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Cap & Book



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A Missionary Boy.

It is Sabbath morning. John is going to the Sabbath school. He has a comfortable home. His father, who keeps a shoe shop, is a decent man. He has a mother, too, and a number of brothers and sisters. He was always a well behaved boy, but a little petted sometimes, and careless; and he had a great conceit of himself.

Last October he heard a sermon to the young. The Lord that night touched John's heart. Ever since, he has been a new boy. His father and mother and everybody notice it. He never gives a proud or cross word or look, and he is almost constantly reading his Bible. He is a great favorite with his sisters, and everybody else, he is so gentle and obliging.

Before, he used to be careless about his lessons; now, he is very diligent, and has been head of his class almost ever since. The Bible says that if we are Christ's we will not be slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; and that whatsoever we do, we are to do with all our might.

He is greatly taken up about the Sabbath school. He says that, next to the church, it is the place where most of all he loves to go. He says

that there "the bread is broken down into little bits for the children," his teacher makes everything so plain.— John used to wonder what his teacher meant, when he prayed that the Holy Spirit would come and quicken all the dead souls in the school; now he understands it, and prays constantly for the same thing.

Every now and then boys are coming to John's class. The teacher wonders, and is glad. It was John that asked them. But he never tells. He is also a great friend to the missionary box. He seldom passes it without having something to say. Lately, a sixpence was found in it. The *treasurer* wondered, for there were few sixpences among the scholars. At last it turned out that it was John. His uncle had given him sixpence for copying out a long account; John had given it at once, without anybody knowing it, to the cause of Christ. He meets Robert, who went to the same day-school with him. He wants Robert to go with him to the Sabbath school. "It is just round the corner, and I am sure Mr. — will be glad to see you." Robert's father ran away from his mother, and soon after, his mother died; and now

he lives with his aunt, a poor but kind body. Robert used to notice in John's Bible the hymns and tracts John's Sabbath school teacher used to give him, and wished he was at the same class. But nobody ever asked him, and he "did not like" to go, his clothes were so shabby. Now he is glad, and John and he go to the school together.

My dear reader, have you felt, like John, the value of your soul? Have you felt the love of Christ constraining you? Have you ever got *one* neglected boy or girl to come to your Sabbath school? Is there no one in the street, or alley, or house you live in, whom you could try to get to go with you next Sabbath? You cannot; perhaps, go as a missionary to a foreign land; but are you doing what you *can*? If you saw a poor child in the street perishing from hunger, and you had a loaf, far larger than you could yourself need or make any use of, would you keep it all to yourself? Now *try*; and pray for a blessing.

What a Wise King Asked of God.

When king Solomon began his reign, he offered a great many sacrifices to the Lord, and humbly sought his favour and friendship. This was doing as he ought.

We begin life well, when we begin it with God. And so, when we begin any business, if we begin it with God, we begin it well, but not otherwise.—We should acknowledge God in all our ways, and then we may expect that he will direct our paths.

And so, the great God appeared to Solomon in a dream, by night, and said, "Ask what I shall give thee!"—And Solomon said, "O Lord my God; thou hast made thy servant king, instead of David my father; and I am but a little child. And thy servant is in the midst of a great people. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart, to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad." And God was pleased, that Solomon had asked wisdom to do good to his people,

and to glorify his holy name: and not riches, or long life, or the life of his enemies.

And God heard his prayer, and gave him a wise and an understanding heart, so that there was no king like to him either before or since. And besides wisdom, the Lord gave him very great honours, and riches, and pleasures.—God will ever honour those who honour him.

But does he not say to each of us, Ask what I shall give thee? Yes, he does. We may hear his voice in his holy word. And what should we ask? I know what I will ask.

I will ask him, to give me a heart to know him. Many people have heard about him, and have read of him, who have not a heart to know him; and so, though they profess to know him, they do not admire him, they do not love him, nor do they delight in his service.

I will ask him to give me the pardon of my sins. I have indeed too often sinned against him. I have indulged wicked thoughts, spoken improper and wicked words, and done, very many times, those things which I ought not to have done. The wages due to my sins, is death. It is of the Lord's mercies, that I am not consumed. I will ask of him, through Jesus Christ, to pardon my sins. In the dear Saviour, mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace embrace each other. In him, God is just, and yet a Saviour.

I will ask him to give me all needful grace to discharge every duty incumbent on me. I will seek grace to repent, and to believe on his dear Son,—to love his charming name,—to follow him whithersoever he goeth,—to overcome every sin,—to bear up under all the trials of life, and to hold on and out in my Christian course, even till time with me shall end.

I will ask him to give me his sacred presence, to cheer me in my dying moments, and though altogether unworthy, I will ask for a place among his people, though it be the lowest, and the meanest, at his right hand in glory.

And O, delightful thought! he never said to the seed of Jacob, seek ye my face in vain! He is the prayer-hearing, and the prayer-answering God "this is his name for ever,—and this is his memorial throughout all generations."

Who Denied The Saviour.

The Apostle Peter had much natural courage. When our Lord foretold the circumstances of his death,—and that Peter should deny three times even that he knew him,—Peter felt hurt,—but he could not imagine that this would be really the case. He knew that he loved the Redeemer, and he could not bear the thought of denying him,—and he said, "Though all men should deny thee, yet will not I. I will go with thee to prison and to death."

And did he so? O no. When the Lord Jesus fell into the hands of his enemies, he was afraid lest he should be arrested too, and he followed him afar off.

He wished to know how things would go with his Master, and therefore he went into the hall of the high priest, and there he sat down by the fire among the servants.

And whilst they were all talking about the Lord Jesus, one of the maid-servants looked very earnestly upon Peter, and said, "This man was also with him."

Overcome by sinful fear, he said, "Woman! I know him not!" and, upon this, as if he had been very much affronted, he turned away and went out into the portico.

Presently after, another servant saw him, and she said immediately, "Surely this man was also with Jesus of Nazareth!" And some who were present asked him plainly, if he were not one of Christ's disciples? And Peter was again so wicked as to deny him; yea, even with an oath,—and he said, "I am not! I do not know the man!"

Then another servant, who was present when our Lord was arrested, said, "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" And again, Peter awfully denied that he did not know him.

And now the Lord Jesus, who was in a farther part of the hall, heard him! and he turned and looked on him with so much tenderness and severity, that Peter could not bear that piercing look. And then he remembered how the Saviour had cautioned him, and what he had said, and how vile his conduct had been. And he went out and wept bitterly.

And well he might,—for his conduct was very base and shameful.

But for what was this sad history put in the Bible? Is it any good to me? Yes. Then it would not have been better, if it had been left out? O no. It teaches me,—

That my heart is full of evil. No one who knows his own heart ever talks of its goodness. I have no right to say, that my heart is naturally any better than that of Peter. Then it must be very bad.

And did I never deny the Saviour? O yes, I have. The language of every sin I have committed, has been, O I do not know the man!—I do not take him as my Lord!—I serve another master!—I do not acknowledge his authority!

O then, how wicked have I been! I will go out with Peter,—I will weep when I think of my sins,—I will ask the Saviour to turn, and look on me, as he did on Peter.

Did Peter thus awfully deny his Lord? Left to my own wisdom and strength, I shall do so too. I will pray for grace that I may never fall from his good ways. I will say, Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe!"

There is no sin into which we may not fall, unless prevented by God's great mercy.

And did the Saviour pardon him? Yes, he did. And he restored him again to his office, as an Apostle; he

bade him feed his sheep, and his lambs.

O how great is his pardoning love! He is indeed the friend of the poor sinners! He himself says, "Whosoever cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

But I will not forget, that whilst he pardons, he says, "Go and sin no more!"

The Windmill.

The teachers and children of a sabbath school met in the open air on a summer afternoon. After being refreshed with tea, the children were collected together in the centre of the field to hear the instructions of one of the ministers who was present. He told them he was not going to preach to them at that time, but he wished to talk with them a little while about the windmill near them. He then said,

"My dear children look attentively at the windmill; how do you think it came there? Do you think it placed itself where you now see it? You know that it could not make itself and you know that it belongs to a good man who has permitted us to meet in his field to-day. Now, my dear children, look at yourselves: who made you?—Whose property are you?—You have been taught, and I hope you think of this, that God made you, and that you are his property. Look at the windmill again: it is not placed in this field as a useless ornament; it is fixed here for the services of the owner. Turn your attention again to yourselves: Are you the property of God, and has he not placed you in this world to serve him, and to live to his glory? And are you, my dear children, answering the end for which you were created? Are you desiring to answer this end? Look at the windmill: you see it moves; it continues to move; the sails are turned round very fast by the wind. But do you imagine it is alive because it moves? You know it is not alive: it has motion, but it has not life: and is

not this the case with many of you my dear children? You have motion, that is, you go to school and to the house of God, and perhaps you learn a great deal; but you have not life, spiritual life; you have no love to God, no desire to live to his glory, and to serve and please him; no wish to get good to your souls from the privileges you enjoy. You do not believe in Jesus Christ, and seek for pardon and grace through him. My dear children, look again at the windmill; you see the sails are continually changing their direction; so that from whatever quarter the wind may blow, it is moved by the force of the breeze. Learn from this, my dear children, that amidst all the changing scenes and circumstances of your lives, you should be constantly seeking to gain some good to your souls, and doing something for the glory of God.

"Once more: at present, you see that the windmill is in a state of good repair, and it appears likely to last for several years; but it will not last for ever; it will in time fall into decay, and become useless to the owner: Thus will it be with you, my dear children; you are now in the bloom of youth, the vigour of health; but you will not be always thus healthful, and active; and strong; even if your life is spared sixty or seventy years, your body will at last decay and die. How solemn is the thought, when we stretch our minds to a hundred years that when they have rolled away, every one now present will be in eternity! But it is likely that most if not all of us, will have finished our course in a much shorter period; in a very few years, nay months or days, it may be said of the youngest, 'Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes.' Let me entreat you, then my dear children, without delay, to seek the pardon of your sins through Jesus Christ; to seek for renewing and sanctifying grace: if you obtain these blessings, you will be prepared for life or death, for time or for eternity."



The Boy Bitten by a Serpent.

There are some snakes in India whose bites are very poisonous. Persons bitten by them die very quickly, and few medicines will do them any good. Sometimes these snakes hide themselves in the roofs of the houses, and sometimes they get under the mats on which the people are sleeping at night. One of these is called the "Cobra di capello;" but the Tamil people call it "Nulla pambou," which means "good snake," and some of the people are so foolish as to worship it, and they think it would be a great sin to kill it, although it is so dangerous.

About two years ago there was a little boy learning in the Mission School at Dévivodu, a place connected with the Neyoor Mission Station in South Travancore. His parents and all his relations were heathens, and worshipped devils; but they sent this boy to the Mission School that he might learn to read. It often happens, when the parents of the children who

learn in these schools are poor, that they take them away to climb palmyra trees, or to help them in cultivating the fields before they are able to read properly, and this makes us very sorry. But they are all taught how foolish and wicked it is to give offerings to devils, and to worship idols, and that Jesus Christ alone is able to save their souls, and to make them happy. There are many heathen children in Travancore who are learning about the blessed Saviour, and some read the Scripture, and are able to answer questions nicely, so that we hope that some of them, as they grow up, will give up their foolish and wicked customs, and love and serve that good Saviour. The little boy I am going to tell you about showed a great desire to learn, and appeared to receive the truths that were taught him by the schoolmaster, who was a pious man, and who tried to lead the children to the Good Shepherd. This boy was very obedient

to his teacher and his father and mother, and kind to all the other children in the school. Every night he took his Testament home, and read it to his heathen parents, and begged them to give up idolatry and come to the house of God that they might hear about Jesus. They lived at a village called Parakanvilly, about two miles from the school. After a time they were moved by his entreaties; for they saw that their boy had become more loving and obedient through the knowledge he had gained at school, so they joined the Christians, and persuaded some of their neighbours to do the same. Then Mr. Leitch, a good Missionary, who is now in heaven, had a prayer-house built, and a school commenced at this village, and the schoolmaster from Déviyodu went to teach the people about Jesus; for, though they had become Christians in name, they were still very ignorant. Through his efforts, others of the heathens joined them, and began to receive instruction. They gave up their heathen names, and had new names given them. The name received by this little boy was Aroolanuntham. This is a long name. I will tell you its meaning. Arool means grace or favour, and Anuntham means bliss, so that the meaning of his name was "gracious bliss," or bliss obtained by grace; and you all know that the bliss of heaven, as well as all true happiness in this world, is the gift of God's free grace to poor sinners who deserve his wrath. Aroolanuntham continued to his family and in his village; but he says "he trusts that the Lord, who guides the Church by His Spirit, will bless this little congregation gathered from among the heathen in other ways." As this boy died so suddenly, and the teacher was not present, we do not know how he felt when he was near death; but we have reason to believe that he trusted in that kind Saviour, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;"

and that he is now rejoicing in the presence of that Saviour, among those whose robes have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. May you all, dear children, like Aroolanuntham, receive the truths that are taught you from God's Word, love that dear Saviour who came to die for you, and try to be useful by telling others about him that they may love him too. And then, whether you live many years, or are taken suddenly attend the new school at his own village, and made good progress in knowledge, and, I believe, in piety also.— He used to pray for his parents and for the heathen around, and wished to be baptized that he might show that he was a follower of Jesus. When he had made known his wish to be baptized, I was surprised at such a request from a boy so young; but when I examined him, and found how clear his views were, and how simply he appeared to trust in the Redeemer, I was much pleased, and thought to baptize him very soon, with some others, at that place. But, about two months ago, he was bitten in the night by a venomous snake as he lay sleeping on a mat, and, after suffering great pain for four hours, he died. His parents sent for his teacher; but before he could come his spirit had fled. His parents grieved very much for him; for he had been a dutiful son to them, and it was through him they had become Christians; and his teacher, too, was very sorry, for he hoped that he would grow up to be very useful. And now dear children, while young, if you do like Aroolanuntham, you will not have lived in vain, but will be welcomed as "good and faithful servants," and will "enter into the joy of your Lord."

Neyoor, South Travancore, }
Nov. 5th, 1855. }

F.B.

— The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

— A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of the wicked.



Little by Little.

It is a common fault to overlook the unobtrusive modes of doing good which lie in the path of every one, under the impression that were an opportunity given to achieve, by a single stroke, some stupendous work of beneficence, it would be cheerfully and resolutely embraced. We are apt to be too long-sighted in relation to the use of moral influence. In looking out afar for some magnificent work, for the performance of which we will greatly congratulate ourselves, while the world will wonder at our bravery, we fail to see a thousand opportunities for blessing others, because they are so near and simple. We are at great pains to send the missionary to some far-off field of desolation and want, while we fail to do our own families that work which is identical with the missionary's labour. We interest ourselves in the progress of a revival, while we neglect that personal activity and faithfulness to those around us, upon which all revivals depend. Like legislators declaring war and granting appropriations, while they neither take the sword, nor contribute to the expense, we would generalize every system of benevolence, so as to excuse ourselves from service. Yet this is a semblance of benevolence, bringing neither the fruit nor the blessedness of genuine virtue.

Every philanthropist, whose achievements have been embalmed in the memories of the good, has won his laurels by the labour of his own hands, in the way of humble, simple, self-

denying activity. There is no highway to distinguished usefulness. It is to be attained, if attained at all, only by perseverance in the ordinary common-place way of laborious duty in the personal sphere which we occupy. Howard's memory is sacred and sublime; but the labours which consecrate it were performed in the prison-house and the hospital—amidst the repulsive associations of poverty and crime, one by one, and little by little. If he had waited for the opportunity of performing at a stroke the good deeds which were the accumulated results of years of trial, he had died unknown and unhonoured. So will we find it in the case of every good and great man. If we could draw aside the veil which his renown has cast over him, we should find him laboriously plodding over the details of duty or labour, the combined results of which have made him famous. Little by little the pyramids were built; and by those details of inconsiderable or repulsive deeds is the title to enlarged beneficence, or distinguished goodness to be won. He who manfully and disinterestedly grapples with the duty of the present hour has the true spirit of benevolence.

— Father's Letter to his Son.

DEAR WILLIAM,—Your father loves you very much, and nothing would make him so happy as to see you truly wise and good. But I am often very anxious about you, for there are many dangers that you are not aware of.—And it is to warn you of these dangers, and to keep you from them, that I now write this little letter to you. And as it is my own letter, I hope you will read it often and carefully; and your father's prayer is, that God may bless it to his dear boy.

One of the greatest dangers in this country is the danger of acquiring a liking for intoxicating liquors, and thus becoming a drunkard; and the best way of being safe from this great danger is by becoming an abstainer

when you are young. I say this, because I know that it is true, and because I wish my dear William also to know what is true, and do what is right, and thus be safe and happy.— But read on, and you will see for yourself that what your father says is true.

Some fathers, when taking intoxicating drinks themselves, sometimes give a sip to their children. Your father will never do this to you, for it is very dangerous, and therefore very wrong. The children soon begin to like what they get; and this liking may continue with them, and often does continue, after they have left their father's house. And mark the result. To gratify this liking, they seek intoxicating drinks for themselves, and on, and on, in this dangerous course they go, till they become drunkards, and, it may be, are sent back, disgraced and ruined, to the house where they first received, from a father's hand, the dangerous, the deceptive sip. And what has happened to them may happen to any one. Not an individual who takes these dangerous drinks is safe. Perfect safety is to be found only in entire abstinence. And the sooner you begin, the safer you will be, having the longer time for proper training in abstinence principles and practice. Your safety will also be greatly increased by your joining a juvenile society; your little trials there preparing you for the greater trials that may come when you must leave home, and act for yourself. And you will thus also have something appropriate to say when you may be asked to take intoxicating drinks.— Making it known that you are a joined abstainer, you can at once say, *No*, even to your best friend. And *your* saying this is what all honourable men will expect, and what can give just offence to no one. And this you will find a valuable safeguard; for it is through fear of offending friends, and 'not liking to say, *No*,' that many yield and fall.

But you will have many other ad-

vantages, as you grow up, in being an abstainer. It will help to preserve your *health*. How many young men by intemperance destroy their health! It will save your *money*. Where what is wasted, and worse than wasted, on worse than useless drinks, laid out rightly, what a source of comfort and improvement would it afford! It will save what is more precious than money—your *time*. To waste time as tipplers do, is the very worst kind of waste. It will help to save your *morals*. Drunkenness is not only a great evil in itself, but the source of a host of other evils. If you would keep yourself pure, the sure and simple plan is neither touch nor taste. But it will be a help to you also in what is most valuable of all—*religion*. Though abstinence is not religion, and must in no way and by no means be put in its room, yet, leaving the mind calm and clear, it must be so far favourable to religion, whereas the use of intoxicating drinks has, in many ways, and in cases innumerable, proved a grievous hindrance to it.

But while you will thus, by being an abstainer, be getting good, you will also be *doing* good. You will be exhibiting your protest against the dangerous drinks and drinking customs of your country, and lending your influence and example to a movement, whose noble aim is to unite, as thorough-going abstainers, all the youth of our land, and through him to make that land as famous for its sobriety as it has been infamous for its drunkenness.

I have thus, my dear William, in this little letter, told you what I know to be true; what I believe to be duty; and what I am sure will tend to your safety and happiness. It is your own letter. Read it carefully. Think over it seriously. And that God may direct you to do what is right, and bless you, and keep you, and make you his own, is the earnest prayer of

Your very affectionate Father.



Eliza Farrier, the Jamaica Sunday Scholar.

Between North and South America, in the Atlantic Ocean, lies the beautiful island of Jamaica. Woods and rivers abound, and mountains so high that their tops are generally capped with clouds; these make it one of the most lovely of the West India Islands.—Flowers which we know only in green-houses grow wild in the hedges, and the trees keep their fresh green verdure all the year round.

And are the people happy who live in this lovely island? Thousands of them are happy now, but they were not always so. They have to thank the missionaries and other kind friends for their happiness; and most of all that God who blessed the efforts of his servants in that island of the West. Let me tell you the history of a little Sunday school girl, who lived in Jamaica, and you will judge whether she was happy, and what made her so.

Eliza Farrier was a coloured child. Her parents did not love God, but they sent her to school at one of the Baptist Missionary Stations, on the island.

She lived in the yard near the missionary's house, and there Mr. Merrick, who has since left Jamaica, to go as a missionary to Africa, often saw her. She became such a good little girl, that every body loved her. She

quickly learned to read, and was very fond of repeating hymns. Eliza was not satisfied with improving herself only, she soon began to teach others; and who do you think were her scholars? old people who had never had the privilege of a Sunday school. In Jamaica these persons are so anxious to learn to read now, that they are glad to get the little children to teach them, and sometimes there are more men and women than girls and boys in the schools there. Well, little Eliza, when her lessons were over, would run away with her books, not to play with her companions, but to teach some old woman her letters or spelling, or to read to her what she could not read for herself. There was one old Eboe woman, named Diana Allen, whom she would often visit; she used to take her bible, and seating herself by her, would say, "Granny," (the children call all the old women Granny in Jamaica,) "I am come to read God's word to you." She knew that this poor black woman was very ignorant, so when she came to any solemn verse in the bible, she would stop, and looking earnestly up in her face, exclaim "Granny, do you hear *that*? Do you hear what God's book says?" Ah, my children, it must have been a lovely

sight, to see this little girl teaching that old woman the way to heaven. She showed that her young heart had been touched by the Spirit of God, for all who seek and find *Him*, are anxious to lead others to seek him too.

One day Eliza was taken ill with fever, she could neither go to school nor teach her granny Diana. She soon became so very ill that her senses left her. Mr. Merrick's sisters went to see her; sometimes she was conscious and quite happy. She repeated many of the hymns which she had learned. On the third day, they saw that she was dying. She became almost speechless. She felt she was going to leave this world, but she was not afraid, indeed she rather rejoiced. Presently they heard her faintly say, "The pleasing glories of my Saviour's name." Again, "The *pleasing*," and she dwelt on the word, as if she felt its truth—repeating it several times, "the *pleasing pleasing* glories of my Saviour's name," and with these words on her lips, her happy spirit departed, to behold that Saviour of whom she spoke.

This little girl was only eight or nine years old, yet she was prepared to die. Oh, that all the dear little readers of this book may be like Eliza Farrier, who besides being ready to die, was always while alive trying to do good to others.—*From the Juvenile Missionary Herald.*

The Repentance of God.

JUDGES III. 18.

God is more than once described in Scripture as repenting of something that he had done. In the text before us, it is said, when his people had been allowed to fall under the oppression of their enemies, to punish them for their sins, and they at length turned to him—the Lord repented because of their groanings, and raised them up a deliverer. An equally strong case is that of the antediluvians, whose crimes

were such that it is said the Lord repented that he had made man upon the earth. So he "repents" of having made Saul king; repents of the evil he had said he would bring upon the Nivites; and in various places is described as "repenting" of the evil he had thought to do, on certain occasions, and did it not. In fact, that God should thus "repent for his servants," seems to have been promised to the Israelites by Moses in Deut. xxxii. 36. Yet it is very remarkable that in one of the strongest of these instances—that of Saul—the very same chapter which contains one of the most signal instances of repentance ascribed to God—contains also the strongest declaration that he never repents. In 1 Sam. xv. 11, the Lord says, "It repenteth me that I have made Saul to be a king, for he is turned back from following me." In the 29th verse we read, "the Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent; for he is not a man that he should repent." Even the Pentateuch, which contains some of the strongest instances of this mode of expression, declares "God is not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should repent." Num. xxiii. 19.

How are we to understand these things? Is there anomaly or contradiction here? By no means. Whatever the Scriptures positively assert of the character of God is to be taken plainly as it stands—it is part of the Scripture doctrine of his being and his attributes; but when, in the description of God's part in human history, certain sentiments are ascribed to him, seemingly inconsistent with those more general and abstract characters of the Divine Being, we are to understand that these expressions are used for the purpose of man's clearer apprehension. Man cannot well grasp any thing beyond the range of his own intellectual or sentient experience—the utmost stretch of his mind cannot grasp the vast idea of God's nature

and infinite perfections; and it is in the knowledge of this, that He, in his great condescension, and for the sake of his conduct being made intelligible to man's understanding, has allowed Himself to be set before him as moved by the feelings and passions which man himself experiences. In so far as we are enabled to realize by the later light of the Gospel, some faint notions of the perfections of the Divine nature, the more we are struck by the unutterable love, the tender consideration, the infinite condescension, which, for man's good, allowed, in ages of unrefined intellect, these humanized representations of himself to be set before men. The height of this condescension was reached, when, in the depths of the Divine wisdom, a plan was devised, perfect for man's salvation, but which required Him to assume the very nature of man, and as a man to live and suffer.

Still, then, what does the "repenting" of God really mean? It is clear that we are not to ascribe to God's immutable mind the fickleness of human purposes, or to suppose that he on any of the occasions specified really repented, or was grieved or disappointed. This is not possible to God—with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. These and similar expressions are taken from what passes among men when they undergo change of purpose, or are disappointed in their expectations and endeavors. As a potter, on finding that a vessel on which he has spent his utmost care, does not answer his purpose, regrets his labor, and casts the worthless object out of sight—so, at the deluge for instance, God is represented, in accommodation to our feeble apprehensions, as repenting and being grieved at heart that he had bestowed upon man so much labor in vain.

So also as a man, when he repents, changes his course of procedure—God, when he changes his procedure,

is said to repent, seeing that such change would be in man the result of repentance. Yet there is here a change, not as in man, of the will or purpose—but of the work of procedure only. Repentance in man is the changing of his will as well as of his work; repentance in God is the change of the work only, and not of the will, which in Him is incapable of change. Seeing that there is no mistake in his councils, no disappointment of his purposes, no frustration of his expectations, God can never change his will, though he may will to change his work. The decrees and purposes of God stand like mountains of brass. Always immutable, God is incapable of the frailty or fickleness which belongs to man's nature and experience. So also in that singular phrase, where, on account of the wickedness that brought on the deluge, God is said not only to repent, but to be "grieved at his heart"—the very phrase, emphatic as it sounds to our human experience, indicates the real sense in which such expressions are to be understood. In strict propriety of speech God has neither heart nor grief. He is a most pure Spirit—an uncompounded Being, far above the influence of human passion, He is impassible—and it is wholly impassible that any thing should grieve or work repentance in him. The cause is, in all these cases, put by metonymy, for the effect.

It has often occurred to us that all these expressions, whereby God is presented to the mind as invested with human parts and passions, involve a sort of looking forward to that period in which they would all become proper and appropriate, by our being permitted to view God in Christ, who has carried the real experiences of our nature into the very heavens, where he sits, not as one who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but as one who has been tempted like as we are, yet remained

without sin. Had God been, in the Old Testament, set before our mind wholly in the abstract qualities of his being—there would have been a lack of unity in the mode in which he is presented to the apprehension of the heart (we say not of the *mind*) under the two dispensations. But the Lord, knowing from the beginning the aspect in which he would be eventually presented to the church in Christ, permitted beforehand these humanized indications of himself, that there might be under both dispensations that oneness of feeling in regard to him, which enables the most enlightened servant of Christ to make the language of ancient David his own when he thinks and speaks of God.

The Heathen Answered.

As a missionary was preaching to the people in Arracan, a man began to speak in praise of the god Gaudama, when another man, who had been a great enemy to Christianity, but who was converted, answered him. The following conversation then took place between them. "You have become a disciple of Christ, have you?" said the heathen. "You join with this foreign teacher, do you, to prove that our god is no good, and that our religion, which has stood for a thousand years, is only a cheat and a fable? You are like a dog that is coaxed away by a thief,—you may as well lick honey from the edge of a razor, as listen to this foreigner." "Very well," replied the Christian, "I used to laugh at this religion and this teacher as much as *you* do; but I was a fool, and did not make use of my eyes. This religion is true, and everybody would believe it if they knew what it is. We make a god of wood and then put a rope round his neck, and carry him off to his own place, put a fence around him, and keep him there till the white ants eat him up. We should not treat a thief as bad as this. You might as soon think that Gaudama was a monkey as that he was a god."

My Baby Boy.

All alone, my baby boy!
Little living fount of joy!
Standing on thy tiny feet,
Trembling, tottering, smiling sweet!
Canst thou walk, unled, unaided,
On the parlor floor paraded?

Looking comical and queer,
Arms extended as in fear,
Infant pilgrim, now begin,
Try thy skill, and thou shalt win;
There! one little step is taken,
By it all thy form is shaken.

One more,—swinging to and fro,—
Lost your balance,—down you go!
Up again, by stool or chair,
Take another venture fair:
Walking is a mighty matter,—
Make your little feet to clatter.

Come, my darling, come to me,
Laughing, crowing, in your glee?
See your father's beckoning arms
Wait to shield from hurts or harms;
Ha! you've started, tripping, running,
Hands outstretched, and steps so cunning!

O, my precious baby boy,
Father's pride and mother's joy,
Many charms in thee are found,
Many hopes in thee are bound;
Kindest hands to thee are proffered,
Earnest prayers for thee are offered.

Take no evil path, my boy,—
Make not bitter all our joy;
Oh, may every step of thine
Guided be by love divine!
Walk, alone, the path of duty,—
Path of safety and of beauty,

All alone, my blessed child,
Now so winning sweet and mild,
Though, with crowds along the way
Of life's opening, closing day,
Thou must walk, thyself immortal,
Toward the future's solemn portal.

Then thy faithful feet, at last,
When this earthly scene is past,
Shall, within the heavenly gate,
Walk, with highest joy elate;
On the banks of Life's pure river,
Bright with glories fading never!

— The Lord knoweth the days of the upright and their inheritance shall be for ever.

— They shall not be ashamed in the evil time, and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.



The Bow Drawn at a Venture.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

Take care, children; take care; or I have drawn my bow again, and intend to let my arrows fly right and left. I am going to shoot at pride and vanity. So let all vain and proud children get out of the way.

Pride and vanity in many respects resemble each other. They both arise out of our thinking too much of ourselves, or of something that belongs to us; and some persons are vain of the very same things that others are proud of. Pride and vanity are, however, unlike in this—vanity makes no difference to anybody except those who indulge in it, while pride affects the comfort and happiness of others—proud people often behaving very rudely to those whom they consider in any respects their inferiors.

I knew a little girl that was always looking at herself in the glass, admiring her fair complexion and her curls. She was continually watching to see who noticed her, and she liked to be with those who were foolish enough to call her pretty, and to praise her dress and flatter her. This was a *vain* child.

And she had a cousin who was as

proud as she was vain. His father had a handsome house and a carriage, and a great many servants. And this proud boy fancied himself quite a little lord, and looked so scornfully on those who were not so grand or well dressed as himself, and spoke so haughtily to the servants, that he was very much disliked.

And now I think you will see both the similarity and the difference between pride and vanity.

I am going to talk about a few of the many things of which children are either vain or proud, and to show the folly of their being so. And, as I go along, let each ask, 'Is this like me?' 'Do I conduct myself in this way?'

Some are vain of their *Persons*.—Of this I have already given an instance, and therefore shall not dwell upon it now, further than to remark that beauty, however pleasing in itself is quite spoiled by vanity.

Others are vain of their *dress*. If they happen to have a new robe, or sash, or hat, they want everybody to see it, and seem to think themselves of great consequence. And it is not only the children of rich people who act in this way. Did you never see a girl in the school seem very full of herself because she had got a smart bonnet?—And did you not notice how she looked down upon the shabby frock and old shoes of the poor little girl who sat next to her, and whom she ought rather to have pitied? Oh! it was very offensive in the sight of God.

Some are proud of their *circumstances*, or, I should rather say, are proud because their parents are rich and live in grandeur. But wealth is God's gift, and no cause for pride, but demands gratitude for his undeserved goodness. Thinkest thou, O child of rich parents, that it is for any merit in thee that these blessings are bestowed?

Others, again are proud of their *abilities* and *attainments*. They think themselves very clever, and love to talk

and show off. But nobody likes these conceited children; and if they would only consider how very little it is that they *do* know, compared with the much that they *do not* know, they would be more humble, and be willing to listen and learn instead of thinking much of themselves and exhibiting before others.

To conclude. Beauty, and goodly attire, and wealth, and talents, and knowledge, are not naturally our own. In whatever degree we possess them they have been bestowed upon us by God. What hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?

Above all things, remember the disapprobation of pride God invariably expresses throughout the Scriptures.—Perhaps there is no sin, excepting idolatry, that more excites his displeasure. Remember also his sweet promises of mercy and favour to the humble. He has said that he will have ‘respect unto the lowly,’ and ‘dwell with him that is of a humble and contrite spirit.’—*Child's Companion.*

The Little Hindoo.

You have often been invited, dear children, to assist the different missionary societies, and have been made acquainted with much of the misery that exists in heathen lands; and, blessed be God, there are instances, too, of the success of missionaries, which you have also been told about. I have just received a letter from India, in which an interesting fact is mentioned that I wish to relate to you, that you may see what encouragement we have to persevere in doing all we can for missions. In Jessore there was a family of Hindoos, consisting of a father, mother, a sister of theirs, a widowed daughter, and a son, a lad at that time between nine and ten years old. I suppose there was some missionary there, for I am told they sometimes heard the gospel; but besides this, some one had

given them a copy of the New Testament, which the father was in the habit of reading aloud; the son, though such a child, listened with the greatest apparent delight, often talking to his father of what he had been reading about. He, no doubt, felt that he was a sinner, and gladly heard that Jesus had come to save sinners. He felt, too, the sin and folly of worshipping idols, as is generally done in that country, and tried to persuade his father to forsake idolatry, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Not long after, this dear child fell ill; but this did not make him careless about the things he had heard in the Scripture; so far from it, he seems to have been increasingly anxious that his parents should become Christians; and one day, towards the end of his illness, he said to his father, “Pray to the Lord Jesus, and then I shall be happy.” We may be sure that he had himself prayed to the Saviour, and had felt that he had heard him, and made him happy; and this it was which made him so anxious that his father should do so likewise. Not long after this, it pleased God to take this dear child to himself. I am happy to add, that his prayers and entreaties were not in vain; for since his death both his parents have become Christians. *

Now, you see, dear children, had there been no missionary sent to India, not only would this family, in all probability, never have *heard* the gospel, but there would have been no Bible translated into a language which they could understand; but I am happy to tell you that now there are many such; and though there are sadly too few missionaries to teach so vast a multitude of people, yet some there are, and if Christians at home do all they can to provide the means of sending more, there is no doubt but God will prepare men suited and ready for the work.

— Good resolutions are like the morning dawn, fair and promising; but they often end in a dark & stormy day of life.

The Little Boy who was Raised to Life Again.

In a time of great famine, when there was scarcely any thing to eat in the land, a poor widow woman received Elijah, the prophet of the Lord, into her house; and though she had nothing but a little meal in a barrel, and a cruse of oil, she gave him a share of them.

And the Lord gave a blessing to the barrel of meal, and to the cruse of oil, so that they multiplied, till there was plenty again on the earth.

This poor widow had a little boy; he was taken very ill, and at length he died. Children, as well as persons who are grown up, often die; and they should think of death and eternity, and prepare for them.

The poor woman was in great trouble when she lost her son. Now doubt, she had hoped, that as his father was dead, he would grow up, and be her comfort and her joy.

But now he was taken away. We must expect affliction. What are we better than our fathers? They all met with sorrow; "man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards."

And now the poor mother thought that God had taken away her boy on account of her sins. She knew that sin is the great cause of all the affliction there is in the world. Indeed, there would have been nothing hurtful on the earth if it had not been for sin. There would have been no pain, and no death, if there had been no transgression. And so, the poor widow thought of her sins, and no doubt, repented of them, and asked God to forgive her.

And Elijah, the Prophet of the Lord, said unto her, "Give me thy son!—And he took him out of her bosom, and carried him up into a loft, where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed."

And he prayed to the Lord,—he knew, that though he could do nothing, that God could do every thing he pleased; that he could help in the

greatest trouble, and that he was accustomed to listen to the prayers of his servants. So he cried to him, and said, "O Lord, my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again!"

"And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah, and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived. And Elijah took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him unto his mother; and Elijah said, See! thy son liveth!"

O, it must have been a fine sight! I dare say the little boy threw his arms around his mother's neck, and wept for joy. And no doubt, but that the big tears of gratitude to God trickled fast one after another, down the mother's cheeks.

All the family of God shall wake from the tomb; they shall come forth, and smile with joy. There shall not be one little infant left behind. As hath said, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave. I will redeem them from death. O death! I will be thy plague! O grave! I will be thy destruction this mortal shall put on immortality!"

The Worshiper of Idols.

There was an aged woman in Amoy who was a devoted worshiper of idols. Her husband was dead, and partly, perhaps, because she had not much to do, her neighbors used to employ her to worship their idols for them, and make offerings and offer vows. Was not this a convenient arrangement? And it was all the same, too, as if they had worshiped their gods themselves. But it is not so with the worship which God requires. We must each one worship him for ourselves, and with the heart. This widow at length heard the gospel. It was light and joy to her. She forsook her idolatry, and then her friends forsook her, and persecuted her. Did she waver in her attachment to the truth? No not even when her own son drove her from his door. Christ she finds, is better to her than friends and children.

How the Sun and Moon Stood Still.

There were a great many wicked people, who once came up against Israel, and they intended to have destroyed them all; but they could not do it, because God fought their battles.

At that time the leader of the hosts of Israel was a young man who was very valiant, and his name was Joshua. And the Lord was with him. And it is nothing with the Almighty, to save by many, or by few, or by none at all.

And God spake to Joshua, and told him not to be afraid of his enemies, though they were so numerous and so mighty, and though they made so sure of victory.

And he filled Joshua's heart with courage; and he marched all night from the place where he was, and came up against the multitude which was encamped against him suddenly. He cut off a great many, and the rest fled before him.

And God himself was so angry with these wicked people, that he cast down hailstones from heaven, so that nearly all of them perished. It is sure, you see, to go ill with the wicked.

Then it was that Joshua said, in the sight of all Israel, "Sun! stand thou still upon Gibeon! and thou Moon! in the valley of Ajalon!"

He did so, that none of these wicked people, through the coming on of night and darkness, might escape, and do any more mischief in future. And the moon stayed, and the sun stood still in the midst of the heaven, and hastened not to go down for a whole day; so that there was no day like that, before or after it.

So the Lord heard, and answered the prayer of Joshua. He is the hearer and answerer of prayer.

He is the same now, as he was then. He will hear and answer my prayer too. God never changes. I will call upon his holy name. I will ask him to pardon, to bless, and to save me. I will never give up praying to him, till he hears my prayer, and till he takes me up to heaven to live with him for ever.

A Horrid Practice.

When a husband dies in Aneiteum an island of the Pacific Ocean, it is the custom to strangle his poor wife by drawing a rope round her neck, till her breath is stopped, and her face shows signs of agony, and she dies. Her body is then bound to that of her husband, heavy stones are fastened to their feet, and they are then taken in a canoe out to sea, and cast into the deep. If any little children are left who cannot take care of themselves, they are strangled to death, and cast into the sea also. "Why should they live," say their barbarous friends, "since there is no one to take care of them?" Now all this shocking, merciless work is done, not by some stranger or enemy, but by friends. The poor widow is strangled by her own brother; and, unaccountable as it may seem, the horrid deed is done as a mark of respect and compassion! Do such people know what true compassion means? The cries and shrieks of their writhing widows and infants, as the fatal rope chokes their struggling breath, answer in agony, "No." Can they ever be taught what pity is, and how? How, but by being told the melting story of the cross; of Jesus, pierced and dying for them, that they might never die? Yes, this in time will move them, and as they look on the loving Jesus, the Lamb of God, bleeding for them, tears gush from eyes that had never learned to weep, and there shall be a great mourning among the poor people of Aneiteum.

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