him, and found this former lion sitting with a little child, who was teaching him to read. I could not but call to mind the latter part of that verse—‘A little child shall lead them.’”

### THE HINDOO DEVOTEE.

‘A devotee! What does the word mean? It means one devoted to a certain superstitious object; one who gives up his whole life to be spent in the service of a false religion. There are many devotees in India. They think that, by inflicting pain upon themselves, they please their gods and merit heaven. Some do one thing; some another. Some stand for years,

holding up their right hands, or keeping some other member of their body in a cramped position. Some remain seated in the same posture for weeks together under a tree. Some travel about the country, making people stare and wonder at them. They are supported by charity. The Hindoos think it a very meritorious thing to give money to these devotees.

Ought not *we* to be devotees? Yes, in another and a better sense. We, too, should give up our whole lives to be spent in the service of religion.—Jesus has bought us with his blood. We do not belong to ourselves; we belong to him. But the service He requires is a very different one. We know that no bodily suffering of ours can merit heaven. No stripes—no tears—no fasting—no torture—no penance—can buy for us the favor of God. Already God looks with favor upon us for the sake of his dear Son. His face wears a smile. His heart is full of love. He even says, speaking through Jesus, “Suffer little children to come unto me.”

But must we not deny ourselves and lead holy lives? Oh! yes; if we love God, we shall delight to do his commandments, and his commandments are not pleasing to our wicked hearts. So we must fight and struggle sometimes. It will not please God to see us whipping or starving ourselves; but it will please Him to see us conquering our evil tempers and our laziness, and stirring ourselves up to obey him in all things and to be useful to our fellow-creatures. A sad waste of life it would be to spend it in sitting under a tree; rather let us be imitating that blessed Saviour, who spent his days in going about “doing good.”

### BETTY, THE POOR WELCH WOMAN.

There lived a poor Welch woman—a pauper—upon two shillings per week. With two shillings a week, she managed to find clothing, firing, food, and all she wanted! It was little enough for her, but she never complained. How much

had she a day, if she had two shillings a week? Not quite threepence half-penny a day. Now this woman was as remarkable for her love to Christ, and her zeal for his glory, as she was for her poverty. She never passed the plate, when a collection was made on the first day of the week, at the house of God, without throwing in her mite. One day, the deacon of the church to which she belonged, who had long noticed her liberality, took her aside, and said, “Betty, I don’t understand how you have always something to give, when many richer than you often give nothing.” I cannot tell you why it is,” replied Betty, “but however much I may want a penny on other days, I never happen to be without one on collection days. It must be God in His goodness, who knows how it would grieve me to be unable to give to his cause, and who takes care to supply me.” “Well,” he said, “I am sure you want a few little comforts; take this sovereign and get some warm things for the winter.” “I want nothing,” answered Betty. “Oh! yes,” said the gentleman, “I am sure you can easily think of something that you would be glad to have. Spend the money as you like.” She took the sovereign, went back to the cottage, entered her little room, put down the piece of money on one of the chairs that stood in it—and there were but two—and kneeling down there before it, she said, “Blessed Lord Jesus! thou hast given me clothes to wear; thou hast given me food to eat; thou hast given me this hut to dwell in, and thy presence to cheer it, which is better than all. What more can I want than I have? Take this sovereign, and use it for thy glory.” A day or two afterwards, a good man called upon her, who had been begging for a chapel-case in the town, and he told Betty what success he had met with. She went to her drawer, and to his surprise, brought out a sovereign, “Here is a sovereign for your chapel,” she exclaimed. “A sovereign, my good woman! I cannot take such a gift from you.” “If you don’t have it,” said she, “the next beggar shall; for I have given it to Christ, and it is not my own.”

Oh! this is the true spirit of giving! To give, not just because we are asked, but beforehand deliberately to economise, on purpose to give, and then to set apart for Christ all that we can afford. My little readers, if you did this, don’t you think

you would give to Christ more than you do?

### CEYLON.

We extract the follow from the *Missionary Herald* of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, communicated by Mr. Spaulding, under date, May 1, 1849:—

#### *Heathenism in Tillipally.*

During the last six months, with the aid of the native assistants, Mr. Fletcher has collected some statistics respecting the condition of heathenism in the four parishes of Tillipally, Mallagam, Myletty, and Atchuvally. The following table shows the result in Tillipally:—

Male Evil Deities.....	53
Male Good do.....	50
Female Evil do.....	5
Female Good do.....	6
Male Devils.....	12
Female do.....	7
Number of Temples.....	133
Annual Festivals.....	1
Daily do.....	18
Incidental do.....	133
Number of Brahmins.....	65
Number of Pundarams.....	51
Annual temple expenses.....	777
Population.....	7651

You will probably be surprised at the large number of temples, one hundred and thirty-three, in this small parish. Indeed, I had no idea that there was so many until they were actually counted. As the population is 7,651, there must be about one temple to every fifty-seven individuals. Allowing four persons to a family, which is about the average, we have such a place of worship for every fourteen families. It should be said, however, that a few of these, say fifteen or twenty, are not buildings, but sacred places, usually under banian trees, where the divinity is supposed to reside, and where occasional worship is paid. You will perceive that in all the villages except one, the number of evil deities is greater than the good deities. Why this village (which is a small one) forms such a striking exception in this respect, I am unable to say. The annual cost, as given in the table, includes only the money expended. The sum would be greatly increased, if we were to take into the account the value of

fruit, cake, and other offerings, to which no satisfactory approximation can be made.

These facts ought certainly to excite to more activity for the establishment of Christ's kingdom among this people. Eighteen times every day is worship paid to these idol gods, besides the numerous incidental festivals. The whole land is studded with temples and the insignia of idolatry. Scarcely an hour passes in the whole day, when the missionary hears not the temple bell or the music of idolatrous worship.

### PASTORAL FAITHFULNESS;

OR, THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE MINISTER.

A pious English clergyman, calling one day, in the course of his pastoral visits, at the house of a friend, affectionately noticed a child in the room, a little girl about six years old. Among other things, he asked her if she knew that she had a bad heart, and opening the Bible, pointed to the passage where the Lord promises, "I will put a new spirit within you, and I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." He then entreated her to plead this promise in prayer, and she would find the Almighty faithful to his engagement.

Many years after, a lady, at the age of twenty-three, came to him to propose herself for communion with the church, and oh! how inexpressible was his delight, when he found that she was the very person with whom, when she was a child, he had so faithfully conversed on the subject of religion, and that the conversation was blessed, and made the means of her conversion to God. Taking her Bible, she had retired as he advised, pleaded the promise, wept, prayed, and the Lord heard her, and answered her prayer. He gave her what she most anxiously desired, a *new heart*.

Let all ministers learn from this, the importance of being faithful to children. Let no child ask, Why don't the minister speak to me?—*S. S. Messenger*.

### Preparation for the Sabbath.

"I was once present," says Mrs. Bakewell, "when the sister of a pious clergyman asked her dressmaker when her dress would be sent home." "On Saturday," was the reply. "If it cannot be ready to send before six in the evening," quietly observed the lady, "please do not send it till Monday, as my brother does not like anything to be sent in on Saturday night; it interferes with our preparation for the Sabbath," added she, turning towards me; "and it keeps work-people employed too late for either their temporal or spiritual welfare."

## THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

'Twas Sabbath eve, the sun had set—  
O'er distant mountains blue,  
But gleams of glory brightened yet  
The sky with golden hue.

A mother bent her o'er her child,  
Her fair, her only boy,  
And, as she gazed on him, she smiled  
In fulness of her joy.

She told him from the sacred book,  
Of Eden and the Fall,  
And then how Christ our nature took,  
And died to save us all.

And then she taught his baby voice  
An artless prayer to raise,  
That God would early turn his choice  
To wisdom's holy ways.

And when at night, in peaceful rest,  
Reposed the infant fair,  
Pillowed upon its mother's breast,  
She poured her soul in prayer.

She asked not riches, power, or fame,—  
All these might earth afford,—  
She urged for him a nobler claim,  
She gave him up to God.

She slept;—and now with fancy's eye,  
She sees her darling boy,  
Greatest amidst the great, the high,  
And crowned with fame and joy.

She sees his name in History's page,  
With heroes brave enrolled,  
As noble, statesman, patriot, sage,  
Worth something else than gold.

A still small voice to the mother's heart  
Then spake in accents low,  
"More honor far than these impart,  
Thy gentle babe shall know."

The years passed by, and left their trace  
On that young mother's brow,  
Her form had lost its youthful grace,  
She was old and feeble now.

'Twas Sabbath eve, and changed she went  
As wont to worship God,  
Thank him for every blessing sent,  
And meekly hear his word.

The preacher was a stranger youth,  
Returned from foreign strand,  
Where he had been to preach the truth  
Throughout a heathen land.

The mother gazed,—there stood her son—  
Ambassador for God,  
Soldier of Christ he had fought and won  
With the Gospel's two edged sword.

And now, with grateful heart she came,  
And look with gladness rife;  
With eye of faith, she saw his name  
Writ in the book of life. M.

—Missionary Repository.

## TEACHERS' CORNER.

## Emblem of the Teacher's Blessedness.

"You have seen how, from the first gray glimmer of the dawn, the glorious sun shoots up the kindling sky, and rolling onward swells and deepens and grows bright, to the full splendor of the perfect day. It is an emblem of their blessedness, a faint and feeble shadow of their future glory who, discharging faithfully their duty as Christian teachers, have turned many to righteousness, and passed to their exceeding great reward. Unlike it, on the morning freshness of their joy, no cloud, no mist shall rise. Unlike it, to the full blaze of their meridian day, no shadow and no darkness shall succeed. The firmament that overhangs their blest abode shall brighten through all eternity. The glorious diadem that crowns them, conquers over sin, and death, and hell, shall, like the stars, shine on forever and forever."—Bishop Doane.

## THE NURSERY OF IMMORTAL MINDS.

The world is a sort of nursery garden. Here celestial plants are nurtured for a few short years, and then transplanted to immortality. It is, however, the garden of intelligent, active and responsible minds who must abide the results of their own right or wrong doings. And yet how little think the busy multitude amid life's cares, and business, and pleasures, of that amazing immortality which lies just before them, and on whose solemn boundary, for aught they know, they are treading every hour.

This earth, on which we live, was made for man. The beasts that feed upon it, the fishes that swim in its waters, the fowls that fly in the air, are made subservient to man, and seemed to have been formed for his use. This wide theatre of all around us was brought into being for the service of man! And can it be that the wise Architect has framed such a grand and spacious scene as this for the creature of a day? Was it that man should spend here a few fleeting hours, sporting himself like an insect in the summer's air, and then pass away and be no more for ever, that God in his wisdom, and goodness, laid the foundations of this earth, and spread out these skies? Was it for this that he raised the glorious sun, and bade him move on in his sublime and unvarying course? Has he made such a waste as this? Has he formed this world for so mean a purpose? Oh no! it was formed to be the nursery of immortal minds. It was designed to be the dwelling place of those who are preparing for heaven. And this is the purpose of time.

We have the space of these rolling years, that we may prepare for eternity. You are

to live, my readers, you are to live for ever. The last day of time shall come, when this earth shall be needed no more, and be destroyed. But there is that within you which can never be destroyed even by eternal woe. This sun shall cease to shine; but the immortal spark within you shall never be quenched. The stars shall fall from heaven, as a fig tree casteth her untimely fruit when shaken with the wind; the moon shall be darkened, and the earth shall be burned up; for the angel, standing with one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, shall lift his hand to heaven and swear, time shall be no more. But you shall be without end. You have begun an existence that will never cease. You will still live, and live on, so long as God himself shall exist.

It is that we may prepare for new and untried scenes that time is now so valuable. It is that we may pass through a kind of pupilage, and be trained for higher pursuits. We are born, and placed on this earth for a season, that we may here be educated, and disciplined, and fit ourselves for a station of glory. And the man who overlooks this great object, mistakes the purpose of his being. He has forgotten the errand on which he was sent into the world. His occupations are as useless, in respect to the end for which life was given, as the truant boy's idle amusements; they are insignificant and trivial as the toyings of smiling, thoughtless idiocy. The angels who behold us from above, must look down upon the men who are bustling, striving, and toiling solely in the acquisition of terrestrial good, as we do upon the busy emmets of a mole-hill, that are exerting all their little energies with ceaseless diligence, to build a structure which our wandering feet may crush, and to lay up stores for the support of their puny bodies during a few month's existence. Such short-sighted, narrow-minded, unwise men are bowing themselves beneath a burden, to gather up grains from the earth, while the angel of religious hope is hovering over them with an extended arm, and offering to wing them up to the skies. The ambitious and aspiring amongst them, are struggling to encircle their heads with honors, as poor, and trifling in comparison with the glories that ought to be theirs as the grass wreaths with which children entwine their brows in their sports—while Jesus himself is calling to these deluded men of earth—and offering them a crown wrought with more than angelic hands, and which can never fade away. Ye abusers of time! look up and behold its purpose. Ye who are so anxious and studious of your own interests! look up and see where your true interest lies. There is the object for which you live. If you have never considered it till now, your life is wrong, your plans are wrong, your designs are wrong, you are all wrong—you have mistaken the purpose of time.—*S. S. Magazine.*

### SKETCH OF A CLASS OF BOYS.

It has been truly said that the Sabbath school is the nursery of the church. When the Sabbath school was first formed in D——, in 1817, there were five small boys who came in and formed a class. It was a new thing, and boys were not very willing to attend, but these boys became deeply interested. At that time there were no question books; and they would commit fifty or sixty verses from the Testament, besides a number of Watts' Hymns, to recite every Sabbath. Three of them used to see which would get the greatest number, and most perfectly; and they would commit sometimes over a hundred verses, besides a number of hymns.

I well knew one of these boys; he had to work hard all the week; every spare moment he would take his Testament and study his lesson, and what he could not commit in the week, he would rise early on the Sabbath morning and finish. By this devoted industry he learned the Gospel of Luke, and a greater part of Matthew and John. His teacher would often tell him, that he could not have time to say all his lesson.

The eldest of them is now a minister in a large city; the second is a missionary in Asia; the third has entered the ministry; the fourth is a popular teacher; and the fifth is a merchant.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL INFLUENCES.

Away among the Alleghanies, there is a spring so small, that a single ox in a summer's day could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms; and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then, joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away, some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of that ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roar and roar, till the angel, with one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with *moral influence*. It is a rill, a rivulet, a river, an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity. That rill is now rising in every soul, in every class! Oh, spirit of God, sanctify these influences for earth's benefit and heaven's glory!

A CARRIAGE FULL.—A minister in Maine, who has been very successful in establishing Sunday schools, says that he is in the habit of speaking kindly to every little boy and girl that he meets in the road. If he finds they go to no Sunday school, he invites them to his. Sometimes, when approaching the school, he invites such children to ride with him. One day he had eleven in his carriage at once.

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