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I Wish I was a Christian.

BY REV. DR. HUMPHREY.

This wish has been expressed a thousand times, and with the greatest apparent sincerity, by persons living without God in the world. Sometimes it falls from the lips of those who have no present concern about salvation, but oftener from the lips of persons under awakening.

“Do you think you are a Christian?”
“I am sorry to say that I do not; but I wish I was; I want to be, and I know I must be, or I cannot be saved.”
Well, dear reader, if you wish to be, what hinders? The Saviour invites and stands with open arms ready to receive you; “the Spirit and the Bride say come, and partake of the waters of life freely.”

How can you say, that you wish you was a Christian? What are you doing, what means are you using, what steps are you taking to become one? What a wish is that, which prompts not to striving “to enter in at the strait gate? You deceive yourself. You wish, no doubt, to be saved, when you give the subject a moment’s thought; but you do not wish to be a *Christian*. That is, you have no wish or desire for

spiritual enjoyments. You see no form or comeliness in the Savior, why you should desire him; but the language of your carnal heart is, “depart from me, I desire not the knowledge of thy ways.” How then can you say, I wish I was a Christian? What is such a wish good for?

But perhaps you are not as stupid as you once was. Perhaps you are under real concern for your soul. Perhaps the Spirit of God is now striving with you, and you think that if you sincerely wished for anything in the world, it is that you were a Christian. Well then, if you are sincere, why do you not give your heart to God at once? Then you would be a Christian—“an heir of God and a joint heir with Christ, to an eternal inheritance.”

An illustration or two, I hope, will convince you how the matter stands with you. Here is a poor man, who says he wishes he was rich, and the way is clearly pointed out to him, step by step, how he may acquire an independent fortune. Instead of grinding up his loins to the work, after a few faint endeavors he says, it can never be, and so he sits down and takes it out in wishing he was rich. Or he takes some of the steps prescribed, and ex-

haunts himself with other endeavors, which promise nothing but disappointment, and finally gives over, bemoaning himself that the wished-for possession is impossible. Or to vary the illustration a little, a friend says to him, on such and such conditions, I will give you a valuable farm. "It is just what I want," is the reply; "I have been wishing for such a farm for a long time." But he does not comply with the conditions. Are they beyond his power—are they unreasonable? O no, but he feels no disposition to comply with them. And yet he says, O how I wish I could get that farm. How preposterous! What are all such wishes good for. Again,

Some man has a chronic and dangerous disease, and he says, "O how I wish I could obtain a radical cure." A skillful physician prescribes certain remedies, and assures him that if he will follow the prescriptions, there is every reasonable prospect of his recovery. He throws away the medicine, and resorts to other remedies, which no well-bred practitioner would ever recommend. He grows worse from day to day, all the while complaining that nothing will help him, and repeating the desponding exclamation, O how I wish I was well! Why not then use the remedies? "O, they are so bitter, I can't take them."

So with the sinner. He wishes he was a Christian. The way to become one is clearly pointed out in the word of God. He is sure to find the pearl of great price, if he will only follow the directions there given. An infallible remedy is prescribed for the plague of sin which is rankling in his heart; but instead of obtaining the pearl, he neglects the means and remains "poor and wretched, blind and naked." Instead of being cured, he waxes worse and worse. Instead of repenting and accepting the free invitations of the gospel, he "goes about to establish his own righteousness," or tries to "climb up some other way," all the while clinging to the delusion, that he wishes

to be a Christian, but that something external to himself keeps him back. He wishes to be saved, undoubtedly, but if he could be saved without becoming a Christian, he would not concern himself any further about the matter. It is not holiness that he wishes, nor because he has any relish for it; it is not "the love of God shed abroad in his heart" that he desires, but escape from punishment, and a kind of happiness which is consistent with rolling sin as a sweet morsel under his tongue.

The king has prepared a great supper. You wish you could be one of the guests. Well, you have been invited. You are urged to come. What holds you back? You have no relish for such an entertainment—no desire to sit down with such company. And yet, you wish you could be a guest. Just so you wish you was a Christian!

A Christian Laborer at the Diggings.

When we are hearing so much of the wild scramble for this world's wealth by our countrymen in Australia, it is comforting to reflect that among the gold-seekers there are some—hidden ones, it may be, like nuggets buried in the soil—who have set their hearts on the better riches, and are searching for these as for hid treasures. The following letter,—which we have been kindly permitted to publish,—sent by a young man at the diggings to his mother in Glasgow, will serve to cheer some of our readers in respect to the future of that interesting colony. At the same time, it will supply many useful hints to intending emigrants.—*United Presbyterian Magazine.*

Eagle Hawk Gully,

30th January, 1853.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The last letters I wrote were to M. and J., dated on the 9th and 23rd of this month; the last I received was from Thomas, per Mr. H. I mention these things that you may know whether you get all my letters and I get all yours. I was glad

to learn, from Thomas's letter, that you were, when it left, in the enjoyment of your usual health. I trust you are so still. I do not know whether William is still in Scotland, or whether he may have left for this country. If I were sure that he has not left, I would write him. If he has not left, and still has an idea of coming, he must be prepared to push his own way, with prudence and energy. I should like very much to see him on his landing, as I have no doubt he would be the better of advice which I can give him; but, in all likelihood, he will be sometime in the colony before he hears anything of me. A gold-digging life is one of frequent shifting,—sometimes for one reason, sometimes for another, sometimes for want of water, sometimes from an inferior to a better gold field. Almost as soon as he lands he should proceed to the diggings. I advise this seriously, as really the best thing he can do. He will not need to take anything with him from Melbourne besides his clothes, and of these scarcely any besides what he has on, which should be nothing more than a pair of trowsers, a striped shirt, a blue woollen shirt, a cap, and a pair of boots. There is no pride at the diggings. Fine gentlemen, who used to go at home spicely dressed, and all scented over, are here seen with nothing on but a pair of ragged unmentionables and a striped shirt. Besides his clothes, he will need a pair of blankets and a rug. And let him not forget to take his Bible, and make it his constant companion and friend. If he can find a dray going to the same place, the driver will carry his swag (which the bundle that travellers here generally carry is called) for a "consideration," and he will be allowed to sleep under the tarpauling; or, perhaps, he may get acquainted with some respectable individual or party on the voyage out, and they may proceed to the diggings together. But if he should neither join a party nor get a dray, he must not hesitate to shoulder his swag

and set off by himself. If he is not prepared to carry his swag twenty-five or thirty miles in a day, and sleep at night on the bare ground, with nothing but his blanket and rug for covering, and an old gum tree for shelter, he is not fit for Australia. I did this, and I never enjoyed sounder sleep, and I felt no bad effects from it. Digging tools, tent, &c., he will generally purchase cheaper at the diggings than in Melbourne, and save the carriage up.—When he arrives on the diggings he should not be in a hurry to commence work (unless he is connected with a party in which there is some one who understands digging), but should spend two or three days in going about watching operations, with the view of becoming acquainted with the system of working. After he does commence, there is nothing for it but hard work, and a perseverance that will not be disheartened. I wish he was even as I am now, as comfortable, as well acquainted with digging, and as fortunate.

You see I am still at the same place, but I expect to have to shift this week for want of water. I have often, when writing to you and others, spoken of coming home, and nothing would afford me greater happiness than to go home with capital enough to secure me a comfortable subsistence; yet I do not know but a sense of duty may induce me to sacrifice my own feelings and wishes, and remain where I am. You know I profess to be a servant of Jesus Christ, and, like other servants, I am not at liberty to go about just where my inclinations lead, but must consult his service, in the first place, in all my movements.—Now, I do not know but the conclusion may force itself upon my judgment, that I may be of more use in his service here than I could be at home, and if so, it will be my duty to remain here. You know, He says, "He that loveth father or mother, or sister or brother, more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that taketh not up his

cross and followeth me, is not worthy of me." To any one who looks at the moral and spiritual interests of a country as the most important, this colony, with all its wealth and prosperity, is in a miserable condition. There are pulpits occupied by inferior talents, or a lukewarm and worldly spirit; there is the press, almost idle, or used by men with little love of truth and little conscience; there is the legislature, composed of men too much engrossed in their own concerns to pay much attention to the public weal; and there are great masses of wicked, wicked men, with scarcely one individual of correct principles and virtuous conduct to mingle with them, and tell them of better riches and happiness than those which they are seeking. It grieves me to the heart that my own influence is so very feeble; I am greatly deficient in courage and in skill; but, by my abstinence from the vices which are freely indulged in by those around me, I at least hang as a kind of dead weight upon their wickedness; and I may, perhaps, be enabled, at some future time, to advocate boldly, and with some degree of wisdom, the claims of my Divine Master to the trust, and love, and service of all men. Were I qualified, or could I qualify myself, to take my stand at the public press, and place the stamp of God's truth upon some portion of its productions, I would consider that my duty, as I believe it to be the thing most needed here; but a sense of unfitness will always keep me from that position.

I do not say that I will not return to Scotland; but, in the meantime, I do not see the path of duty clearly before me, and I will not leave the diggings until I do. If I remain in Australia, my comforts will be fewer, and my difficulties and trials more numerous than at home; but what of that, if, at the close of life, I can say I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith, &c.; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righ-

teousness. I am ambitious to be able to say, I live not to myself, and die not to myself; whether I live, I live unto the Lord, and whether I die, I die unto the Lord. There is another home to me besides Scotland, and perhaps the nearest and surest road to it for me is by Australia, not by Scotland. There are roads to it from every country, and to it all the good and true are travelling from every land. Shall we meet there, mother? "Jesus is the way." If we are both going there, we will meet soon enough, although we never meet again in this world.

I am, my dear mother, yours affectionately,
 GEORGE.

Sabbath School Teachers.

"How I wish I was in Henry's class!" said a bright-eyed boy named Charlie, as he came in one Sabbath noon and seated himself thoughtfully by his mother's side,

"And why wish to be in Henry's class?" said the mother. "Has my little son learned all that one teacher can tell him, so is wishing for a new one, or does he think a hard lesson will become an easy one, if he changes the person that hears it?"

"O, not that, mamma, but I am so tired of setting with nothing to do. Our teacher does not care anything about us; he hears the lessons as if he was glad when it was through, and I am sure we are, when he says—"boys, keep still until school is done," and takes his book and reads. Some go to sleep, some whisper and play, some count the panes of glass in the window, and all are glad when the bell rings for the close of school. It isn't so in Henry's class. They all look so happy, and the lessons are so interesting he wishes they would last all day.—O, if I was only there!"

"What makes the difference?" said the mother mentally, for it was a question Charlie would have been puzzled to answer. And what did make the difference?

These teachers were each active, consistent christians, ready to labor in any part of the Lord's vineyard that should be appointed them. They were also familiar with the Scriptures, well versed in all those portions which are profitable for doctrine, for reproof, or for instruction, and each earnestly desirous that his pupils should become "wise unto salvation." But here the resemblance ceased.—Henry's teacher loved his work, and the young charges committed to his care. Charlie's taught from a sense of duty; he knew it was well for children to be instructed in the Sabbath-school, and that some one must take the responsibility of teaching them. Contenting himself with hearing the lessons recited properly, and preserving order in his class, he imagined his scholars were too young to gain much immediate benefit from his labors, but encouraged himself with the hope that the seed although it should lie "long buried" would "at last spring up and bear fruit abundantly." And so it may, if the "birds of the air" do not pluck it up, before it has taken root.

When Henry's teacher came to his class, his face beaming with interest, the light was reflected back from those young faces, as from a mirror. Children are quick to discern the feelings of those who care for them. And so during the whole exercise, the attention was fixed by attractive means upon the lesson, and there were few wandering glances, or wandering thoughts. Familiar illustrations, similar texts of Scripture, an oft-repeated hymn, some incident that had occurred during the week, and innumerable other things, were so interwoven with the passages committed to memory, they not only served to illustrate them, but also to strengthen the impression upon the mind. Every eye was intently fixed upon the teacher, waiting for the words that should fall from his lips; there was no opportunity for him to "sit down and read;" his only regret was that the hour should be

too short for him to finish his instructions. A glance at his weekly course may account for his usual interest in a measure.—He was ever looking for materials to carry into the class; any thing that had a reference to the lesson, or could be introduced with profit, was remembered and related. An incident, trifling in itself, was often made the means of impressing some solemn truth or detecting some sinful propensity, as nothing else could have done. Appropriate illustrations are easily found, if any one is earnestly seeking them.

This teacher was also well acquainted with his class, familiar with their peculiarities, their childish joys and sorrows. When he saw them at their sports, he did not pass by on the other side, but gave them a friendly greeting, praised the new kite that was just floating in the wind, or commended their military skill as soldiers, thus they felt he was a friend as well as teacher. In addition to the instructions on the Sabbath, he often met his pupils during the week, and in a more familiar way repeated the solemn entreaties, and enforced the sacred truths of the Bible. Finally, his Sabbath-school class was very near his heart at all times, and earnest were the petitions he daily offered for their salvation. So true is it, "we cannot pray fervently for an object without becoming interested in it."

Is it strange that such labors should be crowned with success, that many from that little band should go out to the world clothed in the armor of Christ, ready to labor for others, even as they had been favored; while a few called in their early teachings to the heavenly world, are, we trust, very near to the Saviour, who when he was upon earth, called little children unto him, "put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

Five Minutes to Live.

"I have just five minutes," said the Pastor as he rose to speak at the close of the Sabbath school, "five minutes,

and then the bell will ring for meeting. How few moments are there comprised in so brief a space, and yet how much good may be done while those little sands of time are dropping. Did you ever think, scholars, that there will come a time when you will each have but five minutes on earth? When as you lie pale and sick on your death-bed, with father and mother, brothers and sisters around, the physician will whisper, 'he has but five minutes to live!' Think of it, your last five minutes on earth! Oh how much will crowd upon you then in the once disregarded little minutes! Your last looks upon all you love, your last motion of the lips, your last breath, all so soon to be taken. But if in the midst of your suffering and agony, you know that you love Christ, you will indeed be happy because your precious Saviour will be with you in these last moments. And when your eyes peacefully close and you fall so gently asleep in Jesus, you will awake in the bright Heaven above, never more to weep and be sick, but to be always, yes, forever full of happiness and joy. Think of it, children, only five minutes more on earth, and always forever after in Heaven!

But (shall I say it) perhaps there are some here whose last five minutes will be the most dreadful of any ever experienced. Having forgotten their kind teacher's words, having forgotten those precious hymns and verses they once learned at the Sabbath school, having neglected a mother's entreaties, and wilfully rejected the Saviour, they will now be upon the very edge of life, looking forward into a dark, dreary land, where there are no Sabbath schools, no Bibles, no pleasant Sabbath bell,—no merciful Saviour. And then to know that in five minutes all will be over, and having refused to love God on earth, how can you love him in eternity? Remember, I beseech you, scholars, that the time is coming when you will have but five minutes to live. Prize every moment then, improve every little minute, love the Sabbath school,

listen attentively to all your teachers say to you, and above all, go to Christ and give him all your years, and months, and weeks, and days, and hours, and all your little moments, offering with them your heart, and then how joyous it will be to think that soon you will have only five minutes on earth, and after that all eternity in Heaven!"—*From the Reaper.*

A Dog Story.

The following well authenticated dog story is worth telling:—A provision dealer of this city, who lives in Somerville, owns two dogs, one a large and stout Newfoundlander, and the other a much smaller dog. Frequently the provision dealer walks to this city, and is usually accompanied by the small dog. Near East Cambridge the dog has been often attacked and bitten by a large dog of that vicinity. The Newfoundland dog has never been in the habit of accompanying his master, but the other day, the gentleman found, after starting for the city with his small dog, that the Newfoundlander was following him. He drove him back twice, and finally supposed he had gone home. On reaching East Cambridge, the little dog's old enemy made his appearance, and commenced his usual attack, but the little cur instead of running as was his custom, this time turned upon his enemy and showed fight. The mystery of this courage was, however, soon explained, for directly came bounding towards the combatants, the little dog's old friend, the twice driven-back Newfoundlander, and the two Somerville dogs together turned to and gave the East Cambridge surly one a thorough trouncing. This accomplished, the little dog went on his way rejoicing to Boston, while the Newfoundlander turned on his tracks towards Somerville, saying, no doubt, as well as a dog can say—"There sir, now learn to let a little fellow, half your size, alone, when he goes by your kennel, or you'll get it worse next time."



African Chief.

The above is an excellent likeness of an African Chief. We are sure that no one who examines this peculiarly striking and interesting countenance can fail to see strong lineaments of humanity, and apparently just as great susceptibility of intellectual and moral advancement, as may be seen in the descendants of Japheth or Shem. Great sternness and resolution, as well as physical strength, are characteristics of the people which he represents. These are the qualities which they cultivate, but in ancient times some of the African nations were considered among the most enlightened in the world. They still have a written language, but rank amongst the lowest of the half civilized nations. Astonishing efforts, attended with great sacrifice of life and means are now being put forth by christians and philosophers in England and America to explore this vast country, and to enlighten and christianise the people.

According to report, a white Christian community exists in the centre of his, the hottest region on the globe. It

is supposed that 150 languages are spoken in the known parts of Africa.

There are comparatively few Missionary labourers in Africa.—From Caffreland, we have some intelligence which we copy from the *U. P. Magazine*.

THE DEPARTURE OF REV. MESSRS. NIVEN AND CUMMING.—The Rev. Messrs. Niven & Cumming sailed for Caffraria in the *Norfolk*, which left London about the end of June. Mr. Niven has been instructed to make enquiries respecting various matters which, in the altered circumstances of the country, explicit information is desired; and according to the intelligence which he will send home, will be the decisions formed with regard to the resumption and the future prosecution of the mission in Caffraria. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Lord will break up his way, guide and sustain him in the enquiries which he has to make, and present there a field of missionary labor so wide and so safe, as to remove all hesitation as to the duty of immediately occupying it. We doubt not that our readers will

cordially re-pond to the request contained in the close of the following paper, written by Mr. Niven, namely, that Mr. Cummings and he may be accompanied with the earnest and the upholding prayers of the church

SUMMARY OF THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM CAFFRELAND.—Files of papers and correspondence up to the 19th April at the Cape, were received per the *Rosphorus*, on the 29th May. The new constitution for the government of the Cape Colony had reached, and was favorably received by none more than by the black population within the Colony, of whom nearly 3000, it is believed, will be qualified to return members to the future parliament. This fact will have a cheering and rallying effect on the hearts of the quaking millions of that race beyond the British lines, who will gladly perceive that something better than extermination awaits the peaceable and orderly at the hands of our beloved Queen, and her oldest colonial subjects, who have of their own accord craved this social boon for their sable fellow-colonists as well as for themselves.

The Governor-General was still on the frontier pushing forward vigorously his peace arrangements in the territories so recently delivered from a war of twenty-seven months' duration. In the forfeited Tambookie country, three hundred farms had been granted to Europeans on a military tenure, and the Caffra Chief Kama moved out of it into the Country of the Gaikas. Queen's Town was rising fast in the valley of the Uuankolo, where the late excellent Mr. Campbell, one of our missionaries, laboured. But Tyopo's tribe continued located in the Ixonxa Dale, where stands the ruins of "Kirkwood's station," inviting a missionary supply. The land of the Gaikas, which Sandilli and Macomo petitioned might be restored to them, is now called a "Royal Reserve," and its new population is to consist of Europeans, Fingoes, and loyal Caffres, each in distinct

locations—Europeans at the military forts; Fingoes in hamlets of twenty families; and the loyal Caffres in the same manner, or around authorised missionary stations. Our two stations Igquibigha and Unionvale are in this "Royal Reserve," and the natives who resided at them have all been strictly loyal.

Various friendly pens take notice of the converts and their families, and of the relief sent the destitute among them being in the course of distribution. A good crop of Indian corn had increased the means of subsistence, and work was still to be had by the industrious. Messrs. Liefeldt (Bertho), Ross (Free Church), and Birt (London Missionary Society), had returned to their desolate stations, and Mr. Gayser was preparing to do the same. By some, these movements are regarded as premature. It is to be hoped they are yet to appear the dictates of rational Christian enterprise. Society is certainly far from being settled. The wind has fallen, but the sea is not yet gone down; and little can be said as yet of Sandilli and his expelled tribes, in their new settlement behind his native glens. They are now in the depth of their winter, such as winter is in an intertropical country, and it will be August before the bulk of the Gaikas move into their assigned district, in anticipation of the spring rains, which fall in September, to enable them to sow their corn-fields. Happy emblem! so suggestive of the appropriate language of Hosea, "Sow to yourselves in righteousness; reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you."

"Brethern, pray for us," is "the heart's desire" of the two Caffreland missionaries who are preparing to revisit the scenes of their earlier labours, in circumstances of altered, solemn, and eventful interest. When the many friends of the society's cause in pagan lands are reading these lines, their missionary brethren expect to be on

their distant voyage. May they be prayed along by "lover and acquaintance," who have risen up so generously in every place they have visited, to sympathise, succour, and animate, and be blessed to send back the only tribute by the promoters of one common salvation, that Caffraria has ceased to be called desolate, but that her population of mingled race and complexion have become "the ransomed of the Lord, sought out, a city not forsaken."

The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1853.

The Heavenly Home.

Publishers appreciating our wide circulation and influence through several periodicals, occasionally hand us a good and useful book. The last handed us by Mr. Dawson, is from the press of Lindsay & Blakiston, of Philadelphia, entitled "The Heavenly Home; or Employments and Enjoyments of the Saints in Heaven," by Rev. H. Harbaugh, A.M. This gentleman is pastor of the First German Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa., evidently a man of sound talent and piety. The work before us is a continuation of a series on heavenly subjects. The first is "Heaven, or the Sainted Dead," being an earnest and Scriptural inquiry into the abode of the sainted dead. The second, "Heavenly Recognition, or an Earnest and Scriptural Discussion of the Question, 'Will we know our friends in Heaven?'" These two works on topics of so vast an interest we have not seen, but the one before us is exceedingly spiritual and profitable, and calculated to do great good to the earnest Christian. The contempla-

tion of heaven as our home is refreshing amid the whirl of business, and the friction of active life. The author rightly thinks that the powers of of another life are not felt as they should be. We shall quote one paragraph from the preface on the subject, not without its interest in these sectarian times:—"We believe," says he, "moreover, that one great cause—perhaps the fundamental one—of the divisions, distractions, bickerings and bitterness which afflict the religious world so sorely at this time, is this same evil tendency. Nothing can have a greater influence in making us quiet, humble, and peaceable, than the deep consciousness that the powers of a supernatural world are hanging over us!—that we are really surrounded by a cloud of spiritual witnesses—and that we are come, even in the Church on earth, to an innumerable company of angels—to the general assembly and church of the first born—to God, the judge of all—to the spirits of just men made perfect—and to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant. How can we but be meek, peaceable, and quiet in love, when we feel that the eyes of such an host, from behind a thin veil, are upon us! Christians will cease to look jealously around, crying to each other in sectional strife, *mine—thine*, when they are once all attracted by the flood of glory which dawns down from the higher world, and induced to exclaim together, *OURS!—OURS!*" These are charming thoughts to a Christian mind. Happy day of union sweet—may it soon appear. Parents, teachers, children, let us all earnestly seek a mansion in the Heavenly home.

Two Pious and Useful Men.

Our friend Mr. Pickup, of the Wesleyan Book Depot, Montreal, placed in our hands a few weeks ago, two little books published by the Methodist Tract Society of New York. The one is entitled "Father Reeves, the Methodist Class Leader: a brief Account of Mr. Wm. Reeves, thirty-four years a Class Leader in the Wesleyan Methodist Society, Lambeth," London; and the other is entitled "The Christian Laborer.—The Christian Hero,—Memoirs of a Useful Man."

The story of Mr. Reeves's early life and conversion is told in a simple autobiography, which forms the second chapter of the volume. A leading Quarterly Review of New York says, "The whole history shows how a single aim can give energy and even glory to the humblest life; how a determination to do the nearest duty can make out of an artisan, toiling for his daily bread from youth to hoary age, an apostolical missionary of religion."—For ourselves, we say that in our diversified reading we have seldom met with a piece of biography at once so entertaining and spiritually instructive. Parents and Sunday-school teachers may read it and profit thereby, and every Methodist class leader might well take Father Reeves as a model.

The narrative of a "Useful Man" is the memoir of Mr. Roger Miller, who labored many years as an effective agent of the London City Mission. "His more personal history itself is quite interesting;—his public life exceedingly so. Arising from a state of poverty and misery seldom reached in this country, he struggled manfully for his own redemption. He fell back

again under powerful temptations to still lower degradation, but was again enabled to "arise from the dead." His subsequent career is delineated in the neat volume before us. Having read the book with care, we cheerfully adopt the language of a distinguished philanthropist respecting it:—"Roger Miller will prove a treasure to every practical philanthropist. I do not remember reading a narrative more admonitory, suggestive, or encouraging. Wherever it goes, a blessing must follow. The usefulness of Mr. Miller in his life was remarkable. It is my impression that his influence will be felt for many generations in a degree and to an extent it is impossible to calculate."

It is remarkable that both these useful servants of God were removed from their spheres of toil and duty very suddenly, and by unforeseen casualties. Mr. Reeves was happily contemplating his work and its reward, and had been singing "Press forward, press forward, the prize is in view." The author of his life, Mr. Corderoy, thus sketches the termination thereof:—

"How near that prize,—how close upon his brows that crown, none could imagine! 'Press forward,' Father Reeves!—a few more steps, thou good old man, and the prize is within your grasp. Reach out thy hand, and take the crown, thou humble, holy, useful servant; for soon thou shalt no longer serve on earth, but reign in glory!

Not knowing his work was so nearly finished, this faithful man left his home. A few minutes only had elapsed, when a train, rattling over the railway arch, started a poor infuriated over-driven bullock: the animal struck the defenceless man; one stroke was enough,—in a moment he was unconscious; and in an hour, all that was mortal of this servant of God was dead.

To the spirit it was scarcely the passage of death, it was like translation—"He was not, for God took him." Just before he left his home, Father Reeves had been singing of glory; the strains were in all probability lin

gering on his soul;—then there was a moment's pause of life; and the next thing of which the spirit was conscious was the music of the skies."

On the death of Mr. Miller we have the following facts. He had received intelligence from Manchester of his mother's death. He made arrangements to proceed to the funeral. "In a car of the evening mail train for Manchester, he found some friends. They were soon engaged in Christian conversation, particularly in relation to the plans of usefulness which were opening about them. As the shades of night came on, they sung the evening hymn,—

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

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

The strains of the mingled voices were stopped by a violent collision of the cars as they were approaching an intermediate station; and Mr. Miller, with six others, were, without a moment's warning, instantly killed. Upon his person were found memoranda for future schemes of improvement among those for whom he labored; and also sketches of the exercises which were to take place at the approaching Ragged School anniversary." But an inscrutable Providence, against which we dare not murmur, cut short the work, and took his servant home.

We have given this brief account of these two witnesses for Christ, in the hope that many may be induced to pro-

cure the volumes and imitate the zeal and fidelity of William Reeves and Roger Miller.

How to Use a Religious and Useful Periodical.

Every Christian ought to consider the religious books and periodicals which come into his hands *as means of doing good*, committed to him by Providence, which he is bound to employ as efficiently as he can, to promote the cause of piety. A vast amount of good is done in this way by active Christians throughout our land. As soon as they have read any article or any work of useful, practical tendency, their minds instinctively inquire, "Which of my neighbors or friends would be interested or profited by this?" "Here is something," say they, "which exactly meets such a one's case." "This article would interest the Sabbath school; I will show it to the superintendent." "This book will do good in such a family; I will lend it to them." The instrument of good is thus carried to the points where its effect is needed.

There is another view of this subject which ought not to be overlooked. The value of a printed book or pamphlet consists in the fact that it is capable of telling its story to a vast number of individuals as well as to one. One man, for example, who receives a very interesting book, sends it to the Sabbath school that it may be read there. It accordingly interests and profits a hundred and fifty, instead of one. His daughter takes it to the meeting of a charitable society, so that, if desired, some of its pages may contribute to their enjoyment and instruction while at work; and thus his single copy accomplishes its work on hundreds of minds.

Another man reads his copy, and leaves it a few days to be read in his family, and then shuts it up in a dark closet, idle and unemployed forever. It has done good perhaps to ten minds,

when it is just as capable of doing good to a hundred. The story which it has told to a few, it is ready and willing to tell with fidelity to many; and if its possessor does not avail himself to the utmost of its power, he loses a great portion of the value of the work, and incurs, moreover, the guilt of keeping his means of doing good buried, not employed.—*Abbott.*

North American Indians.

BAPTIST UNION.—Mr. Jones, in company with his son and a native preacher, has made a tour into the southern Cherokee territory. The congregations which they had, were large and interesting; many expressed a desire to know the way of salvation, and seven were baptized.

METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The society at St. Regis numbers 24, of whom 4 were added last year. They are increasing in spirituality. A majority of the tribe, which consists of over 1000, are friendly to the missions.

INDIAN MISSION BOARD.—Congregations are reported to be good among the Choctaws, and much attention is given to the word preached. A native preacher has lately received two for baptism, and Rev. Mr. Potts has baptized four within a few weeks.—May 22, Mr. Bucknam baptized a Frenchman at the Muskoke church, and the Sabbath previous four Creeks at the North Fork church, where two others are received for baptism. A Sabbath or two before, two were baptized at the Muskoke church, and one received at Hicheteetown.

Whining is Poor Music.

The singing of little children is always musical. No matter whether it be in tune or out of tune. No matter if they have only a few words, or none at all. The merry hum of a little child's voice always has music in it. What, then, is meant by poor music?

It is that tone of impatience, or complaining, that is properly named whining. A whining voice makes poor music. Decidedly bad music. It is grating to everybody's ear. And no better way could be thought of to correct this evil in any little boy or girl, than to let them sit still and listen to a whiner. Hear him:

"No I shan't do any such thing, now. I wish you'd let me alone, will you? Mother, I want to go out in the street to play, as other boys do. Give me back that book, it's none of yours—give it to me, I tell you. I don't want it done that way, now. Give it here and I'll do it myself."

Whose picture is that? Is it yours?

A Short and Pithy Sermon.

"Owe no man anything."

Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle tin-ware, do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams and happy wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all taskmasters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a millstone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the firmament of man's being. It eclipses the sun, it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful blue sky. It breaks up the harmony of nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of its melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles; it plucks the eye of its light; it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of man. It takes the soul out of his laugh, and all staidness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion.

The Irish Evangelical Mission.

RECEPTION OF THE FIRST DETACHMENT
OF THE "HUNDRED" IN NENAGH.

(From a Correspondent of the Watchman.)

Nenagh, August 1, 1853.

On Saturday-evening last four Ministers of different denominations arrived in this town to preach the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to the people; and, on Sunday morning, about nine o'clock, appeared at the Market Cross with Bibles in hand, when the people were returning from first mass. One Minister had just sung a verse, and was proceeding with

"Worthy the Lamb that died they cry,"

when a united and fearful yell broke forth from the crowd, and an onslaught at once commenced; some laying hold on the Ministers, others throwing filth and stones; some hurling the vessels of milk they had for sale, as is usual on the Sabbath morning. One with a vegetable basket tried to cover the Rev. Mr. Duck's head, and to get him down; another knocked off the Rev. Mr. Dennington's hat; while some, with fingers in their mouths whistled in the loudest and shrillest notes, and the vociferations of the multitude were deafening. Had it not been for the timely and active interference of the police, the lives of these men of God would, it is probable, have been sacrificed in the street. They made their way as best they could to their lodgings, where they remained until Church hour, to which they went, but the distance being short they were not seen much or molested.

In the evening, at half-past five, they all went to the Wesleyan chapel, when the opportunity was afforded them of giving a few words of exhortation to people. During the time of service there the mob assembled, and hooted the congregation when they made their appearance; but when the Ministers showed themselves, the yells, the shrieks, the whistles, were of the most barbarous kind. They were accompanied to their lodgings by the Rev. J. Walker,

and Mr. Frank Byron, escorted also by the police, who kept the mob from wreaking their malice upon them. When the Ministers were safely housed, the Rev. J. Walker tried to address the people outside the door, but his voice was completely drowned by the tumult of the mob, acting evidently according to the instructions they had received, not to listen. Mr. Byron and Mr. Walker then went towards their homes, the mob following, one of whom struck Mr. Walker, on the face with the mire of the street. The yells were continued until both arrived at their respective residences, and the mob were dispersed by the police. The Ministers leave town to-day for Mount Shannon, where they no doubt will get a more favourable reception.

When the announcement was made in the English papers that 100 Ministers were to come over to assist in the evangelisation of Ireland, the *Tablet*, *Nation*, and the Popish press throughout the country, taxed their ingenuity to put the matter in the most unfavourable light; it was to be a Protestant aggression; it was the work of the government; it was the production of Saxon hatred to Ireland; and the priests were to "preach" on the subject, directing their *enlightened and intelligent* audiences not to listen to the Protestant Ministers, but give them a warm reception. Now, though many respectable Roman Catholics would hear if they dared, yet there was a sufficient number in every chapel to pay more attention to a hint on the "warm reception," than to the whole of the fourth commandment, teaching them to keep holy the Sabbath-day. The priests are not without their tools to perform their work in keeping the people in the grossest ignorance of God's Word and Gospel. They know well if the people read the Word of God they will not pay them for masses; when they learn the all sufficiency of the expiatory sacrifice of Christ's death, for purgatory; when they learn that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." O when

shall poor benighted priest-ridden Ireland be loosed from the iron yoke! What a fearful responsibility the government incurs in supporting a priesthood to keep the people not only bad subjects, but ignorant of the Gospel of God!

We learn that the Deputation to Limerick experienced similar treatment, and, upon the advice and request of the Magistrates and Ministers, fled from that city.—Eds. W.]

The Sparrow.

It was in the depth of winter, at the time when want and distress among the poor were very great in all parts of the country. Near a certain forest there stood a little cottage, where Joseph and Anna and their eight children lived; and love and industry, and gentle, pious minds, were to be found there also. The children, however, did not look merry and happy as formerly, but sorrowful and pale. Their parents had been many days without work or wages, and all their industry could not procure food for their children.

On Sunday morning, Anna called her little ones together, and said, "Come and divide the last morsel of bread we have left. I know not where we shall find any more, or how we can obtain any help."

The children eagerly took the bread and divided it, but begged that their father and mother would each take a share. "We shall feel less hungry," they said, "if you will eat some too."

Many tears were shed while the last morsels of bread were eaten; only one little boy still smiled, and was too young to know anything of their distress, or to fear for the future. But should we not all strive to trust the future, like little children, to our Father's care?

The morning was bright and clear; and Elizabeth as she ate her portion, opened the door, and went out. It was bitter cold, but she thought it pleasant, as she looked at the pure, blue sky, and the trees in the forest, all white, and glittering in their dress of snow. As she stood, she heard a faint chirping sound; and, looking about, she saw a little bird upon the ground. It seemed almost dead, as if with hunger, and could not move its wearied wings. It

was trying in vain to free itself from the cold, deep snow.

"Poor little bird!" said the little girl, "are you cold and hungry too?" She took it up, and pressed it to her face tenderly, trying to warm it. "See, mother," said she, "this poor little bird must not die of hunger and cold. I found it shivering in the snow."

Then a bright thought of hope, like a gleam of light, came into her mother's heart; and with a glad and trusting look, she said, "not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father. I believe the words of the Saviour. All the hairs of our head are numbered. Shall I be so sad and anxious, since he cares for the birds? Children, let us pray to Him."

She knelt down with her children, who all repeated her words, as she prayed that their heavenly Father would give them day by day their daily bread.

Then she rose up, and said, "Let us take comfort, and wait for help. Our Father knoweth the things we need before we ask him."

She had scarcely said these words when her husband came in; and directly following him, came a rich gentleman, who lived not far distant. He was rich in lands and possessions, and rich, too, in charity.

"God comfort you!" he said, as he came in, "the help of man is not sufficient. Why, Joseph, did not you tell me of such need as I see is among you? I am alone, and have abundance, which God has intrusted to me. I was coming from church, and still thinking of words I had heard there, how we ought to love and help each other; as I was passing near this cottage, I saw your little child, half clothed and pale with hunger, how she cared for a little bird, and gave it her last crumb of bread; and I took it as a sign to myself what I ought to do. I hastened home, and made still greater haste to return, and overtook her father at the door, and could see how heavy his heart was with care. And now, little one, come here; come and I will repay you for what you did for the bird." And he took from the folds of his cloak a basket filled with bread, cheese and fruit of different kinds; and giving it to Elizabeth, he said, "Now, divide these."

How her bright eyes sparkled with delight! How the children rejoiced! and all began to partake of the food

which the little girl rejoiced in having to give.

"Ah! see," said Anna, "how God has heard our prayers."

Tears filled the eyes of the good man. "Listen," said he to Joseph; "I will give you work from this time on my lands; and just remember, when you are in any need, I have enough for you." And then he hastened from the door, leaving behind him the sound of thanks and joyful weeping.

From that time the cottage beside the forest was never empty of food, though want still lay heavily on the country around. The gentle little Elizabeth nursed her bird till spring returned, and then set free the little messenger which had seemed to bring them tidings that their help was at hand.

"Fly away now," said Anna; "you brought us a happy promise, and well it was fulfilled."

"O, my children, forget it not. Every word of our Saviour is truth indeed.—*German Book for Children.*

Only just Inside the Fence.

"O!" cried the little children. "O, such beautiful flowers! and only just inside the fence!"

And then stealthy glances were cast up at the windows, the gate pressed softly, the beautiful flowers were snatched with a trembling hand, and the little children fled away with beating hearts. Were they now happier, because their guilty feet had wandered into forbidden paths? Only a little way had they gone, and lo, they had fallen into sin!

The freshness, the fragrance, the beauty of the flowers, were not sufficient to still the remorseful whisper of conscience. *It was only just inside the fence* they had been, yet what an ugly mark had sin set upon their fair brows!

Poor little children are we all. Forbidden pleasure smiles and beckons to us, *only just inside the fence*. Our longing glances linger there; our feet stray thitherward; it is a little way, no one sees us, and we put forth our hands, and pluck the flowers whose fatal beauty is a snare to the soul.

Only just inside the fence! But that fence is set between us and sin. One side of it we may walk safely in the "King's Highway," the other side leads us to

temptation, to folly, to crime. Once, when we have set our feet in the forbidden paths, we go again more boldly, till the time comes when that fence, set for our safety, is broken down and destroyed by our reckless indulgence in evil desires. There is no longer a barrier between us and sin. We do not pause or look round stealthily, or tremble as we grasp the coveted pleasure; our looks are grown insolent and defiant; the guilty blood mantles not on our cheeks at the detected fraud, the selfish indulgence, the debasing irreverence. The fence is broken down, and we wander unrestrained farther and farther on those inviting paths, whose fatal termination is the snare, the pitfall, the abyss of darkness and eternal despair.

"Such beautiful flowers!" Touch them them, touch them not, they are forbidden.

"Only just outside the fence!" Within that fence is sin, without it is safety.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

My Mother.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice! How often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew, on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While wildering pleasures madly fly;
But, in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones comes stealing by;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlit sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silvery wing;
When bursting buds and dewy grass,
And waters leaping to the light;
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, thronged the night,
When all was beauty, then have I
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like mirth on winds of Araby,
Gazed on where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beauteous spirit there
Flung over all its golden chap,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer,
That our eternity might be—
To rise in heaven, like stars by night,
And tread a living path of light.

COURSE OF SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR 1853.

FIRST SERIES.

- Oct. 16.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts iv. 1-13. *To be committed*—Jer. i. 6, 7. *Subject*—The Apostles at Jerusalem. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Miracle had drawn the people together—apostles preaching—priests and Sadducees, who—grieved, at what—persecution—but the word was not bound, many believed—apostles not afraid, Jer. i. 8—how they got courage, verse 8, and Eph. vi. 19—charged their judges with the greatest sin—and immediately preached Christ to them.
- Oct. 23.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts viii. 1-8. *To be committed*—Gen. i. 20. *Subject*—The Apostles driven from Jerusalem. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—The martyr Stephen—the persecutor Saul—scattered the church—the sin of Saul, and the wit of the devil who prompted him, were, in the providence of God, turned to the furtherance of the gospel—everywhere preaching the word—this has often been God's way—Philip in Samaria—what his errand, to preach Christ—this is a minister's work—with power—joy in the city.
- Oct. 30.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts ix. 1-22. *To be committed*—Rom. ix. 16, 17. *Subject*—Conversion of Saul. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Trace the history, and mark in the triumph of grace. Saul's character, education, occupation; his errand to Damascus—impersonation of enmity against God this vessel chosen—why? 2 Cor. iv. 7—he yields, and then is enlightened. (John vii. 17.)
- Nov. 6.**—*Scripture to be read*—Acts xiii. 1-12. *To be committed*—Ps. cvii. 1-3. *Subject*—Barnabas and Saul in Cyprus. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Church at Antioch—Barnabas and Saul chosen for a special service—had put themselves at the disposal of their Master, Isa. vi. 8—Cyprus Paphos, a licentious place—Roman Deputy—desiring to hear—judgment on Elymas, a means of letting the word have entrance—when he saw what was done, believed—way of the Lord in bringing him to Paphos to be saved. Ps. cvii. 3.

SECOND SERIES.

- Oct. 16.**—*Scripture to be read*—2 Cor. iii. 1-11. *To be committed*—Jn. xvi. 13, 14. *Subject*—Ministration of the Spirit. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Corinth (Acts xviii.)—Lives of believers—the apostle's certificate—what written? Christ—where? on the heart—who writes? the Spirit—whereby? by us—we have trust—to Godward—through Christ—his sufficiency—the two ministrations compared.
- Oct. 23.**—*Scripture to be read*—2 Cor. vi. 11-18—vii. 1. *To be committed*—2 Cor. vi. 17, 18—vii. 1. *Subject*—The discords. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—His concern—heart full of love—fear lest they should fall—hence so many warnings.—Enumerate these discords—and apply—the temple of God—in covenant with him (Lev. xxvi. 12.)—the invitation—the promise—and (vii. 1.) the exhortation grounded on the promise.
- Oct. 30.**—*Scripture to be read*—Eph. ii. 10-22. *To be committed*—Eph. ii. 19-21. *Subject*—Strangers brought nigh. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Ephesus, Acts xix.—By whom, in whom, and unto what, are they now created—Jews and Gentiles—aliens—in Christ—made one—refer to ordinances that separated them—He reconciled them to each other, by reconciling both unto God. V. 18, the three Persons—of the kingdom—of the house of God—the foundation.
- Nov. 6.**—*Scripture to be read*—Eph. vi. 10-24. *To be committed*—2 Cor. x. 3, 4. *Subject*—The contest and the armour. *Prominent Topics of the Lesson*—Be strong, how?—the adversary—the armour. In whom you are to stand (v. 11) against whom—vs. 11, 12—by what means, vs. 13-18.—Prayer—for him—salutations.

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